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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

[No. 44.]

ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A MAN-OF-WAR, now-a-days, is a sort of floating fort and great fighting machine combined. The giant iron-clads with their stumpy masts, huge funnels and turrets are not nearly so picturesque as the old "Hearts of Oak," with their towering masts and immense spread of snowy canvas—one of the most beautiful sights in the world. On the new ships almost everything is made of iron or steel, hollow masts and yards, etc., and almost every kind of work is done by machinery, raising the anchors, moving the guns, steering the ship, reefing the sails, and the like. Our cut shows the view of the "for'ard" part of one of these floating forts. It is a winter view as may be seen by the snow on houses on the shore. Very strict discipline is observed and the sentries pace their rounds, day and night, as if in the tented field.

While great Britain has fewer soldiers than any other of the great powers, she has a much more powerful navy. This seems to be a necessity on account of her many colonies and commercial interests in the remotest parts of the globe. It is, however, maintained at an immense cost and we trust that under the influence of Christian civilization the disarmament of the great war powers may take place, which will lessen the necessity for the expenditure of such enormous sums on British forts and fleets by land and sea. We are reminded of Longfellow's fine poem on "The Arsenal at Springfield," and its prophecy of the reign of peace, part of which we quote:—

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal misere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach their own.
Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the earth with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forever more the curse of Cain!

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

A SHORT time before his death, the renowned engine builder, Corliss, found it necessary to enlarge his great machine shops, and set a squad of men at work to prepare the material for building. One morning, after some progress had been made in the preparation, he visited the quarry from which the stone for the foundation was being taken. While the masons were arranging to blast a huge rock, a workman, pointing to a bird hovering over a ledge high up in the rock, said:

"That bird will have to change its nest-

must stop if we carry out your orders," urged the man, anxiously.

"I understand all this, my friend; yet I cannot conscientiously do otherwise than adhere to my first command. What right have I to build up my fortunes upon the ruins of even a bird's home?"

"The men will be dissatisfied, sir. They feel that they have rights, too," retorted the man, a dark frown stealing over his honest face.

"I recognize their rights, also; and their pay shall go on just as usual during these waiting days. Send them to their homes, and let them spend the time in improving their homes and garden patches."

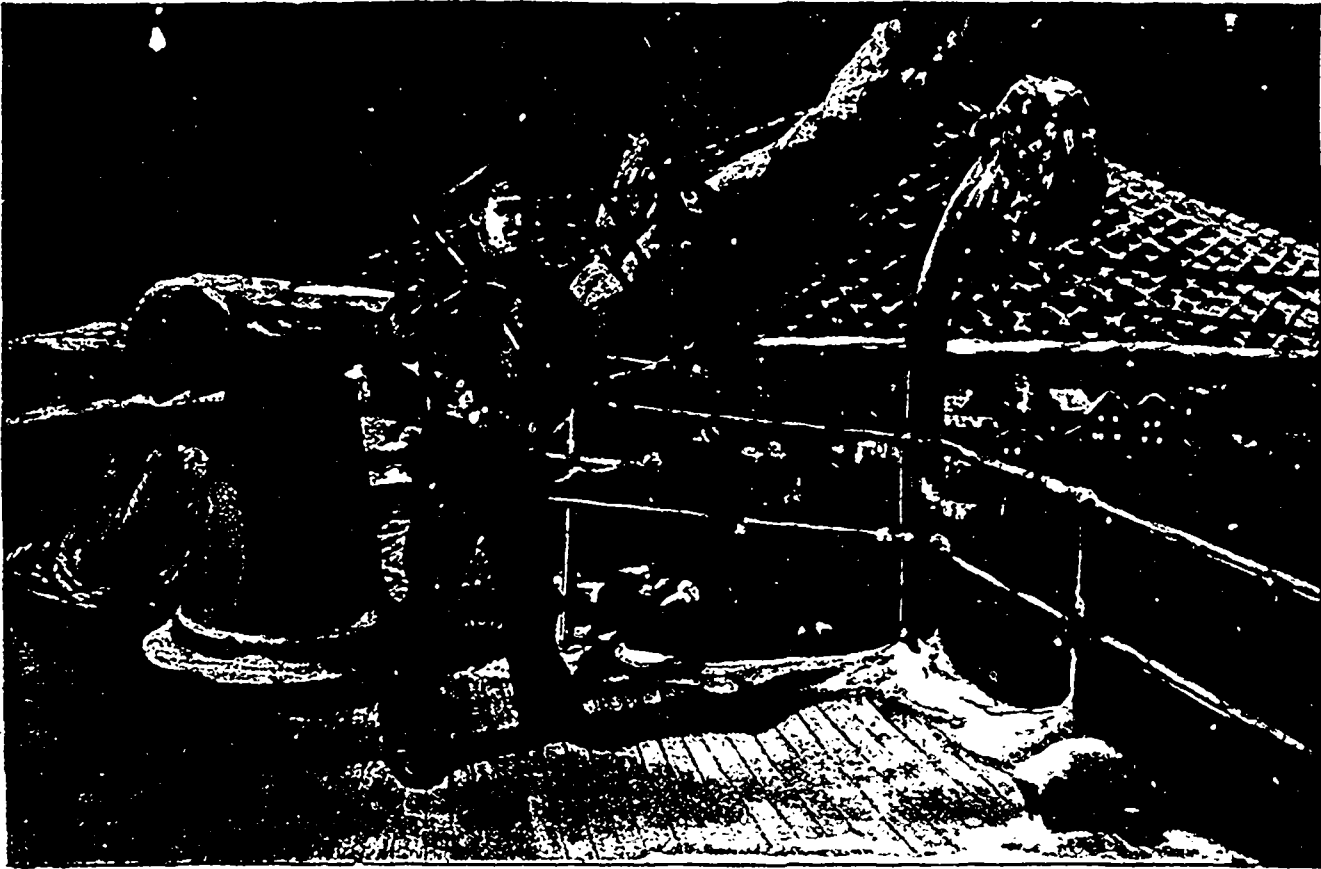
The sullen looks that had been gathering on the faces of the men vanished suddenly at his words, and instead of bitter imprecations and muttered curses the air was filled with cheers and benedictions that overwhelmed the modest proprietor, who never thought of being applauded for simply obeying the dictates of his conscience.

