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Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1896.

The Years Pass On.

'When I'm a woman you'll see what I'll

I'll be great and good and noble and

I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor-No one shall ever be turned from my door:

But I'm only a little girl now." And so the years passed on.

When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said, i'll try to do .ight and not be afraid; I'll be a Christian and give up the joys of the world, with all its dazzling toys; But I'm only a young girl now."

And so the years passed on.

Ah me!" said a woman gray with years. Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears,

"I've been putting off the time to be good

Instead of beginning to do as I should; And I'm an cid voman now."

And so the years passed on.

Now is the time to begin to do right; To-day, whether skies be dark or To-day, wh

Make others happy by good deeds of love

Looking to Jesus for help from above; And then you'll be happy now And as the years pass on.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER IL

Nothing was said for a little while. The doves as before cooed of peace, and Phineas began a steady tap-tap with his

A pleasant-faced woman came out of A pleasant-faced woman came out of door with a water-jar on her head, and passed down the path to the public rell. She gave Joel a friendly greeting in passing.

Wait, mother !" lisped Ruth, as she ran after her. The woman turned to smile at the little one, and held out her hand. Her dress, of some soft, cotton material, hung in long flowing folds. It was ε rich blue colour, caught at the waist with a white girdle. The turban would around her dark hair was white aiso, and so was the veil she pushed aside far enough to show a glimpse of brown eyes and red cheeks. She wore a broad silver bracelet on the bare arm which was raised to hold the water-jar, and the rings in her ears and talismans on her

neck were of quaintly wrought silver.
"I did not know it was so late," said
Joel, rising to his feet. "Time passes
so last here."

Nay, do not go," said Phineas. is a long walk back to your home, as the sun is very hot. Stay and cat dinner with us."

Joel hesitated; but the invitation was repeated so cordially, that he let Josse

repeated so cordially, that he let Josse pull him down on the grass again.

"Now I'll tickle your lips with this blade of grass." said the child. "See how long you can keep from laughing."

When Abigail came back with the water, both the boys were laughing as heartly as if there had never been an ache or pain in the world. She smiled at the manufacture in the manufacture of the same in the lad the manufacture in the same with the lad the manufacture of the lad the them approvingly, as she led the way into the house.

Joel looked around with much curt-It was like most of the other of its hind in the town. There

was only one large square room, in which the family cooked, ate, and slept; but on every side it showed that Phineas had left traces of his skilful hands.

There was a tiny window cut in one wall; most of the houses of this description had none, but depended on the door-

tion had none, but depended on the door-way for light and air. Several shelves around the walls held the lamp and the sound the wans held the faith and the earthenware dishes. The chest made to hold the rugs and cushions which they spread down at night to sleep on, was unusually large and ornamental. A broom, a handmill, and a bushel stood in one corner.

Near the door, a table which Phineas had made stood spread for the mid-day

There was broiled fish on one of the

manhood in Jerusalem, and, unlike the simple Galileans among whom he now lived, tried to observe its most detailed rules.

The child heard them discussed con-tinually, till he felt he could neither eat, drink, nor dress, except by these set rules. He could not play like other chil-dren, and being so much with older peo-ple had made him thoughtful and ob-

He had learned to read very early; and hour after hour he spent in the house of Rubbi Amos, the most learned man of the town, poring over his rolls of scriptures. Think of a childhood without a picture, or a story-book! All that there was to read were these old records of learned bettern. Jewish history.

fear of breaking one of the many rules. even in as imple a duty as washing a cup.

So he watched his host closely till the meal was over, fluding that in the observance of many customs he failed to

servance of many customs he failed to measure up to his uncle's strict standard. Phineas went back to his work after dinner. He was greatly interested in Joel, and, while he sawed and hammered, kept a watchful eye on him. He was surprised at the boy's knowledge. More than once he caught himself standing with an idle tool in hand, as he listened to some story that Joel was telling to Jesse. Jesse

After a while he laid down his work and leaned against the bench. "What do you find to do all day, my lad?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nothing," answered Joel, "after I have recited my lessons to Rabbi Amos," Does your nunt never give you any

"Does your nunt never give you any tasks to do at home ?"
"No. I thin! she does not like to have me in her sight any more than she is obliged to. She is always kind to me, but she doesn't love me. She only pities me. I hate to be pitled. There is not a single one in the world who really loves me."

His lips quivered, but he winked back the tears. Phinens seemed lost in thought a few minutes, then he looked up. "You are a Levite," he said slowly, "so of course you could always be supported without needing to learn a trade, Still you would be a great deal happier, in my opinion, if you had something to keep you busy. If you like, I will teach you to be a carpenter. There are a great many things you might learn to make well, and by-and-bye it would be a source of profit to you. There is no bread so bitter as the bread of dependence, as you may learn when you are His lips quivered, but he winked back ence, as you may learn when you are

"Oh. Rabbi Phineas " cried Joel. "Do you mean that I may come here every day? It is too good to be true!"
"Yes; if you will promise to stick to it until you have mastered the trade. If

you are as quick to learn with your hands as you have been with your head, I shall have reason to be proud of such a pupil."

