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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XI.]

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1892.

[No. 14.

## Palm Bearers.

WHEN Christ, as King, descended  
The slopes of Olivet,  
The gladdest of all visions  
His sacred gaze that met,  
Were throngs of Jewish children  
That came in singing bands,  
And pressed about him, bearing  
Palm branches in their hands.

"Out of the mouths of children  
Thou perfectest thy praise,"  
He said, as their hosannas  
Rang o'er the crowded ways.  
"Out of the mouths of children,"  
The same dear lips may say,  
These hosts of happy children  
Who meet him here to-day

We come with songs of triumph,  
No doubtful Christ to own;  
The Galilean Prophet  
Is King upon the throne!  
With greater gladness bearing  
Our palms than those he met,  
That day when he descended  
The steeps of Olivet.

O Saviour I may we children  
Strive on till life shall cease,  
To send to all the nations  
The palm branch of thy peace!  
And own our service, saying,  
As in Judean days,  
"Out of the mouths of children  
God perfecteth his praise."

## A FLOWER-SERMON.

A GOOD while ago I read an account of a Scotch traveller who went to Africa, and spent much time in trying to find the spot where the river Niger begins its course. He had been long on his journey, had crossed sandy deserts and deep streams, and walked up and down mountain paths, until he was almost wearied out.

One day he was plundered by robbers, and left almost naked and in great distress. Finding no water to drink, no shady tree to shelter him from the burning sun, covered with dust, and too much tired to take another step, he threw himself on the parched ground to die. He was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement, and was entirely alone, except that he was surrounded by savage animals. His spirits sunk within him. Thoughts of his cool, green, mountain home came over him; the faces of his beloved friends in far-distant Scotland were all remembered, and his heart was filled with sorrow. He thought no human being pitied him; and he even forgot the good God who has a care over all his creatures.

As he lay alone on the ground, with despair in his heart, he cast his sorrowful eyes around on the dry heath of the desert, and they rested on a tiny, bright flower of the moss, which preached him a little bit of sermon, only one moment long; but that sermon put faith into his heart, strength into his limbs, and brightness into his eyes. There on the burning sand, God had planted this sweet

blossom, unfolded, painted, and nourished it, for the comfort of this poor traveller. This little wayside missionary stood in silent beauty, and opened for his heart a way right up to heaven. He thought then of his heavenly Father.

Very likely his own dear mother had taught him, when a boy, the beautiful lily-sermon which Christ preached in Palestine so long ago. For there came to his mind the same thoughts which Jesus then expressed to his disciples, that if God so clothed and protected this tiny flower, much more would he care for him whose heart was now filled



PALM BEARERS.

with prayer and thankfulness. And then, without a cooling draught of water, without a morsel of bread, or even a refreshing breeze, he rose up full of hope, and went on his way, and soon arrived at a village, where the chief treated him very kindly.

Perhaps some of you recognize in this account the story about Dr. Mungo Park.

Ten cents per day, Christian smoker, will build a church in ten years, at \$36.50 per year, with ten years' interest.—*Buds and Blossoms.*

## A LAND OF QUEER CUSTOMS.

ALL things are reversed in Holland. The main entrance to the finest public building in the country, the palace, or late town hall, of Amsterdam, is its back door. *Bachful maidens hiro beaux* to escort them to the Kermis, or fair, or festival days. Timid citizens are scared in the dead of night by their own watchmen, who at every quarter of the hour make such a noise with their wooden clappers one would suppose the town to be on fire. You will see sleds used in summer there. They go bumping over the bare cobble stones, while the driver holds a dripping oil rag in advance of the runners to lessen the friction.

