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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX. TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1899. No. 17.

Working and Wishing.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action
And keeps him trying still,
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing,
But by hard work bravely done.

WALKS ABOUT CHESTER.

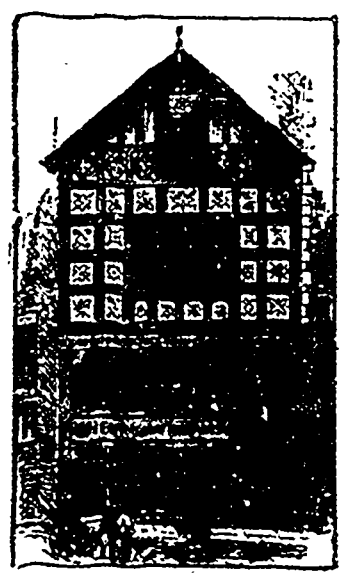
Almost all visitors from the New World enter England by the port of Liverpool. The first impression received is that of the immensity of its shipping interests. A score of ocean steamers are gliding in and out with the tide, and white-winged ships, from all parts of the world, are flying like doves to their windows. Its seven miles of docks and its forests of masts give a new conception of the maritime supremacy of England.

The busy aspect of the scene forcibly recalls the description of a local bard.

"Behold the crowded port,
Whose rising masts an endless prospect yields,
With labour burns, and echoes to the shout
Of hurried sailors, as they hearty wave
Their last adieu, and loosening every sail,
Resign the speeding vessel to the wind."

Liverpool bears little of its impress of antiquity. The splendid public buildings that we see, the palace-like hotels, the crowded and busy streets, are all of comparative recent construction. It has more the air of New York or Chicago, than that of an Old World town. The famous St. George's Hall, the Exchange, the City Hall, and especially the massive warehouses and miles on miles of docks, give a striking impression of its commercial greatness.

The maritime prosperity of Liverpool, Bristol and some other of the western seaports had a bad beginning; it was founded largely upon the slave-trade. Many scores of vessels were engaged in this nefarious business, and slave



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE, CHESTER.

KING CHARLES' TOWER, CHESTER.

auctions were frequent on the streets—one of which was long known as

"NEGRO STREET."

Within a short run of Liverpool, only sixteen miles, is the charming old city of Chester. Here one may first get his full flavour of antiquity. As one enters within its walls he seems to step back five hundred years. Certainly no place in England is more delightfully quaint and old-fashioned than Chester.

"I have come to Chester, Madam, I cannot tell how, and far less can I tell how to get away from it." Such was Dr. Johnson's graceful way of saying that he had found this venerable city exceptionally full of interest. And his was by no means a singular experience; on the contrary, it may with absolute safety be affirmed that no one ever came to Chester without being exceedingly reluctant to leave it. Not to speak of its cathedral or its castles, it is the one town in the United Kingdom whose ancient walls have at no point succumbed to the ravages of siege or the decay of age, while it is not less pre-eminent in the survival of the picturesque domestic architecture of the seventeenth century.

The plan of the city is in great part that of

A ROMAN CAMP;

and when it is seen that the position commands the mouth of the Dee, and is one of the gates of Wales, it is not surprising that the military genius of the Romans made it the base of the forces which were charged with the subjugation of North Wales. Here for more than two hundred years was stationed the historic twentieth legion, the Victrix. The present walls, which probably date from the time of Alfred, follow the Roman lines very closely. This part of the city which lies within the walls is intersected by three main streets, two running north and south corresponding with the east and west walls, and the third extending from east to west. Its name was gradually softened into Chester from castra, a camp.

The visitor will do well to make the

TOUR OF THE WALLS,

which he will find surmounted by a paved pathway five or six feet wide, and accessible from various points by means of flights of steps. By looking over the parapet he may see some of the Roman masonry. Here, too, the Chester and Nantwich Canal runs parallel with the wall, while further west are Morgan's Mount and Goblin Tower, or Pemberton's Parlour—the former much modernized, the latter greatly altered at the beginning of the last century. At the north-western angle is Bonwaldesthorne's Tower, with a flight of steps leading down to a short causeway, and at the end of this is the Water Tower, or New Tower. Why it should be called the New Tower is not easy of comprehension, seeing that it has attained the very respectable age of nearly 600 years, having been built in 1300—at a cost of £100! Its older title is—or rather was—appropriate enough, for strange as it may seem now that the Dee is a good two hundred yards away, it is an undoubted fact that at one time the tower was laved by the tidal waters, and in the walls remains of the iron rings to which vessels were moored are yet to be seen. The change is due partly to Nature, and partly to Art, the channel of the river having been slowly silted up by the one, while embankments have been constructed by the other. From a tower, now used as a museum, Charles I. watched the defeat of his army on Rowton Moor. The massive tower, known as

CÆSAR'S TOWER,

and dating from Norman times, is the only portion of the old castle which remains, and even this has been so extensively repaired as to have lost its time-worn aspect.

