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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1896.

[No. 2.]

Marjorie.

"Oh, dear," said Farmer Brown, one day.
"I never saw such weather!
The rain will spoil my meadow hay,
And all my crops together."
His little daughter climbed his knee;
"I guess the sun will shine," said she.

"But if the sun," said Farmer Brown,
"Should bring a dry September,
With vines and stalks all wilted down,
And fields scorched to an ember!"
"Why, then 'twill rain," said Marjorie,
The little one upon his knee.

"Ah, me!" sighed Farmer Brown that fall,
"Now what's the use of living?
No plan of mine succeeds at all—"
"Why next month comes Thanksgiving,
And then, of course," said Marjorie,
"We're all as happy as can be."

"Well, what should I be thankful for?"
Asked Farmer Brown. "My trouble
This summer has grown more and more,
My losses have been double!
I've nothing left—" "Why, you've
got me!"
Said Marjorie, upon his knee.
—Wide Awake.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Joel went out on the streets next morning, although it was quite early, he saw a disappointed crowd coming up from the direction of Simon's house on the lake shore.

"Where have all these people been?" he asked of the baker's boy, whom he ran against at the first corner.

The boy stopped whistling, and rested his basket of freshly baked bread against his knee, as he answered:

"They were looking for the Rabbi who healed so many people last night. Say, do you know," he added quickly, as if the news were too good to keep, "he healed my mother last night. You cannot think how different it seems at home, to have her go'ng about strong and well like she used to be."

Joel's eyes brightened. "Do you think he'll do anything for me, if I go to him now?" he asked wistfully. "Do you suppose he could straighten out such a crooked back as mine? Look how much shorter this leg is than the other. Oh, do you think he could make them all right?"

The boy gave him a critical survey, and then answered, emphatically, "Yes! It really does not look like it would be as hard to straighten out as old Jeremy, the tailor's father. He was twisted all out of shape, you know. Well, I'll declare! There he goes now!"

Joel looked across the street. The wrinkled face of the old basket-weaver was a familiar sight in the market; but Joel could hardly recognize the once crippled form, now restored to its original shapeliness.

"I am going right now," he declared, starting to run in his excitement. "I can't wait another minute."

"But he's gone!" the boy called after him. "That's why the people are all coming back."

Joel sat down suddenly on a ledge projecting from the stone wall. "Gone!" he echoed drearily. It was as if he had been starving, and the life-giving food had to his famished lips had been sud-

denly snatched away. Both his heart up after awhile, and dragged himself and his feet felt like lead when he got slowly along to the carpenter's house.



FLAT-ROOFED MUD HOUSES AT BANIAS.



OUTSIDE STAIRWAY TO FLAT-ROOFED HOUSES.

It was such a bitter disappointment to be so near the touch of healing, and then to miss it altogether.

No cheerful tap of the hammer greeted him. The idle tools lay on the deserted workbench. "Disappointed again!" he thought. Then the doves cooed, and he caught a glimpse of Ruth's fair hair down among the garden lilies.

"Where is your father, little one?" he called.

"Gone away with the good man 'at makes everybody well," she answered. Then she came skipping down the path to stand close beside him, and say confidentially: "I saw him—the good man—going by to Simon's house. I peeped out 'twixt the rose-vines, and he looked wite into my eyes with his eyes, and I couldn't help loving him!"

Joel looked into the beautiful baby face, thinking what a picture it must have been, as framed in roses it smiled out on the Tender-hearted One, going on his mission of help and healing.

With her little hand in his, she led him back to hope, for she took him to her mother, who comforted him with the assurance that Phineas expected to be home soon, and doubtless his friend would be with him.

So there came another time to work by himself and dream of the hour surely dawning. And the dreams were doubly sweet now; for side by side with his hope of revenge, was the belief in his possible cure.

They heard only once from the absent ones. Word came back that a leper had been healed. Joel heard it first, down at the custom-house. He had gotten into the way of strolling down in that direction after his work was done, for here the many trading-vessels from across the lake, or those that shipped from Capernaum, had to stop and pay duty. Here, too, the great road of Eastern commerce passed which led from Damascus to the harbours of the West. So here he would find a constant stream of travellers, bringing the latest news from the outside world.

The boy did not know, as he limped up and down the water's edge, longing for some word from his absent friends, that near by was one who watched almost as eagerly as himself.

It was Levi-Matthew, one of the officials, sitting in the seat of custom. Sprung from the same priestly tribe as Joel, he had sunk so low, in accepting the office of tax-gatherer, that the righteous Laban would not have touched him so much as with the tip of his sandal.

"Bears and lions," said a proverb, "might be the fiercest wild beasts in the forests; but publicans and informers were the worst in cities."

