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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIV.]

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1894.

[No. 19

Mother's Boys.

Yes! I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlour is littered,
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly at all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes! I know there are four little bed-sides,
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings—
Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home, with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise,
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!

MOSES.

ONE of the most romantic stories ever written is that of the career of Moses. He was born the child of a Hebrew slave, and was intrusted in his pitch-daubed ark of bulrushes to the current of the mighty Nile. But God's eye watched that frail bark freighted with the future destiny of Israel. He guided it to a quiet eddy, where it was discovered by the daughter of the greatest sovereign of the world. His winsome smile won the heart of the princess. With what joy the mother clasped again her babe in her arms as Pharaoh's daughter said "Take this child away and nurse it for me." Our picture shows the royal train at the portico of the stately palace.

For forty years Moses was trained in all the learning of the Egyptians, mighty in word and deed. Egypt was then the great university of the world. In the great temple of Thebes he was instructed in all that the age could teach. Yet at the call of duty he chose rather "to suffer with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." What a lesson this is for every boy and girl to choose the right, even though persecution attend it, rather than the wrong, though gilded with splendour and pomp.

On the banks of the Nile, near Cairo, the tourist is shown the spot where this Egyptian princess drew little Moses from the water. I made a pilgrimage to it just as the golden glories of the Egyptian sunset filled the sky, and the distant pyramids seemed changed to topaz in the flood of light.

I saw a few days later the monument erected by Pharaoh at Karkak, to Queen Hatsuz, this very princess who rescued Moses. Two of the loftiest obelisks ever made, 108 feet high, still bear her name. Across the river are the ruins of the great temple where Moses was trained in all the learning of the Egyptians. Now these are all crumbling ruins. The body of the princess of the Pharaohs is open to the gaze of the multitude in the museum of Gizeh. But the inspired teachings of Moses are incorporated in the laws and literature of all civilized nations on the face of the earth.

HOW THE JUNIORS EARNED A LIBRARY.

BY O. L. B.

THE Epworth League of Mayville had a fine library and the Juniors wished to have one also, and they had been working hard all summer to earn the money with which to buy it.

They had held several socials, and the older members had each pledged themselves to earn twenty five cents for the League during the summer, but with all their work they had only nine dollars and sixty-eight cents left after buying a small

kind to her—and," said Mina, after a pause, "Jesus was kind to everybody, and we are trying to be like him."

So they decided to send the flowers. "Aunt Betsy" Smith was an old, very little sad-faced lady, who lived all alone in a cottage surrounded by apple trees, which bore an excellent quality of fruit, and she made her living by selling apples and raising chickens. No one knew much about her past life, but the children who had been driven from her place a few times for helping themselves to apples, had decided she was very stingy, and had, for some reason, given her the name of "Aunt

voice, while the lady sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"Oh, how can I thank you enough?" she said. "I was beginning to think that no one in all this world cared for me, and that even God had forgotten me; but I see it all plainly now, it was because I had been trying to bear my burden alone. I had not asked him to sustain me, but I will now," and throwing her arms about Mina she knelt and prayed.

When they arose from their knees Mina asked Mrs. Smith if there was anything she could do for her. She answered that she had been unable to leave for a week and had nothing to eat but a little bread.

Mina started to go home for food, but Mrs. Smith detained her, saying she had money enough to buy everything she needed, and sent her to the store instead. She soon returned with a basketful of provisions and, promising to call again next day, hastened home.

On her way to school next morning Mina stopped and made things comfortable for Mrs. Smith, then hurried on to tell her young friends of her experiences of the night before. They were all very much interested, and planned to go, two at a time, to visit the old lady each day and help her all they could. The boys promised to chop the wood and carry the water for her, and the girls were to do the rest until she was well again. When the boys and girls' mothers heard of their plan, they went and offered their assistance, but Mrs. Smith declined, saying that she preferred the children's work as long as she was not very ill; and under their watchful care she soon grew better. One day when some of the League were calling upon her, she took a letter from her pocket and said that she had just received an invitation to go and live with her only brother, whose home was in California, and that she intended to go. Then she told them that she had once had a beautiful home of her own, with a kind husband and loving family, but God had called them all to his heavenly home, and she and her brother were all that were living of a very large family, and they expected to join them dear ones soon. Then she thanked the children very heartily for their kindness to her, and ended by placing a large white envelope in the hands of Julia Evans, their president, which she made them promise not to open until the next Sunday at the Junior meeting.