At the close of a week four little birds were seen hobbling up and down in the nest away up in the cliff, but fully two more weeks passed before the young fledglings were able to leave their mosaic home in the crevice of the rock. Instead of becoming irritable at the long delay, the great engine builder seemed to enjoy the days of waiting and frequently visited the spot to see how the feathered youngsters were growing. His devotion to the rights of the little

creatures won the admiration of the men, and they did their utmost to help repair the loss their employer had suffered.

"THAT ONE VERSE."

AN old negro in the West Indies was very anxious to learn to read the Bible. He lived a long way off from the missionary's house, and yet he would come to learn a lesson whenever he had time. It was such hard work, and he made such little progress, that the missionary got tired and told him one day that he had better give it up. "No, massa," said he, with great earnestness, "me nebbber give it up till me die." And, pointing with his finger to the beautiful words he had just spelled out of John 3 16, "God so loved the world," etc., he said with tears in his eyes, "Its worth all de trouble, massa, to read that one verse."



ON GUARD ABOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brass portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as song of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the famous African traveller, says: "I have acted on the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors for more than twenty years. My opinion is that the most severe labours or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulants."

ing in short order if it wants to save its neck."

"Are there eggs in the nest?" inquired Mr. Corliss, with evident interest.

"Yes, four little speckled fellows, over which the mother bird has been fussing ever since we began work," replied the man. "The young birds will soon be peeping through the delicate shells."

"Then let the work stop until the birdlings are ready to fly," was the great-hearted man's command.

"You are surely not in earnest?" exclaimed the foreman who was directing the preparation for blasting.

"I surely am," was the quick reply. "I have no right to break up the home of even the smallest of God's creatures, and these parent birds have rights that I am bound to respect."

"You are aware, sir, that the working men are all on hand, and that everything

The Water Drinker.

BY EDWARD JOHNSON.