One could not bear witness in the courts, and the disgrace extended to the whole family. They were even classed with robbers and murderers. No doubt there was deep cause for such a feeling; as a class they were unscrupulous and unjust. There might have been good ones among their number, but the company they kept condemned them to the scorn of high and low.

When a Jew hates, or a Jew scorns, be sure it is thoroughly done; there is no half-way course for his intense nature to take.

So this son of Levi, sitting in the seat of custom, and this son of Levi strolling past him, were, socially, as far apart as the east is from the west,—as unlike as thorn and blossom on the same tribal stem.

Matthew knew all the fishermen and ship-owners that thronged the busy beach in front of him. The sons of Jonah and Zebedee passed him daily; and he must have wondered when he

say them throw down their nets and have everything to follow a stranger.

He must have wondered also at the reports on every tongue, and the sights he had seen himself or miraculous healing. But while strangely drawn towards this new teacher from Nazareth, it could have been with no thought that the hand and the voice were for him. He was a publican, and how could they reach to such depths?

A caravan had just stopped. The pack-animals were being unloaded, bales and packages opened, private letters piled into. The insolent officials were looking things right and left, as they made a list of the taxable goods.

Joel was watching them with as much interest as if he had not witnessed such scenes dozens of times before, till he noticed a group gathering around one of the drivers. He was telling what he had seen on his way to Capernaum. Several noisy companions kept interrupting him to bear witness to the truth of his statements.

"And he who but a moment before had been the most miserable of lepers stood up before us all, cleansed of his leprosy. His skin was soft and fair as a child's, and his features were restored to him," said the driver.

Joel and Levi-Matthew stood side by side. At another time the boy might have drawn his clothes away to keep them from brushing against the despised tax-gatherer. But he never noticed now that their elbows touched.

When he had heard all there was to be told, he limped away to carry the news to Abigail. To know that others were being cured daily made him all the more impatient for the return of this friend of Phineas.

The publican turned again to his pen and his account-book. He, too, looked forward with a burning heart to the return of the Nazarene, unknowing why he did so.

At last Joel heard of the return, in a very unexpected way. There were guests in the house of Laban again. One of the rabbis who had been there before, and a scribe from Jerusalem. Now there were longer conferences in the upper chamber, and graver shakings of the head, over this false prophet whose fame was spreading wider.

The miracle of healing the paralytic at the pool of Bethesda, when he had come down to Jerusalem to one of the many feasts, had stirred Judea to its farthest borders. So these two men had been sent to investigate.

On the very afternoon of their arrival, a report flew through the streets that the Rabbi Jesus was once more in the town. Their host led them with all the haste their dignity would allow, to the house where he was said to be preaching. The common people fell back when they saw them, and allowed them to pass into the centre of the throng.

The Rabbi stood in the doorway, so that both those in the house and without could distinctly hear him. The scribe had never seen him before, and in spite of his deep-seated prejudice could not help admiring the man whom he had come prepared to despise. It was no wild fanatic who stood before him, no noisy debater whose fiery eloquence would be likely to excite and inflame his hearers.

He saw a man of gentlest dignity; truth looked out from the depths of his calm eyes. Every word, every gesture, carried with it the conviction that he who spoke taught with God-given authority.

The scribe began to grow uneasy as he listened, carried along by the earnest tones of the speaker.

There was a great commotion on the edge of the crowd, as some one tried to push through to the centre.

"Stand back! Go away!" demanded angry voices.

The scribe was a tall man, and by stretching a little, managed to see over the heads of the others. Four men, bearing a helpless paralytic, were trying to carry him through the throng; but they would not make room for this interruption.

After vainly hunting for some opening through which they might pass, the men mounted the steep, narrow staircase on the outside of the building, and drew the man up hammock and all, to the flat roof on which they stood.

There was a sound of scraping and scratching as they broke away the brush and mortar that formed the frail covering of the roof. Then the people in the room below saw slowly coming down upon them between the rafters, this man whom no obstacle could keep back from the Great Physician.

But the paralyzed hands could not lift themselves in supplication; the helpless tongue could frame no word of pleading,—only the eyes of the sick man could look up into the pitying face bent over him, and implore a blessing.

The scribe leaned forward, confidently expecting to hear the man bidden to arise. To his surprise and horror, the words he heard were: "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee!"

He looked at Laban and his companion, and the three exchanged meaning glances. When they looked again at the speaker, his eyes seemed to read their inmost thoughts.

"Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?" he asked, with startling distinctness. "Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins," here he turned to the helpless form lying at his feet, "I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way unto thine house."

The man bounded to his feet, and picking up the heavy rug on which he had been lying, went running and leaping out of their midst.

Without a word, Laban and his two guests drew their clothes carefully around them, and picked their way through the crowd. Phineas, who stood at the gate, gave them a respectful greeting. Laban only turned his eyes away with a scowl, and passed coldly on.

