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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO MARCH 21, 1896

[No. 12.

The Five Loaves.

What if the little Jewish lad
That summer day had failed to go
Down to the lake, because he had
So small a store of loaves to show ?

"The dress is great," he might have said.
"For food the thronging people call
I only have five loaves of bread,
And what are they among them all ?"

And back the mother's word might come,
Her coaxing hand upon his hair
"Yet go ; for they might comfort some,
Among the hungry children there."

Lo, to the lakeside forth he went,
Bearing the scant supply he had
And Jesus with an eye intent,
Through all the crowds, beheld the lad,
And saw the loaves and blessed them
Then
Beneath his hand the marvel grew ;
He brake and blessed, and brake up in
The loaves were neither small nor few.

For, as we know, it came to pass
That hungry thousands there were fed
While sitting on the fresh green grass,
From that one basketful of bread

If from his home the lad that day
His five small loaves had failed to take,
Would Christ have wrought can any
say ?—
That miracle beside the lake ?

PROGRESS IN JAPAN

The Japanese are among the brightest and most intelligent people of the Orient. Of them it may almost be said in the words of Scripture, "That a nation is born in a day." A few years ago it was almost utterly insignificant. Now, it is one of the great war powers of the world. It has in a few weeks the most populous nation on the face of the earth, one ten times its size. It has adopted in a marvellous manner, Western institutions and Western civilization. It has an admirable public school system, with first-class colleges and a great imperial university. It is the only one of Eastern nations which has adopted representative institutions and has its regularly elected Parliament, a considerable number of whose members are converts to Christianity. Its postal, telegraph, and railway systems will compare favourably with those of any country in the world. The people are of very kindly disposition, and are very polite and courteous to each other, and exceedingly fond of their children. Japan has been called the paradise of boys and girls, so many ingenious toys are made for their amusement, and so heartily do their elders enter into the fun.

To the waking up of the spirit to the advantages of Western civilization, the Christian Churches have largely contributed. In this our own Church has taken a prominent part. Our mission to Japan was our first foreign missionary enterprise, begun by those veteran missionaries, Dr. Cochran and Dr. Macdonald. Twenty years ago, at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, I said to one of the Japanese Commissioners, "Do you know Dr. Cochran or Dr. Macdonald ?" The man brightened up and said, "Why, Dr. Macdonald baptized me." He also told me that another of the commissioners was a member of our Church in Japan. I asked him why it was that the Japanese adopted the Western costume while the Chinese still wore their pig-tails and long gowns. He laughed and replied that he supposed that the Japanese were more receptive of Western ideas and institutions. The circumstance illustrates the policy of the nation and explains their remarkable progress.

We have now about thirty-six missionaries, including native preachers, in Japan, with a separate Conference. Besides the missionaries of the Woman's Missionary Society, who have several educational and industrial schools, an orphanage, and other operations. We have in all 65 preaching appointments, 70 Sunday-schools, and 2,800 scholars. There are 19 ministers, 44 preachers and local preachers, 20 exhorters, and 96 class leaders.

The Japanese are very fond of music, and although much of it is very discordant to Western ears, yet the natives

A MISSIONARY TEA.

BY J. C. WARE.

Ruth's face was flushed and her eyes were fairly sparkling from excitement as she rushed into the sitting room upon her return from Sabbath-school.

"O, mother," she exclaimed, "do put on a great big thinking cap and help me." "Why, my dear," said her mother, "what is the matter ? Why does my daughter want so much thinking done this lovely Sabbath day ?"

"O, mother, the superintendent told us that there would be a missionary from

mind my having them come to our house—and decide what to do."

"Well, my dear, we will say no more about it to-day, but I will be at your meeting as I hear what the others have thought of, and try and help you out."

Seven more earnest little girls could not be found than were grouped about Mrs. Thornton, on the pleasant piazza, next afternoon. They were quite anxious that she should immediately take charge of the meeting and suggest what should be done to raise the money. But very wisely she first heard each girl give her plans, and when all had expressed themselves, she said:

"Well, my dears, Nellie has, I believe, thought out the very thing for you to do, and that is to give a missionary tea, and I will help you by offering you the use of our lawn, house, and myself."

"O, my dear mother," cried Ruth, throwing her arms about her mother's neck.

Such chattering you never heard. Even Polly in her cage took it up, and her cries of "Polly wants a cracker, Polly wants some tea," rang out shrilly above the voices of the girls, and greatly amused them.