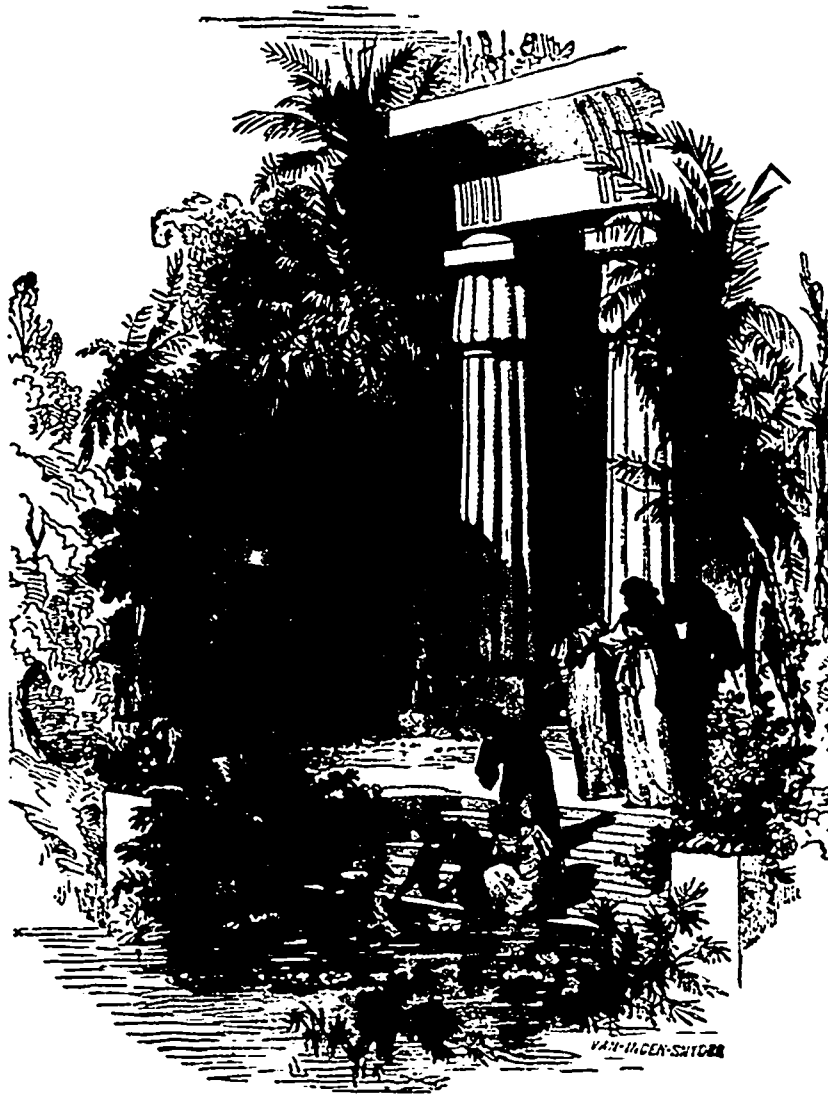
On the following Sunday every member of the League was in his place long before the hour for opening the meeting, so anxious were they to see the contents of the white envelope. When, at last, Julia arose in her place and opened the envelope everyone waited almost breathlessly. There was another one inside the large one, from which Julia read, "For the Junior Epworth League library, from Mrs. Smith." Then she tore open this envelope and slipped from it—what do you think?—a fifty-dollar bill!

The children clapped their hands, then remembering that it was Sunday, tried to be quiet.

"Let's all go up there together and thank her for it," said Dick Thompson. "We can't, for she is gone," she went yesterday," said Mina sorrowfully.

Then the girls all huddled together and began to cry, for they had learned to love Mrs. Smith dearly, and the boys walked away, for they weren't going to act like babies. It was but a short time before the Junior League of Mayville had nearly a nice library as the Epworth League had, and they take great pride in telling how they got it; and Mina always says, when telling about it, "God helped us because we tried to help ourselves and to be kind to the afflicted."

Clinton, Wis.



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

book-case, and this sum would never buy books enough to start a library, such as they wanted, and they must study up some plan for earning more money. It was for this purpose that a business meeting was called to meet in the Sunday school room at 4.30 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

Nineteen boys and girls, with earnest, hopeful faces, met promptly at the appointed hour and talked over several plans of work. Just as the meeting was about to close, Mina Telman, president of the Mercy and Help department, suggested that the League should send a bouquet to "Aunt Betsy" Smith, who had been ill several days.

"Oh, we don't want to send any flowers to her, stingy old thing," said Dick Thompson, decidedly.

"But she is poor, and I don't believe she has many friends, so we ought to be

Betsy," which seemed to stick to her, though people always addressed her as "Mrs. Smith," for there was an air of dignity about her which forbade familiarity. Mina and the girls of her department of work prepared a beautiful little bouquet and tied it with a white ribbon, to which was attached a card bearing on one side "Compliments of the Junior Epworth League," and on the other, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." This Mina carried to the little cottage, and Mrs. Smith, looking more sad than usual, opened the door.

"Here is a bouquet from the Junior League," said Mina; "how are you to-day?"

The old lady took the flowers in her trembling hands, looked at the card and asked Mina to read the words, as she could not see them. Mina read them in a clear

Madeline and I.

MADLINE GREY has a red silk gown,
And a satin one of golden brown,
A velvet cloak, and such lovely furs;
But when I ask for things like hers,
Mamma says:

"No, Rosabel! I love you too well."

Madeline Grey has a string of pearls,
And a maid to brush her golden curls,
A diamond cross and three gold rings;
But when I wish for all these things,
Mamma says:

"No, Rosabel! I love you too well."

Madeline Grey has money to spend;
Nuts and bonbons she buys without end,
Lots of dolls, and one that sings;
But when I ask for all those things,
Mamma says:

"No, Rosabel! I love you too well."

Madeline has a pony to ride
(I wanted one so much that I cried),
A music-box, and everything new;
But when I ask for those things, too,
Mamma says:

"No, Rosabel! I love you too well."

Madeline never can run and play,
Or slide down the hill, or ride on the hay,
Or go for nuts—she would soil her clothes,
And dear mamma is right, I suppose,
When she says:

"No, Rosabel! I love you too well."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1894.

GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. T. B. BISHOP.

III.

FAILURE OF THE SEED.

ONE day during the last hot summer we had, you might have seen Farmer Giles walking over his turnip field with a very long face. He had sown the seed in good time, and had manured the ground well, and he quite expected by this time to have had plenty of turnips for his sheep. But he is dreadfully disappointed: hardly any of the seeds have come up, and he is actually talking to his men about ploughing the field up again. What can be the meaning of it? The fact is, turnips won't grow without plenty of moisture, and this has been a terribly dry season. The ground was good, and the seed was good, but there was no rain.

Is there a Sunday-school where teachers have long been sowing seed, and sowing it carefully and faithfully, and yet nothing appears—not even a single green blade, much less ripe corn? What is it that is wanting? Can the seed be better than it is? Can the sowers do more than they have done? It wants now the fertilizing rain of God's Holy Spirit.

Teachers and scholars, you must pray for this rain. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty" (Isa. 44. 3.) is God's gracious promise. He tells you "there

shall be showers of blessing" (Ezek. 34. 26), and this will only come in answer to prayer. Your heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him (Luke 11. 13).

THE SEED GROWING GRADUALLY.

But the corn does not grow up all at once: it will come on gradually, one step at a time. We are not to expect the ripe grain in a single day. There is "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

A little girl has to learn a text for her teacher, and the teacher explains it to her. Perhaps it is, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" or, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Here is the good seed. She goes home, and the seed lies still for a day or two. But the teacher has been praying for her, and in answer to that prayer God sends his Holy Spirit to water the seed and make it grow in that little girl's heart. She could not tell you how it is, but presently something brings the text to her mind, and she begins to think: "Jesus loves me—loves a little child"—and she prays that she may love Jesus too. Thus it is the seed begins to shoot. But next day come lessons, and play, and young companions, and a host of things to take up her thoughts: the clouds are in the way of the little plant. However, it still pushes its way on. She prays again, but she feels she is a sinner and wants to have forgiveness, and she prays very earnestly. And then there are fresh hindrances: some favorite amusement comes in the way, or some temptation is yielded to; the text is forgotten; prayer is neglected—oh! will the little plant ever grow up? But then there are fresh tears and prayers; there is real repentance for sin, and the little girl finds Jesus as her Saviour. And now she is happy; and mother must know, and teacher must know that Jesus has really made her his; and so the little, tiny blade peeps above the ground: modestly and humbly it appears at first, but it cannot long remain unseen.

"First, the blade." But this must not be all. The seed must not only come up, it must grow. If there is no growth, can there be any life? At first you cannot tell the wheat from grass. That little blade is very pretty, but we are not quite sure yet whether it is true corn. The field looks beautiful and green, but these plants may, after all, turn out to be nothing but tares, or there may be a worm at the root that will kill them presently; but if we wait and watch the seed, we shall soon know. By-and-bye it will come into ear. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

When the fruit does come it is unripe at first. Some plants will be checked by blights, or cold winds, or storms, and will wither and be laid low, and so bear little corn. It is the same with the spiritual seed. Worldly companions, and business, and amusements, often hinder it: We cannot tell whether the yield will be little or much, until it reaches the third stage, and we see the "full corn in the ear."

THE SEED RIPENING.

And what is it that ripens the seed? Is it not the glorious summer sun? A wet summer spoils the harvest, for when wheat is growing it cannot have too much sunshine. And it is when the plant of grace is freely exposed to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness that it quickly ripens for heaven. The Christian that lives much under the shining of God's countenance is the one that will bear much fruit.

The green ears of corn are very upright, but as they gradually fill and ripen they begin to hang down. And so it is with the Christian: he gets humbler as he gets nearer heaven. At last the harvest comes, the reapers put in the sickle, and the corn is gathered in (Matt. 13. 30; Rev. 14. 15); and the husbandman rests not until the last sheaf is safely housed, amid the glad cry of "Harvest home!" And so the Christian, like a shock of corn fully ripe, is gathered at length into the heavenly garner (Job 5. 26). Some there are who ripen for heaven in early life; some seem to live always in the sunshine; and we shall be saved from many a chilling blast, if we love to bask in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

On a large farm you may often see the fields, as they stand thick with corn,

divided by tall hedges, and sometimes separated by roads, or other fields. But at harvest time the grain is all taken to the same stack, and as the sheaves are mingled together there, you cannot tell which field they came from; in fact they must be very much puzzled themselves among so many strangers, who are just like their own brothers and sisters. It is just like this with the Church. Here below there are many sects and denominations, like so many fields divided by the hedges and walls of outward modes and forms; but when the harvest comes all God's wheat shall be gathered into the garner, and there shall not be a single mark to show how widely it once grew apart.

JIMMIE'S ANSWER.

LITTLE Jimmie was a thorough-going Christian lad of some twelve or thirteen summers. A good clergyman, being one day on a visit to the family, said to him, "Jimmie, do you never get tired praying?" "No, sir, I think not," modestly replied Jimmie.

"But," said the minister, wishing to try him, "perhaps you don't pray enough to make yourself tired."

"Ah! sir," replied Jimmie, earnestly, "the less I pray the more tired I become."