"The man is a liar and a blasphemer!" exclaimed the scribe, as they sat once more in the privacy of Laban's garden.

"Only God can forgive sins!" added his companion. "This paralytic should have taken a sin-offering to the priest. For only by the blood of sacrifice can one hope to obtain pardon."

"Still he healed him," spoke up the scribe, musingly.

"Only through the power of Satan!" interrupted Laban. "When he says he can forgive sins, he blasphemeth."

The other Pharisee leaned forward to say, in an impressive whisper: "Then you know the Law on that point. He should be stoned to death, his body hung on a tree, and then buried with shame!"

It was not long after that Joel, just back from a trip to Tiberias in a little sailing-boat, came into the garden. He had been away since early morning, so had heard nothing of what had just occurred; he had had good luck in disposing of his wares, and was feeling unusually cheerful. Hearing voices in the corner of the garden, he was about to pass out again, when his uncle called him sternly to come to him at once.

Surprised at the command, he obeyed, and was questioned and cross-questioned by all three. It was very little he could tell them about his friend's plans; but he acknowledged proudly that Phineas had always known this famous man from Nazareth, even in childhood, and was one of his most devoted followers.

"This man Phineas is a traitor to the faith!" roared Laban. "He is a dangerous man, and in league with these fellows to do great evil to our nation."

"Hear me, now!" he cried, sternly. "Never again are you to set foot over his threshold, or have any communication whatsoever with him or his associates. I make no idle threat; if you disobey me in this, you will have cause to wish you had never been born. You may leave us now!"

Too surprised and frightened to say a word, the child slipped away. To give up his daily visit to the carpenter's house, was to give up all that made his life tolerable; while to be denied even speaking to his associates, meant to abandon all hope of cure.

But he dared not rebel; obedience to these in authority was too thoroughly taught in those days to be lightly disregarded. But his uncle seemed to fear that his harsh command would be eluded in some way and kept such a strict watch over him, that he rarely got beyond the borders of the garden by himself.

(To be continued.)

A Fisher Lad's Musings.

BY PAUL KENDALL.

Oh, Newfoundland! sweet Newfoundland,
When shall I leave thy shore,
And o'er the dark blue waters go,
To see thee never more?
When shall I leave thy craggy cliffs,
And leave thy rugged strand,
To go and seek my fortune
In a far and foreign land?

How often have I left my room,
On some stormy autumn night,
To go and firmly tie the boats,
And see that all was right.
How often have I turned from home,
Before the dawn of day,
To go and try to catch some fish,
For the needs of life to pay.

How oft has been the morning,
When the codfish have been few;
When cold has been the weather,
And cold my fingers, too.
Oh, we may work from morn till night,
And catch a lot of fish;
But very seldom can afford,
To buy a dainty dish.

And now the summer has been good,
And many a fishing-hand
Has caught his fifty quintal,
And brought them safe to land.
But the price of fish is very low,
And cash is scarce enough,
And to many a hardy fisherman
The times are very rough.

So now that I'm getting up to man,
What must I do in life?
Must my calling be a fisherman's,
Must I use the splitting knife?
Or must I go to distant land,
To seek my fortune there,
And return no more to see my home,
Perhaps for many a year?
Twillingate, Nfld.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1896.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

The following sketch is called the portrait of a true gentleman. It was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting-room:

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his Father, Jesus Christ is his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter to let in or out as most fit. Thus is his

whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business is the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 28, 1896.

Trust in the Lord.—Psalm 27. 11-14.

DIVINE GUIDANCE SOLICITED.

Men, however much they may be educated, often feel themselves in difficulty as to what course they are to do right, even when they are desirous to do right. They need to pray, as in verse 11. The Psalmist wants to see his way clear, hence he prays thus. There are those who would involve him in trouble, and as they are always on the alert, he offers this appropriate prayer, which is a wise course for us to pursue. Use this verse as your prayer.

TROUBLE APPREHENDED.

Verse 12. Enemies will adopt every means possible to accomplish their ends, even by swearing falsely they will involve good people in trouble. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, and in the thousands of instances such cruel have been the subjects of such cruel hatred, that no means have been too vile, if they could only accomplish the ruin of those who fear God and work righteousness. The throne of grace is always accessible, and those who go to the mercy-seat will be sure to obtain help in time of need.

CONFIDENCE INCREASED.

Verse 13. It is good to review the way the Lord hath led us. Goodness and mercy encompasseth the path of those who trust in the Lord. Faith is the anchor of the soul. Those who have faith in God feel an assurance that he is too wise to err, and that all his purposes of mercy will be sure to be accomplished.

EXHORTATION.