After a great deal of talking and appeals to Mrs. Thornton's judgment it was decided to have the tea on Friday evening, and that it should be kept a profound secret. Ruth's father, who was editor of one of the local papers, very kindly offered to do their printing for them.

So on Thursday evening everybody was astonished and filled with curiosity when Mr. Thornton's office boy threw in to their yards a handbill reading as follows:

Seven young maidens will be pleased to receive you at seven o'clock Friday evening, and make you sevenfold happy, for the small sum of seven cents. Mrs. R. Thornton's, Chestnut Street.

To say the girls' unique entertainment met with success but feebly expressed it, for the lawn and house were filled. Scattered about under the trees were seven small tables at each of which stood one of the little maidens, who upon the payment of seven cents dispensed sandwiches and coffee, also giving to each purchaser a ticket, which admitted him, so it read, to the art gallery.

This feature of the entertainment had been the suggestion of Ruth's oldest brother, and was in his charge. The large reception hall had been used for his exhibit. Here, in various forms, was made prominent the figure seven. "The Seven Sleepers" were represented by seven youths, who made sorry work of keeping still. Then off to one side stood "The Seven Wise Men," looking as grave and decorous as such noted people should. Still in another corner "The Seven Wonders of the World" were cleverly represented, and caused the visitors to remark upon Arthur's ingenuity. So on, through all the legends of that mystical number, had the representation been carried out as perfectly as possible. Nor did the wonders of this entertainment cease here, for Mary Jones' sister, Florence, had organized a choir of seven misses, who discoursed sweet music during the evening.

It is needless to say which class made the best showing the next Sunday and not only was the banner given this enterprising class, but the missionary was so pleased when he heard from the superintendent how the money had been raised that he told them he would make a special contribution of it toward the education of a girl now in a missionary school fitting herself for a teacher, that she might some day go back and tell her own people of Jesus and the wonders his love works in the hearts of men.—Herald and Presbyter.

Read the Sunday-school lesson at least once a day.



JAPANESE SINGING GIRLS.

seem to like it, which speaks much for their fortitude. The Japanese have very rare taste in art. Their painting, embroidery, bronze modelling, and tapestry are of surpassing excellence and beauty. The native costume, as shown in our cut, is singularly graceful. The Japanese lanterns are also quite artistic.

Broken friendships may be mended, but it is usually a poorly done job that will soon need to be done over again.

India at our school next Sunday, and that he would give us a talk on that country, and a collection would be taken for him by classes, and to the class that, without the help of their teacher, gave the most money, he would present a banner made by native workmen." By this time Ruth's breath was well-nigh gone, but, hurriedly gathering a fresh supply, she continued: "And you know, mother, our class is so small—only seven of us. Each of us is going to think as hard as can be, and to-morrow afternoon we have a meeting here I knew you wouldn't

A Song for Every Day.

BY DORA REED GOODALL

The weary world's a cheery place
For those with hearts to win it,
Thank God, there's not a human face
But has some laughter in it!
The soul that comes with honest mirth,
Though health and fortune vary,
Brings back the childhood of the earth,
And keeps it sound and merry.

The plodding world's an eager place
For those with wit to use it,
Where all are blinded to the race,
Let him who dares refuse it
The simplest task the hand can try,
The dullest round of duty,
Knowledge can amply glorify,
And art can crown with beauty.

A busy, bonny, kindly place
Is this rough world of ours,
For those who love and work apace,
And fill their hearts with flowers,
To kind and just and grateful hearts
The present grace is given
To find a heaven in themselves,
And find themselves in heaven!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 21, 1896.

STARTLING FACTS ON MISSIONS.

BY ALF SANDHAM.

If each heathen man, woman or child in China were represented by a letter in our English Bible, it would take over a hundred Bibles to represent them, while the Christians would be fully accounted for by Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

India has over 21 million widows, and to millions of Zanzibar prisoners who can only be reached by their own sex, and Christian nations have sent out about one female missionary to every million.

It is estimated that there are over 10 millions of square miles in heathen lands on which the foot of a Christian missionary has never trodden.

A nation equal to half the total population of the United States and Canada die annually in heathen lands, without God.

If for every heathen who passes into eternity, one resident of Toronto passed away with him, in 48 hours there would not be a living soul in the Queen City.

The chewing gum bill of the United States is double the world's contributions to missions.

