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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XX.

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1900.

No. 13.

The Wonders of Creation.

There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that
blows,
But God has placed it there.

There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.

There's not a place on earth's
vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are
not found,
For God is everywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There he displays his bound-
less love,
And power with mercy
blends.

SEAGULLS.

As one of the great ocean steamers was rushing along on her way across the broad Atlantic Ocean and was already some hundreds of miles out at sea, a little boy ran up to his mother and cried:

"O mother, give me some biscuits too."

"Why, Freddie," replied his mother, "what do you want the biscuits for?"

"To throw out to the pretty birds," Freddie said. "Oh, come, mother dear, and see the pretty white birds flying after us. See how they dip down and pick up the biscuits on the water. What kind of birds are they, mother, and where do they sleep away out here so far from land?"

"They are seagulls, my child," replied the mother. "They just sleep floating on the water—no matter how rough it is. They sometimes follow ships hundreds of miles, picking up anything that the cook throws overboard. They are found on all large bodies of water—on the big fresh-water lakes as well as on the ocean—but they are thickest around the fishing banks. They gather in hundreds about the vessels where the fish are being cleaned. As the waste parts of the fish are thrown overboard the seagulls dash down with hoarse cries and great flapping of wings, tearing at the pieces and fighting over them, but the fishermen pay no attention to them.

We show one of these fishing schooners that has been disabled in a storm and is left to her fate. The seagulls can be seen flocking around by hundreds, darting down upon the pieces of fish that have been washed out of the sinking vessel.

If our picture could make you hear them as well as you can see them, you would want to close your ears and run away.

OYSTERS ON TREES.

The other day I heard somebody speak of "oysters hanging upon the branches of trees on the borders of the Chesapeake Bay."

"That sounds like a fairy tale," thought I to myself.

I determined to investigate. So I said: "I always supposed oysters grew under the water. I never knew they

hung in clusters on tree branches like apples. Curious sort of oysters those must be which grow on trees along the Chesapeake!"

"Chesapeake Bay has the best kind of oyster," said the Talking Man. "The reason they are sometimes found growing on tree branches is this: The spawn of the oyster floats about in the water, tossed by wind and waves. It has the quality of attaching itself firmly to any solid substance it touches. Sometimes it might be the bottom of a ship, a rock, or a tree branch. You know the bottom of a ship often needs scraping on account of the shell-fish adhering to it.

small oysters. It looks very odd, of course, but it's a common enough sight down there.

"Grow? They don't grow very large, to be sure. To attain perfection an oyster must be always under water, and these hang half the time out of it. When they are exposed too long to the hot sun, they die. Their weight often causes them to fall off.

"Little oysters are sometimes transplanted. Not off tree branches, but from the beds at the bottom of the bay. They are planted in oyster beds in other places, where, in a couple of years, they grow to maturity."

A WORD TO BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to become one of them? No, of course you don't! Well, I have a plan that is sure to save you from such a fate.

Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is worth putting into practice. I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come this way. You will find yourself sometime with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them.

Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me!" or will you take the glass with your common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing so all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

AN HONEST BOOT-BLACK.

One evening a gentleman, who gave his name as Harrison, of Freeport, Ill., was hurrying down Broadway, it about five o'clock, carrying a valise, and when on the Canal Street crossing, a large, well-filled envelope fell from his coat. A lame bootblack, named Daniel McCarthy, better known in the neighbourhood as "Limping Dan," picked it up, and running as best he could after the loser, cried, "Say, mister!" The man glanced in the direction of the call, and seeing the boy's blacking kit, gruffly said, "I don't want a shine." The boy, however, exerted himself, and stopping in front of the envelope, said, "Mister, you dropped this."

Recognizing his property, a change immediately spread over his countenance as he gazed upon the shivering cripple before him and asked his name. He then took him to a clothing store near by, and paid for a coat and vest for the boy, after which he handed the grateful boy a \$20 bill, saying, "My boy, that envelope contained a large amount of money. When I come to the city again I shall be glad to see you."

To the officer he said he had sold some property on Long Island, and that the envelope contained the proceeds—\$1,600 in cheques and \$600 in bills—which he had just drawn from the bank, and in his haste to get to Jersey City, where he was to take the train, he must have placed the envelope between his inside coat and overcoat instead of in his pocket.

Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, recently said that "England, just and generous as ever, stands to-day amid the jealousy of nations and the hubbub of lies. Nothing is sadder than the proofs of lying fury and frantic jealousy with which the foreign press, almost without exception, daily voids its poisonous rheim upon our native land." The overwhelming majority of English papers applaud this as an expression of the thoughts of England, and sound a note of defiance.



SEAGULLS.

"Now, the branches of trees often droop into the water. They do it along the borders of the Chesapeake the same as on the banks of any other river or bay. At high tide such branches will be covered with water, and when the tide goes back, the branches come to the surface again.

"The spawn sticks to those boughs when they are beneath the waves. In a few days the tiny oysters begin to develop, and before long, at every low tide, the branches can be seen hanging out, with little oysters growing all over them.