Verse 14. Wait on the Lord. These are beautiful sentences. Seek to get to be more like God. Be intimately associated with him, so that you may always be sure of his inspiring aid. But while you wait upon God, take care not to give way to despondency. Be of good courage. Endeavour to be hopeful. Do not give way to fear, no matter how obscure your path may be, nor how discouraging your circumstances. Wait on the Lord. Tarry until he comes to your help. He has promised to be the help of his people in every time of need, and his promises never fail.

CHINESE TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

However little liked the Chinamen may be by his white neighbours, I have at all times found that the Chinese have at least one good and praiseworthy quality—the kindness shown by all of them towards their children. The poorest parents always seem able to save enough money to array their little ones in gay garments on New Year's Day or other holidays. The children in turn seem to be remarkably well-behaved and respectful towards their elders, and rarely, if ever, receive corporal punishment. They seem very happy, and apparently enjoy their childhood more than most American children. On all the most sunny day the fond and proud father may be seen at every turn in Chinatown carrying his brightly attired youngster in his arms. Other little ones hardly old enough to feel quite steady on their legs, toddle about with infants strapped on their backs. They do not appear to mind this, and it does not seem to interfere with their childish pastimes. About the time of the Chinese New Year, Chinese children are particularly favoured, and the fond fathers deny them nothing. The little ones of pocket-money to buy toys and candies. St. Nicholas.

The Little Boy in the Harvest Field.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

Out in the fields in the midsummer heat,
The reapers were busy binding the wheat,
And the farmer looked with an anxious eye
At the "thunder caps" in the western sky.
"All hands must work now with a will,"
said he;
"There's a storm a-brewing up there, I see."
Then the bright-faced boy at his father's side,
To help bind the sheaves most patiently tried;
But he could not manage the work at all,
For those willing hands were too weak and small.
"I can't do this," said the brave little man,
"So I'll give it up and do what I can."
The men are thirsty and far from the spring;
"It will give them a lift," thought he,
"to bring
A pail of that clear, cold water, that flows
Down the mountain side where the sweet fern grows."
And soon he was dipping his little cup
In the mossy place where it bubbled up.
And the joy of doing something he could
Shone on his face as he came through the wood.
"God bless the boy!" every man cried out,
As he passed the pure, cold water about.
"Twas sustaining power—they bound the grain
Just in time to save it from drenching rain.
Then the father said that night, with a smile,
While the mother listened with pride the while:
"My boy, you helped harvest the field of wheat,
Bringing water when we were parched with heat.
Remember through life, my dear little man,
God only bids us to do what we can."

THE THIMBLE'S STORY.

BY CATHARINE MANN-PAYZANT.

I am only a silver thimble. A very insignificant thing, you may say. But to the little girl, to whom I belonged, I was thought to be a great treasure. I had been bought and given to her by an English aunt living in the old sea-port city of Liverpool.
The first thing I remember was being taken out into the light, in a jeweller's shop, from my cozy little nest of crimson velvet inside a black leather case. I and several other brother thimbles were measured and priced; and, at last, I was chosen. I then remember travelling inside of my case for a long, long time. And when I was again opened, I heard some one say:
"Oh, how lovely! oh, how good of Aunt Jennie!"
I soon found that I was the property of Miss Annie Mathers. She lived in Canada, and I had travelled all the way from England in her mother's trunk, on board of her father's ship.
Annie was a pretty little girl, but rather vain. She was very pleasant to get along with at most times, though very impulsive, either for good or bad. This impulsiveness, with her hasty judgments, often got her and others into trouble.
Annie had a little girl friend, whose name was Millie, not at all pretty, and not very good-natured; in short, she was quarrelsome. She was somewhat envious of Annie, who did seem to have nicer playthings than herself; and as Annie liked to "show off" a little, the result was often fatal to the peace of their friendship.
I was frequently the bone of conten-

tion. Annie, of course, wanted to wear me whenever Millie came over to help me whenever Millie came over to help make the new supply of doll's clothes; and Millie thought as Annie could always have me, that "she needn't be so stingy," and might exchange with her, "being company."

But one day I was lost. Annie and Millie, tired of sewing, turned to the organ for amusement. Millie had had organ for amusement, therefore was responsible for my safety. Very suddenly she left for home, why, no one could tell, but as she often had a "huffy spell," nothing at the time was thought of it. Then I was missed, and looked for high and low, but could not be found.

"Millie had it all the afternoon. I believe she stole it," wailed Annie.
"My dear child," cried her mother, "you must remember to 'judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

"Well, she had it all the time she was here, and now it is gone, and we can't find it. Now, where is it, mamma, it couldn't walk."

"I cannot say, Annie, but Millie would not steal it, dear. She may have forgotten to have returned it, and will bring it back to-morrow."

"Well, it's queer, she wanted me to give it to her for good, this afternoon."