I have often thought of Jimmie's answer. Was it not a good one? How true it is that the less we pray the less inclination we have for prayer; while, on the other hand, the oftener we are found in the attitude of faithful prayer, the stronger our desire will become for communion with God. Of what paramount importance to the Christian is faithful prayer! It is the key with which we unlock the unlimited treasuries of God's grace; it is the sword with which we put to flight the strongest of spiritual foes; it is the pitcher with which we dip abundant supplies from the boundless ocean of his love. Dear reader, do not neglect this glorious privilege of prayer. If you would become spiritually strong, be often found at the throne of grace; if you would conquer bad habits, if you would overcome evil desires, if you would grow nobler, purer, more useful in the world, be often found in secret with your God. If we pray but seldom, our progress in divine life will be slow; our pathway will become hedged about with difficulties; we will begin to weary of Christian warfare, and, like little Jimmie, we will find that "the less we pray, the more weary we will become."

FRED AND COUSIN LACY.

BY J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

COUSIN LACY had come to Fred's house for a visit. Fred's mamma was obliged to go to a meeting of the temperance society, and when she left home she said to Fred: "You must entertain Lacy."

"Come here, and let us talk," said Cousin Lacy.

"What shall we talk about?" asked Fred.

"Tell me some things that you have seen."

"Good things or sorry things?"

"A little of both—life is made up in that way."

"Last month," said Fred, "grandma and I took a trip on the Sound; we were on the *Pilgrim*. At supper two young, very young men sat opposite us, and they had a tall bottle from which the waiter poured red stuff into glasses for them. As soon as the glasses were empty he filled them up. I whispered to grandma what it was, and she said 'wine.' Cousin Lacy, that was the first time I ever saw anyone taking wine! At our house we don't consider it good form. Well, those young men were very rude to the waiter. They scolded him roughly for not bringing their supper quicker. They made him carry back the potatoes, and told him some of the things were not fit to eat. I thought their manners very bad. I'd be sent from the table if I acted like that! Grandma said, 'Well, what could you expect from such fellows?' I found out from their talk, that they were whiskey and wine drinkers—lived, you see, by selling such bad stuff as that!"

"It is dreadful, sure enough," said Cousin Lacy.

"Last Sunday I saw another sorry thing

the papa and I came from church. 'We met a man named Tom Bunner. He is a very big, handsome man. He had by the hand his little boy, four years old. He is a beautiful boy, just like a picture, and he was all dressed up like Bunner is so proud of the boy, and was so pleased when papa said he was a fine child. But let me tell you, Lacy, Bunner is a bar-tender, and sometimes he gets drunk, and papa said to me: 'It is terrible to think that in twelve or fifteen years that lovely, innocent boy will be a miserable, idle, degraded, drunken lad about our streets!' I said: 'How do you know that he will?' Papa said: 'He has had example, bad inheritance, bad associations, and, besides all that, it seldom happens that the children of liquor-sellers are sober. Curses and chickens go home to roost.'

"But, Cousin Lacy, to-day I saw the Thorne brothers, just the very best boys in our town, everyone says; and their father drinks! But their mother is just fine! Oh, she is so good and nice, and people say she has been the making of her boys. So you see that mothers can hope for pretty good things sometimes, even if the boys' fathers don't do just right."

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

IN the memoirs of the veteran litterateur, S. C. Hall, recently published, the early chapters are devoted to sketches of the "good old times" in England as he knew them in his youth. The tinder-box and the tallow-candle were household gods; extinguishers for the use of the link-boys who lighted pedestrians home at night, were fastened to the house-railings; the oil-lamps in the streets only made the darkness visible, and such men as Scott were making public speeches against gas-lighting. The King's lieges travelled in mail-coaches, under the protection of armed guards, and a pace of four miles an hour was not considered slow. Envelopes were not. Postage cost anywhere from a shilling to half-a-crown, but then, everyone begged franks or smuggled his letters by carriers and friends. Newspapers cost sevenpence each, but there was not much profit on them even at that price, since the tax on every paper was fourpence, with no deduction for copies unsold or returned, and the duty on advertisements was three shillings and sixpence each. The only use known for India rubber was the erasure of pencil marks; no one had yet been so visionary as to advertise ice for sale; elections were literally "fought out" by bands of hired roughs; slavery had but recently been abolished, prize-fighting was a national institution, and dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting were not yet illegal pastimes. Passing Old Bailey in 1810, young Hall saw sixteen men and a woman hanging on the same gallows, and no wonder, for there were two hundred and twenty-three capital offences on the statute-book, and some ninety culprits were hanged annually, some in chains, to feed the crows and fester slowly away. The pillory and the stocks were still in vogue; vagrant men and women were whipped "through the town" at the cart's tail, and the ducking stool for scolds had not gone out of fashion. Debtors rotted in prison, while criminals could buy every luxury except libe y. Men of all ranks swore, even in the presence of ladies, and intemperance was scarcely less prevalent than profanity. Smuggling was carried on on a gigantic scale, and gentlemen of rank and station thought it no degradation, much less a crime, to engage in it. The hatred of France was at its worst, and Mr. Hall's earliest lesson from his father was, "Be a good boy; love your mother and hat the French." Mr. Hall's brother was an officer in his father's regiment, wore the uniform, and drew pay at eight, no discredit attaching to such an appointment, which was one of the Colonel's perquisites, and the familiar story of the major "gettin' by one of a baby commissioned before its birth, and as it turned out a girl, given a boy's name to save the appointment. The press-gang roamed the streets at night, often under the command of boy midshipmen, to steal men for the navy, or even raided hamlets remote from the shore. Privateers swarmed the seas on enterprises not materially differing from piracy. Altogether, the civilization of the first quarter of the century left much to be desired.