"Sometimes a branch which is often under water will be nearly covered with

It sounds funny to talk of picking oysters off trees," said I, "or even seeing them grow there."

"Funny enough. But they do grow there. I've see it lots of times," said the Talking Man. "That's the way queer stories get about. Somebody hears of a thing and doesn't understand the sense of it. And most people never stop to ask what it means. They either repeat the story for a marvel, or say they don't believe it."—Harper's Young People.

A good conscience is to the soul, what health is to the body.—Joseph Addison.

Look Not Upon the Wine.

BY M. F. WILLIS.

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup, nor when it
Shines like the sun, nor when it
Shimmers like the stars, nor when it
Trembles like the leaves of the
Willow, nor when it is stirred
like the wind, nor when it is
shaken like the waves of the
sea, nor when it is poured
like the rain, nor when it is
drunk like the water of life.

They say it's pleasant on the lip,
And 'neath the crown of the brain,
They say it kills the sluggish blood,
And fills the youth of pathos
Aye, but within its gloomy deeps
A stinging serpent unseen sleeps

Its rays light will turn to fire,
Its cooling change to thirst,
And by its mirth within the breast
A sleepless worm is nursed—
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry fear to him.

Then dash the burning cup aside,
And spill its purple wine,
Take heed to its madness on thy lips,
Nor let its curse be thine,
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are hid those rays depths below

The contrast was so great, my brother,
That I just—had—to cry—

"Is that all," said the farmer laughing,
"If that will give you an appetite for the
dinner, we will be glad to wait on you,
because it is getting cold instead of being
eaten, I will tell you now a secret which
wife was about to reveal when you ran
away. A dinner exactly like the one
that is waiting for you is being sent to
the parsonage. Come and eat, and my
wife will tell you about it to give you a
relief."

The parsonage was a little two-room
hut, scarcely fit for a stable, it was
grotesque in its homeliness without. The
logs which formed the original walls had
been covered with boards nailed up and
down. The boards had become warped
and twisted into great wrinkles which
left many open places through which the
keen November wind was whistling.
Every shingle on the roof had a distinct
curl of its own that made the roof seem
like a tously ablock of bristly hair. The
chimney of mud and sticks was propped
in its place by a couple of fence rails
that did not stop the vibrations as the
strong wind swept across the corner of
the cabin.

Within, the house was spotlessly clean,
but painfully bare of all adornment.
There was a cot, a table, a chair, and
that suggested the most ordinary com-
fort. The uncovered floor, the dingy
walls, and the smoke-tinted boards which
formed the ceiling would have made the
house a wretched little nook and hole,
transformed and glorified by the bright
faces of the four little children whose
voices filled it with laughter and song.
The mother sat up at the open door,
helping the little ones to get out of
the hot ashes on the hearth. She had
contrived a sweet little tale of being cast-
aways on a lonely island. They had all
reached the shore in safety. They had
found a sheltered little nook and had
built a fire, and were roasting a few
potatoes that had floated from the ship
that had gone down. Her eyes were wet
and her cheeks were red, and her face
sweet, and her tones were loving and
cheerful. As the little ones listened, and
watched the potatoes, they chatted with
one another.

"Just to think," said Willie, a little
relief of eight years of age, "our dinner
on the island is our Thanksgiving din-
ner. It's only potatoes I wish—"

"The wish could be put into
words," remarked the mother, "but
"Let each tell the other what we have
to be thankful for. I am thankful we
are all here, and well. I would rather
be on my island, and have my potatoes
to eat with my little children, than to
sit alone at the table of a king."

"I see thankful," said Little Dumpling,
as they called the smallest little girl,
"I see thankful that we have potatoes to
eat with our little children, and my
cabin alone. I'd like to be thankful for
a better dinner, but I guess I'd better
not think about it. When I shut my eyes,
and see my mother and turkey, I get
so homesick, I see so much to be thank-
ful for. I see 'tinned' tired of potatoes
and salt."

"Mary, mamma's little helper of nine
years of age, cuddled close to her mother,
and said, softly,

"I'm thankful I have such a nice
mamma to love us, and take care of us,
and make this old house comfortable. If
it wasn't for her I'd starve of potatoes,
too. I mean a good deal tricker than I
am."

"Johnnie, a sturdy little fellow, the old-
est child of the man of the house, as his
mother called him, and his father was
away, sat in sober thought for a little
while watching the flames of the wood
fire as they leaped and crackled. Then
he said, as if he were talking to him-
self,

"I'm thankful that our papa, who has
to work so hard, is going to have a good
Thanksgiving dinner to-day. I saw the
turkey, and I'm going to eat. He
was just splendid, I stand right up
at that house, and I can taste the good
things yet that we had to eat. I am
glad that papa is going to have turkey
and cranberries and pie and cake and
nuts—"

"Johnnie, just you stop saying them
things over," said Willie. "I can't stand
it. I can smell the turkey, and can al-
most taste the pie."