You will see streets of water, and the country roads paved as nicely as Broadway. You will see vessels hitched, like horses, to their owners' door posts, and a whole row of square-peaked houses leaning over the street as if they were getting ready to tumble. Instead of solemn striking clocks you will hear church chimes playing snatches of operatic airs every quarter of an hour by way of marking the time. You will see *looking glasses* hanging outside of the dwelling, and pincushions displayed on the street doors. The first are called *spionnen* (or *spionnetjen*), and are so arranged outside the windows, that persons sitting inside can, without being seen, enjoy a reflection of all that is going on in the street. They can learn too what visitor may be coming, and watch him rubbing his shoes to a polish before entering. The pincushion means that a new baby has appeared in the household. If white or blue, the new comer is a girl, if red, it is a little Dutchman. Some of these signals are very showy affairs, some are not cushions at all, but merely shingles trimmed with lace; and among the poorer class it is not unusual to see merely a white string tied to the door latch—fit token of the meagre life the poor little stranger is destined to lead.

Sometimes, instead of either pincushion or shingle, you will see a large placard hung outside of the front door. Then you may know that somebody in the house is ill, and his or her present condition is described on the placard for the benefit of inquiring friends, and sometimes when such a placard has been taken down, you may meet a grim looking man on the street, dressed in black tights, a short cloak, and a high hat, from which a long black streamer is flying. This is the *Aanspreker*, going from house to house, to tell certain persons that their friend is dead. He attends to funerals, and bears invitations to all friends whose presence may be desired. A strange, weird-looking figure he is, and he wears a peculiar, professional cast of countenance that is anything but comforting. All these customs are in striking contrast with those of America.

**Keeping Step With Jesus.**

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Though the way be long,  
We ne'er miss the pathway,  
We can ne'er go wrong.  
Keeping step with Jesus,  
Straining every limb,  
Onward, ever onward,  
Keeping step with him.

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Even in the dark,  
We can hear his foot-step,  
Though unseen its mark  
Though we walk in shadow,  
Treading pathways new,  
Marking time with Jesus,  
Step we ever true.

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Nothing can alarm,  
Foes will never hurt us,  
Nought will do us harm,  
Walking close beside him,  
His strong arm our stay,  
Oh, how safe our journey  
O'er an untrod way!

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Never on before,  
Brighter grows the pathway,  
Shining more and more,  
Till by living fountains  
Bathed in heaven's light,  
We, through fields of glory,  
Walk with him in white.

**CHILDREN IN CHURCH.**

In many city congregations the lambs of the flock are seldom seen. Here and there a few paws may show some fair young faces, but compared with the great bulk of the congregation, and the hundreds of children in the Sunday-school, the percentage of children in habitual attendance upon the church service is certainly small.

Upon whom rests the praise or the blame? Are the children of the present age born with an innate distaste for the services of the sanctuary, and is their absence at the church service to be accepted as a token of their own reluctance to attend, or is this weekly defection of the dear lambs of the flock to be charged to the unwise influence of the silly sheep who have them in care?

The little dears can attend school five hours five days in the week, and practice on the piano for an additional one half hour or so daily; they can take a music lesson Saturday morning, and may perhaps be found in the dancing school Saturday afternoon, but when Sunday comes, an hour, or at most an hour and a quarter of Sunday-school is quite sufficient to tax their small powers to their fullest extent, and the church service is accordingly decided to be by far too long and too laborious for the vigorous young bodies and bright young intellects. When children are well, the confinement of the church service can do them no harm, and they may readily be taught to love this gathering place of God's people. If a child understood that attendance at the church service had the same relative importance in the eyes of the parents as the regular daily attendance at school, and that an excuse for absence which was not valid week days would not be considered Sundays, the attitude of the child toward the church service would undergo a complete change. Attendance at the church service would become a matter of course, and the child would feel a wholesome sense of responsibility for such attendance which would be likely to follow him through life. The first suggestion to form the children into a stay-at-home club often comes from the parents. It is perhaps a trouble to prepare the little folks for church, or they do not sit quietly while there, and so the parents allow them to glide easily into the custom of remaining at home, forgetful that the habit thus acquired may not unnaturally create a prejudice which may persist in clinging through life.—*Our Young People.*

**A Bible Puzzle.**

God made Adam out of dust,  
But thought it best to make me first;  
So I was made before the man,  
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body he did make complete,  
But without legs or hands or feet;  
My ways and actions did control,  
And I was made without a soul.