Oh, water for me! bright water for me! Give wine to the timid as I have here! It cooleth the brain, it cooleth the brain, it maketh the faint one strong again; It comes over the sense like a breeze from the sea,

All freshness, like infant purity. Oh, water, bright water, for me, for me! Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim. Fill to the brim! Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim! My hand is steady, my eye is true, For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew. Oh, water, bright water 's a mine of wealth, And the ores it yieldeth are vigour and health. So water, pure water for me, for me! And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim! For water strengtheneth life and limb. To the days of the aged it addeth length; To the might of the strong it addeth strength. It freshens the heart; it brightens the sight; 'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light. So, water, I will drink naught but thee, The parent of health and energy.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

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

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 8 Huron Street, Montreal. J. P. HUSAR, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

WHAT CAN JUNIORS DO?

Though written for the Junior Christian Endeavour Societies, these hints will help all wide-awake little Christians who want something to do.

Besides the meetings and social gatherings of their society, Juniors are remarkably successful in raising money for benevolent purposes. A society in Connecticut, when only one year old, had given seventy-five dollars to charity. Twenty-one of the youngest children in a Massachusetts society raised in two months from a capital of five cents each nearly thirty dollars for foreign missions; one little boy increasing his capital one hundred and sixty-six-fold in that short time. Selling home-made candy and corn-balls proved most remunerative. Some of the little girls invested their nickles in sewing materials and made holders and such simple things, which found ready purchasers. A group of older girls in the same society raised about fifty dollars through a valentine affair. They bought their materials of a manufacturer and put them together themselves, showing a great deal of taste.

Juniors are always glad to "lend a hand" where their help is called for. The boys' division of a certain society that was so large that it fell apart into sections earned money enough to buy a printing outfit, of which they made profitable use by printing for their home church weekly calendars, which they politely hand to the congregation as they enter the church doors. They print other things, too, and

the earnings of the press make a fund for benevolence.

The girls in one society meet every fortnight and sew for the benefit of a children's hospital in a large city. The lady in charge reads while the children work, and is more diligent and less gossiping sewing circle member.

One society has a committee appointed to visit sick members, one for every day in the week, and whoever lets his day go by without a call pays a fine of one cent. A society near Boston owns a reclining chair and lends it to invalids. A Junior friend of mine used to read every Saturday afternoon to a poor blind lady. Juniors can carry flowers to sick people, and their happy faces brighten the sick-room more than do the flowers that they bring.

Juniors can distribute papers to families that cannot afford to subscribe for them. They will be glad to call at your house and get the papers and magazines that you have read and pass them on to your less fortunate neighbours. In one Junior society there is a magazine club, which furnishes the choicest juvenile periodicals to its members. Junior societies could furnish Home Missionary Sunday-schools with Christian literature, none the worse for being a week or two old.

A Junior missionary concert would prove highly interesting; missionary leaflets and pledge-cards can be circulated by the children, who are happy when doing errands; subscriptions can be taken for missionary publications, and particularly this—the children can make up a box of Christmas presents, and can send one in the early fall of each year to some mission station, the contents to be distributed to the children in native Sunday-schools and day-schools. A Junior society will always remember to send money enough to prop up the freight.

What can Juniors do? They can do whatever you want done; and do it with a rush.—Golden Rule.

CITY OF DELIGHTS.

BY THE REV. V. C. HUNT,

Superintendent of Methodist Missions, China.

We were three hundred miles above Chungking. Clouds of smoke upon our right pointed out the great salt walls. A large white pagoda looked down upon us from a lofty hill in the centre of the British district, and seemed to beckon us for a walk through ravines and valleys of surpassing beauty, to the forest-clad bluffs which hide the beautiful "City of Delights" from our view. The day is warm, and a film of purple mist partially screens us from the direct rays of the sun. A faint breeze stirs slightly the mulberry leaves upon the myriads of low-cropped trees. This is also a silk district, and hundreds of thousands of the people care for the trees, feed the silk worms, gather the cocoons, and prepare them for the manufacturers.

The city to which we are going has been a famous place for the weaving and marketing of silks, and more than half the city and district is engaged in this beautiful industry. To the west of us are high mountains, and beyond, towering over all, is seen the wonderful peak called Omei, which I have described in my book on Western China. You may imagine my feelings upon the morning we journeyed up the river Fuh, when, after long looking in the direction of the sacred mount, at last the clouds dissolved and the dark outlines of the mountain were clearly seen upon the hazy background. This is

BUDDHA'S LAND.