Johnnie sturdily replied, as he shut his
eyes,

"I can see them, too, and smell them,
and taste them. But I ain't going to
eat a word of it. Just because my papa
is eating them, and I can't see him, I
am thankful as I can be that it's him, and
not me, but I guess I could be a little
thankfulier if I had a drum-stick of that
turkey."

The little woman smiled, and wept a
bit, both at once. She clapped her hands,
and cheered as she waved her handker-
chief over her head.

"Three cheers for our hero-papa! I
am thankful we have a papa who listened
to God, and quit making money to at-
tend to God's business. I am proud of
him, and I'm glad to see him. He is a
braver than any soldier I ever read of. He
isn't a bit afraid of cold or hunger or be-
ing poor. He is only sorry about us. He
cries sometimes when he thinks I am
not looking after him because he feels badly
that he cannot do God's work, and take
better care of us at the same time. I
want you to promise mamma that that one
of you will ever let him think we are
sorry because we are poor. Let us make our
little home-nest so cozy and bright with
love that the few days papa can spend
with us will seem like heaven to him."

Little Johnnie bravely gulped down a
big lump that began to fill his little
throat. He courageously turned his back
upon the tempting drumstick, and said,
with a cheery voice that seemed to ring
out like a little trumpet, and fill the
room:

"Hurrah for our hero-papa! When I
get big I'm going to be a brave hero-man
like him. I'm going to be poor and live
in a cabin and feed the Thrifty on potatoes
and salt if God wants me to. But I am
afraid I can't stand it unless he gives me
a nice little hero-woman like my mamma
to keep me from being coward, and cry-
ing when folks ain't looking."

The little family joined in shouting
"Hurrah!" The door opened, and a
half-dozen ladies walked in. Each had
her hand on her arm. It would take
too long to tell what was in the baskets.
One thing was a dinner, exactly like the
one the minister had, away off on the
other side of the big circuit. The mem-
bers of the church, and the Thrifty on po-
tatoes, all gathered round the table to
surprise for the minister's family. A
Thanksgiving dinner was a part of it.
The ladies who brought the dinner were
so pleased that they had not forgotten to
say that they never gave the men a mo-
ment of peace until the old house was
torn down and a new one built.

And the speaking of a Conference, and
the taking of the Thrifty on potatoes, com-
menced. I was trying to make the people
believe that no greater heroine ever lived
than the woman who helped the minister
to do his work, by making his home
happy and training his children to be
good men and women.

When I finished, an old minister arose
and said:
"I am Johnnie, who lived in that little
cabin. I have spent my life trying to
walk in my father's footsteps. I thank
God that he gave me a little hero-woman
as a mother who inspired me to give my-
self to God, and to my father. I thank
God that he gave me as a wife another
little hero-woman like my mother, to
comfort and cheer me while I have tried
to preach his Gospel."

SLIPS IN ENGLISH.

In reply to numerous inquiries concern-
ing certain words and phrases often mis-
understood, we give the following com-
pilation of "slips" in English. Do not use,
"Guess" for "suppose" or "think."
"Fix" for "arrange" or "prepare."
"Get" and "drive" interchangeably.
(American) "Get" and "drive" interchangeably.

"Real" as an adverb in expressions
"real good" for "really" or "very
good," etc.
"Some" or "any" in an adverbial
sense. For example, "I have studied
some" for "somehow"; "I have not
studied any" for "at all."
"Some" ten days for "about" ten
days.

Not "as I know" for "that I know."
"Storms" for "it rains" or "snows"
moderately.

"Try" an experiment for "make" an
experiment.
"Ingluis" subject with contracted plural
verb. For example, "She don't speak
well."
Plural pronoun with singular antec-
edent.

Every "man" or "woman" do "their"
duty; or, if you look "any one" straight
in the face "they" will flinch.
"Expect" for "suspect."
"Expect" for "adverb."
"Nice" indiscriminately.
"Had" rather for "would" rather.
"Had" better for "would" better.
"Right away" for "immediately."
"For" for "person."
"Promise" for "inform."
"Posted" for "satisfied."
"Post graduate" for "graduate."
"Deposit" for "station."
"Try" and "do" for "to" do.
"Cunning" for "smart," "dainty."
"Cute" for "acute."
"Funny" for "odd" or "unusual."
"Turkey" for "coringing;" "more
than" for "beyond."
Does it look "good" enough for "well"
enough?

The matter "of" for the matter "with."
"Like" I do for "as" I do.
Not "as good" as for "not so good" as.
"Feel bad" for "feel 'bad."
"Feel" good" for "feel" well."
"Between" seven for "among" seven.
Seldom "or" ever for "seldom" "if"
ever, or "seldom" or "never" when used
transitively.
More than you think "for" for "more
than you think."
"Kind of" kind for "this" kind.
"Nicely" responds to an inquiry
"Healthy" for "wholesome."
Just "as soon" for just "as late"
"Kind of," to indicate a moderate de-
gree.

WORD HISTORY.

The mantua, a lady's wrap, was in-
vented at the city of the same name in
Italy.