The cathedral, formerly attached to a Benedictine monastery, of which parts still remain, is not imposing externally. Internally its aspect is more impressive. There is a handsome monument to Bishop Pearson, the author of the classic work on the Creed, who was buried at this spot. An elegant stone pulpit is to be seen in the refectory of the monastery, from it the custom was for one of the brethren to read aloud while the others were at meals, body and mind thus being fed simultaneously. The New Park is the gift of the Duke of Westminster, whose fine seat, Eaton Hall, is one of the sights of this part of the country. Hawarden Castle, the residence of the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone, being another.

But the most interesting feature of Chester is found in its

QUAINT OLD HOUSES.

There is hardly a street in which they are not to be seen, but the best specimens are in Watergate Street, among them one built by Bishop Lloyd, who was appointed to the See of Chester in 1605. On another house, dated 1652, appears the inscription,

"God's Providence is mine Inheritance,"

said to have been placed there to commemorate the fact that this was the only house in the city which escaped the plague. In this and several other parts of the city are the Rows, the like of which, as Fuller truly averred, is "not to be seen in all England, no, nor in Europe again." They are not dissimilar to the arcades to be met with in Berne and other continental towns, but they are unlike them, inasmuch as they run along at a height of several feet above the street. The best shops are for the most part in the Rows, and in almost every case there is "no connection" between them and the shops on the ground floors. To reach the town house of an old Earl of Derby—a handsome place during the civil wars—I had to pass through an alley only two feet wide. It is now a sort of junk shop—so fallen is its high estate. A young girl showed me the hiding-place in the roof where the Earl lay concealed for days till he was discovered, taken to Bolton, and executed for his fidelity to his king.

The ancient Abbey of St. Mary's, of which we show the quaint old gate, had its site near the castle, and not far away are the picturesque ruins of St. John's Chapel, outside the walls. According to a local legend, King Harold, the

"LAST OF THE SAXONS,"

was not slain, as it was generally supposed, at the battle of Hastings, but escaped and spent the remainder of his

BISHOP LLOYD'S PALACE, CHESTER.

life as a hermit, dwelling in a cell near this chapel and on a cliff alongside the Dee.

No one can ride beside the treacherous sand-flats of the river Dee without thinking of Kingsley's pathetic poem:

"Go, Mary, call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."

Many a poor girl, says one who knows the region well, sent for the cattle wandering on these sands, has been lost in the mist that rises from the sea and drowned in the quickly rushing waters.

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."

The new Town Hall of Chester is every way worthy of its ancient architectural glory. The city is built on a sandstone rock, from which much of the building material is taken, so that many of the ancient structures are much disintegrated by the weather. This gives a significance to Dean Swift's ill-natured epigram:

Churches and clergy of this city
Are very much akin:
They're weather-beaten all without
And empty all within."

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1899.

A CHILD'S MESSAGE.

A little girl was standing one day at a railway station, holding her father's hand. It was a busy scene, some hurrying for tickets, some looking after their luggage, and everybody too much taken up with his or her own affairs to pay much attention to other people.

But there was one man there whom nobody could fail to notice, for he was a prisoner, handcuffed between two policemen, who were keeping a firm hold upon him. I do not know what crime he had been guilty of, but he had been sentenced to twenty years penal servitude, and was now on his way to the place of his imprisonment. He was a dark, desperate-looking man, with the wickedness with which he had spent his life stamped upon his face. If ever a man were beyond the power of love, you would have said he was. Ah! we none of us know what love can do.

The little girl I have mentioned caught sight of the prisoner; a wide gap you might have thought was between her life and his, yet was there something that could bridge it over. She let go her father's hand, tripped across the platform, and looked up into the man's face. "Man, I'm sorry for you," she said, and ran back again with her eyes full of tears. The criminal made no answer, nor gave any sign that the love of this childish heart had touched him, he seemed to look even darker than before.