On every side we see something to remind us of the Indian god. We have met with innumerable stones all along the river's banks, four feet high, one foot wide, and about the same in thickness, each having a hideous carved face and head, with six characters chiselled upon the body of the stone which read, "Nan-Wu-O-Mi-To-Fuh." All hail Amita Buddha! All travellers are supposed to repeat the praise as they journey by. They are charms to allay sorrow and frighten away evil influences. We are in full view of the City of Delights. The weary "trackers" pull us up the Yo for a hundred yards, and in doing so, wade far out

into the stream to get the boat around the shallow headland. With a yell they drop the bamboo cable and rush on board, seize the oars, and with unwearying vigour work the clumsy sticks. In a few moments the strong current strikes us and we go splashing down to the bluff, and to Wilbro two streams meet. A bamboo cable is stretched from the city to the bluff at this season of the year. I was wondering how we were to cross, when a boatman lifted the cable from the water, and all hands fell to and pulled us to the opposite shore.

Anchored, or rather tied, to the shore, we had nearly two days to visit and study the city. I am going to tell you what may be seen. Three things were of great interest to me, the city itself, the "Great Buddha" and the famous Mantz Caves. We will visit the city first, and do so on foot, for we can see much more than from a covered sedan chair. We walked up the steep bank and entered directly a wide dirt street. The boat population hang about this street, which is along the river's bank and outside of the city wall. Here I met my captain so finely dressed that I scarcely knew him; there at a square table sat half a dozen of the sailors drinking tea and smoking, and they gave me a hearty welcome to join them. On we went till we made a sharp turn to the right, where we entered the city by the East gate. Very soon we found ourselves in a wide clean street, cool and airy, with shops given up almost entirely to the silk trade.

The people received us very pleasantly and stared much less than in some other cities. Did not hear "foreign devil" or any other abusive words while in the city. We strolled first to the

CHINA ISLAND MISSION CHAPEL.

where two single men are living and working among the people. They dress in the native costume, shave their heads and wear a tail just like the Chinese, a very questionable practice, for they are known as foreigners at first sight. I am more and more persuaded that it is best to wear simple European clothing. Thus we appear what we are. The novelty even of European garments soon wears off, while our blue eyes, long noses, red hair, etc., remain standing jokes.

THE HAT AND ITS OWNER.

A good illustration of the detective quality was shown in the trial of a house-breaker a few days ago. The burglary was effected—about burglaries are—by the aid of a neighbouring uninhabited house. The thieves crossed along the roof, and made their descent through a skylight. They robbed the premises at their leisure, and accompanied successfully with the stolen property. There was one clue left—only one. A hat was found on the roof. The hat was sent to Scotland Yard, and the force were invited to inspect it. One policeman immediately said that he knew who was the owner. In the event it was found he was as good as his word. The owner was discovered, and, being unable to give a satisfactory account of how he spent the evening of the burglary, and, moreover, being awkwardly for him, in the possession of the stolen property, the jury came to the conclusion that he was guilty, and found their verdict accordingly. A more interesting question remained; How did the policeman know the exact head on which to fit that very unlucky hat? The constable told the story himself. He had been on duty in the gallery of the Old Bailey during the trial of a well-known burglar. He sat on a back bench, and wore plain clothes, and he noticed in front of him a young man, with a highly criminal type of face, who seemed to take the greatest interest in the trial. The constable, accordingly, took the greatest interest in him and in his belongings, and, as the unconscious spectator held his hat in his hand, looked into it, and, as Inspector Bucket would say, "totted it up." The result in this little case in addition was the registering in his memory of a peculiarly-shaped grease-mark on the lining which crossed the maker's name. The constable never forgot that hat, and the professional career of its owner soon rendered him more and more interesting. Thus he was able in a moment to restore to the burglar the property he had been so unfortunate as to leave on the roof.

THE HOUSE FLY.

Yes, no doubt you are often pestered by these insects. Did you ever try to find out any of the curious things about flies? The study of what we see around us is one of the best ways of becoming educated.

This female fly lays seventy or eighty eggs at once, and repeats the process four times during her short life-time. These eggs are deposited on any moist, decaying matter, and in a few days the larvae, or maggots, emerge from the eggs. The fly feeds itself by means of a fleshy tube, or proboscis. It takes only liquid food, or such as it can moisten with its saliva—as sugar.