Neighbour once meant "nigh boor";
boor meant farmer, and consequently
"nigh boor" was the nearest farmer.
"Nigh" is from the Latin word, signifying
to cook twice. It was formerly the custom
to harden ship biscuit by a second baking.

The word duce was originally the
name of a small, unadorned divan, whose
reasonings were so intricate that few
could understand them, and most people
pronounced them mere rubbish and
nonsense.
The word duce rival comes from the Latin
rivus, a brook. Brooks were, in ancient
times, the boundary lines of farms, and
quarrels between neighbours about bound-
aries were just as common in ancient
as in modern days.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

Years ago, in some countries of Europe,
persons who committed an offence were
punished by being condemned to work as
galley-slaves in the galleys of the large
warships, which were manned by a great
number of heavy oars. The men who
rowed these oars were chained to the
seats on which they sat. The work
they did was very severe. They were
treated in a cruel manner.

On one occasion a young man, belong-
ing to a good family, had fallen into bad
company. He was led from bad to
worse until he had committed a crime. He
was sentenced to serve some years among
the galley slaves, in the harbour of Tou-
louse, in France. While there he was led
to repentance, and became a Christian.
He was very good and diligent. Instead
of great number of heavy oars, he was
given a great number of heavy oars. The
men who rowed these oars were chained
to the seats on which they sat. The work
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At last the man consented. A rope
was placed about the body of the fugi-
tive, and he was led back. The reward
was paid to the soldier. Instead of go-
ing away he stood sadly watching the
young prisoner. When he saw them put
the chains upon him he burst into tears.
The officers asked him what this meant.
He said that he had seen his father. The
officers were so moved by this story,
that they at once took off the chains
from the young man, honoured him
with many gifts, and sent him home
rejoicing.

HOW MARY KNEW.

A girl of fourteen felt that she had ex-
perienced a change of heart. Her pas-
tor was called to a college.

"What makes you feel that you are
now a Christian, Mary?"
"Well, for one thing, I do all my work
better than I did before.
I was told that if I did it proved the
sincerity of her desire to lead a better
life. She had learned the valuable les-
son that true religion is something that
can be applied to the homeliest and most
common duties. Then one cannot
help doubting the genuineness of a con-
version that has no effect on one's every-
day duties, for true religion is a very
practical thing. If we experience it in
our daily lives, it will be a blessing that
will cause us to perform common, every-day
duties 'as unto the Lord.'—Forward.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIDGES,
Methodist Book and Publishing Co., Toronto.
C. W. HARRIS, S. P. HERRICK,
2178 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

REV. W. H. WILTHROW, D.D., EDITOR.

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1900.

THE HEROISM OF THE PARSON-AGE.

BY REV. J. BENSON HAMILTON.

The dinner was fit for a king—or a preacher. The host was a generous-souled farmer who the week before furnished the material which his defunct helpmeet had fashioned into the most tempting banquet. The guest of honour was the itinerant pastor. The Thanksgiving sermon had been preached in the little country church to a congregation that had driven many miles from every direction. The simple Gospel story, told in unadorned words, but with the action of the preacher, sent the people home with a determination to prove worthy of the divine bounty which they had received. Now, the family that had solicited the pleasure of entertaining the pastor at their Thanksgiving dinner were gathered about the table.

The pastor asked the divine blessing upon the food, and then looked at the heavily laden table. His bronzed face grew pale as he saw the tempting display. After making an effort to restrain his emotion, he burst into tears and rushed from the room. The family were great respecters of a deeply buried. The good wife looked over the table to see what there was to make a preacher cry. Satisfied that the fault was not hers, she said to her husband "These go and see what is the matter with our minister."

The host found his guest leaning against the woodshed crying and sobbing as if his heart would break. The rickety old man shook his preserver, and his body rested against it trembling with emotion.
"What have we done, pastor," said the farmer, "that you should weep like this?"
"Oh, nothing," he replied, "but when I saw your table spread so bountifully for my entertainment, I remembered that my wife and little ones had nothing for their dinner but a handful of potatoes.

Outward Bound.

By J. F. M.

A ship lies ready for a foreign sea;
A thousand brave Canadians are her
bright,
And strains are heard of martial melody,
And thousands there, with tearful eyes
await
The parting word to father, son or friend,
Alas, who knows their fate?

Is old Quebec unmindful of the days
When cannon thundered from her bat-
tlement?

Is she now careless of the part she plays,
As from her port the first contingents
sent

To Britain's foreign fields of war,
Thus marking an event?

No! Canada throughout her broad do-
main,
In love and homage to the motherland
Proves by her acts—not words alone—her
claim

An honoured member of the State to
stand;
So her brave sons must fight,
And bleed on Africa's gory strand.

Her shores by oceans swept, her inland
seas,
Shall yet behold the empre we shall
build,
Her valleys, hills and prairies, these, all
these,

By victories in peace shall yet be filled,
And by industrious millions of our race
Shall yet be filled.

—Montreal Witness.

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER V.

TIM HEARS OF A WONDERFUL FRIEND.