A minute passed, and then the little girl was at his side again, with another look and another word for him. "Man," she repeated, "Jesus Christ is sorry for you." Then the train came up, the passengers all got in, and the man and the child met no more.

But was it all over? Oh, no. The prisoner had been so violent and troublesome that notice had been sent to the warden where he was going that he would have a hard task to keep him in order. But, instead of that, he found that he gave no trouble whatever. He was quiet and subdued, showed no signs of ferocity, and was often seen of an evening reading his Bible. It seemed very unaccountable, and the warden at last sought an explanation. Ah! have you guessed? It was the loving sympathy of the little child which broke his heart, though he was too proud to show it outwardly at the time. God, by his Spirit, had sent those simple words to wake up the memory of a buried mother—of long-past days.

It was years since anybody had spoken to him like that. It brought back to him all that she used to teach him when he was a child at her knee. "And, oh! sir," he said, in broken accents, "I could not rest until I had found my mother's God; and now, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I'm saved, I'm saved!"

We think it a beautiful picture—a young heart in its simplicity pitying one so depraved and outcast. But her love was but a drop out of an overflowing fountain. The love of Jesus is that fountain; let it lead us to think about that. "There is no earthly love like his. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."
—Cottager and Artisan.

JOE'S NOBLE PRINCE.

BY AMY E. BLANCHARD.

The softest, kindliest brown eyes had Joe's Prince, and hair that curled about his ears quite as if he belonged to a football team, which he didn't, for he belonged only to Joe, and there was no possibility of getting up any sort of a team except a team of horses where Joe lived.

Five years before Joe's father had come from the East to this wild, woodsy country. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Moffitt, Grace, their little daughter, Joe, their son, and his Prince. Mr. Moffitt, determined on raising acres and acres of wheat, had battled with blizzards, grasshoppers, and the various ills which our Northwest States are heirs to, and now was fairly prosperous. From being delicate children Grace and Joe were as sturdy youngsters as one might find in many a long day, and if they did miss some of the city opportunities, they learned a host of things which promised to serve them in good stead.

One thing, however, Joe had not learned, and that was to trust his Prince with the respect he deserved, and to cultivate a memory for doing his nearest duty, which was something the Prince was continually trying to teach him, if one might consider that example conveyed such an idea.

It was one morning in early spring that Joe called Prince and said: "Come, old fellow; I'm going into the woods. Don't you want to go along?" Prince considered the matter, putting his head to one side, and giving first a glance at Joe and then one toward the house, as if he would say: "This requires some judgment. 'Duty first; pleasure afterward.'"

"Come on, Prince," called Joe, and, whistling, he started off, Prince slowly following, as if still rather undecided. "My, how the creek is rising! There must have been a big thaw, sure enough," said Joe. "I wonder if there has been rain farther up; it's been dry enough here. What's the matter with you, Prince? you lag so. Come on," and Joe gave his companion a whack with the stick he held. Prince made no protest, only looked up, as much as to say, "You ought to know my motive," and although he still followed, it was evidently with reluctance, and he cast frequent glances back at the house he had just left. Finally, seeing Joe was determined to pursue his way, Prince lifted up his voice in a prolonged howl just as they reached the edge of the woods, and then turning, he fled back to the house.

"The stupid idiot," cried Joe, flinging a clod of earth after him. "He does make me mad when he acts that way. He has some ridiculous notion, I'll be bound," and Joe continued his course, somewhat annoyed at being forsaken in this summary manner.

But Prince knew what he was about, for he trotted along briskly toward the house, and presently came into Grace's presence with a very pleased expression of countenance. Had he not heard, although Joe had forgotten it, that Mrs. Moffitt was going over to see a sick neighbour? and that she had charged Joe not to go out of sight of the house, since his sister would be there alone? Joe's idea of the matter was, "Oh, bother, it's always 'Joe, don't do this,' or, 'Joe, be sure to do that.' I hate being hampered;" while Prince considered the situation in this wise: "Grace is all alone; she must be protected; if Joe doesn't do it, I must," and therefore duty claimed him. In his most persuasive way he invited Grace outdoors. Probably a compromise could be effected—Joe in the woods, Grace in the garden, and Prince with an eye for each of them. That was the way to settle it.