Recruiting Song.

BY THE REV. H. A. FISH.

TUNE—"Lily of the Valley."

We are a band of soldiers enlisted for the king!
Even Jesus, our great Captain, gone before;
We are every one determined, who've joined
Of the Douglas wing
Of Christ's army, to be faithful evermore.
Let no one be discouraged, or think we are
too young,
With the foe in mortal combat to engage;
For "the Lord of Hosts is with us," we fear
no challenge flung
by the enemy, malicious though he rage.

CHORUS.

Then rouse ye! young Endeavourers, and
rally for the King,
Let no soldier act the coward in the fray;
We will trust in Christ our Captain, and make
his praises ring
Who with victory will crown us every day.

Our ranks include no traitors, here all are
staunch and true,
To the pledges they have taken for the
right.

Each one is brave and loyal, ready to dare
and do,
In this way our soldiers keep their armour
bright.

By self-denying service, and constancy in
prayer,
We shall come off more than conquerors by
his power;

Though foes around us gather, we need not
once despair,
For our Saviour is a strong and mighty
tower.

"Be strong and of good courage;" endure
throughout the fight,
This shall be our motto on our banner gay;
And when others see us marching, with happy
faces bright,

They will wish to join our ranks—and so
they may.
And when the conflict's over, and victory is
won,

In heavenly places we shall then sit down:
When welcomed by our Captain, God's well-
beloved Son!

We shall lay aside the helmet for the crown.

his son, and so discover the shelter they had found from his hatred and revenge.

It had been a standing joke at the market, and amongst Euclid's oldest and familiar customers, that the old watercress-seller must have come into a fortune, so changed was he. He looked as if the old bent in his shoulders was growing straighter, and his bowed-down head more erect. The linen blouse he had always worn as his outer garment was no longer ragged or dirty; and in the winter a warm, though threadbare, greatcoat took its place. He had become a very independent buyer, and most fastidious in his choice of crêsses. No fear now that he must put up with any crêsses gone yellow at the edges, or spotted on the bright green leaf. He could pay for the best; and the saleswomen knew that he would have the best. He could afford to give more liberal and larger bunches; and his wrinkled face did not fall into abject disappointment if he was asked to give credit for a day or two. He was quite another being from the stooping, shuffling, poverty-stricken, decrepit old man, who had been wont to cry, "Cre-she! cre-she!" in a hoarse and mournful voice along the streets.

It was the home he and Victoria had found which did it. There was a nourishing warmth in the sense of friendship and fellow-feeling which surrounded him there. Mrs. Linnett's cheery ways, and Mr. Dudley's kindly interest in them, made him feel that they were no longer alone in the battle of life. If he fell on the battle-field, Victoria would not be trampled under foot in its fierce conflict. There was the same hard toil for him; the chilly mornings of winter were no warmer; but the world appeared quite another place to him; for his heart was no longer heavy, nor his spirit cast down.

It had been strongly urged upon Roger by Mr. Dudley and by his teachers on board the *Cleopatra*, that he must replace the money he had formerly stolen from Euclid. This purpose became a secret between him and Bess and Mrs. Linnett, who delighted in innocent surprises. When the sum was completed, on his return from his second voyage, he and Bess tied it up in an old handkerchief, and placed it under Victoria's pillow, where her Testament was often laid now, that she might be reading it in the early light of the morning as soon as Bess and her father began to stir. Victoria's hand, groping for her little book, grasped the old, well-remembered parcel of hard money, and she screamed, "Father! father!" till Euclid appeared at the door, looking in with a terrified face.

"It's the money for my coffin come again!" she cried, bursting into tears.
"No, no!" said Bess, between laughing and crying: "it's the money as Roger stole, every penny of it, saved up to be given back to you, with his love! O Roger! tell them! tell them all about it!"

But Roger, who was standing beside Euclid at the door, could not utter a word. It felt to him a happier time even than when he had received his prizes, in the presence of all his mates, from the hands of a real lord. Old Euclid's face, bewildered and alarmed at first, changed into a joyous and radiant delight.

"Nigh upon four pound!" he said. "Well done, Roger! But I don't know how we're to spend it, Victoria, my dear. It's not wanted for your buyin'."

"It's for her weddin' wif' Capt. Upjohn!" called out Roger, with a chuckle of delight; whilst Euclid laughed hoarsely, and Mrs. Linnett joined him, as Victoria cried, "Father, shut the door!"

It was true. Capt. Upjohn, the master of a sloop trading to and from Sweden, and an old shipmate of Thomas Linnett, though many years younger, was about to make Victoria his wife. No fear now that she would ever have to rough it, little and tender as she was. Capt. Upjohn would see to that; and he would see to old Euclid himself, and provide a home for him, when it was no longer possible for him to earn his own bread. There was some talk already of setting him up with a donkey-cart, and so putting him into a larger and more respectable way of living; for Capt. Upjohn was a man who should have married in a higher rank than that of watercress-sellers, and would have done it if he had not met with Victoria at Mrs. Linnett's, and thought so much of her as to forget her father's low estate.