One cold, wet Sunday afternoon in January, Tim stood shivering in the shelter of a wide doorway, wondering where he could go and what he could do to pass away a few hours.

He had been in Sunderland about a month, and during that time had lived, he himself hardly knew how. The three-pence bestowed upon him by the kind old watchman had been invested in newspapers, and the profits were small and the competition keen.

Many days he had been able to earn only enough to pay for his night's lodging, and sometimes not even that. When he awoke in the morning with hunger, he was almost tempted to spend his precious shilling, which still hung by the red string round his neck. He took it from its hiding-place and looked at it long and earnestly, with stern resolution put it back saying, "I promised the little chap as I'd never part with it, and I'll keep my word."

He was a great deal at the docks, and often made inquiries as to whether a steamer was called the Argus ever came to Sunderland. Upon this point he could get no definite information; some of the sailors laughed and others swore at him, but nobody told him what he wanted to know.

Tim, however, lived in hope that some day he would meet again his kind friend John Wilson.

Upon this particular Sunday afternoon the fog felt very thick and murky.

Until evening he dared not venture to the lodging-house, where he paid two-pence each night for the use of a battered rug and a place on the hard, bare boards of a big room. The landlady had told him plainly that she could not be bothered "with brats idling there during the day," and so the doubtful pleasure of sitting in that big, warm room, filled with dried fish and the landlady's more dreadful talk that went on between the tramps and vagabonds there assembled, was denied to Tim. Well for the lad that it was so, otherwise he might have been utterly ruined.

Faster and faster fell the rain on that Sunday afternoon, and just as a big clock in the neighbourhood struck two, a little girl, under the shelter of a large apple umbrella, hurried past the doorway where Tim stood.

She was a quaint, old-fashioned-looking child, very neat and tidy, though evidently poor, judging from the carefully patched frock and shabby tucks. She glanced at Tim with an earnest, inquiring gaze, whereupon the lad put his tongue into his cheek and winked at her.

This seemed to disconcert the little maiden; she turned her head aside and looked on quickly and averted.

Tim stood idly, gazing after the big umbrella, as it bobbed up and down, and presently saw it come to a dead stop half-

way along the street. The little figure beneath it stood for a moment undecided, then came tripping back again to where he stood.

He did not wink this time, but looked straight into her face as she asked breathlessly, "Little boy, will you come with me to Sunday-school?"

"No, little girl, not if I know it," he answered promptly, mimicking her tone and words.

"I wish you would," said the child, in a very disappointed tone; "teacher promised to give a little book to every one who brought a new scholar to-day, and I thought I might just as soon be in school as out of doors in the wet."

Tim hesitated, feeling strongly the force of this argument.

"What'll they make me learn 'r be demanded?" and will that the Board of Man be there? 'cause I've dodged him no end of times, and he shant spot me now."

"No, no," cried the little girl eagerly, "he never comes to Sunday-school. You'll just have to stand outside and listen to a man praying, and teacher will tell you a story out of the Bible 'bout Joseph, as had a little coat made of every colour that can think of, or 'bout Abram, as tied his rope up to a post, and was going to kill him with a knife, only an angel come and stopped him. She tells us some splendid stories, teacher does."

"What'll it be?" Dutch to Tim, who knew nothing whatever of Bible stories, or of the Bible itself. But the prospect of a warm, comfortable shelter from the very rain was very inviting, and there was no more else he could give.

The little girl was watching him anxiously, and, as she saw signs of yielding, renewed her persuasions.

Consequently, at a quarter past two, she dragged him into the mission school, and first placing her big umbrella in a safe corner, conducted Tim to a pleasant-faced young lady, who was presiding over a very large class of boys and girls.

"Please, teacher, I've brought a new scholar, so can I have one of the books you said?"

"Certainly, my dear," answered the lady, "but first let me speak to my little new scholar. What is your name? and where do you live?"

She took Tim's dirty pavy in her soft, white hand, and looked into his face, with a kind, motherly interest, nodding and grinning and pointing his fingers at him, taking care, however, that their teacher did not see.

The temptation to show them that he was not so green as they imagined was too much for him. After an unsil- sive wink, directed to the class generally, he answered in a sing-song voice:

"Timberly Blake it is me name,
England it is me nashun—"

But here he was stopped by a look of reproach in the lady's eyes, and a very emphatic "No, no, no dear; but you say to answer me first." But you shall tell me all 'bout yourself after school, there is not time now."

"Tim, feeling rather ashamed of himself, was promptly pulled into a seat by the little girl who had introduced him to the school.

"You're a real bad boy, and I wish I'd never brought you," she said, in an angry tone; but nevertheless she opened a hymn-book, found the place, and shared it with him.

A gentleman from the reading desk gave out the words, and the children sang their right good words.

Tim never could read very well, but his small neighbour could, and as she sang in a shrill staccato voice almost into his ear, he heard every word of the hymn.

She hymn ended; the whole school knelt down, and the solemn school prayer; unfortunately he did not understand the art of talking to children and used a great many long words, and I am afraid very few of the boys and girls ever heard him.