The eyes of a fly are wonderful instruments. They are made up of 4,000 small telescopic eyes. When in flight, the fly's wings make 600 strokes in a second, carrying it forward five feet; but when alarmed, this distance can be increased to thirty feet.

The foot of the fly is a curious structure. It adheres to smooth surfaces, such as glass, by means of a sticky fluid, which exudes from the pads under the claws, and by the little suckers which fringe them. There are about 1,200 of these suckers on each pad. The suckers hold the foot firmly, but the fly can let go very quickly, as you will learn if you try to catch it.

God has made all things perfect. He never slights his work. Let us admire his wisdom. Let us do our work well, for God sees it all.

BOUND FEET.

I WAS much interested in a recent letter from China in the Christian Advocate, written by Bishop Warren, in which he speaks of a woman of sixty who had unbound her feet because she had lately "vividly realized that she would be ashamed to go toddling up the golden streets on mutilated feet." I fell at once thinking whether there are not women outside of China who had better "vividly realize" the same thing with reference to themselves.

"Will you take the place of president in our Auxiliary Mrs. A.?"

"Really you must excuse me. It would be impossible for me to attend the meetings, and I have not time to look after the interests of the society."

Yet Mrs. A. has time for frequent shopping excursions, and for anything else that she really wished to do. Self has bound her feet from childhood.

"Will you lead the next monthly meeting, Mrs. B.?"

"Really, you must excuse me. I never could gather courage to stand before an audience."

Self-consciousness and timidity bind Mrs. B.'s feet. Yet her friends know that if she were only "free in Christ Jesus," she could do great things for him in her quiet, agreeable way.

Illustrations are numerous. Self, timid,ly, unbelief (perhaps all varieties of fetters are included in these three) hold back many a child of God who ought to be walking in freedom and glorious service.

The Lord gives much encouragement for our feet. Even though we have travelled painfully and slowly up to sixty years, we may take example of our Chinese friend and unbind at once. Shall we walk with a free step "up the golden streets to the throne," and we follow with a limping tread?

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace; that bring good tidings of good things!" (Romans 10. 15.)

"The God of peace shall crush Satan under your feet shortly." (Romans 16. 20.)

"Stand, therefore, your feet established with the preparation of the gospel of peace." (Eph. 6. 15.)

"He maketh my feet like hind's feet." (2 Sam. 22. 34.) (That is, they have a grip that never slips in difficult or uncertain places.)

"I will make them of the synagogue of Satan to come and worship before thy feet; and to know that I have loved thee" (Rev. 3. 9.)

These are wonderful promises. But they are not for "bound feet;" they are for those who "run" in the way of his commandments, because he has "enlarged" the heart.

"Take my feet, and let them be swift and beautiful for thee."

Duty's Path.

Wt hlk wllkllk wllkllk

Out from the harbour of youth's bay, There leads the path of pleasure;

Then on our vision dawns afar The goal of glory, gleaming

We turn our sad, reluctant gaze Upon the path of duty;

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER V.

GILBERT'S BOYHOOD.

Thus suddenly and painfully was Alice Guestling, the young wife and mother, made a widow.

"Let the world bewail their dead, Fondly of their loss complain;

"Thou art entered into joy! Let the unbelievers mourn;

Next to the comforts derived from heavenly and spiritual sources, Mrs. Guestling found

As soon as matters could be arranged, Alice left Brooklyn, and returned to her father's roof.

Mrs. Guestling could hardly bear the boy out of her sight. I well remember one day, when her brother Clement came to

own children, how she felt almost unable to fulfil the promise she had made.

But as time, that gracious healer, passed on, Alice regained her health and spirits.

As I look back upon those happy years, how rapidly they seem to have sped!

Many a bright memory flits before me: Sabbath mornings, when the little group gathered in the kitchen at The Hawthorns,

Summer evenings, when, the kitchen door and windows set wide open, the little company of worshippers gathered to listen to the preached word.

"He makes the grass the hills adorn, And clothes the smiling fields with corn;

When Gilbert was about twelve years of age, it was deemed necessary that he should enjoy further opportunities of learning, and his mother and grandparents

The boy grew in wisdom and in stature. He was a favourite with all, young and old.

(To be continued.)

DIGGING FOR TREASURE.

We sometimes hear young folks complain that they "don't see any use" in algebra, or Latin, or philosophy.