Canada spends 80 millions annually in liquor, an average of \$16 per head. She gives half a million of dollars for missions, an average of 10 cents per head.

There are about 8,000 islands in the Pacific Ocean, containing in round numbers 77,000,000 inhabitants. Of these only about 1,500,000 are even nominally Protestant.

For every dollar the United States gives to missions, she spends \$3 for pickles.

If the Sabbath-school scholars gave one cent a week for missions it would amount to more than the whole Church gives now.

The London (England) School Board expends in education in that city \$4,500,000 more than all the Christian Churches of Great Britain raise for the evangelization of the world. The London tax for education averages \$2 per head. The contributions of the whole Kingdom for the world's salvation average 1-4 cents per head.

Canada's entire contribution to missions in a year would not pay Canada's liquor bill for four days.

The contributions of the whole world for missions for a year would not pay its own liquor bill for two days.

There are 8,000,000 people in Mexico who never saw a Bible.

There are 3,000,000 of South American Indians on whom the first ray of Gospel light has never dawned.

It is computed that there are 800,000,000 in the world who have never heard the name of Christ.

There are 140,000,000 women in India for whom skilled medical aid is impossible! What a call for medical missions and female doctors!

Venezuela, with a population of 2,100,000, and an area nine times as large as England and Wales, has only one Protestant missionary.

Bolivia, with a population of 2,300,000, has no resident Protestant missionary.

There is buried in jewellery, gold and silver plate and useless ornamentations, within Christian homes, enough to build a fleet of fifty thousand vessels, ballast them with Bibles, and crowd them with missionaries, build a church in every destitute hamlet, and supply every living soul with the Gospel within a score of years.

The annual receipts in the saloons of Chicago amount to more than double the total sum given by the United States for missions.

ONE SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

The President of the Mission Band in the Brightvale church was Janie Lee. She was not a very big president, but she was a very good one, and you will all agree that it is better to be good than big.

A good president of a society will attend every meeting, if possible. If not, she will notify the first vice-president, and see to it that she has the programme all nicely written out to help her in conducting the meeting. Then she will always be prompt, and help others to be so, by beginning in time, even if but two or three are present. She will always have a programme, and an interesting one at that. And she will be bright and hopeful, because she will have faith in the work and in God, the great worker.

Janie Lee was a good president, so she was all this.

One day Janie came to the meeting looking very bright and very knowing. "I've got a splendid plan," she whispered to Kitty Roberts, the treasurer; "we'll see what Mrs. Gray thinks of it." Mrs. Gray was the lady director of the band.

Mrs. Gray had a special gift of interesting the members of the band in some line of work, and then making them feel that, come what might, they must do something to help along that very work.

At the last meeting, she had talked to them about the Mothers' Jewels' Home, and had given them such a glimpse of the sweet home-life already being lived there, and the urgent need of the larger Home, that the band felt that a great deal depended upon their efforts.

"But what can we do?" said Harry Winters. "We have had an entertainment already, and we have sent off our mite-box money, and our dues are so small."

"Let's all try to think of some new way something we've never done before," said Janie.

Everybody liked that idea, and the band agreed to hold an extra meeting the next week to bring their plans together and agree upon what they would do.

And now you are in a hurry to hear what Janie's "splendid plan" was, and you shall hear her tell.

"Why, I heard some ladies in the cars talking about the 'Self-denial Week' that the Salvation Army soldiers all kept last year. They said that a hundred thousand

and dollars came in from those poor people; and I thought we might have a little Self-denial Week to raise money for the Home."

Janie blushed and looked around shyly. The children did not look very enthusiastic. The most of them had some plan that promised a good time, such as a fair, or drill of some sort, but this plan looked a little pokey, to tell the truth.

Also Mrs. Gray had each one tell his plan, and after a good deal of thinking and talking, and a very little speech from Janie, it was decided to try her plan.

You will like to hear what Janie said which made everybody willing to do as she wished. But first you must know that Janie's widowed mother was so poor that she had to work hard every day to buy food and clothes for herself and her little daughter. Janie was working hard, too, to get an education, so that she might earn a living in a pleasanter way than her mother did, which was by taking in washing.

Janie was always neatly but plainly dressed—more so than any of her school friends, and so she said very simply:

"I shall just love to deny myself something for the sake of those poor children! Mamma said she did not know what I could give up, but I told her I wanted to wear my old sack one winter more, and she says I may." Janie said this with such a look of real gladness that no one could doubt her sincerity. "And so," Janie went on, "you see my Self-denial Week will last all winter."