Tim did not; although he knelt perfectly still and played no tricks, he did not hear one sentence of the prayer. His whole mind was occupied by the words of the hymn. "I wish I had a home for little children—a rest for little children—a home for little children."

He needed those three things very badly; could it be possible they were offered to a ragged, dirty boy like himself?

No, there must be some mistake, because it said, "Above the bright blue sky," and Tim knew that the longest day was over.

A friend, and a rest, and a home, so far, far away, in a place so impossible to reach, would be a use at all. He wanted them here, and now, in Sunder- land.

Very grave and perplexed was the boy when at last—the opening services con- cluded—the children gathered into class- es for the lesson. "He felt inclined to slip

quietly away, he said to himself, "he was sick of that there rubbish as meant nothing at all," and if it had not been such a wet, miserable day out of doors would have made his escape at once.

But when the lady, his teacher, said, "Now, boys and girls, I want to talk to you this afternoon about Jesus, the Friend of children, who loves you all so dearly," Tim's face brightened, and he listened with unflagging attention.

In the simplest of simple words the lady told the old, old story of the Saviour's wondrous love, of his life upon earth, of his sufferings and death, and of the beautiful home in heaven where he has gone to prepare for all who truly love him. She told them how dearly he loves all little children, and how he watches over and cares for them, and is their Father, their mother and more loving than even the kindest father or mother could possibly be. And then she pointed out to them, that if they would be his children they must love him and keep his commandments. And if they would be or steal, or do anything they would be ashamed he should see. And if they wanted help or guidance they must pray for it, and praying meant simply that they must love him more, and then they would ask a kind mother or father to give them some useful thing.

Tim did not quite understand all that the lady said, and he would not ask her to teach him, but he understood enough to know, that far away in heaven, above the bright blue sky—and yet at the same time very near by—was a wonderful Friend called Jesus, who would love him more than even a friend. Tim's father, Johnnie, a friend who was not too proud to call a ragged, dirty, miserable little boy his child.

It was a wonderful news to him, and during the singing of his loving hymn and the prayer that followed he was very quiet and thoughtful, pondering what he had heard.

His mission school was dismissed, Tim seized his tattered cap and hurried away, eager to escape the noisy crowd.

His teacher was disappointed to find he had gone. She was greatly interested in the little boy, and she longed to know something of his history.

"Praps he'll come agen next Sunday," observed the small, quaint child who had brought him. "Don't you worry about it, teacher, I'll keep good look out, and I'm 'most sure to find him somewhere."

That night, when Tim lay down on his wretched bed in the crowded lodging-house, his last waking thought was of the wonderful Friend who loved and cared for him.

(To be continued.)

HIS FIRST MONEY.

By CHARLES H. DORRIS.

Billy Barlow went home with "a bee in his bonnet" this time, which he was saying to him, "Billy, boy, you ought to start out gathering honey after such a sermon as you heard this morning."

Dr. Gordon's words had fallen into the last one who had spoken to him, and he thought into one honest little heart; for the very next day, after school, Billy rang the bell of their nearest neighbour's house.

The lady of the house, who had seen Billy coming up the steps, opened the door herself.

"Why, how do you do, Billy?" she said.

"I'm a pretty well, thank you," answered Billy. "Mind, Mrs. Jones, Jeffers," he continued eagerly, "have you any work for me to do?"

"Work? For you?" questioned the astonished Mrs. Jeffers. "Has your father failed?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Jeffers?"

"Then why do you want to earn money? Do not your people give you all you ought to have?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jeffers. But—but—"

"But what, Billy? Come in and tell me. Fardon me for not inviting you in before."

"Yesterday," faltered Billy, with red cheeks and downcast eyes, "Dr. Gordon talked missionary to us. And—i want to earn some money for that cause. I've got money, but it's none that I earned."

"Oh, I see," replied Mrs. Jeffers. "I see. You'd you are doing just right. Come out in the kitchen, and we will see what Bridget has to offer. Bridget," she asked, when he had entered the good-natured cook's domain, "have you any work for Billy to do?"

"Nothin'," laughed Bridget, who was one of Billy's best friends. "Unless he be atter scroobin' me floor, an' Ol' var' rag- a-goin' to do that meself."

"Would you do that, Billy?" asked Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes, ma'am, I think so. I played some- times at scrubbing floor for our Nora."

"Well, Billy, I will give you fifty cents

to scrub the kitchen floor, and mind you make a good job of it," laughed Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes'm," answered Billy, "and I thank you, Mrs. Jeffers." And in a few minutes the telephone in Billy's home rang, and Mrs. Jeffers called over the wire: "O Mrs. Barlow, come over right away. I've got 'somebody in my kitchen doing something, to show you.' And in a little while the astonished Mrs. Barlow was peeping through the door of Mrs. Jeffers' kitchen.

"Now come into the parlour while I tell you about it," whispered Mrs. Jeffers. "Do you know," she continued, when they were comfortably seated side by side, "that never have I had such a missionary sermon preached to me as the one I just received from dear little Billy. I had thought that we were doing nobly by that cause. But now I feel ashamed of myself."