At the foot of the garden ran the creek, slowly, slowly rising. Grace did not give much heed to it. She was determined on having a frolic in a little summer house which, roughly put up, served as a pleasant spot on rainy days, or when the sun shone too fiercely. "We'll have school in the summer-house, Prince," said Grace. "You must be very good, and I'll read to you after school; or we can play you're the wolf and I'm Little Red Riding Hood." This arrangement suited Prince very well. He did not mind being audience, so long as he was not expected to keep awake, and therefore when Grace, stumbling over the hard words, laboriously read a chapter from one of her story-books, Prince's head dropped lower and lower till, finally, he was on the point of a snore. Then suddenly there came a shout and Prince sprang to his feet, looking around anxiously. At the same moment Grace became aware that the air was full of smoke; that there was a sound of crackling, leaping flames, and as she looked out she saw herself in a semicircle of fire, which was being swept along over the dry grass, faster, faster, faster. One side of the garden fence was ablaze, and the dry rails were igniting as the fire made its way. There was no escape except over the fence on the other side, if she could reach it in time; it would have to be a race between her and the fire. In her play of Little Red Riding Hood she had taken off her shoes and stockings, since the little china figure on the parlour mantel showed a barefooted Red Riding Hood. With one terrified look around her Grace started across the big garden—pursued by the snapping, eager flames—worse, indeed, than any wolf. The smoke in great gusts passed over her, and finally, choked and blinded, she fell.

But here Prince felt that the moment had come for him to act. Seizing the child, half carrying, half dragging her, he conveyed her to the foot of the garden, which the oncoming waters of the creek were subtly lapping.

Very, very near the flames came, but just here the ground was damp, and the fire sweeping along only licked the edges, although its scorching breath was felt by the patch of dry grass and stubble beyond, which shrivelled and blackened as it passed.

It was a very terror-stricken boy who made his way over the charred surface of the garden a little later, attracted by the whines of Prince, who stood over his little charge.

"Oh, Prince, oh, Prince!" cried Joe, oh, you noble Prince. How you have saved her from the dreadful thing that might have happened! I never dreamed when I made a fire over in the field that it would blow this way. I thought I had taken a good spot for it, but it got beyond me, and poor little Grace, dear little Grace!" and Joe lifted up his little sister tenderly and carried her to the house—the Prince in attendance to see that the proceeding was properly concluded.

"Joe Moffitt," said his mother, who had just returned, "what have you been up to now? I declare it isn't safe to leave this house a minute. Here I go away for an hour and find the garden fence burned down, and—for pity's sake, what has happened to Grace?"

Big boy as he was, Joe felt his lip quivering.

"Oh, mother," he said, "I'm a careless, heedless wretch. I thought I'd make a little fire to roast some potatoes, and the first thing I knew a spark flew too far and caught the grass, so that it flew along and the garden fence went. Grace might have been in the summer-house, and Prince—Prince saved her by taking her to the creek. She isn't hurt, but she might have been burned to death if—if Prince hadn't been with her. He wouldn't stay with me. I forgot that Grace was alone, but he remembered—"

"Oh, you noble Prince," said Mrs. Moffitt, caressing the dog's soft hair. "What an example, Joe! Can you ever look at him and lose sight of it?"

Joe was hiding his face in Prince's silky hair. "Prince, old fellow," he whispered, "I know it's all true. I'm ashamed of myself, but I can't give in to mother when she lectures me, but I'll tell you;" and Prince bestowed a token of his favour upon Joe by turning around and giving his paw to him, with the added mark of affectionate consideration—a lick from his red tongue.

And Grace—well, Grace always did understand Prince better than any one else. So no doubt they settled their obligations between them.

The Arsenal.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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

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

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

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

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

SHE KNEW.

"Sister" Dora Patteson, the famous friend of the sick poor, was bending over a poor miner in the Walsall Hospital. Her head was bound up because of a wound she had received by a stone thrown at her by some unseen hand as she was returning from a recent visit among the poor. The miner said to her:

"'Sister' Dora, I want to make a confession. I was the man who threw that stone, and I cannot endure not to tell you of it, when I see you ministering thus tenderly to me."

"My dear fellow," she said, "don't you suppose I knew it?" But she did not cease from her ministrations.

In Memoriam

HERBIE BELLAMY.

And thou art gone—thou of the brave, young soul
And tender heart,
Perchance throughout the whole
Of this wide universe of God,

HERBIE BELLAMY.
"I love to work for Jesus."

Of all who bent beneath the rod
None bore a nobler part.