Everybody laughed then, and Russell Gray, who sometimes took liberties because his mother was lady director, cried out: "Hurrah for Janie!"

And how did it all come out? Beautifully. There were thirty-three members of the band, and all but five fell in with the plan.

One girl begged to wear her old hat; another gave up a cute little muff that had been promised her; another asked to have her Christmas present (the money it would have cost) go to the Home; and still another begged her mamma to make the sash of her new winter dress from the goods, instead of buying the nice ribbon sash she had planned to buy.

The boys could not so well save on their clothes, but they too found ways in which to deny themselves. One little lover of good things ate neither cake, pie nor butter for a whole week, and his mother gave him a dollar for the Home; another gave up his allowance of pocket-money for a whole month; and still another denied himself a whole hour of after-school play every day for a week, giving the hour to hard work, for which he received fifteen cents an hour.

When the outcome of that bright, blessed Self-denial Week all came into the treasury, the astonished and delighted band counted up forty-three dollars and sixty-two cents! "And we never had such a good time in all our lives," said Russell, enthusiastically. There are two sides to self-denial—the side that we look upon, and the side that God and the holy angels see. The work of the Brightvale Band looks very pleasant here; but how heavenly bright it may look over there, who can tell? And the spirit of self-denial did not stop with these little folks; the big folks caught it too, and every good work in the Brightvale church prospered as never before.

And the band—well, it is not running down.

COURAGE, BOYS.

Men as well as boys may learn a lesson from this boy's example. The power of honest expression of just principles is very great.

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools in town, went into the country last summer to spend his holidays at a farmhouse—a visit he had long looked forward to with great pleasure. He went out to help the men gather in the harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer.

The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man, "Well, I have made up my mind to go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to the boy, said, "I thought you were going to stay all the rest of the summer."

"I was," said the boy, "but I cannot stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go; I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said:

"If you will stay I won't swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right, throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and that which is to come.—The Christian Guardian.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

March 29, 1896.

The Child Jesus.—Luke 2, 40-52.

The word Jesus means Saviour, and the name was given to his mother by the angel before he was born. See Matthew 1, 21. The name you see is significant, and reminds us of the grand work which Christ came into the world to accomplish. Our lesson relates mainly to the events in connection with the childhood of Jesus.

He was twelve years of age when he went to the feast of the Passover. This grand festival was held to keep the people in remembrance of their ancestors' deliverance from Egyptian bondage, when the first-born in every house of the Egyptians was slain by the angel of death, but none died among the Hebrews, as the door-posts were sprinkled with blood, which was the sign given for the angel of death to pass them over.

There were three festivals held in Jerusalem annually, to which all the people from every part of Palestine were to attend. This was the first festival the child Jesus had attended. He had attained the age which required his attendance. On the return journey, the parents lost their son and were greatly perplexed. The people were accustomed to travel in companies, and his parents went hither and thither in search, and at last found him in the temple at Jerusalem.

He was among the doctors—a company of learned men who were accustomed to meet together for counsel, and give advice to those who might require it. As Christ was only a youth, it was somewhat remarkable to find him in such company. Young people cannot begin too early to learn, and they should never be afraid to ask questions. A wise man said that to ask questions is a ready way to acquire information. You may not always obtain satisfactory answers, but do not be afraid to ask questions; and should you be interrogated, always answer respectfully to the best of your ability.

What a remarkable answer Christ gave to his mother's statement respecting their search for him—"Wist ye not," that is, Did you not know, "that I must be about my Father's business?" Young people at the age of twelve, if not before, should attend to spiritual things. Child piety is always attractive. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," said the Saviour. What business are you doing for your heavenly Father? Do you speak kind words, do you try to perform kind deeds? Carry flowers to the sick, help those in trouble to the utmost of your ability.

After this he "went down with them to Nazareth," which was now their place of residence, and was subject unto them, that is, under their control. The 52nd verse is all we know respecting the life of Christ for the period of eighteen years. His reputed father was a carpenter, and as all the boys of Jewish families were taught some trade, it is reasonable to suppose that Christ followed the occupation of his father. All young people should be taught some useful occupation. Satan finds something still for idle hands to do. Many persons who are criminals would never have become such if they had been taught some useful trade.