A half-hour later, while the ladies were still talking, the little floor-scrubber again came.

"Why—why, mamma, how did you get here?"

Mrs. Barlow, advancing to meet him, received the blushing, faltering lad with open arms.

"My precious little missionary boy! Your first work, and the first money you have ever earned are for the Master. God bless you, Billy!"

HUMBLE ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.

Jeremy Taylor, the greatest preacher the Anglican Church ever produced, and the author of "Holy Living and Dying," was the son of a barber. He was born in 1613 and died in 1667.

Francis Asbury, the great leader of the pioneer work of American Methodism, was the son of a gardener, and himself served the apprenticeship of a saddler.

Kilto, the great biblical scholar, was the son of a bricklayer. From this humble origin of American Methodism, the foundations of biblical learning and scholarship.

George Fox was the son of a shoemaker. Out from this position he went with his feet shod with the preparation of the good soil to do.

Haydn, who afterward became the great composer, was the son of a carpenter.

John Bunyan, the author of the world's great allegory, was poverty's gift to the church.

Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, came from an Alpine shepherd's home.

Luther was the son of a poor miner, and at one time made his bread by sing- ing in a choir to do.

Claudius Buchanan, whose "Star in the East" led Judson to Burmah, was a poor boy picked up by John Newton and recom- mended to a rich man as worthy of an education.

Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, was the child of artisans and was himself an artisan during his youth.

Jacob Boehme, the great German philo- sopher, was the son of poor parents, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker at an early age.

Shakespeare sprang from humble origin his father being a butcher and grazier. Shakespeare himself was in early life a wool-comber.

Marlowe, the predecessor of Shake- speare, was the son of a Canterbury shoe- maker.

Daniel De Foe, the English novelist, and author of "Robinson Crusoe," was the son of a butcher.

Goldsmith entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar.

Richard Burns was a poor ploughboy, in early life.

John Keats, the moving principle of whose poetry was the worship of beauty, was the son of a London hostler.

Thomas Carlyle was the son of a third-rate herring-baroness.

Charles Dickens was the son of a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, and from his early struggles and privations he ob- tained the knowledge upon which he so largely drew in his descriptions of the poor and outcast.

"He—I hear you attend the Handel and Haydn performances. Were you present at the 'Saveratons' (indignantly)?" "I suppose you will next want to know if I sailed in Noah's Ark."

Small Johnny had on his best clothes one Sunday, and his mamma told him not to play in the dirt with them.

"Don't they have any dirt in heaven?" he asked.

"No, of course not," replied the mother.

"Then what do little boys do up there?" queried Johnny.

"Oh, I play harps and sing under the beautiful moon and stars."

"Then I don't see," said the little fel- low, "how they can have trees if there isn't no dirt."



AFRICAN HELMET.

Our illustration is a correct representation of a very curious helmet or head-dress which a recent traveller in Africa discovered. It appears to be worn only at the interment of the natives of a certain district, for this traveller tells us that among the men who assisted at the interment of the people of Katon, a village of about eight or nine hundred inhabitants, was a young man wearing this curious head-dress. It was a wooden helmet constructed out of one piece of wood, and blackened by fire. In the front, in a kind of niche, is a representation of a man sculptured in relief, and at each side of the niche is a great horn, on which has been painted great black and white squares, while the top of the helmet is surmounted by a rude sculpture representing a horseman.

The wearer of this odd-looking helmet usually heads the funeral procession and is immediately followed by the women of the village, who sing the virtues of the deceased and carry in the right hands the tail of a cow, which they hold a little above their heads. The body wrapped in a mat, is borne on the heads of two strong men, and is followed only by the parents of the deceased and the gravedigger. As soon as the body has been taken out of the village, the fete, which began at the time of the news of the death of the inhabitant had been duly communicated to the village by the head of the bereaved family, recommences and continues till the following morning, when a second visit from the head of the family terminates it. Evil-doers and strangers, however, are buried without this ceremony.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.
STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON II.—APRIL 3.

PRECEPTS AND PROMISES.

Matt 7. 1-14. Memory verses, 7, 8, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matt. 7. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Concerning Severe Judgment, v. 1-5.
2. Concerning Lax Judgment, v. 6.
3. Concerning Prayer, v. 7-11.
4. The Golden Rule, v. 12.
5. The Broad Way and the Narrow Way, v. 13, 14.

Time.—Probably the early summer of A.D. 28.

Place.—A mountain in Galilee, probably the Horns of Hattin.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "Judge not"—In a severe and unkind spirit. "Be not judged"—Not only by others, but by God, who takes account of our hearts toward men.
2. "Nate"—Or measure to others.
3. "The mote"—Something very small. "The beam"—Or "splinter;" something much greater.
5. "Hypocrite"—A pretender. "Cast out the beam"—Take away your own evils before you judge severely those of others.
6. "Holy"—That which is pure and high. "Unto the dogs"—In the East the dogs are vile, homeless, ownerless, and despised, hence taken as a symbol of the wicked and worthless. "Pearls before swine"—Truth given to those who would not understand, but would despise it. "Send you"—Oppose and persecute those who try to do them good.
8. "Every one"—Who asks for the right things in the right way.