A living thing I became,  
'Twas Adam who gave me my name;  
Then from his presence I withdrew,  
Nor more of Adam ever knew.

I did my Maker's laws obey,  
From them I never went astray;  
Thousands of miles I run in fear,  
But seldom on this earth appear.

But God in me did something see,  
And put a living soul in me;  
Again of me my God did claim,  
And took from me that soul again.

And when from me that soul had fled,  
I was the same as when first made;  
And without legs or feet or soul  
I travel now from pole to pole.

I labour hard both day and night,  
To fallen man I give great light;  
Thousands of people, young and old,  
Will by my death great light behold.

No fear of death doth trouble me,  
For happiness is not for me;  
To heaven I shall never go,  
Nor to the dismal hell below.

The Scriptures I cannot believe,  
If right or wrong I can't conceive;  
Although therein my name is found,  
They are to me an empty sound.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1892.

**TO SCHOOLS OPENING IN THE SPRING.**

CHANGES IN "PLEASANT HOURS"

BEGINNING with the month of May we propose to still further improve our weekly paper, PLEASANT HOURS, by printing it in a smaller sized type, which will enlarge its capacity one fourth, by enabling us to put one-fourth more matter in its pages. This will be equivalent to adding an entire page to the paper. We are determined to make this paper the best in the Dominion. At 24 cents a year—less than half a cent a number—we do not think this paper can be equalled anywhere. The serial stories alone are worth in many times the price of the paper. Many of the engravings are made especially for PLEASANT HOURS.

This paper can in no sense take the place of *Onward* for senior classes and young people's societies, but is designed especially for the intermediate classes of our schools, and is so cheap that it can be taken in large quantities, where *Onward* can only be taken in smaller quantities. This change involves much additional expense, but the publisher, with his characteristic enterprise, is determined that no effort shall be spared to make this paper the best in the world.

**DID HE DIE FOR ME?**

A CHILD sat on its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story; but the tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled joy and sadness. It was a tale concerning the death of the Saviour—how he so loved the people as to give his life a ransom for them to redeem them from a lost and ruined state. Sometimes her voice was scarcely heard above a whisper, but the listening child caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a long sob broke the stillness, as its mother concluded. A moment and its ruby lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired:

"Did he die for me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child; for you, for all."

"May I love him always, mamma, and dearly too?"

"Yes, my darling, it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."

"And he will love me, mamma, I know he will. He died for me. When may I see him in his other home?"

"When your spirit leaves this world, my darling, and goes to a better and happier one."

"My spirit?" murmured the child.

"Yes, your spirit; that part of you that thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love him here, you will go to live with him in heaven."

"And I may love him here? How glad you have made me, dear mamma!"

And the mother bowed her head, and silently and earnestly prayed that her child might grow up to love and revere the Saviour.

**NELLY'S DARK DAYS**

By the Author of "Lost in London."

**CHAPTER VII.**

THE ONLY REFUGE.

FOR a season, Rodney's mind was clouded and bewildered. It is probable that if he had been in ordinary health and strength, he could not have held to his resolution to keep within the walls, which were his only defence from overpowering temptation; but though his craving often amounted to intense agony, the weakness—which was the result of his long and dangerous illness—made him incapable of much exertion, and the little labour he was put to completely exhausted his powers. Day after day passed by, the hours dragging along heavily. In the midst of the miserable poor, who peopled the place, he lived alone, in a kind of dreary lethargy of body and soul, which rendered him almost unconscious of what was going on around him.