A father once told his son that if he would go and dig in his garden, he would find a great treasure there.

Now, does not the little parable sit right on, with our minds for garden-beds, and algebra and Latin for the tools?

WANTED-A BOY.

WANTED—a boy. A brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who is not afraid of the truth; one who scorns a lie,

LADY SOMERSET ON TEMPERANCE REFORM IN AMERICA.

THERE is one feature in America that I tell you, friends, if I could see in England to-day I would willingly sacrifice my right hand, nay, more, I would give almost everything I possess in life.

In 1873-4 the Spirit of God descended upon the people of America in a Pentecost of blessing. That great crusade swept through the land of which we to-day are repeating

I went to Portland to be the guest of Neal Dow. As we drove through the streets I could not help feeling that although no monument had been erected to that great father of prohibition,

were the best monument that could be erected to any man. They had prepared a special treat for me in Portland; for when the authorities knew that I was coming

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WILL BE WANTED.

If we could only get the ear of that boy in school, or that young man in college, we would say most earnestly to you that the time is coming, and perhaps not far distant,

This is a broad and populous country, and opportunities for eminent achievement and large usefulness are constantly occurring in educational work, in business, in professional life, or in politics, and the service of the country possible in war.

Many an old man to day is looking back to see another in just the one place which was designated for him, and in which he might have been perfectly happy and useful, in which he might have done a great and important life work, and achieved distinction, but when opportunity's hour struck

FRIENDSHIP.

A MAN blind from his birth, being asked what he thought the sun to be like, replied, "Like friendship." He had never seen anything, and therefore he could not see the sun or any external object, but he had felt the warmth of another's friendship



RABBITS.

RABBITS.

Our picture shows a grown-up rabbit and five little bunnies. How pretty their eyes are, and their long, sleek ears! They are very gentle, affectionate animals and make very nice pets. They are very fond of sweet, fresh clover, and it is a sight that boys and girls always seem to enjoy to watch the rabbits as they nibble with such evident pleasure the green clover and grass. Though rabbits always have long ears, those of the rabbits in our picture are unusually so, for they belong to that species that some little boys call the "long ears."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 44.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 6.

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

Acts 12: 1-7.] [Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Earnest prayer is always answered, but often in unexpected ways.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

From the description of the progress of the Church, we now turn to some of the dangers assailing her.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

About that time—That Saul and Barnabas were sent to Jerusalem from Antioch with alms. Herod—Agrippa, king of most of Palestine. His full kingdom lasted only three years. James—Son of Zebedee. In prison—Probably in the tower of Antonia, adjoining the temple area. Quaternions—Bands of four. Easter—The Passover, called "days of unleavened bread," because no leaven was allowed in their houses. Houses with two chambers—Each band bound to a soldier. Behead, the angel—This must have occurred between three and six o'clock in the morning (see verse 18), the hours of changing the guard. First and the second ward—i. e., Guards; the guards who were sleeping with him; the outer guards. Rhoda—Our Rosa. Came to Achaïon—They always ask: "Who is there?" before opening the gate. It is his

angel—His guardian angel (Matt. 18: 10), whom they thought had come in his form. They were astonished—Not at the fact that their prayers were answered, but at the strange and wonderful way. Departed—It was not safe for him to remain where was a well-known resort of the disciples.

FIND IN THIS LESSON—

What to do in trouble.

What kind of prayers are answered.

How God sometimes answers prayers.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What trouble now came upon the Church? "Herod beheaded James, the brother of John." 2. What more did Herod do? "He put Peter in prison." 3. What did the Church do? "They prayed without ceasing for him." 4. How was their prayer answered? "An angel was sent to release him."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Why are these called the Moral Law?

Partly to distinguish them from ordinances concerning Jewish ceremonies; but chiefly because they contain in substance all the moral duties of men.

MAKING AN EXPERIMENT.

BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

LET us make an experiment. Here is a boy ten years old who has never used tobacco.

"Charley, will you help us to make an experiment?"

"I will, sir."

"Here is piece of plug tobacco as large as a pea. Put it into your mouth, chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat, but spit every drop of juice into that spittoon. Keep on chewing, spitting, chewing, spitting."

Before he is done with that little piece of tobacco, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallowing a drop, he will lie here on the platform in a cold death-like perspiration. Put your fingers on his wrists. There is no pulse. He will seem for two or three hours to be dying.