Heavy the cross on thy young shoulders laid,
Yet bowed not down
Thy patient spirit—stayed
On his sweet word of promise sure,
That they who to the end endure,
Shall wear the victor's crown.

"I love to work for Jesus!" happy words—
Sweeter, by far,
Than tuneful song of birds,
Or voices of the summer time—
An echo from that blissful clime
That needs nor moon nor star.

And Jesus loved his little worker too—
So bending low,
He gently, gently drew
To the safe haven of his breast
The little lad who needed rest,
The boy who loved him so.

Ah, not in vain thy brief, true life shall be,
The strong desire,
That early woke in thee
To do and dare for his dear sake,
Shall zeal in other hearts awake,
And deeds of love inspire.

And then perchance, on some sweet, coming day,
Thine eyes shall see
A shining, bright array
Of children gathered in this quest,
From north and south and east and west,
Close flocking to the Saviour's breast—
All led to him by thee,
Dear Herbie Bellamy.

—By S. E. S., in The Palm Branch.

Herbie was only twelve years old, and he lived in Manitoba. There is a new Auxiliary there, and $83 of the money sent by it to the Branch came through Herbie Bellamy! When you know that Herbie was a little boy, whose hands were helpless, and who could not stand on his feet, you will wonder how he could work for Jesus.

This little letter was written with his foot! He learned to write names in this way and so earned ten cents a name. Much of the money sent was raised by this means. He had a special object in working. The money went to support a little orphan boy in Japan, and Herbie hoped that one day this boy would do work in the world that he might have done under happier circumstances.

Herbie was blessed in having a tender, devoted mother, who lovingly cared for him, and his father had made him a little carriage, so that he need not stay within doors all the time, but could see a little of the outside world. He came down to the station in his little carriage to meet Miss Veazey on her way home from Japan. He knew that she had come from the orphanage in which this Japanese boy was being educated, so he was anxious to see her and hear news of the boy in whom he was so interested, and Miss Veazey could tell him a great deal about him.

Dear young people, you have feet and hands to work for Jesus, what do you think of this story of Herbie Bellamy? Have you done the many little things that you might have done while he has been doing the one thing possible for him to do? Will it be said of you as it will surely be said of him, "he hath done what he could"? Do not think that it cost him nothing—it must have cost many a pain and nervous effort. If any one has an excuse for doing nothing he had that excuse. What then is the secret of his work for Jesus? He tells us himself, "I love to work for Jesus." Ah, it is love—love in return for the Divine love which brought a Saviour down from heaven. Herbie loved Jesus because Jesus first loved him, and Jesus proved his love for Herbie by showing him how he could work for him and in giving him this great interest in life.—Palm Branch.

In Loving Memory of
"LITTLE HERBIE,"

Youngest son of John and A. W. Bellamy, who died at Moose Jaw, on January 21st, 1899,

Aged 12 years and 6 days.

Mission Band Memorial Service on Sunday, February 5th.

Such was the memorial card received by us last week and read with tearful eyes. Dear little Herbie! If the poet's words be true, "That life is long which answers life's great end," then Herbie Bellamy's short, suffering life of twelve years was a long one, for is it not the great end of life to glorify God, and not only to find our own way to heaven, but to help others also to attain its peace and rest?

We are sure that this was God's compensation to dear Herbie, here, for all the trials and deprivations incident to his feeble physical condition—this great, loving incident in the missionary work, which went so far to make a sad life beautiful.

We have heard some few particulars from his bereaved mother. His sufferings were constant and intense, so that for weeks he had to be held day and night in loving arms. How sweet, by contrast, the rest of heaven must be! So extreme was the pain that he could say but little, but what need of words when the life tells! He told his mother that he was going to die, but begged her not to let his Mission Band die. He made provision for its continuance, and said God would not let it die. When parched with fever he said he would not be hungry or thirsty up there, and God was good to give him such nice, cold water.

His dear mother sends us the photograph of Herbie in his little wheel carriage, that all the boys and girls who are interested in him may see him as he was. We think we can see him as he is now, his little rapt face shining with the nearness of God's presence.

The little Japanese boy whose picture we give is Motako San, the orphan boy that he was educating to grow up and fill his place in the world.

The Kanazawa Orphanage will be called by his name, "The Herbie Bellamy Home." We will all be glad to know that the Easter offering next month from our Mission Circles and Bands will be given to this Home. May the mantle of dear Herbie's loving, self-denying spirit rest upon us all.—Palm Branch.