9. "Bread . . . stone"—No father would so deceive and wrong his child.
11. "Being evil"—Even the best of men are in comparison with God.
12. "Whatsoever"—That is, what you should justly receive, that give.
13. "Strait"—Not straight, direct, but narrow, close.
14. "Few there be that find it"—Because few seek it.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Precepts and promises Matt 7 1-14
 Tu. Known by fruits.—Matt. 7. 15-29.
 W. Judge not!—James 4 5-12
 Th. Seeking with the heart—Jer 29 8-14
 F. True love—Luke 6 27-36
 S. The mote and the beam—Luke 6 37-45
 Su. The strait gate—Luke 13 22-30

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Concerning Severe Judgment, v. 1-5.
 What fear should keep us from judging others?
 By what standard will we be judged?
 What should caution us against dwelling on small faults in others?
 What often hinders us from helping others to get rid of faults?
 What is our first duty in such a case?
2. Concerning Lax Judgment, v. 6.
 To what use are we forbidden to put that which is holy?
 What warning is given against misuse of pearls?
 What reason is assigned for the warning?
3. Concerning Prayer, v. 7-11.
 What command with regard to prayer is given?
 What promise encourages obedience?



VENETIAN GIRL.

What illustration from a father's love? Beyond whose love doth that of our Father go?

What will he give to such as ask? What "good things" has he promised? Luke 11. 13.

4. The Golden Rule, v. 12.
 What rule of conduct toward our brother does Jesus give?

Where is this teaching earliest found? In what one word is the law fulfilled? Gal. 5. 14.

5. The Broad Way and the Narrow Way, v. 13, 14.

What is the meaning of "strait"? Do the narrowness and strain come at the beginning of the road to heaven or at the end?

There is only one way to live healthfully, how many ways are there to be ill?

There is only one way to nourish a large intellectual life, how many ways are there to ruin one's mind?

There is only one entrance, and that is narrow, to holiness, how many thousands of entrances are there to ruin?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
 1. That we should be charitable toward others' faults?
 2. That we should be earnest in our prayers?

CHILDREN DISCOVERERS.

As in many other cases of discovery, that of the telescope appears to have been the result of a playful accident. Several stories are told about it, but they are all similar.

The one most generally accepted tells how about the year 1590, over three hundred years ago, the children of Zachariah Jansen, a spectacle maker residing in Middleburg, Holland, were playing one day in their father's workshop, and observed that when they held between their fingers two spectacle glasses, one some distance before the other, and looked through them at the weathercock of the church, it seemed inverted, but very much nearer to them, and greatly increased in size. Their father, when his attention was called, saw that one of the glasses was convex and the other concave. He made experiments, and ended by fixing such glasses in wooden tubes a few inches long, and selling them for curiosities.

Another account tells how one Lipperschelm discovered the telescope in a similar manner. Descartes, however, a contemporary, gives the credit to James Metius, a glass cutter in Holland, whose brother, a professor in mathematics and a maker of burning glasses and mirrors, hit upon the discovery in the same way that Jansen's children are said to have done.

mlte. By the way, what's that you're putting in your mouth, Rob?"

"Oh, nothing; just some root that Tom Scott gave me."

"Let me see. Why, that piece of root is a drug which no one but a doctor ought to prescribe! See here, young man, there is another door which needs guarding as well as that of the arsenal. There's a great deal more danger in stuffing all sorts of things into your stomach, whence they will go into your blood and brain and muscle. What else have you in your pockets? Why, here are some coffee berries, a package of chewing gum, and a bit of alum! You can't put a guard at the door of that chemical laboratory inside you too soon. It's a great deal more dangerous to be mixing all sorts of things together there than in a powder magazine. Halt everything that wants to go in, and keep it out unless you are absolutely sure it will make you a stronger, purer boy."

DRINK HAS CAUSED ALL THIS.

"Drink has caused all this." These were the dying words of the wife of a New York policeman, who in a drunken rage shot and killed his wife, his two children, his mother and himself. A whole family was exterminated by the murderous hand of the father who should have protected it, and "drink caused all this." Just such terrible things are being caused by drink every day. Every year a thousand millions of dollars are consumed, thousands of homes are blighted, multitudes of children go ragged and hungry, numberless accidents, fires, drownings, brawls, riots, suicides, and murders occur, and thousands have their rotten bodies buried in drunkards' graves, and "drink has caused all this." Imagination cannot pile up all the horrors of this curse. In the day of judgment there will be an awful record of sin and crime, against which may be written the verdict, "Drink has caused all this."

The Russian general, Gourko, who is about to start for Pretoria, made the following statement: "I have been offered the command of a Boer army corps. In my own mind I am absolutely confident of the success of the Boers. You may take my word for it that thousands of Russians are now fighting under General Joubert."—Despots will help despots.

Rev. J. Jackson Wray's

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