Christ was subject unto his parents. Do all the members of our Junior Leagues revere or obey their parents? Disobedience to parents is sure to lead to bad results. The young person who acts contrary to parental counsel will reap a sad harvest by-and-by. No particular mention is made of Christ's earthly father, but the mother is often named. Here it is said, "She pondered these things in her heart." No doubt she was impressed with the fact that her son was truly a divine person, which would prompt her to care and diligence in her treatment of him. We are sure that he loved his mother. You remember his care for her when he hung upon the cross. Let this fact sink into your hearts, remember your parents. Be kind to them as long as they live.

Loss of the Royal George.

BY W. COWPER.

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone!
His last sea fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our sup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main:

Put Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred,
Shall plough the wave no more.

THE STORY OF JESSICA.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

There was no coffee-stall opened under the railway-arch the following morning, and Daniel's regular customers stood amazed as they drew near the empty corner, where they were accustomed to get their early breakfast. It would have astonished them still more if they could have seen how he was occupied in the miserable loft. He had intrusted a friendly woman out of the court to buy food and fuel, and all night long he had watched beside Jessica, who was light-headed and delirious, but in the wanderings of her thoughts and words often spoke of God, and prayed for her Mr. Dan'el. The neighbour informed him that the child's mother had gone off some days before, fearing that she was ill of some infectious fever, and that she, alone, had taken a little care of her from time to time. As soon as the morning came he sent for a doctor, and, after receiving permission from him, he wrapped the poor deserted Jessica in his coat, and, bearing her tenderly in his arms, he carried her to a cab, which the neighbour brought to the entrance of the court. It was to no other than his own solitary home that he had resolved to take her; and when the mistresses of the lodgings stood at her door, with her arms a-kimbo, to forbid the admission of the wretched and neglected child, her tongue was silenced by the gleam of a half-sovereign, which Daniel slipped into the palm of her hand.

By that afternoon's post the minister received the following letter:

"Reverend Sir,
"If you will condescend to enter under my humble roof, you will have the pleasure of seeing little Jessica, who is at the point of death, unless God in his mercy restores her. Hoping you will excuse this liberty, as I cannot leave the child, I remain, with duty,
"Your respectful servant,
"D. Standing.
"P.S.—Jessica desires her best love and duty to Miss Jane and Winny."

The minister laid aside the book he was reading, and without any delay started off for his chapel-keeper's dwell-

ing. There was Jessica lying restfully upon Daniel's bed, but the pinched features were deadly pale, and the sunken eyes shone with a waning light. She was too feeble to turn her head when the door opened, and he paused for a minute looking at her and at Daniel, who, seated at the head of the bed, was turning over the papers in his desk, and reckoning up once more the savings of his lifetime. But when the minister advanced into the middle of the room, Jessica's white cheeks flushed into a deep red.

"Oh, minister!" she cried, "God has given me everything I wanted except paying Mr Dan'el for the coffee he used to give me."

"Ah! but God has paid me over and over again," said Daniel, rising to receive the minister. "He's given me my own soul in exchange for it. Let me make bold to speak to you this once, sir. You're a very learned man, and a great preacher, and many people flock to hear you till I'm hard put to it to find seats for them at times; but all the while, hearkening to you every blessed Sabbath, I was losing my soul, and you never once said to me, though you saw me scores and scores of times, 'Standing, are you a saved man?'"

"Standing," said the minister, in a tone of great distress and regret. "I always took it for granted that you were a Christian."

"Ah!" continued Daniel, thoughtfully, "but God wanted somebody to ask me that question, and he did not find anybody in the congregation, so he sent this poor little lass to me. Well, I don't mind telling now, even if I lose the place; but for a long time, nigh upon ten years, I've kept a coffee-stall on week-days in the city, and cleared, one week with another, about ten shillings; but I was afraid the chapel-wardens wouldn't approve of the coffee business, as low, so I kept it a close secret, and always shut up early of a morning. It's me that sold Jessica her cup of coffee, which you paid for, sir."

"There's no harm in it, my good fellow," said the minister, kindly; "you need make no secret of it."

"Well," resumed Daniel, "the questions this poor little creature has asked me have gone quicker and deeper down to my conscience than all your sermons, if I may make so free as to say it. She's come often and often of a morning, and looked into my face with those dear eyes of hers, and said, 'Don't you love Jesus Christ, Mr. Dan'el?' 'Doesn't it make you very glad that God is your Father, Mr. Dan'el?' 'Are we getting nearer heaven every day, Mr. Dan'el?' And one day, says she, 'Are you going to give all your money to God, Mr. Dan'el?' Ah! that question made me think indeed, and it's never been answered till this day. While I've been sitting beside the bed here, I've counted up all my savings: £397 17s. it is; and I've said, 'Lord, it's all thine; and I'd give every penny of it rather than lose the child, if it be thy blessed will to spare her life.'"