WHAT TO MAKE OF DINSMOOR.

Did you ever move into a new home? Was it in the country? Were the floors bare and uneven, the china packed in boxes, the chairs left at the station, the curtains hung at the wrong window, and your comb and brush left in the top drawer at your old home?

I hope if you have had all these sad experiences that at least it was not dark when you got to your new front door, and raining in a steady, twenty-four-hour pour. This was what the Garretts went through last summer, and I am afraid to say how many of the six children cried themselves to sleep that first night.

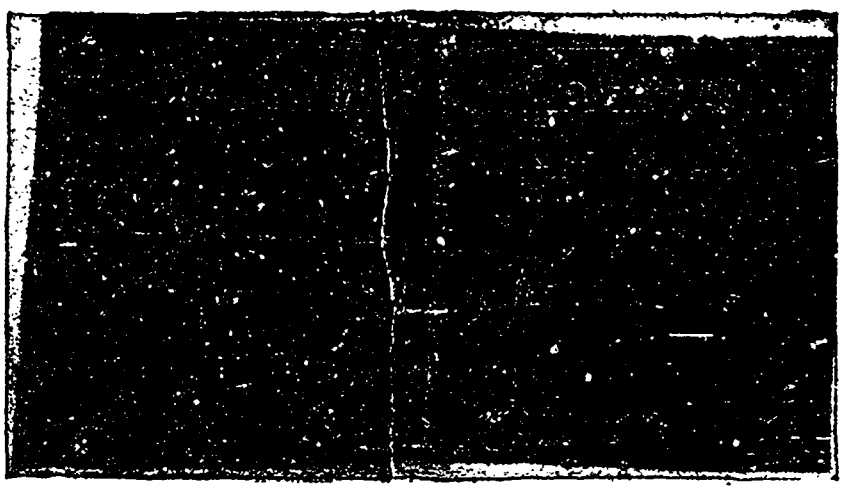
But with the next day came entirely new feelings, new hopes, new plans—especially plans. Each member of the family seemed to be cultivating a separate crop of them for this new home, and the glorious sunshine which the new day brought smiled impartially on them all.

"I don't like Dinsmoor for a name," objected the oldest son, a young collegian. "It is extremely commonplace. I propose, father, that we call the place 'Riverdell,' as the river is quite the most picturesque feature of the place. What do you say to 'Riverdell,' mother?"

But the mother's brain was crowded with unpicturesque details, and it was evident that until the sideboard was in place, and the blue carpet down in the blue papered room, "Dinsmoor" and "Riverdell" were alike to her.

"Don't let's be in a hurry about the name, Joe," said Mabel, whose dresses were beginning to grow downward, as her auburn hair showed an inclination for the top of her head—a budding young lady in fact. "By all means let's have a real landscape gardener out, first, to tell us what we can make of the place. There must be splendid possibilities in it, don't you think so, father?"

"Yes," said the father, "splendid possibilities;" but there was that in his tone which suggested at once that he was not thinking of the landscape gardener.



Bert, finding a little scrap of silence, seized upon it to exploit his plan. "It's the very place for a kennel," he said. "I've already engaged Smalley to get me two fine hounds."

At this there was some uproar, even the mother protesting that she drew the line at hounds.

"You'll have to draw something fiercer than a line, mother," laughed the young collegian, "if you expect to keep Bert's hounds off your spare-room bed."

"What will we do, papa?" asked Jennie, speaking evidently for her chum Litza, as well as herself. In her little imagination landscape gardeners cut no figure; names were all alike. Bert's hounds might be some fun, but everybody seemed down on them, and since the quiet father did not seem to have any plans of his own, he was just the person to make one for Jennie and Litza.

"What will us do, papa?" Litza echoed.

Then we found out what had kept the father so silent.

"'What will us do?' little ones?" he repeated. "Come, and I will show you." He got up and opened the wide southern window, which had been shut against the rain and dampness, and instantly a flock of beautiful pigeons, white and gray and violet coloured, left the wood-shed roof and fluttered to the open window.

"Ah!" cried father, surprised and pleased, "other people have made this a safe and pleasant place for you, my beauties. See, Jennie, see, Litza, this is one thing we will do—we will give God's birds some breakfast. Dinsmoor shall be a place where all living creatures shall be safe and happy as long as they respect the rights of others. No bird shall be shot or snared here, no nest robbed, unless it be the nest of a robber, like the owl or hawk."