"Wait until to-morrow and see what she says, but do not judge her yet."

When to-morrow came, Millie denied all knowledge of my whereabouts. Millie's mother had not seen me anywhere about their house. I was not to be found, at least, not then.
The years went by.

Millie, who had never been a very strong girl, was now a confirmed invalid. She often spent many days of intense suffering, and these hours of pain had taught her to be patient and sympathetic for others. The sharp corners of her disposition had thus been rounded off.

Annie was a college-girl, well beloved by all her friends. Through her family's removal to the other end of the town, she and Millie were separated.

All the time I lay safe in my hiding-place, but the quarrel over me had never been forgotten by the two girls.

One day Mrs. Mathers decided that her old organ must be overhauled. So a man who understood the business was sent for and came. And lo! almost the first thing, he found me down between the works and the back-board.

The next letter that Mrs. Mathers wrote to Annie contained the news of my discovery. It was a long time before Annie could make up her mind to do it, but at last she wrote to Millie asking her forgiveness for so misjudging her.

This was the answer she received:
Dear Annie.—Your letter came to us a few days before dear Millie died, and this was what she said:
"I myself have often wondered where that little thimble went. I used to think that little thimble must have taken and lost Annie herself must have taken and lost it, and out of fear laid the blame on me. Then I grew to think that through the carelessness of one of us, which I could not say, it was mislaid. Oh, if the old organ could only have told us where it was hidden, our friendship need never have been broken, for which I am heartily sorry. I cannot blame Annie. What else would she think? I had had it all the afternoon, had asked her to give it to me, and then it was lost. Tell her there is nothing to forgive. My regret is this, that I could not have seen her once more. And tell her good-bye from Millie."

Annie had learned her lesson—not to judge hastily. And now I, with this letter, lie in her workbox, a memory of childhood and Millie.
Burlington, N.S.

"NO HUNCHING."

BY F. L. SAWYER, B.A.

I was brought to a halt the other day by a group of boys who, for the purposes of marbles, had formed a monopoly of the sidewalk. As I stepped over a boy who was on hands and knees, and tipped my way out so as not to disturb any of the marbles, one of the boys called out to the player: "Hold on, no hunching there!"
Hunching consists in pushing forward

the hand which holds the alley beyond the place where it was picked up, so that the distance of the marble to be hit is more or less shortened, according to the audacity or slyness of the player. It is always recognized as cheating, and the player must "take the shot over" under fairer conditions.

As boys grow older, some of them, I am sorry to say, carry the same habit of hunching, or the principle involved in it, into the more serious affairs of life. If we define hunching, in its broader application, as taking an unfair advantage of others, how many boys there are developing into manhood, yes, and full-grown men themselves, who are practicing this contemptible habit.

It creeps from the playground into the schoolroom. Boys hunch when they use a prohibited translation-key, or when they evade a certain study merely because they will not be examined in that subject this term. That boy is hunching who cheats at an examination to gain a mean advantage over the other fellows. He hunches not only at the expense of others but also at the expense of his own character. He loses that self-respect which contributes more than anything else to real satisfaction.

A dishonest boy cannot respect himself. He knows more than anybody else about his own meanness, so that self-respect is impossible and consequently real satisfaction with his own life is impossible.

When a boy goes into business, or begins to learn or practice a profession, there is a still more dangerous and enticing opportunity to hunch. It is easy for the boy who is serving as an apprentice or an assistant to take advantage of his employer. He may make a great show of zeal and fidelity, and yet accomplish next to nothing. He may be industrious when the eye of the master is upon him, and lazy when unobserved.

In the relations of manhood and business the temptation to hunch grows even stronger. He hunches if he sells inferior goods under false representations. He hunches when he becomes a party to that "cornering" the necessities of life—the meanest possible way of taking advantage of the dependent condition of the poor. The labourer who shortens his day's work both at the beginning and end, who thinks much of his own and little of his employer's interests, and who therefore does as little as he can, ought to listen to the voice "no hunching." The lawyer is hunching when he advises aggrieved persons to press their suits in court, when he brow-beats the honest and modest witness, or when he charges an exorbitant fee. The doctor is hunching when he tries experiments upon patients whose maladies he does not understand. The legislator is hunching who votes with his party, whether right or wrong. The citizen is hunching who conceals his property from the assessor, or swears that his property is less by twenty-five or fifty per cent than it is, in order to evade a just tax. Too many boys who used to cheat at marbles are now cheating at something more important.