Gradually, however, the cloud which drunkenness had brought across his mind melted away, and his thoughts and memories grew clear. All his past life lay behind him, mapped out plainly and distinctly. His early manhood, his strength of muscle and nerve, his marriage, his children, and last of all his little Nelly—all sacrificed, all destroyed, all lost, by his fatal obedience to the sin which had possessed him. It had come to this, that he, who should have been a happy and useful man, respected and beloved, was a pauper, eating the begrudged bread of a workhouse table. He had been acting out the story told centuries ago by the Lord of truth and wisdom. He had left the Father's house, and wandered into a far country, where a sore famine had arisen; and, behold! he was eating the husks which the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him. That was his condition.

It was a long time before Rodney went any farther than that. Broken hearted and cast down in spirit, he thought he must resign himself to abide in his miserable condition. An importunate remorse was gnawing in his conscience, and he

said to himself, it was only just that he should be left without hope, and without God, in a world where he had brought all his misery upon himself. At this time little Nelly was always in his thoughts—the puny, pale little child; puny and pale through his vice, hungry often, crying often, seldom merry and light-hearted as other children are, yet always patient and fond of him—always ready to be glad if he only smiled upon her. Oh! what a wretch he had been! How often, too—his memory was vivid in recalling it—how often, when he had received any money, had he resolved to hasten home with it, that Nelly's wants might be supplied, and those accursed gin-palaces had been strewn so thickly in his path, that when he had reached home he had been penniless, but raging mad with drink—striking the quiet, patient little creature if she only came in his way!

But one morning—so early that it was still an hour or two before the paupers left their pauper beds—a whisper seemed to come to his troubled conscience, partly, as it were, in a dream, which said to his awakening ears: "I will arise, and go to my Father." He repeated the words over and over and over again.

Had that poor, prodigal son, living among swine, and eating of their husks, still a right to call any good and great being his Father? Still, it was he who had said it, without hesitation, as it seemed, the word Father. Christ, the Son of God, who knew all things, and could make no mistake, was he who in saying had told the story. The miserable prodigal, who had spent every penny in riotous living, just as he had done, when he came to himself, had said: "I will arise, and go to my Father." Was it possible he could do the same?

Day after day Rodney pondered this question over in his heart. Long ago he had known that Jesus Christ had come to seek and to save those who were lost; and now, if he would only suffer himself to be found by him—if he would only receive Christ and his love, he would give—even to him—the power to become one of the sons of God! Oh! if Christ would but find him! Down there, in his deep degradation and despair! Had he never known a drunkard like him? If he had not when he was a man on earth, he knew them now by hundreds and thousands in the streets of Christian cities. His pure eyes beheld them in all their vileness, in their desecrated homes, and in the gin-palaces thickly studding the streets.

The day dawn that was breaking upon his soul grew stronger and stronger, until the shadows fled away. There was neither drink nor the temptation to drink to make it dim, or to quench it. He could think now. He could repent, pray, and believe. Reason and faith could work within him; and there was no subtle foe to steal away his senses. The hour came at last, when from his inmost soul—drunkard though he had been—though his wife and little Nelly had perished through his sin—he could look up to God, and cry: "Father!"

TRUE TO A PROMISE.

It was not many days after this that Rodney came to the conclusion that he ought not to stay any longer within the sheltering walls of the workhouse, to be a burden upon the poor rates. He was strong enough now to earn his own living, though he could never regain the vigour he had thrown away. Weakness of body and a sorrowful spirit within him, must be his portion in this life, though his sin was forgiven, and his heart could call God his Father. He knew also that outside the gates—within sight of them—a vehement temptation would assail him. Even there, within the refuge, if the thought of drink came across him, he could only find help against it in earnest prayer. Would the demon take him captive again if he ventured out to confront the peril?