Daniel's voice quavered at the last words, and his face sank upon the pillow where Jessica's feeble and motionless head lay. There was a very sweet, yet surprised, smile upon her face, and she lifted her wasted fingers to rest upon the bowed head beside her, while she shut her eyes and shaded them with her other weak hand.

"Our Father," she said, in a faint whisper, which still reached the ears of the minister and the deacon. "I asked you to let me come home to heaven, but if Mr. Dan'el wants me, please to let me stay a little longer, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

For some minutes after Jessica's prayer there was a deep and unbroken silence in the room, Daniel still hiding his face upon the pillow, and the minister standing beside them with bowed head and closed eyes, as if he also were praying. When he looked up again at the forsaken and desolate child, he saw that her feeble hand had fallen from her face, which looked full of rest and peace, while her breath came faintly, but regularly, through her parted lips. He took her little hand into his own with a pang of fear and grief, but, instead of the mortal chillness of death, he felt the pleasant warmth and moisture of life. He touched Daniel's shoulder, and, as he lifted up his head in sudden alarm, he whispered to him, "The child is not dead, but is only asleep."

Before Jessica was fully recovered Daniel rented a little house for himself and his adopted daughter to dwell in. He made many inquiries after her mother but she never appeared again in her old haunts, and he was well pleased that there was nobody to interfere with his charge of Jessica. When Jessica grew strong enough, many a cheerful walk had they together, in the early morn'ngs, as they wended their way to the railway bridge, where the little girl took her place behind the stall, and soon learned to serve the daily customers, and many a happy day was spent in helping to sweep and dust the chapel into which she had crept so secretly at first her great delight being to attend to the pulpit and the vestry, and the pew where the minister's children sat, while Daniel and the woman he employed cleaned the rest of the building. Many a Sunday also the minister in his pulpit and his little daughters in their pew, and Daniel treading softly about the aisles, as their glance fell upon Jessica's eager, earnest, happy face, thought of the first time they saw her sitting amongst the congregation, and of Jessica's first prayer.

The End.

A LETTER FROM CHINA TO BOYS

BY CHARLES B. GALLOWAY.

There is a language in China known as "Pidgin-English" used more formerly than now. It first came into use on account of the foreigner's difficulty in learning Chinese, and the Chinaman's failure to learn English. So this "Pidgin-English" grew up, which is neither Chinese nor good English. It sounds very funny as spoken by the Chinese. For instance, they speak of me as a minister and of my office in the Church as the "Number one top side heaven pidgin man." The word "pidgin" means business, so they sometimes say: "It's none of my pidgin." The letter "r" is dropped and "l" used instead. In a book I was reading last night, the poem "Eldersior" was rendered into "Pidgin-English." I reproduce the first verse, hoping every boy who reads it will get the English copy and compare them:

That nightey tim begin chop-chop,
One young man walkee—no can stop.
Maskee snow! maskee ice!
He cally flag with chop so nice—
Topside Galow!

In a Buddhist temple yesterday I saw a lad of the higher class, about fourteen years old, worshipping in honour of his father who had recently died. He put on white clothes (white is the mourning dress in China), and wore shoes covered with sackcloth. His head was covered with a white napkin, also. Before the shrines, after lighting the candles, he bowed a number of times touching his head to the floor. Then back into another building, in which are ghastly looking figures representing the Buddhist purgatory, he went and performed certain devotions there. Incense sticks were burned, candles lighted, and a basket of imitation silver money made to go out in smoke and ashes. The poor boy believed that the burned money would reach his father in another world and be used by him there.

A lady told me that she saw some young men burning a paper house, in which were all kinds of furniture, with servants, cooks, etc. They thought it that way their dead father would be provided with a house, furniture, kitchen, servants, etc., in the world of spirits. Alas! for such ignorance and superstition. So you see how necessary it is for missionaries to come and teach these benighted millions the truth. I have also seen paper boats ready to be burned, the superstitious imagining that their friends in the other world travel on canals as they did here and will need little row-boats for their accommodation.