Proud and happy beyond words was old Euclid when his last and only child, Victoria, was married, and he led her to church, her dear hand in his, to give her away to Capt. Upjohn, instead of following her to the grave as he had followed her mother and all his other children. He knew the burial-service well, or rather he knew the ceremony of a funeral, for the words had made little impression on him; but a wedding was new to him. He could dimly remember what he said when he married Victoria's mother; and as Capt. Upjohn and Victoria exchanged the same vows, he felt that he could die that very moment.

"I should like her mother to know as Victoria's married!" was his speech at the feast Mrs. Linnett gave in her little kitchen.

They went down the river to Greenwich, and surely never was there such a day! Old Euclid declared he had never known one like it. Bess and Roger thought it was no brighter or warmer or happier than the one that had been spent on board the *Cleopatra* two summers before; but the other three were dead against them. Capt. Upjohn maintained that there could be no question as to which day was the fairer one. Certainly no happier party ever strolled under the flitting shadows of the Spanish chestnut-trees in Greenwich Park, or ran down the slopes together; old Euclid himself running far in the rear with his shambling feet, and his gray hair blown about by the wind.

And the coming home again up the river, in the cool of the evening, with the soft chill of the breeze playing on their faces! Euclid sat very still and silent, with Victoria and her husband on one hand, and Bess, hardly less dear to him, and Roger, on the other. But his silence was the stillness and peacefulness of a happy old age, free now forevermore from all oppressive cares. To-morrow morning he would be up again at four o'clock, and go off to the market; but labour was no longer irksome to him. He was no longer drudging merely for a coffin and a grave. He was now without hope and without God in the world.

They landed in the dusk, and brushed past an idler, who was lounging near the stage, watching the steamers come and go. But he started and stared as his eyes fell upon them, and with a stealthy step he dogged their way home. Not one of them looked back. No one suspected that they were followed, though he kept them in sight until he saw Mrs. Linnett watching for their return over the half-door of her little shop, and waving a white handkerchief to welcome them. Then he turned away, and sauntered homewards to the old place, where Euclid had saved and hoarded and lost the money which Roger had stolen.

"It's old Euclid!" he had muttered to himself, "and Victoria as grand as a lady, and little Bess; and who's the lad o' nineteen or so? Why, it must be Roger! my son Roger! And he's doing well, by his clothes! I'll be even wif' every on 'em yet."

(To be continued.)

"BEN'S ROOM."

"WHAT a hideous green you are putting into that tidy," said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," answered Kate good humouredly, "you see I bought it one evening and began to work on it by lamplight and thought it looked pretty well. But some colours are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know of one thing I can do with it, I'll give it to Ben."

"Why—will he like it?"
"Oh, I don't know; I guess so. It'll help make him out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything in there," and Kate gave a little short laugh, then flushed suddenly when she caught Belle's blue eyes bent wonderingly upon her.

"Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion, "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlour as into brother Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"Oh, well, boys are different," stammered Kate in confusion. And Belle, feeling that she was treading on forbidden ground, adroitly turned the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother, and oh, how thankful she felt for the difference! thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept above temptation—sorry for the great contrast in her friend.

"You must all do something to try to keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. "I don't like the way he is spending the time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was great overhauling of furniture upstairs, and by supper time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromos and one or two choice engravings on the walls, hitherto bare; dainty white mats upon the bureau; fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it. "Now," said she, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a headache, Ben?" she

asked, as she passed his open door that evening, and saw him sitting with head bowed upon his hands.

"Oh no," he answered, "only thinking of going down town, but it looks so pleasant and homelike up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay; it wasn't the last time, either. By-and-bye he began to invite some of "the fellows" to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to "step up" to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a grand, good thing to have a home and to be worthy of it?

"Do you know," said Kate to her friend one day, "your plan worked like a charm."

Try it, girls!

MY FATHER.

In a storm at sea, when the danger pressed and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amidst the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not. Was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No, he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that its sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand; for he holds all these waters there!"

The story of that disciple's faith triumphing in a stormy sea presents a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land; but if they in safety are strangers to this faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful; but a human soul in its extremity cannot play with a beautiful idea. If the heart does not feel the truth firm to lean upon, the eye will not long be satisfied with its symmetry to look at. Strangers may speak of providence; but only the children love it. If they would tell the truth, those who are alienated from God in their hearts do not like to be so completely in his power. It is when I am satisfied with his mercy that I rejoice to lie in his hand.—*Arnold.*

POOR HAND! BUT IT BELONGS TO JESUS.

ALFRED COOKMAN, when his right hand was paralyzed, lifted it up one day, and as he looked at it, said: "Poor hand! but it belongs to Jesus." The ecstatic joy of eternal life went through his soul as he said that. O Christian, whether your faculties be paralyzed or in full health, if you can only say they belong to Jesus, without reserve all his, that will do, we need not be concerned about the final issue: it is well with your soul.

JUNIOR LEAGUE—HOW TO ORGANIZE.

First talk it up among the children. Arouse their enthusiasm. Interest the boys first, and thereby insure their co-operation in the meetings. Tell them of the work of the Junior League in other localities. Have the pastor explain to his congregation and Sunday-school the object and plans of the Junior League, and announce a meeting to which he invites all boys and girls between the ages of eight and fifteen.