"Did you know the pigeons would come when you opened the window?" asked father's little questioner.

"Not I, indeed," said he. "I opened it to show you some other creatures of our heavenly Father. There are the nests down under the hill—see!"

We all crowded up to the window to look. Father was pointing to the village which nestled against the hillside, a little more than a mile away. It looked very pretty and picture-like against the green hill, but father knew, and we found afterwards, that it was far from pretty, and that the real picture it made was a very sad one.

"The one great and noble use to make of our new home," said the dear father, "whether we call it Dinsmoor or Riverdell, whether we adorn it with evergreens, or build Bert a kennel for his hounds, is to make it a place where God's creatures shall find sympathy and help. Then," added father, smiling at his own fancy, "happiness, peace, love, and gratitude will fly in at our open windows like these white-winged, soft-eyed pigeons."

FROM ANGELL'S LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.

2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.

3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.

4. That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.

5. That earthworms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.

6. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.

7. That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.

8. That bits should never be put in horses mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.

9. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.

10. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered, and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.

11. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse and refuse to ride after a poor looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.

12. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

13. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.

Turn About.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Turn about, boys, turn about,
Help us drive the demon out;
Turn before you reach the brink
Where so many thousands sink
Into ruin, who began
Just like you, my little man.

How? Well, first they strutted round
With cigar ends that they found;
Then, to imitate grown men,
Sipped at liquor now and then,
Very often took a "chew;"
Now, is not that just like you?

When they grew to man's estate,
Can you guess what was their fate?
Drunkards, loafers, louts, and knaves

MOTAKO SAN.

Filling gaols and early graves.
Surely you would rather grow
Into noble men, I know.

Think, then, think how they began;
Shun their habits, little man.
Turn about, yes, turn about,
Ere you grow to be a lout.
Turn about, boys, turn about,
Help us drive the demon out.

April.

I see the pickets of the spring come
glimmering into line
I know them by their uniforms, I see
their colours shine,
The azure flash of birds in blue, the
robins in their red
And fleets of pearl and purple at anchor
overhead
The plumed videttes begin to play the
pasture brooks to sing
The April gate is open and resurrection
king.
The world is glad to be alive the Easter
door ajar,
All Christendom is Bethlehem, and
lighted by a star—
And lighted by the star that gave a
birthday to the race,
And showed a grave dismantled and a
glory in its place.
And wrought amid the gloom a miracle
instead
That added to the calendar the birthday
of the dead!
The world comes smiling to the door
with pansies in its hand,
Remembering all the times before that
spring has blessed the land,
The muffled streets grow musical, the
shrouded paths are bare,
The children haunt the pavements, their
cadences the air.

LESSON NOTES.

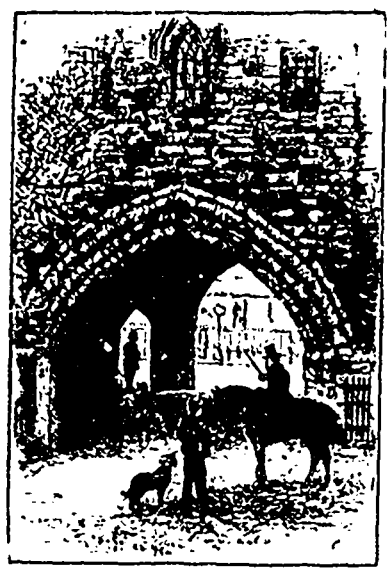
SECOND QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN

LESSON VI. MAY 7

THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

John 15. 1-11. Memory verses, 6-8



ABBEY GATE, CHESTER.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the vine, ye are the branches.—John 15. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. Fruitful Branches, v. 1 8.
2. Faithful Friends, v. 9-11.

Time.—Thursday evening, April 6, A.D. 30.

Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "I am the true vine"—Not true as opposed to false in this phrase, but true as answering to the perfect ideal. "The husbandman"—Compare with Matt. 21. 33. The owner of the soil who himself cultivates it.

2. "Every branch"—That is, every vine-branch, every one who is by origin a Christian. If such give no fruit they are cut off. "He purgeth it"—Better, he cleanseth it, to bring out the connection "ye are clean," verse 3. He taketh away useless shoots which impede growth. The false feelings of men which retard spiritual growth are cut away by the pruning knife of suffering.

3. "Clean through the word"—Better, on account of the word. By the word is meant the whole teaching of Christ through the moral power of which they were made pure.