Joel's face flushed with pleasure, and he sprang up quickly, saying, "May I begin right now? Oh, I'll try so hard to please you!"

Phineas laid a soft pine board on the bench, and began to mark a line across it with a piece of red chalk.

with a piece of red chalk.

"Well, you may see how straight a cut you can make through this plank."

He picked up a saw, and ran his fingers lightly along its sharp teeth. But he paused in the act of handing it to Joel, to ask, "You are sure, now, that your uncle and aunt will consent to such an arrangement?"

"Yes, indeed!" was the emphatic answer. They will be glad enough to have me out of the way, and learning rome-

The saw cut slowly through the wood:

The saw cut slowly through the wood: for the weak little hand was a careful one, and the bo, was determined not to swerve once from the line. He smiled with satisfaction as the pieces fell apart, showing a clean, straight edge.

"Well done!" said Phineas, kindly. "Now let me see you drive a nail." Made bold by his first success, Joel pounded away vigorously, but the hammer slipped more than once, and his unpractised fingers ached with the blows that he had aimed at the nail's head,

"You'll soon learn," said Phineas, with an encouraging pat on the boy's shoulder "Gather up those odds and ends under the beach. When you've away them is



A CARPENTER SHOP, NAZARETH.

platters, beans and barley b ead, a dish of honey, and a pitcher c. milk. The fare was just the same that Joel was acconstomed to in his uncle's house; but something made the simple meal seem like a banquet. It may have been that the long walk had made him hungrier than urual, or it may have been because he was treated as the honoured guest, in-stead of a child tolerated through charity. He watched his host carefully, as he poured the water over his hands before eating, and asked a blessing on the food.

"He does not keep the law as strictly as my Uncle Laban," was his inward comment. "He asked only one blessing, and Uncle Laban blesses every kind of food separately. But he must be a good man, even if he is not so strict a Pharisee as my uncle, for he is kinder than any-one I ever knew before." It was wonderful how much Joel had

in his eleven short years, of the lis anni's husband had grown to

The old man had taken a fancy to him. finding him an appreciative listener and an apt pupil. So Joel was allowed to come whenever he pleased, and take out the yellow rolls of parchment from their velvet covers.

He was never perfectly happy except at these times, when he was reading these old histories of his country's greatness. How he enjoyed chasing the armies of the Philistines, and fighting over again the battles of Israel's kings! Many a tale he stored away in his busy brain to be repeated to the children gathered around the public fountain in the cool of the evening.

It mattered not what character he told

them of,—priest or prophet, judge or king,—the picture was painted in life-like colours by this patriotic little heroorshipper.

Here and at home he heard so many discussions about what was lawful and s not, that he was one

to equal learths. (Il show you how to make a box.

Joel bent over his work with almost painful intensity. He furly held his breath, as he made the measurement of the dependent of the second of the seco ed on the strength of his half Phinens "Be careful my lad" he gold "You

will soon wear out at that rate "
It seemed to Just that there never had been such a short aft riner. He had stopped to rest several times when Phinese had fast to the front that the new work had all the fix tastion of an interesting gains. The frees throw giant shadows across the cross when he findly laid his tools aside. His back ached with so much unusual exercise, and he Was very tired

"Rabbi Phinens," he asked gently, after a long pauce, "what makes you so good to me? What makes you so de brent from other people? While I am with you, I feel like I want to be good. "Hier people seem to rub me the wrong way, and make me googs such batter; then and make me cross and hateful; then I feel like I'd rather he wicked then not. Why this afternoon. I've scarcely thought of Rehum at all. I forgot at times that I am lame. When you talk to me, I feel like I did that day Dan took me out on the lake. It seemed a different kind of a all blue sky and smooth water. felt if I could stay out there all the time, where it was so quiet and confort-ing, that I could not even hale Rebum as much as I do."

A surprised, pleased look passed over the man's face. "Do I really make you feel that way, little one? Then I am indeed what. One when I was a young boy living in Nazareth, I had a maymat influence over me and all the boys he placed with. I never could be selfish and impatient when he was with me. His very presence religied such thoughts,—when we were children playing together, like my own two little ones there, and when we were older grown, working at the same bench. It has been many a long year since I left Nazareth, but I think of him daily. Even now, after our long separation, the thought of his blameless life inspires me to a higher living. Yee" he went on higher living he went on musingly, more to himself than the hoy, "it was like music. Surely no white-robed priest in the holy temple ever offered up more acceptable praise than the perfect harmony of his daily life

Joel's lips trembled "If I had ever had one real friend to care for me-not just pity me, you know maybe I would have been different. But I have never had a single one since my father died."