Again, steep a plug of tobacco in a quart of water, and with the mixture bathe the neck and back of a calf troubled with vermin. You will kill the vermin, but if you are not very careful you will kill the calf too. These experiments show that tobacco, in its ordinary state, is an extremely powerful poison.

Go to the chemist's, begin with the upper shelves and take down every bottle.

Then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some rare one) which, taken into the mouth of that ten year old boy and not swallowed, will produce such deadly effects.

No devotee of the weed has ever graduated at the head of his class at Harvard, or any other college where statistics have been preserved, notwithstanding the fact that a large majority of college students are smokers.

The Mission of Boys.

BY L. A. OBEAR.

FROM out the ranks of noble men,
Who firm for truth and right have stood,
They are being called, as years go by,
To "come up higher" and dwell with God.

Their vacant places who shall fill?
With wealth, and tongue, and pen, who'll stand,
And bid the tides of ill roll back,
That hasten to engulf the land?

We are pressing on to fill the ranks.
The world needs brave men for the fight
That is waging still from age to age,
For evermore 'twixt wrong and right.

With purpose true, and courage high,
Where they have fallen we will stand,
Till righteousness and truth prevail,
And earth become Immanuel's land.

WHAT SHE COULD DO.

SUSAN BOLLES was a plain, quiet sister of a beautiful, brilliant girl.

At school Lena, at the head of the class, rattled over French verb or Roman history which she had committed to memory in an hour, while Susan pored over them in vain. It is true that Lena forgot her lessons as fast as she had learned them, but she had a faculty of displaying every scrap of knowledge in a way which won her notice and applause.

The whole school regarded her as a genius, and was proud of her poems and essays. She was the coming George Eliot or Tennyson, they boasted. They were not aware, what was nevertheless the fact, that there was a close resemblance in the ideas and words of the last book which she had read.

Susan also at first laboured over poems and stories of Italian brigands, but failed utterly, and finally acquiesced in the opinion of the school girls that she was a dunce.

"Susan," said the teacher, "is no linguist, no musician, no mathematician. It is difficult to determine in what her talent lies."

But Susan's keenness of observation and her warm heart made her a helpful child. It was Susan who saw that her father's gloves needed mending, and who darned them so neatly; it was Susan only who knew how to make dry, crisp toast for her mother when she was ill; it was Susan who handled the baby more skillfully and tenderly than any one else. No scrap of knowledge about the ordinary affairs of life was too trifling for her to learn.

"Susan," said Lena, contemptuously, "will be an admirable cook, seamstress and nurse." She felt that she herself was born for something higher. But when one of the scholars cut an artery one day, it was Susan who quietly made a tourniquet and stopped the bleeding till the doctor came.

"You have saved her life, child," he said. "How did you learn to do it?"

"I saw it in a book," she said, modestly. She pored over books which taught of the care of the house, children, or the sick. These things she could remember.

"I am a dunce, but I may be of some little use," she thought.

As time passed, her quick observation, her tact and kindly sympathy made Susan a practical, useful woman, and gave her a charm of manner which gathered about her hosts of friends. Lena was always showy, superficial and helpless. As she grew older she missed the applause which had followed her in youth, and grew bitter and ill-tempered.

We give this sketch of two real characters for the benefit of girl readers, who, because they have mediocre abilities as

scholars, begin to fear that they have a low, mean part to play in life.

The alert, tender, domestic woman of the homely wisdom which enables to be helpful to the body and soul of who come near her, is one of the most useful of God's ministers in the world. *Youth's Companion*.

THE HAPPIEST BOY.

Who is the happiest boy you know? Who has "the best time?" I mean, one who has the biggest and best toys, or who has the most marbles, or wears the best clothes? Let's see.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved.

He gave him beautiful rooms to live in and pictures, and toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy and said to the king:

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for the secret." "Well," said the king, "what you will give."

So the magician took the boy into another room. He wrote something with white substance on a piece of paper. Then he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue.

They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

A DRIVER had been over-ardent in his worship of Bacchus, and ultimately fell asleep. On awaking and finding himself alone in his harmless waggon, he looked rather surprised, and exclaimed, "What! I've either lost a team or stole a waggon!"

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