At this first meeting proceed to organize at once. Adopt a constitution and pledge. There should be four adult officers chosen by the pastor: president or leader, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer; also pianist and doorkeeper. Elect these officers by a majority vote of the members present. Report the number of members and list of officers to the Central Office (enclosing 25 cents for a charter).

The leader should nominate from the members several committees of from three to five each, such as lookout, visiting, flower, temperance, social, reception, and entertainment committees. These shall be elected to serve for one quarter, or until their successors shall have been chosen, thus giving all a chance to serve on some committee during the year. Give the League a "watch-word" (to be changed each quarter) which each member must repeat to the doorkeeper on presenting "punch-card" to gain admittance.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XIX.—VICTORIA'S WEDDING.

IT was months before Mr. Dudley could learn anything of David; and then he discovered him in jail again for theft of a more serious character. He obtained permission to visit him, and had a long interview with him; and left, promising to be his friend. When his term was up Mr. Dudley found him lodgings, and did his best to find him work; but there was no remunerative work to be procured for him, and he was now utterly averse to hard labour with poor pay. It was more than three years since his first committal to prison; and he had learned one lesson so well there, that he was no longer willing to bear with starvation or excessive toil. He had nothing to lose by being a thief, except his liberty; and his liberty was equally forfeit if he gave himself to intermittent labour. His sole ambition now was to thieve so skillfully as to defy the vigilance of his enemies the police.

There was at least one point of good left in him. He would not hear where Bess was living, and he begged Mr. Dudley not to tell her of his lost condition. "Let me go down to hell alone," he said. "I'm not afraid of it; but I don't want to see little Bess there." It was in vain that Mr. Dudley reasoned with him and entreated him to try again. How could he try again? Would anything ever alter the shameful fact that he had been several times in jail? or would any effort take away his name from the terrible list of habitual criminals kept by the police? The name his father bore and his mother loved—David Fell—was inscribed there.

"This is a bad world," he said; and Mr. Dudley did not know what to answer.

It was well for Bess that Mr. Dudley kept David's secret, and said nothing to her of his failure in trying to redeem him. Roger had entered the merchant-service, and was serving before the mast in a sailing vessel that went long voyages, and came into London docks but seldom. When he was on shore, his home was always at Mrs. Linnett's, where old Euclid took a pride in him as being a lad saved from destruction through his mediation. Yet there was always a little dread mingled with his welcome visits lest Blackett should come across



MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

At the Crossing.

Now at the crossing, boy, you stand,
With sturdy heart and strong right hand,
Ruddy cheek by the breezes fanned,
And sunshine streaming o'er the land.
Boy at the crossing, look! Awake!
Oh, be sure of the road you take!

Boy at the junction, now beware,
For many roads are crossing there,
And sin's deceitful thoroughfare
Seems bright and smiling—have a care!
Oh, study well before you choose
Which you will take and which refuse!

Right roads crossed by roads of sin,
Naught to tell but the voice within,
Where right shall cease and wrong begin;
You will be tempted; men have been.
For strange roads cross roads everywhere,
And you at the junction—boy, beware!

Pause at the crossing, boy, to-day,
And count the costs, dear, while you may,
Think of the mother far away,
And breathe the prayer she used to say.
Then all your doubts will disappear,
And show the right road, straight and clear.

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.****OLD TESTAMENT TEACHING.**

B.C. 1571.] **LESSON VIII.** [May 20.]
THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES.

Exod. 2. 1-10. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will deliver him and honour him.—
Psalm 91. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Among the Rushes, v. 1-6.
2. In the Palace, v. 7-10.

PLACE.—Egypt.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The rapid increase of Israelites alarmed Pharaoh, and an order for the destruction of their male children was given.

EXPLANATIONS.—"The house of Levi"—The descendants of Jacob's third son now developed by rapid growth into a clan or tribe. "A goodly child"—All babes are beauties in their mothers' eyes. "An ark of bulrushes"—The same Hebrew word is used for Noah's ark. This was a little boat, woven of papyrus, which is a reed with three-cornered stem, as thick as your finger, and ten feet long. The ark had a cover. "Daubed it with slime and with pitch"—She filled the crevices of the basket-work with soft clay (probably taken from the brick-yards), and covered that with bitumen. Thus the little boat was made water-tight, and not too heavy to float. "In the flags"—Among the reeds and rushes which line the Nile. "His sister"—Miriam. "To wit"—To see. "To wash herself"—To take a morning bath. This implies that the mother of Moses had stolen with her priceless burden within the inclosure of the royal palace. Her plans to secure the

safety of her child had been most carefully made. "Her maidens"—She had probably a little army of attendants. "Then said his sister"—To thus accost the princess was a terrible risk; but she had observed the young lady's "compassion." "He became her son"—Was formally adopted by her.

HOME READINGS.

- M.* The childhood of Moses.—Exod. 2. 1-10.
Tu. Flight of Moses.—Exod. 2. 11-15.
W. Moses in Midian.—Exod. 2. 16-25.
Th. Hidden by parents.—Heb. 11. 23-27.
F. Stephen's reference.—Acts 7. 17-22.
S. Stephen's reference.—Acts 7. 23-29.
Su. God's providence.—Psalm 33. 10-22.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. An illustration of God's providential care.
2. An illustration of strong faith?
3. An illustration of devotion to duty?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What great leader of the Israelites was born in Egypt? "Moses." 2. Where did his mother place him while an infant, in order to save his life? "In an ark of bulrushes." 3. Who found the child Moses in the river, and adopted him as her son? "The daughter of King Pharaoh." 4. Where was Moses brought up? "In the palace." 5. What is the Golden Text? "I will deliver," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's overruling providence.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is faith in Jesus Christ?