Phineas smiled and held out his hand "You have one now, my lad, never forget that.

The strong brown hand closed in a warm grasp, and Joel drew it, with a crateful frundae to his lips. Ruth came up with wondering eyes. She could not understand what had presed but Joel's eyes were full of tears, and she vaguely felt that he needed comfort. She had a pet piecon in her arms, that she carried everywhere with her.

"Here," she lisped holding out the snowy winged bird. "Boy, take it! Boy, keep it!"

Joel look up inquiringly at Phineas "Take it." he said, in a low tone. "Let it be the omen of a happier life commencing for you."

"I never had a pet of any kind before." said Joel, in delight smoothing the white wings folded contentedly against his breast. "But she leves it so I displie to take it from her. How beautiful it is !

little Ruth is a born comforter." said Phinens, tossing her up in his arms, "Shall Joet take the pigeon home with him little daughter?"

"Yes" she answered nodding her head. "Boy cried."

103 eried." "I'll name i' il title Friend," said Joel, ing with it in his arms sifil take it rising with it in his arms. "I'll take it home with me, and keep it until after the Subbath, to make me feel sure that this day has not been just a dream, but I will bring it back next time I come. I can see it here every day and it will be happier here. Oh Rabbi Phinere, I can er thank you enough for this day?"

It was a pitiful little figure that limped away homeward in the fading light, with the white mirees in his arr

Looking anxiously up in the sky, Joel w one star come twinkling out. The saw one star come twinkling out. The Sabbath would some beein, and then he must not be found carrying even so much as this one poor little pigeon. The slightest burden would be unlawful.

As he hurtled on, the loud blust of a cumpet, blown from the roof of the trumpet, blown Frampet, blown from the roof of the synagogue, signalled the labourers in the field to stop all work. He knew that very soon it would sound again, to call the town people from their tasks; and at the third blast, the Sabbath lamp would be lighted in every home

Fearful of his uncle's displeasure at his taidings he hurried painfully onward. to provide food and a resting-place for his "little friend" before the second sounding of the trumpet.

(To be continued.)

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1890.

THE MURDERER TREE OF BRAZIL.

There is a species of tree growing in Brazil which has the unhappy name of the Murderer Tree. It spreads its creepers along the ground till it comes to some giant of the forest, then the creepers twine around the trunk till they reach the top of the tree. When the reach the top of the tree. When the creepers blossom, the seeds fall into the ground and produce other creepers, and soon the great trunk is covered with the branches of the creepers, and in time the tree gives way to the enemy and becomes nothing but a dead trunk

How like the murderer tree is the habit of drinking intoxicating drinks! Who could suppose that a few single creepers could suppose that a few single creepers would have the power to kill a giant tree? Who could foretell that in the future these creepers would increase so greatly that they would have the power to do so great a horm?

The single place of these at these the

The single glass of beer at dinner, the apparently innocent glass of wine at the party, who could imagine that these would bring about ruin to the body and soul of a human being?

And yet it is a solemn fact that must be borne in mind, that all drunkenness has its origin in the first drinking of a glass of alcoholic liquers, and that the taste thus created grows and grows till the drinker is unable to master the habit.

A story is told of a father who was in the habit of taking every night a class of whiskey and water. Sometimes he took a piece of su, - on of the liquer and a piece of sure our of the liquer and gave it to his little son with the words: Here, Jack, have a bit of sugar, boy The boy took it willingly, and though at first the taste of the whiskey was unpleasant, he com overcame this and began to like its flavour, till at last the father was persuaded by the boy to give him a sip out of the glass. One evening a clear of the boy was canding by when the father offered her a piece of augur from his glass Fortunately at this mostop; whatever you give it to the girl; the shall not learn the taste of intoxicuting drinks."

Many years had passed away, and the father had grown old and bent, when he was called upon to perform a most un-pleasant duty.

He had to visit his son in prison. How changed was the once bright, happy boy; his face haggard, his eyes sunken, dressed in the meagre dress of the convict, he was led out to see his father. He did not welcome him, but looked at him angrily "Ah," he said, "you see me in my shame and punishment: you think me a bad son, but remember it was your fault that am thus placed. The sips out of your glass led me to love drink, and that love has been the cause of my crime; I am here been use I was taught by you to become a drunkard." The father felt the truth of what the son said; it was an arrow that pierced his heart; he hung his head in serrow; he had no reply. Surely, we should take warning and shun the he-ginning of evil.