With a trembling heart, and in an agony of prayer, Rodney left his shelter, and found himself once more free and unrestrained in the streets. He was compelled to pass the places of his temptation not once or twice only, but scores of times, with the fumes of the liquors poisoning the atmosphere about them. He could not help but

breath it—could not choose but see the gaudy and bright interiors—as his feet carried him from one fierce assault to another. Sometimes he felt as if he should be lost if he did not flee back to the shelter he had left, and end his days there shamefully. But he continued his course down to the docks, where he hoped he might happen on work to supply his wants for that day and night, for if he failed he must return to the casual ward for a lodging.

He had earned a few pence, and was about to seek lodgings for the night, when he saw a number of decent working-men crowding into a school-room, which was well lit up. He stopped one of them to ask what was going on inside.

"It's a lecture," he answered, "on Temperance, by Mr. Radford. He's always plenty to say—and says it out like a man. Come in, and hear him!"

"Aye, I'll come in," said Rodney eagerly, forgetting both his hunger and his fatigue. The lecturer had just begun, and the speaker—whose face was earnest and hearty, and who had a pleasant voice—had gained the fixed attention of his hearers.

"I'll tell you what a promise once did," he said, towards the close of his lecture: "We had a meeting of our Band of Hope, some years ago, and I saw amongst the children a rough, barefooted little girl, staring about her with large, eager eyes, as if she could not make out what we were about. I asked her what her name was, and told her to come to my house—and I wrote down my address for her. But I said to her: 'Will you promise me not to taste anything that will make you drunk till you see me again?' And she promised me."

"That's Bessie Dingle!" cried Rodney, half aloud; and the lecturer paused for an instant, looking down kindly, but gravely, upon his listeners.

"I expected her to come to me within a day or two, and I should have persuaded her to join our Band of Hope—but she never came. Nearly six years were gone; and one day last autumn, when I was on the landing-stage, I heard some one cry out: 'That's him again!' and a girl of seventeen or so, a bright, busy girl, came rushing towards me from an apple-stall. 'I've kept my promise, sir!' she cried; 'I've never took a drop to make me drunk. I said I never would till I see you again.' The girl had been faithful to her promise. Yes, in her place, and according to her strength, she had kept her promise, as God keeps his."

Rodney scarcely heard the end of the lecture, so full was his mind of Bessie, whom he had scarcely thought of, but who was the only friend he had left in Liverpool. He could not go away without making some inquiry after her, and when the audience was dispersing, he made his way up to the lecturer's desk. "Sir," he said, "that girl was Bessie Dingle. Could you tell me where I could find her this very night?"

"She left Liverpool last autumn," he answered. "She has gone to live in the country, with an old woman of the name of Rodney."

"Why, that must be my mother!" exclaimed Rodney, involuntarily.

"Who are you?" inquired Mr. Radford.

"My name is John Rodney," he answered. "Bessie knows all about me. Oh, sir! I was a dreadful drunkard, and one night I saw my little girl—she was the last of them, and my poor wife was dead as well, thank God!—and the child set herself on fire, and me lying by so drunk I could not move—I could not stir a limb no more than if I'd been dead. Oh, God! Oh, God! It was a horrible thing!"

Rodney grasped the desk with both hands to keep himself from falling, and neither he nor the stranger could speak again for some moments.

"I understood you were drowned," said Mr. Radford, at length. "Bessie believes so. She told me all about it."

"No," murmured Rodney. "I went off with the intention of putting an end to myself, but slipped on the pavement, and they carried me to the infirmary. I was there a long time, and then I went home, and other folks had taken to my liquor, and I had no place to sit down in, and the liquor vaults were the only places open to such as me, and I went in and got drunk again."

"Again" repeated Mr. Radford. "Aye, again," he said, with a deep groan, "but it was the last time. I pray God it may be the last time. Then I knew there was no hope for me as long as I could see or smell drink, and I went into the workhouse to be out of the way partly, and partly because I had no other place to go to. I only came out this morning."

"And where are you going to now?" asked his new friend.

"Anywhere," he answered, "but I'm afraid of going where they'll be drinking. There seems to be drink everywhere. You don't know what it is down in the low parts of the town, sir."