Faith in Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive him, trust in him, and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the Gospel.

Philippians 3. 9.—And he found in him, not having a righteousness of mine own, even that which is of the law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

ALL AMONG THE SAILORS; OR, A BOY'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

"How many ships are there to-day, Allan?"

"Five, I think."

"And when do you go down to the jetty?"

"About eleven o'clock."

"All right; I shall go too."

So, at the time named, away we went; Allan with his bundle of papers under his arm, his mother and I "for company."

There were four ships, not five, as it turned out. Our young missionary boarded the steamer that lay nearest the jetty, and after some improvising of a suitable gang-way, we followed him, and saw the dear boy go from cabin to mess-room, up and down companions, and over hatchways, till he had been all over the ship, leaving his "silent preachers" everywhere. He went off to the other steamers, and we two old friends waited, talking of how this work, in which one English schoolboy

is engaged, came to be his work, and the one thing that seemed to be given to him to do for the Lord.

"It was this way," said my friend. "Five years ago, when we first came here to live, I felt lost, for I had been used to something livelier than this little spot. My husband and children had not yet come to our new home, and I was alone.

"I wandered on the river bank, and there I saw the steamers. I went home, found a few tracts, took them to the sailors, and they were very grateful. When Allan came the next week he began to help me, and gradually it got to be his work, as you see."

"Do they receive him well?"

"Oh, yes, very heartily. He has many friends among the sailors. The captains are very kind, and he has only been refused permission to go on board one vessel.

"We have ships of all nationalities up here; and we get some French tracts, some German, and so on. The men take them away with them, and who knows what blessing the Lord may not send with the reading of them!"

While we talked together, the bright-faced young missionary was climbing about, his packet of well-assorted tracts and papers (with a nice little book here and there for the officers) getting smaller as he went on. *Joyful News* is a favourite; so is everything that has a picture on it.

"You must see Allan's 'Book-room,'" said his mother; and so we did.

Very orderly he has it. There were stacks of leaflets, picture tracts, magazines, and small books which anyone might like to read; and very systematic is his distribution of his precious stores. The work is evidently one of love, and we trust the young worker is only serving an apprenticeship to a wider and life-long service for his heavenly Master.

I wonder if there is anyone else who could do something of this kind. You may not live near a great tidal river, on whose broad bosom ships from every shore are found; but you may have in your own neighbourhood those who equally need your ministrations of love for Christ's sake. —From *Joyful News*.

A QUICK TEMPER.

WHAT did I hear you say, Theodore? That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as it was over?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the way with Cain. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against and prayed over with tears. God's Word does not take your view of it, for it says expressly that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;" that "better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city;" and "anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You would not care to own a runaway horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising, do not speak until you can speak calmly, whatever may be the provocation. Words do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps you, that you will imitate our Saviour, who was always gentle, and when he was reviled, reviled not again.—*Child's World*.

"PUNISHING THE HEATHEN."

BY THE REV. W. WYATT GILL.

Six hundred miles north of Raratonga lies the coral island called Penrhyn. The inhabitants were until lately a terror to navigators. In 1854 the first attempt was made to evangelize them. The teachers went from islands (Raratonga and Mangaia) abounding in all tropical vegetables and fruits to live there on cocoa-nuts and fish only, and unhappily the cocoa-nut-trees ceased to bear for want of rain.

We saw one day an aged woman, horribly mutilated. Upon our inquiring the cause, she told us that some natives from the far-distant Gilbert Islands, who had been living ashore there, one night, without provocation, murdered two companions of hers. As for herself, she received several fearful cuts and was left for dead, but

contrived to crawl into the bush and hide herself. The murderers then put to sea in a stolen canoe, but were chased and brought back. A council was held. Some said "Hang all three," but the majority ruled that because they were heathen they should not die. Their punishment was that they should be kept prisoners until they should learn to read the Word of God and pray! The savage heathen, astonished at the clemency of the Christian islanders, became very docile, and soon learned to read and pray, after which they left Penrhyn Island, the native name of which is Tongareva.

The lagoon of Penrhyn is some nine or ten miles across, and is celebrated for its pearl fishery. Incidents like the above induce us to believe and hope that these poor islanders have found the "Pearl of great price."

THE SPIDER'S COUNSEL.

ONE day, upon removing some books at Sir William Jones' chambers, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, called out to his friend Day:

"Kill that spider, Day; kill that spider!" "No," said Day, coolly, "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who may perhaps have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how would you like that, Jones? And I am sure that to most people a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

TOBACCO IS A TYRANT.

EVERY man who allows himself to contract the tobacco habit yields his liberty, and his personal freedom into the hands of a despot whose tyranny knows no bounds. Of this he is usually unaware until he tries to break the fetters of habit, and free himself from its blighting influence, when he finds himself grasped by the powerful hand of appetite, his resolution destroyed, and his courage daunted. The following lines by a tobacco-user well illustrate the forlorn condition of a slave to this vile habit:

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.

AT LAST! AT LAST!!

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