DEADLY WEAPONS

Hundreds and thousands of our young men carry weapons of death—pistols and sword canes. Many of our young men think it ineffably smart to throw back the lappel of the coat, as by accident, until you see the glitter of the death weapon, or turn down the head of the cane so that you can discover the keen edge underneath the knob of the cane. If a man is going out among Bedouin savages, or is to be on police duty in some low ward of the city, let him have club, knife, derringer, but you have no right with firearms, or other weapons of death, to be moving amid the neareful society of our Eastern cities. Beside that, it is a mark of a contemptible coward. What a chicken liver, instead of a heart yo must have, that you have to be aimed in order to walk through our praceful streets. There is a certain kind of man who ought never to have a pistol in his pocket, or under his pillow, or anywhere in the house from garret to cellar and that is the young man or the old man who has a violent temper. To say nothing of a revolver, it seems to me it is dangerous for you to have so much as a percussion cap or a ramond! You carry a pistol, when suddenly, in a moment of insane fury, you may do something that you will be sorry for through time and through eternity. With such a tempor as you have, to carry a weapon of death is as unwise as to put gunpowder and lucifer matches in the same vest pocket. The ordinary clitical in the next one hundred years, will need no firearms. Ten lives are lost every year through the accidental discharce of firearms where there is one life saved by heis dangerous for you to have so much as arms where there is one life saved by being armed. Away with your pistols and aums and sword-canes! If you are afraid to so down the street without them, ask your grandmother to go with you! She your grandmomer to go win ton; our will conquer all your assailants with scissors and knitting needles. This complete pupovism that cannot live in our Eastern cities without being armed with deadly weapons ought to be spanked and sent to hed before sundown! It is an awful thing to take human life. nothing about you that in a moment of altereation, may become, under the impulse of sudden temper, set on fire of the levil, the means of appalling crime.-Talmage.

THE DOCTOR'S REPLY.

Dr. Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story: Lady Betty Cunningham, having had

some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collecting plate merely gave a stately how. This having occurred several Sundays in succession. occurred several Sundays in succession, the elder in charge of the plate at last lost patience, and blurted out: "We cud dae wi' less o' yer manners, and mair o' yer siller, ma leddy."

Dining on one occasion at the house of a nobleman, he happened to reneat the anecdote, whereupon the host, in a not over well pleased tone, mid:

"Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, th Lady Betty is a relative of mine

"I was not aware, my lord," replied a doctor; "bir, with your permission shall mention the fact the next time tell the story."

The Wav of Luck.

It was certainly strange, and Pamel MacQuilla

Found her life interspersed with a grea

many ills.

Her needles, whenever she wanted to sex Had a queer way of straying-O wher did they go?

In vain she would search carpet, table and bed. searching lost seissors and thim ble and thread.

When knitting she dropped almost half of her stitches

(in olden times folks might have blamed it on witches):

Her buttons fell off, and her clothes worked awry

And stray motes of dust found their way to her eye;
And not the least one of her many dis-

treases

Was the way it would rain when she wore her best dresses.

When she knew all her lessons, save only some alv

Little fine-printed note that seemed pointless and dry,

The teacher would turn to that note, and our lass
Would be asked to recite it before the

whole class.

It was all very strange, and 'twas some-

times provoking Was it fortune or luck or fate's cruel

joking? But at last, after years of mishaps and unrest,

This mriden resolved to do always her

And never trust anything, little or great. That she should do herself, to tricky old

And now I've just heard that with genuine fervour,
Pamela finds luck always waiting to

serve her.

-Wide Awake.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC. MAY 17, 1896.

The heavens which God made.-Pasim

This is a sublime psalm, and we could wish that every member of both Senior and Junior Leagues would commit it to memory. The heavens are the most memory. The heavens are the most beautiful part of God's creative work and consist of the watery, aerial, and solar heavens; the latter especially reveal to us the glories of day and the splendours of night.

EVIDENCE OF CREATIVE POWER.

Can man gaze upon the starry heavens, can he contemplate all the wonders which they contain, and then dare to say that there is no evidence that they are the productions of a Being superior to man? The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his

THEIR USE.

Verse 2. What do all these teach us? They speak to us in clear, unmistakable language that they are the handiwork of the Maker, the sun, moon, and stars are

Forever singing as they shine The hand that made us is divine."

THE UNIVERSALITY.

The works of God are not merely what we can see with our eyes, and Jehovah is not to be known merely by such mar-vellous works as we can behold in our own immediate locality. In all lands, in every part of the boundless universe, there are manifestations of his wisdom and goodness, which leave the sons of men without excuse, if they refuse to acknowledge him as their Creator.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

He spake and it was done, He commanded and it stood fast. Who can con-Who can contemplate als power? He is truly omni-potent, or all-powerful, and his windom is beyond our comprehension

Office Downs of Omaha-

B) MARY BOSWORTH HENDERSON.

Here's a hero, Offic Downs, Tell of him in all the towns Wheresoe'er our children gather, in their schools or in their play. Soldiers, room! a comrade small Lists to valour's trumpet call;
Hears it with a heart uplifted, leaping,
yearning to obey.

Little lad he is at school, Learning well himself to rule.
There five hundred march together when he beats upon the drum.