In China, nearly everything is done differently from our methods. A Chinaman shakes his own hands when he meets a friend, and puts on his hat when welcoming you to his house. He laughs when speaking of a death in the family, and a bride walks at her wedding. The Chinese compass points to the south, not to the north as with us. They do not walk by each other's side, but follow each other like the Indians of North America. The women wear socks and

the men sometimes wear stockings in America the ladies lace their bodices, in China they bind their feet. We blacken our shoes they whiten the sides of their soles. We have pockets in our pants, they make pockets of their long sleeves. In their books the bottom of the page is at the top, the beginning is at the end, and footnotes are put on the upper margin. The last chapter in their Bible if looked at as an ordinary book is the first chapter of Genesis, and the first verse is the last verse of Revelation. And many, many other things I could not mention.

In nearly all the cities of China (all of the walled cities) there are tall, almost round-topped, structures which can be seen for miles. These are called pagodas, and some of them are very high, the one here in Soochow is two hundred and fifty feet high. In some of these pagodas there are idols and shrines, and people probably worship there occasionally. I believe the word means "Holy House." They are supposed also to ward off evil influences and bring good luck to the cities. In immense sums of money have been spent in their erection, but most of them are decaying. In all probability they will never be rebuilt on the large scale of former years. In Soochow there is one painted black, called the "Ink Pagoda." May God stir the heart of every boy who reads these lines to be come a missionary in spirit, and to have a brotherly interest in the multiplied millions of Chinese youths who have no knowledge of our religion.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS

Keep all your school-books if you possibly can. Never sell them or dispose of them in any way unless it is very plainly your duty to somebody else to do so. For instance, in a family an older sister may let the younger children have her books when she is done with them. This may save her parents the expense of buying new ones, and having the same books duplicated in the household collection. Or there may be in your acquaintance a girl too poor to buy new books, who will be very glad and thankful to have yours as a gift. In this case it will be your pleasure, I am sure, to make this friend happy, and to relieve her of anxiety, and help her in procuring her education. But, as a rule, I would advise you to keep your books for your self. Even when you have finished studying in a particular book, you may want it to refer to, and after your school days are over, your books will be reminders of the delightful times you had when you used them. School-books are valuable because they are written in a clear, plain, straightforward style which it is quite easy to comprehend. They do not wander away from the point, and they give a great deal of information packed up in a small compass. A good school-book is a real treasure.

All books should be treated with respect. No nice person leaves books lying around heedlessly, with the bindings opened widely so that they become loosened, and the pages curling up at the corners. If a girl is neat about her room and her dress, she will surely be so in the care of her books. Never let books gather dust. They are as ornamental as pictures, or flowers, or vases, and a house in which there are a number of books is already half furnished.

If by any chance books have been used by a patient in illness, such as scarlet fever or any other contagious disease, they must immediately be burned up. This is the only safe way. A child recovering from such an attack may ask for his or her books to play with. Let the books be given, if the mother is willing, but they must be destroyed afterwards. Even if they have remained on shelves in the room and the patient has not so much as touched them, they must be burned, for books have a way of preserving germs of disease, and must be used only by people who are not ill with anything infectious or who are perfectly well.

Do I think books should be covered? To save the bindings, you mean? It depends on how very clean and dainty are the hands which hold them. Smooth white paper makes a good covering, and is easily renewed, and most publishers in these days provide attractive covers for the beautiful books they call—Harper's House Table.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

MYDIA IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.
MARCH 29

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.— Luke 12 8.

TITLES OF GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. The F. of C.—Thou shalt go before—
2. The B. J. Jesus increased in
3. The M. of J. the B.—Behold the—
4. The E. M. of J.—His word was—
5. The P. of J.—The Son of man—
6. The S. on the M.—Why call ye me—
7. The G. H.—They glorified God—
8. F. E.—Fear not believe—
9. J. the M.—This is my beloved—
10. T. L. to O. N.—Thou shalt love the—
11. T. about P.—Ask, and it shall
12. F. and U. S.—Be not drunk with—

Time—From the announcement to Zacharias, B.C. 6, till near the close of the third year of Christ's ministry, A.D. 29.

Places—Two in Jerusalem, one in the valley of the Jordan, two in Nazareth; three in Capernaum, one on Horns of Hattin; one in Nain, one near Caesarea-Philippi; two in Perea; and one (probably) in Bethany.