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Radford; "but I'll speak to a friend of mine here, who will take you to his place for to-night. He was one of the first to join us here, and he was as great a slave to drink as you ever were before."

"Sir," said Rodney, earnestly, "I believe God has forgiven me, and I believe he will help me. He has helped me this day, or I should never have been here. If you will let me join myself to you with a promise, I'll try to keep it as Bessie kept hers, God helping me."

"I believe from my heart it would be of great use to you," answered Mr. Radford after a moment's thought. "Mark! I do not say it will save you, but it will help you. You can give it as a reason for not drinking to your old comrades; but the chief thing will be, that it will bring you into acquaintance with new comrades of your own way of thinking, who will not tempt you to drink. Remember, too, if you should break it, that's no reason why you should not promise again. Yes! and again and again, if you fall again and again. Most of us promise God very often to give up our favourite sin; and when we forget our promise he does not forbid us to renew it."

With trembling fingers, and with deep, unspoken prayer in his heart, Rodney signed his name to a form by which he pledged himself to abstain from all intoxicating drinks; and then Mr. Radford committed him to the care of his friend, who was to take him home for the night.

"What are you going to do to-morrow?" asked Mr. Radford.

"I'll make my way down to my mother's," he answered. "I shall be safer out of the town, though I ought to be ashamed to go to her in these rags. But it's no more than I deserve, and she'll be overjoyed to see me."

"Go down by train," said Mr. Radford. "I will lend you the fare, and you can repay me when you are in work again. They all think you are dead down there."

"Yes," he answered, smiling sadly, "my mother will say, 'This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.'"

With these words he went his way; and after a night's rest—more refreshing than any he had had for years, he started by the earliest train down into the country.

(To be continued.)

A BRAVE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

There is a very pretty story told by Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," of a little girl who saved her father's life.

It was in the time of Queen Mary, and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catharine Graham, and she was only nine years old. The poor child was during the trial of her father left in the queen's apartment in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston, the queen found little Lady Catharine in St. George's Gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression on the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so particularly. "I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours." The queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of Lord Preston.



BEARING THE CROSS.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

B.C. 1040.] LESSON II. [April 10.

## THE KING IN ZION.

Psalm 2, 1-12. Memory verses, 10-12.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.—Psalm 2, 12.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ shall overcome all opposition, and reign over all the earth.

## HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

**Heathen**—All the nations except Israel. **Vain**—Impossible. Useless to try to do. **Anointed**—Christ, the Messiah, both which mean "anointed;" i.e., set apart as a king and priest, which was done by anointing with oil. **Shall laugh**—A way of expressing his conscious strength and knowledge of their weakness. **Zion**—A hill in Jerusalem, on which was David's fort and palace, the centre of the kingdom. It thus became the type of the kingdom of Christ. **This day**—Some time in the past, but especially when Christ came into the world, when he was baptized (Matt. 3, 17), and when he was raised from the dead. (See Acts 13, 34; Heb. 1, 4, 5.) **Break them**—Those who refuse to submit. All opposition will be destroyed. All possible will be made into friends, and their enemy destroyed. **A potter's vessel**—A piece of clay pottery, easily broken and destroyed. **Kiss the Son**—On the hand, in token of homage. Acknowledge him as king. **And ye perish from the way**—From the way to heaven—losing your way.

## Find in this lesson—

1. What had men are trying to do.
2. Why they cannot succeed.
3. What is to become of the world.
4. Some marks of wisdom.
5. The end of the wicked.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What is the first scene described in this psalm? "The world hating and opposing the kingdom of God." 2. What is the

second scene? "The Lord in heaven laughing at their vain efforts, and guiding his kingdom to success." 3. What is the third scene? "Christ asserting his divine authority, and the promise of complete victory over all." 4. What is the fourth scene? "The palmist entreating men to accept Christ as their King and Saviour."