Not a child but knows his place, Proud that he can keep the pace,
When child Offie taps his signals, and from every room they come.

Months of school have passed away; Now has dawned his trial day.
Fearfully the cry of "Fire!" is ringing through the startled place.
Frightened children element loud, Frightened children clamour loud,
Struggling, trampling, roughly crowd.
While each teacher beckons helpless with a pale, despairing face.

Cominant o'er all the din Hark! familiar sounds begin,
Office beating loud and louder, but with rhythm true and strong. Children hear and start upright, Firmer habit rules their fright, Finds their places in the line, and leads them orderly along

Does he not in battle stand, ourage making strong his hand? Hundreds to that measure moving, all are marching safely out. Offie breathes with stiffed breath, Nearer creeps the flery death: On his drum they find him fallen, bear him where the people shout.

Oh, they shout and laugh and weep. When he wakes from that death sleep: Wondering looks upon his master's tears. and knows his mother's kiss. Then a city's love and pride, Compass him on every side.
And the blessing of his loved ones brims his cup of perfect bliss.

Here's a hero, Offie Downs, Tell of him in all the towns.
Wheresoe'er our children gather, let them hear the gallant tale.
Honour has a noble roll,
Write his name upon her scroll,
Duty's servants over all the earth bid
Ilttle Offie hall!

SHOW YOUR COLOURS.

BY C. H. MEAD.

I was riding on the train through the eastern section of North Carolina. Nothing can be flatter than that portion experience of some people. The rain was pouring down fast, and, for a person so inclined, not a better day or place for the blues could be found. Looking out of the car windows brought nothing more interesting to view than pine trees, bony mules, and razorback hogs. Groups of man and razorback hogs. men, white and black, rathered at each station to see the train arrive and depart. Each passenger that entered brought and brought in more damp, moisture, and

Two men at last came in and took a I'wo men at last came in and took a seat in front of me. Shortly after, one of them took a bottle from his pocket, pulled the cork, and handed the bottle to his companion. He took a drink, and the smell of liquor filled the car. Then the first took a drink, and back and forth the bottle passed until at last it was empty bottle passed until at last it was empty and they were full. Then one of them commenced swearing, and such blas-phomy I never heard in my life. It made the very air blue—women shrank very air blue-women shrank while the heads of men were uplifted to see where the stream of profanity came from. It went on for some time, until I began talking to myself. I always

did like talking to nivsen.

"Henry, that man belongs to the devil."

"There is no doubt about that." I re-

"He is not ashamed of it."
"Not a bit ashamed."
"Whom do you belong to?" "I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ."

Are you glad or sorry ?'

"I am glad-very glad!" "Who in the car knows that man belongs to the devil?"

Everybody knows that, for he has kept it a secret."

"Who in the car knows you belong to the Lord Jesus?" Why, no one knows it, for you see I

am a stranger around here. "Are you willing that they should know whom you belong to?"
"Yes, I am willing."

"Very well; will you let them know

I thought a moment and then said:

"By the help of my Master I will. Then straigh ening up and taking a good breath, I began singing in a voice that could be heard by all in the car:

"There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from 'mmar 'el's veins; And sinners plunged penead, that flood Lose all their guilty stains."

Before I had finished the verse chorus the passengers had crowded down around me, and the blasphemer had turned around and looked at me with a face resembling a thunder cloud. As I finished the chorus, he said:

"What are you doing?"
"I am singing." I replied.
"Well," said he, "any fool can understand that."

"I am glad you understood it."
"What are you singing?"
"I am singing the religion of the Lord

Well, you quit."

" Quit what

"Ouit singing your religion on the

cars."
"I quess not," I replied. "I don't belong to the Ouit family; my name is Mead. For the last half-hour you have

Mead. For the last half-hour you have been standing by your master; now, for the next half-hour I am going to stand up for my Master."

"Who is my master?"

"The devil is your master—while Christ is mine. I am as proud of my Master as you are of yours. Now, I am going to have my turn if the passengers going to have my turn, if the passengers don't object."

A chorus of voices cried out : "Sing on,

I sung on, and, as the next verse was finished, the blasphemer turned his face away, and I saw nothing of him after that but the back of his head, and that was the handsomest part of him. He left the train soon after, and I'm glad to say I've never seen him since. Song after song followed, and I soon had other voices to help me. When the song service ended, an old man came to me, put out his hand, and said:
"Sir, I owe you thanks and a confession."

"HE CALLED ME MR."

BY ESTELLE MENDELL.

Bill Johnson was the keeper of one of Bill Johnson was the keeper of one of the very lowest rum holes in the city of B—. His stand was on the old canal, and was a terror to all good citizens. The Christian people of the different churches had, time and again, tried to hold services there on Sabbath afternoons—standing on a moored canal-boat—but headed by their leader, "Bummy Bill," as he was called, the rough crowd broke them up, and for some time now broke them up, and for some time now the work had been abandoned, and Bill pronounced hopeless.