Probably as a boy grows up he will find more hunching in social life than anywhere else. "Let us hope that he does not contribute to it." There is the hunching of social pretence—people trying to appear what they are not and cannot be. The newly rich try to appear aristocratic. People in straitened circumstances are often given to foolish display. Worse still, they often borrow money that they see no sure way of returning, or foolishly spend money which ought to buy comforts for their families. All this sham and pretence, which is an imposition upon others, a distinct taking advantage of them, is nothing more or less than social hunching. It is just as contemptible and unfair as to sly your marble toward your adversary's shooter when you are trying to make a successful shot.

Boys, don't hunch—in marbles or in anything else. Play fair and work fair. If you are dishonest in your games you will very likely be dishonest in your profession. From the very beginning determine that you will do everything on the square. This is the only way to build up a character that will stand the test, and it is also the only way to achieve permanent success in life. It is the only way also, to develop a self-respect and independence and honesty of character

which is the foundation of all permanent happiness. Remember what Pope says: "One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs,
Of stupid stagers, and of loud huzzas."
Mitchell, Ont.

THE ELEPHANT'S TUSKS.

Strictly speaking, ivory is equivalent to dentine, the hard substance of which most teeth chiefly consist; but as commonly accepted, ivory means the dentine of those teeth that are large enough to be of use for industrial purposes, such as the tusks of the elephant, the narwhal, the hippopotamus, the walrus, and the sperm whale. The tusks of the elephant are a pair of upper incisor teeth, which often grow to an enormous size. The extinct mammoths possessed the largest tusks. The African species have the largest teeth of any of the recent elephants. Among the many curiosities to be seen at the London exhibition of 1851, was a pair of African tusks that measured eight feet and six inches in length and twenty-two inches in diameter, and together weighed 325 pounds. The average weight, however, of the African tusks is from twenty to fifty pounds. Captive elephants usually have their tusks shortened, and the ends bound with metal to keep them from splitting, but the tusks continue to grow by reason of the conversion of vascular pulp into ivory, and the shortening operation has to be repeated at intervals. The value of ivory depends upon the size of the tusks; those weighing less than six pounds are not worth more than half the price per pound of really fine tusks. The tusks of the narwhal and the walrus, the teeth of sperm whales, the ear bones of whales, and the molar teeth of the elephant are all made use of as sources of ivory, though they are not so valuable as the larger tusks. The best and finest quality comes from equatorial Africa. It is much closer in grain than Indian ivory, and has less tendency to become yellow when exposed. It is semi-transparent, and of a warm colour when first cut, and in this state it is called "green" ivory; as the water dries out of it, it becomes much lighter in colour and more opaque.

A BOY'S OPINION.

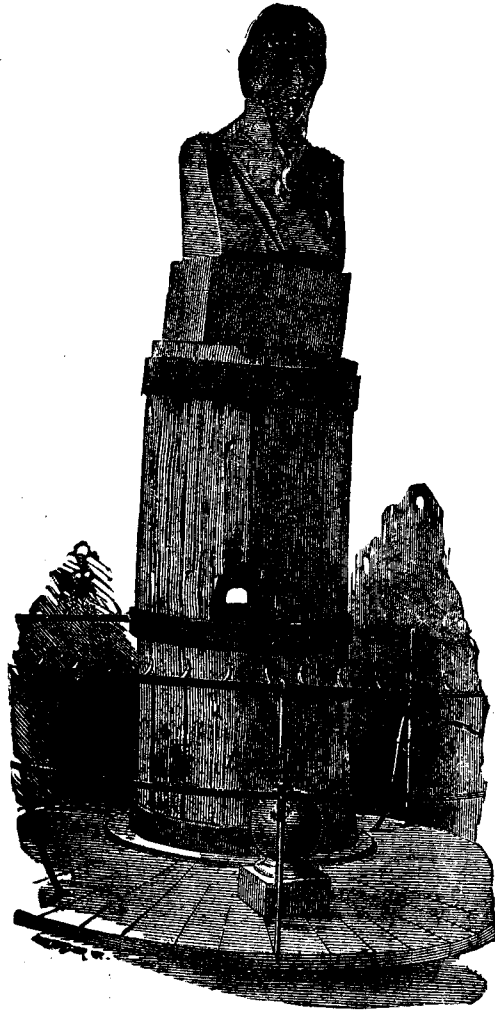
Sometimes a young lad will strike a truth in his random talk. Talking to a middle-aged woman one day, a young fellow said, confidentially: "You see, Mrs. R——, my sisters think so much of the conventionalities. They are always telling me that only common girls do so and so, and that girls who have been taught properly don't do this thing or the other thing. Now, I think sometimes they are mistaken. Lots of nice girls do things they didn't use to do. They ride bicycles, and they go in parties or clubs with their brothers or friends. They can be folly and good comrades with a boy; but they are nice, too, and just as well-behaved as my sisters."

"Yes, I think that, too," replied the lady. "And you don't think it makes the girls any worse? What about the boys?"