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

15. What is the forgiveness or remission of sins?

The penitent sinner who believes in Christ is freely pardoned, his punishment being remitted or not inflicted.

In whom we have our redemption through his blood, the forgivenesses of our trespasses, according to the riches of his grace.—Ephesians 1, 7.

There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.—Romans 8, 1.

## WORKING PLANS.

BY EDITH JONES.

WE have sixty members in the Junior League at Elmwood, Ill. We have four committees; namely, look-up, lift-up, flower and music committees. The look-up committee have books with the names of different members of the League in them, and if they are not present at our meeting they are to see what is the matter. The lift-up committee is to distribute religious tracts in the depot and barber-shops, and do other Christian deeds. The music committee is to select the music for the meetings. The flower committee is to bring flowers for Sunday services, and afterward take the flowers, with a Scripture verse attached, to an invalid. We meet every Sunday afternoon, at four o'clock, at the church. One Sunday we have a missionary programme, the next Sunday a temperance programme,

and the other two Sundays we have a blackboard exercise, study the catechism, etc. We change the committees every month. At the end of the month the committees have to report

## A Feast of All Nations.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

A FEAST, I have read,  
There was recently spread,  
Where this novel arrangement existed  
Each fortunate guest,  
When his choice he expressed,  
To his favourite dish was assisted.

Said Mikey Maguire,  
As he sat by the fire,  
"Faith, thin, but it's warnin', the hate is!  
An' shure, for a partry  
Av appetito hearty,  
There's nothin' quite aequal to pratics!"

"Ach! Donner und Blitz!"  
Cried fat little Fritz,  
Regarding his neighbour so bony,  
"Dot poy vas so droll!  
I would gif der whole bowl  
For von leedle bite of Bologny!"

The fair Oumi San  
Waved her beautiful fan,  
As she smiled his enjoyment to see,  
She would taste of no dish  
Save an entrée of fish,  
But she never once stopped drinking tea!

In a serious mood  
Hans, the Eskimo, chewed  
Some strips of what might have been rubber;  
But when they inquired  
Whether aught he desired,  
He said he wished nothing but blubber.

"Mo velly honglee!"  
Said the guileless Chung Se,  
With an evident yearning for rice,  
He smiled and he sighed,  
And his chopsticks applied,  
And was ready for more in a trice.

"Carissima mia!"  
Cried little Maria,  
"Nothing-a zo lofely as dese!"  
And she fondly surveyed  
On the table displayed,  
Her beloved macaroni and cheese.

"Aweel, an' aweel,"  
Said Jamie MacNeil,  
"O' whimsies an' freaks there's a mony!  
But naethin' I know  
Like the oatmeal I lo'e  
To make a braw lad an' a bonny!"

"Oh, non!" cried Hélène,  
With a shrug of disdain,  
"I wish but a morceau petit,  
Nothing hot, 's'il vous plait,  
But some water sucrée,  
And a bonbon, je vous remercie!"

Quoth brave Johnny Bull,  
With his mouth rather full,  
And his waist with his napkin begirt,  
"Of dainties the chief,  
Is the noble roast beef,  
With plum-pudding, of course, for dessert!"

Mustapha, the bland,  
With a wave of his hand,  
Declined to partake of the feast  
Till the coffee was served;  
When he visibly swerved,  
And drank twenty cups at the least.

"Jes' hab yo' own way,"  
Said George Washington Clay,  
"An' go 'long with dose fibs yo' 's-a-tellun'!  
Dar 's nuffin' lak dis!"  
And chuckling with bliss,  
He extinguished himself in a'melon!

"Wall, mebbe you 're right,"  
Observed Jonathan Bright,  
With a wink of his merry young eye;  
"But for all you 're so kuowin',  
The dish ain't agoin'  
Can come up, I reckon, to pie!"

—St. Nicholas.

WHEN a man promises to come at a quarter to twelve, and does not arrive till three o'clock, can he be called punctual?

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