4. "Abide in me, and I in you"—Here is cause and effect. The promise will not fall if the command be kept. The branches of the spiritual vine can cut themselves off as Judas had done. "Cannot bear fruit of itself"—In the spiritual life men apart from Christ have no original source of life and fruitfulness.

5. "Without me"—Better, apart from me. "Ye can do nothing"—This does not exclude all moral power apart from Christ. The persons compared are true and false Christians, and nothing is here said of the wider teaching of God. A moral power is outside the limits of Christianity as seen in Rom. 2. 14, 15

6. Cast forth as a branch" The thought here passes from the fruitful to the fruitless branch, from the man who abides to him who will not abide in Christ. How sad his history will be!

7. "Ye shall ask what ye will"—The promise in all its width is the same as that in chap. 14. 13, 14. He who abideth in Christ cannot ask what is amiss

8. "So shall ye be my disciples"—Rather, and may become my disciples. Useful Christians make God glorious, for they are illustrations of his saving power.

9. "Continue ye in my love"—Abide is a better word.

10. "If ye keep my commandments"—This keeping not only proves our love for him, but secures his love for us. "Even as"—The love of the Father shines upon the Son because he was obedient to the will of the Father, even unto death.

11. "My joy"—The joy which Christ had in communion with the Father and which sustained him in suffering. "Might be full"—No higher happiness for man than to share the joy which Christ felt.

HOME READINGS.

M. The vine and the branches.—John 15. 1-11.
Tu. Saying and doing.—1 John 2. 1-9.
W. Proof of abiding in Christ.—1 John 3. 18-24.
Th. Known by fruit.—Matt. 7. 15-23.
F. Spiritual fruit.—Gal. 5. 16-26.
S. One in Christ.—Rom. 12. 1-5.
Su. Christ the Head.—Eph. 4. 1-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Fruitful Branches, v. 1-8.
To what does Jesus liken himself and his Father?
How does the Father treat the branches?
How are the disciples made clean?
Where did Jesus bid them abide? Why?
How only can the branches bear fruit?
What is the Golden Text?
What will be done with those who abide not in Christ?
What promise of answer to prayer did Jesus make?
How could the disciples glorify the Father?
What fruit ought every Christian to bear? Gal. 5. 22, 23.
2. Faithful Friends, v. 9-11.
In what are we urged to continue?
What is the condition of abiding?
What relations existed between Christ and his Father?
Why had Jesus thus spoken to them?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught
1. How to be useful?
2. How to be joyful?
3. How to be blessed?

STANLEY HOUSE, CHESTER.

THE WASP AS AN ENGINEER.

Several members of the United States engineer corps were interested witnesses of a feat of insect engineering near the road on which they were working. One of their number found a blue ground wasp dragging along the ground a dead swamp spider, one-quarter the size of a full-grown tarantula. Whether the wasp killed the spider or found it dead is a question beyond solution. He was having a hard time dragging his prey along, and presently left it to go prospecting for his abode. The discoverer of the wasp called his companions, and one of them in coming stepped upon the wasp's ground hole, crushing down some blades of dried grass across it. This caused no little trouble to the insect, who, upon locating the hole, nipped away at the obstructing stalks with his strong mandibles until he had cleared a passage. Then he went back and sized up the spider, walking around the big body and surveying it from all sides.

"He's reckoning that the hole isn't big enough," said one of the engineers.

"That's all right, he'll fix it," said another, as the insect went back and commenced vigorously widening the entrance to his domicile.

Again he turned to the spider, seized it, and dragged it to within a foot of the orifice. To the spectators it was evident that more work would have to be done before the spider could be dragged in. This struck the wasp, too, for again he ran around the body, examining it carefully, and returned to the hole to take measurements. He went to digging a second time. Having dug for two minutes, he brought his prey up to the edge of the hole, nipped out a piece of dirt here, cut away a grass stem there, and, after fifteen minutes of hard and skilful labour, disappeared underground, dragging the spider after him, doubtless to form the "piece de resistance" in a winter storehouse. The engineers then resumed their work, exchanging comments of admiration.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NO EXCUSE ALLOWED.

A successful business man told me there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were ever afterward of great use to him, namely, "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose that I should happen to lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence; you must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there and made it stay. I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting an important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested, he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lazy and careless habit of the mind, which he cured."—Country Gentleman.

"I AM THE TRUE VINE."

OLD LAMB ROW, CHESTER.