"It makes the girls more friendly and pleasant than those who stay at home and never see anything!" he exclaimed, emphatically. "And it does something else. It makes us fellows more careful in what we do and say when girls go everywhere as well as we do. Isn't a 'bicycle tour,' or a 'camping out,' or a tramp in the country, as good sport, and don't it make the fellows better-behaved, when girls are along? Yes, sir! I don't want to go to places where the girls can't go; but I do think the girls ought to give way too, in the matter, and try to go around to all the places and take part. The boys want the girls, and I do believe it would do the girls good, too, and wouldn't hurt them a bit."

And this expression of the opinion of a well-brought-up boy is something for the mothers of girls to think over.—Harper's Bazar.

"I have done nothing but blush all day," complained the rose, "and still that idiot of a poet goes on talking of the modest violet, as if there were not others!"



FLAG MAST OF THE SHIP
"VICTORY."

The above cut shows a part of the mast of the ship Victory, the flag-ship of the gallant Nelson at the world-famous battle of Trafalgar. The hole made through the mast by a cannon ball will be observed, also the bust of the great sailor above. He sleeps his last sleep beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, but he lives in the heart of the nation forever.

THE SLOTH.

I never see a live Sloth without feeling sorry for it; for truly they all deserve sympathy, and plenty of it. Had I been born a Sloth, I would want to sue Nature, or in some way collect damages. Take Hoffman's Sloth for example. It is one of the largest of them all, but it is too weak and helpless to be put into such a wicked and dangerous world as this has now become. Its countenance is a picture of innocent stupidity, and as it looks at you, its dull eyes and expressionless face say to you, as plainly as words, "Pity me! I cannot fight—I cannot run away. I have no defensive armour, no spines, nor anything worth mentioning. I am too big to live in a burrow, and, even if I were not, I have none, nor the tools with which to make one. I am at the mercy of everything and everybody. Why is this thus? Why am I here?"

I give it up. This creature is a riddle that I cannot read. Being only a short-sighted mortal, it seems to me that the Sloth should have been better equipped for the battle of life, or else left out of it altogether.

The Sloth lives, moves, and has his being by hanging underneath the smaller limbs of trees, and eating leaves and fruit. He is the slowest animal on record, and for speed in travelling a long journey, say from one side of a tree-top to the other, the tortoise is a lightning express in comparison. It takes a good field-glass to enable you to see him move. His hair is coarse, wavy, and precisely the colour of gray moss, or rough bark, although sometimes it supports a minute vegetable organism which gives it an olive-green hue. His feet are simply four hooks, by which he hangs himself very comfortably when feeding in the upper story of a forest, but in walking on the ground they are worse than useless. But the Sloth has no use for the ground, and never goes near it of his own accord.

THE BLIND GIRL'S GRATITUDE.

One pleasant summer day a feeble little blind girl was sitting in the shade of a large tree listening to the songs of the birds as they hopped from bough to bough. A fresh breeze rustled the leaves, fanned her brow, and strengthened her, and the violets exhaled their fragrance around her. While she sat silently on the soft grassy bank enjoying all the loveliness around her, tears filled her eyes; she was really weeping, though it was evident that she was not troubled. Her tender heart was full of thankfulness.

Clasping her little hands together, the child raised her poor sightless eyes to the sky and said softly, "Dear Father up in heaven, I thank thee for having made the little birds that sing to me, the flowers that send forth their fragrance, and the summer breezes that refresh me. Dear Heavenly Father, how good thou art to me, how thou dost bless me!"

The prayer was short and simple, but it reached the heart of God, and there was another who heard it. A thoughtless young girl was passing the tree, and hearing the weak voice, turned to see the blind, feeble child who was so sweetly and artlessly thanking God for his gifts and blessings. Her heart was touched and she reproached herself.

From her very birth she had received great and numerous gifts, but she had never thought of thanking the Lord or felt the slightest gratitude to him. She was now thoroughly ashamed in the presence of this afflicted child, who lacked so many things to enable her to enjoy life as she should, and yet was so grateful.

Repentance seized the young girl, and when she reached home she clasped her hands and prayed that her Master and Saviour would forgive her ingratitude.

From that time she daily sought her Heavenly Father, thanked him, and prayed that she might be permitted to render him some little service. At each communion with him she obtained fresh strength and received the blessing of doing many a little act in his service.

The blind child's gratitude became a blessing and bore fruit of which she had not thought. Always thank your Heavenly Father for everything, in the name of your Saviour, Jesus Christ.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JUNE 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations.—Luke 24. 47.

LESSON HYMN.