One day the young man in charge of One day the young man in charge of the mission department of the Church walked down old Canal Street and was so wrought upon by the terrible things he saw and heard, that he resolved, God helping him, some hing should be done.

Seeing the crowd about Johnson's, he thought he would drop in and talk it over with them.

"Good-morning, Mr. Johnson," said the young man, with a most cordial hand-

young man, with a most cordial hand-shake, "I have come to see if you will

shake, "I have come to see if you will help me to arrange for a meeting here Sabbath afternoon? We will have some good singing, a short talk, and—"
"Say, that's just what I will, mister," interrupted Bill, with a look of pride, "for you're the first man what ever called me mister, and I'll lick anyone as dares to interfere," and he gesticulated by way of emphasis.

The meetings were a success, and "Bummy Bill' became not only Mr. Johnson, but a blessed Christian brother in the Church.

Remember that however low your brother or sister may sink, the spark of divinity is still in the heart somewhere. Let the erring one know that you recognize the divine in them rather than the evil. It will awaken their better natures.

AN ALL-RIGHT SCARE

Young Englishmen visiting the United States have as many absurd and amusing experiences as Americans have when in foreign countries. The story is told of an Eng'ish traveller who had been assured that west of the Missouri River the entire country was infested with bears, some of which were so bold that they came into the towns.

He storned in a Kareas willess. States have as many absurd and amusing

He stopped in a Kansas village, and in the evening started out for a walk. The stores were closed, but the moon was shining brightly. He rambled about the place for a couple of hours, and started down the business street for the hotel. Suddenly he saw before him on the sidewalk a big bear, sitting on its haunches, with open mouth and paws extended, awaiting his coming.

In a moment he was on top of a porch crying for help, but no one heard him, and the bear sat and watched him.

All night long he stayed there, trembling for fear Bruin would climb the post, but comforting himself with the idea that it was too small to be used by a bear.

At daybreak some men came along, and one of them wheeled the bear back to the doorway with the remark: "I wonder doorway with the remark: "I wonder who put that sign in the middle of the walk."

The tourist descended from the porch without detection, and had he not subsequently enjoyed the story so much that he told it himself it would never have been known.-Washington Star.

ACTION OF THE RAIN.

The rain falling on the rocks sinks into every crack and crevice, carrying with it into these fissures surface material which has been degraded by the weather, and thus affording a matrix sufficient to start the growth of vegetation, and afterward to maintain the plants. The fibres and roots of these plants, bushes, and trees thus brought into life, growing and expanding, act as wedges to split up the surface of the rock, and to commence the process of wearing away. From this quality of destruction a large class of plants derive the name of Saxifrages, or rock-breakers, from their roots penetrat-ing into the minute fissures in search of water, and so assisting in the process of disintegration. In winter the water col-lected in the hollows and crevices becomes frozen, and expanding as it changes into ice, acts like a charge of blasting material in breaking up the rocks. The pieces thus detached become further disintegrated by freet weather, and, being rolled over and over, and rubbed against each other as they are carried away down the mountain currents, are ground gradually smaller and smaller, till from fragments of rocks the become boulders, then pebbles, and finally sand. As the mountain stream merges into the river the pebbles and coarse sand continue to be rolled along the bottom of the channel, while the argillaceous particles and salts become mingled with the water, and flow on with it either in suspension or solution.— Longman's Magazine.

HIS MANNERS.

He was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that atwas his manners, not his looks, that attracted everybody—clerks in the stores, people in the horse-cars, men, women and children. A boy four years old, who, if anybody said to him, "How do you do?" answered, "I am well, thanks," and if he had a request to make, be it of friend or stranger, began it with "Please." And the beauty of it was that the "Thanks" and "Please" were so much a matter of course to the child that he never knew he was doing anything at

all noticeable.

"How cunning it is," said a showy woman to his mother as they sat at dinner at the public table of a hotel one day, "to hear that child thank the waiters, and say 'please' when he wants anything. I never saw anything so sweet.

My children have to be constantly told if

I want them to thank people. How well you must have taught him, that he never forgets."

He has always been accustomed to it," "He has always been accusiomed to it, said the motion." We have always said 'Please' to him when we wished him to do anything, and have thanked him. He knows no other way."

The showy woman looked as if she did not need any fir her explanation of the way in which helits are formed.

way in which habits are formed.

Probably you do not.

The Divine Childhood.

TY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Did magels hover o'er his head What time, as Holy Scripture saith, Subject and dutiful he led His boyhood's life at Nazareth?

Was there an aureole round his head, A mystic symbol and a sign, To prove to every dweller there Who saw him, that he was divine?

Did he in childish joyance sweet Join other children in their play, And with soft salutation greet All who had passed him in the way ?

Did he within the Rabbi's schools
Say Aleph, Beth, and Gimel 'mid
The Jewish lads, or use the tools At Joseph's bench as Joseph did?

And sometimes would he lay his head. When tired, on Mary's tender breast. And share the meal her hand had spread. And in her mother-love find rest?

We marvel-but we only know That holy, harmless, undefiled, In wisdom, as in stature, so
He grew as any mortal child.

All power, all glory hid away In depths of such humility. That thenceforth none might ever say They had a lowlier lot than he?

And since the Child of Nazareth Set on it thus, his seal and sign, Who—till man's sin bath marred it—saith That childhood is not still divine?

KIND-HEARTED HAL.

Hal is a very unselfish boy. He never pouts and frets if he is roused in the morning to build the kitchen fire before last nap is finished.

There are boys, you know, who never come out of dreamland without grumbling. Hal is not one of these. He knows that it belongs to boys to help their mothers.

Hal never runs away to school and leaves his sisters to pick their own way through the snow. He always tries to make a path for them.

Hal carries his unselfishness farther e is just to his dog.

Carlo is a stout little fellow, and can

easily draw the sled on which Hal likes so well to ride.

Hal allows him to do this very often, but after he has had his ride, he says:

"Now, Carlo, it is only fair that I should take my turn pulling the sled.

The boy should not have all the fun, and the dog all the work. You shall ride half the time, and I will draw you."

We are sure we all think this is fair play, and we like Hal all the better be-cause he looks out for others' happiness as well as his own.

three-year-old had often watched with much interest his grandna stirring his coffee before drinking; and, one morning, thinking that grandpa had forgotten to do this, he said, "Why don't you wind up your coffee, grandpa?"

"I want to ask one more question." said little Frank, as he was being put to bed. "Well," acquiesced the tired mamma. "When holes come in stockings. what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

"Papa," said a little boy to his father, are not sailors very small men? my dear. What gave you such an idea? "No, my dear. What gave you such an idea? Some sailors are very large, powerful men. What makes you think they are small?" "Because," said the little fellow, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep on his watch."

The Refuge.

Within the car a little girl With hair of gold, and tress and curl Like living sunshine-all alive, Kept flitting up and down the aisle; Now here, now there, from seat to seat Danced merrily the little feet; The sunny face now pressed the pane, Now called the sunshine back again.

All loved her, as from place to place She fluttered with a birdlike grace; And now with this one, now with that Stopped to exchange a smile or chat, So the long journey was beguiled; Her blue eyes could so friendly be, Nobody knew whose treasure she.

But suddenly from sunlit plain Into a tunnel rushed the train. Ah, then we knew whose arms should hold

The little one with locks of gold: Papa! papa!" she trembling cried, And, groping, sought her father's side; As we dashed, Her head lay on her father's breast!

'Tis so with us: when life is fair, We, too, forget our Father's care, And wander wheresoe'er we will But oh, he's watching, watching still: And when the shadows around us fall, He hears and heeds his children's call. We run to him with fear oppressed He folds us to his gracious breast.

–Selected.



SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING 20 TUKE.

LESSON VII.-MAY 17.

PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

L: ike 19. 11-27. Memory verses 13-15. GOLDEN TEXT.

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much : and he that is injust in the least is unjust also in much -Luke 16. 10.

Time. A.D. 30.

Place.—At or near Jericho.

COMMECTING LINKS.

A rich young ruler was told how he might inherit eternal life; the crucifixion was foretold; two blind men were healed; Christ became the guest of Zaccheus, a bublican; and to the crowd assembled around his house, as well as to the disciples, he spake this Parable of the Pounds.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read this week's lesson (Luke 19. 11-27). Propare to tell in your

own words the last lesson and this.

Thesday.—Read about our talents and how to use them (Matt. 25, 14-30). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting

Wednesday.—Read lov a young man won promotion (Gen. 1. 37-35). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.-Read what God promises good servants (Mal. 3, 13-18). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.-Read a list of God's gifts (1 Cor. 12. 1-11). Answer the Questions.
Saturday.—Read what is the right use

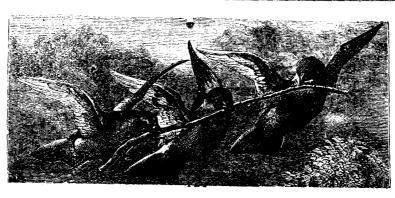
of gifts (Rom. 12, 1-9). Study the Teach-

ings of the Lesson.
Sunday.—Read what will happen on the last day (2 Peter 3, 1-14).

QUESTIONS.

1. The King, verses 11-15.

11. How far was Jericho from Jerusalem? What led Jesus to speak this Whom did the nobleman parable? represent? 13. To how many servants did he intrust money? What did Christ mean to teach by the few faithful ones and the many rebels? What was the value of a pound? How did Eastern masters make money? 14. Who was represented by these rebellious citizens? 15. Can opposition hinder Christ's plan? For what are our talents given us? Is Christ's kingdom to be advanced by persocution?