What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

THE LESSONS OF THE QUARTER.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. The R. of C.—He is not here, but—
2. P. of the G. S.—Come; for all—
3. The L. F.—There is joy in the—
4. The R. M. and L.—Ye cannot serve—
5. F.—Increase our faith—
6. L. on P.—The publican, standing—
7. P. of the P.—He that is faithful—
8. J. T. in the T.—The stone which—
9. D. of J. F.—Heaven and earth—
10. W. to the D.—Let this mind be in—
11. J. C.—Christ died for our sins—

12. The R. L.—The Lord is risen—
13. R.—Repentance and remission—

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read Luke 15. 11-24. The Lost Found, and also the titles of all the Lessons of the Quarter.

Tuesday.—Read Luke 18. 9-17. Lessons in Prayer, and also the Golden Texts of the Quarter.

Wednesday.—Read Luke 19. 11-27. Parable of the Pounds.

Thursday.—Read Luke 20. 9-19. Jesus Teaching in the Temple, and also study the Questions on Lessons I, II, III.

Friday.—Read Luke 22. 24-37. Warning to the Disciples, and also study the Questions on Lessons IV, V, VI.

Saturday.—Read Luke 23. 33-46. Jesus Crucified, and also study the Questions on Lessons VII, VIII, IX.

Sunday.—Read Luke 24. 36-53. The Risen Lord, and also study the Questions on Lessons X, XI, XII.

Over the Tubs.

BY ROBERT C. TONGUE.

Up from the laundry, all day long,
Comes the croon of a little song;
Low and plaintive its measures seem
To rise and melt with the wreaths of steam.

Mrs. McGill in the mist below,
Heaping the linen, snow on snow,
Sings at her task as the moments fly;
Still as the busy hours go by,
Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Bare are her strong arms, rough and red
Her hands, with striving for daily bread.
While she works in the steam and foam,
Thoughts of the "childer" left at home,
Come to cheer her, till, after all,
The day seems short and the washing small;

For mother-love, with tender spell,
Is working its ceaseless miracle;
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Down through the areaway there floats
The cry of the newsboy, strident notes
Telling how on a field of fame
A warrior won him a hero's name;
The sailors clung to a reeling deck,
And served the gens of a shattered wreck;

A hero mounted the ladder tall,
And plucked a life from the flaming wall;
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Six o'clock! And the music swells
Loud from the throats of a thousand bells;
So, at last, when the shadows fall,
She draws about her a faded shawl,
While sweet content in the rough, worn
face,

Kindles a brighter than beauty's grace.
Home she hastes, where, the long day
through,

The little ones watched and waited, too,
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Mrs. McGill, your humble name
Has no place in the rolls of fame.
Little it matters to such as you;
Brief the page is, the names are few.
Still I know that your faithful love
Finds a place in the scroll above.
So, when my heart grows weak and faint,
This is the thought that stops complaint:
Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.
—Youth's Companion.

A MOUNTAIN PREACHER'S ILLUSTRATION.

Like any other unlearned people, these mountaineers like illustrations drawn from things with which they are familiar.

A group of young men were assembled near where there had been preaching one Sabbath, when the following dialogue occurred:

"See here, John, why didn't ye bring up my rifle when ye came to preaching?"
"Well, Sam, I loved 'twan't right to bring it up on Sabbath. I might see a varmint on the road and git a shootin' and forgit it was Sabbath."

"Huh! there's no use being so awfully particular as all that. I think it's all right to do little turps of a Sabbath;

even a little shootin' won't hurt, if ye happen to see game."

The discussion was joined in on either side by those around, and it was finally decided to leave it to the preacher.

"Look yer, boys," said he, "s'posin' a man comes along here with seven hand-some gray horses, a-ridin' one and the others a-follerin'. You all like a pretty beast, and you look 'em all over. You can't see that one is better than another. They are all as pretty critters as ever were seen among these mountains, though there will be differences in horses, boys. When you come to know 'em no two is alike. Well, that man says, 'Here, boys, I'll jest give ye six of these beasts for your own,' and he gits on the other and rides off. I s'pose now you'd mount yer horses and ride after him, and make him give ye the other horse, or at least make him let you keep it till yer craps was all in."

"No; we ain't so ornery mean as all that, preacher."

"Well, thar, can't ye let the Lord's day alone?"
A blank look at the preacher and at each other; then Sam spoke out:
"You've treed us, preacher. John, I'm right glad you didn't bring that gun."

This Canada of Ours.

Let other tongues in older lands
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chant in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story.
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy-crested towers,
What past can match her glorious youth.
This Canada of ours?

We love those far-off ocean Isles,
Where Britain's monarch reigns;
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood
That courses through our veins;
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,
And haughty Albion's powers,
Reflect that matchless lustre on
This Canada of ours.

May our Dominion flourish then,
A goodly land and free,
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,
Hold sway from sea to sea;
Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes,
When darkest danger lowers,
And with our life-blood we'll defend
This Canada of ours.

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