THE SICK SPARROW.

2. The Workers, verses 16-19.

16. How much did the first man gain? How did he show his modesty? 17. For what will God reward people? Will there be different degrees of reward? 19. Why was the second man's reward less? What classes are represented by these two people?

3. The Idler, verses 20-27.

20. What was this napkin? How might he have used it? 21. How did he excuse himself? For what do men blame God? Was his charge a true one? 22. Why was he called "wicked?" 23. What was meant by the bank? 24. If we do not use our powers what follows? Give instances of people losing in this way. 26. How can we will promotion? 27. What will be the doom of the rebellious?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Our talents are in no sense our own. We hold them in trust. All can be equally faithful; we must use or lose. There is no excuse for idleness. God gives the means to do what he requires. If we gain for God he will give us words of approval and higher positions. If we fail to serve God we wil! have no excuse at last. Opposition to Christ will hurt no one so much as ourselves; we should make Jesus our friend now.

A DOG SAVING A SHIPWRECKED CREW

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to some change in wind or weather, had, since the de-parture of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous.

The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends affoat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend the dog looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being a great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through the raging waves to the The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but do, he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about at a short dis-

The state of the second second

tance from the boat. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of them suddenly divined his apparent meaning, "Give him the end of a rope," he said, "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where, a few minutes afterwards, boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of our four-footed friend-were placed safe and sound !-Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ANIMALS.

A poor sparrow, being unable to fly, clung to a twig which two others bore, as shown in the cut.

The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred miles homeward by eye-sight, viz., from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only conjecture. The flerce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in its eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but, with a dash, reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously cal-culating distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. what conformation of his does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun-the minutest interval between them—yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are.

A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet, somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, heavy, and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to the emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look around before he takes his draught? No one knows.

A young student of Natural History conveys to the N. H. Farmer some of his observations in the stock-yard. He noticed that a horse in rising from a recumbent position, employed his fore legs as a fulcrum to raise his body, but that

with the bovine tribe the system is versed. It was noticed, too, that town in flying from one place to another, up less frightened or hardly pressed, light upon the top of the many wall and upon the top of the fence or wall and take a brief survey of the new field before dropping into it. take a brief survey of the new field before dropping into it. There is another characteristic of the hen family not readily explained, and that is a proper sity to steal away to some blind play where an egg is to be deposited, but making a terrible cackling when leaving there. where an egg is to be deposited, but making a terrible eackling when leaving thus betraying what she seemed anxious to conceal. A dog, in see circle place of repose, is very apt to droft around two or three times before is ping down, even though so hedding a ping down, even though no bedding sping down, even though no bedding there requiring this preparation. A bird in seeking rest upon the limb of a tree almost invariable down the point almost invariably drops below the politic selected, and rises to it by a gentle ward curve Several observers have stated and house

monkeys certainly dislike being laushed at, and they sometimest. at, and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoological Gardens saw a baboon that always got into furious rage when its keeper took out letter or book and and it sleet to him. letter or book and read it aloud to and his rece and and his rage was so violent that, as witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own legs until the blood flowed out. All and mals feel wonder, and many exhibit currently, the latter quality of and any opportunity, the latter quality of and any opportunity. osity, the latter quality affording opports tunity for the hunters, in many parts the world, to decoy their game into the power. The faculty of imitation, in power. The faculty of imitation, strongly developed in man, especially a barbarous state. a barbarous state, is not a peculiarity of monkeys. A certain bull-terrier of acquaintance monkeys. A certain bull-terrier of acquaintance, when he wishes to go the of the room, jumps at the handle of the door and grasps it with his paws, the though he cannot himself turn with handle. Parrots also reproduce wonderful fidelity the tones of voicel by different speakers, and puppies reared to the cats have been known to lick their and wash their faces after the manner of and wash their faces after the manner of their foster-methon their foster-mothers. Attention jowed memory are also present in the other animals, and it is impossible to deny the dreams of doors. the dreams of dogs and horses show the presence of imagination, or that a certain sort of reason is also analysis. sort of reason is also present. Animal also profit by also profit by experience, as any the realizes who has closely observed actions.—Aims and Obtained Toronto actions.—Aims and Objects of the Torogic

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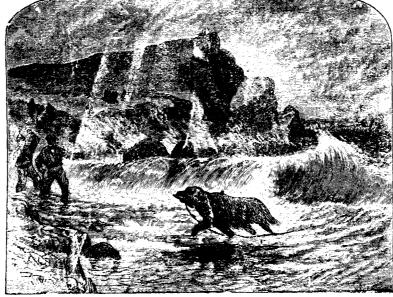
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