DAY BY DAY WORK

Monday.—Read about the boyhood of Jesus (Luke 2, 40-52). Learn Titles of the Quarter's Lessons.

Tuesday.—Read about the early ministry of Jesus (Luke 4, 14-22). Fix in your mind Time and Places.

Wednesday.—Read concerning the power of Jesus (Luke 5, 17-26). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read of Jesus as the Great Helper (Luke 7, 1-16). Answer the Questions on Lessons I-VI.

Friday.—Read how faith was encouraged (Luke 8, 41-56). Answer Questions on Lessons VII-XII.

Saturday.—Read of Jesus as Messiah (Luke 9, 18-27). Learn Teachings of the Lessons.

Sunday.—Read concerning true love to one's neighbour (Luke 10, 25-37).

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSONS.

Children should give parents joy. We must spend youth right if we would be useful men and women. God will give special favours to the good. We should attend the services of God's house. When healed by Christ people will know it. Doing what Christ says will pay in the future. Go to Jesus in trouble. Have faith in the good Physician. We bear the cross for Christ. Our kindness is due to all who need. Earnest prayer prevails. Live every day as if it were the last.

CHINESE PAGODAS.

BY CLARA M. CUSHMAN.

One of the familiar landmarks around Peking is this pagoda, which may be seen for miles, rising high above the low temple buildings which surround it. I counted the stories of this and others, and said to an old priest,

"Why do you build pagodas so many stories high?"

"Because," said he, "that is the way to build a pagoda."

This kind of reasoning may do for a Buddhist priest, but it hardly satisfies "a live Yankee."

A pagoda is usually a hollow tower having eight sides, and is sometimes thirteen stories high. A pagoda may have one room at the base, containing the idol or relic of Buddha, while the top is solid.

There are said to be two thousand pagodas in China. There are six in and around Peking. It is said that heaven will protect the place that lies in sight of a pagoda, and destroy all bad influences. Those that I saw were all old and out of repair, which surely is very ungrateful of the Chinese, if they bring as much good luck as the Buddhists say!



WILLIOTT ISLAND WARRIORS.

The first pagoda was erected in Nanking over sixteen hundred years ago. They say the model was obtained of the Hindoos.

One pagoda in Shantung has a winding stairway of nearly two hundred steps. The top is about one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, and commands a fine view of the country.

For a long time Nanking was celebrated for its beautiful porcelain tower, built in honour of the empress. It was to have been thirteen stories, and over three hundred feet high, but, though nineteen years was spent on it, only nine stories were completed.

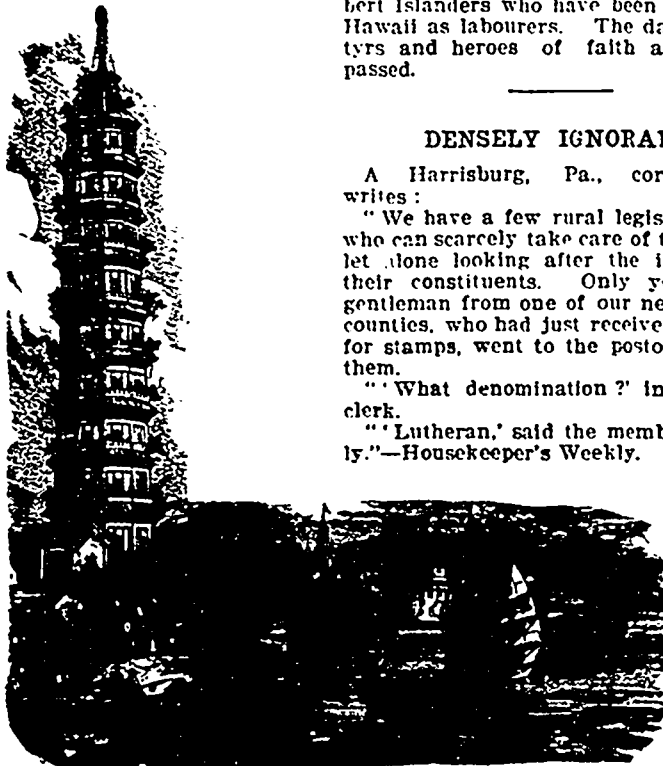
It had one hundred and ninety steps, one hundred and fifty bells hanging on the corners, and one hundred and forty lamps. A Chinese writer said, "The lamps light up thirty-three heavens, and show forth the good and evil among men, and keep off all kinds of sorrow."

After standing four hundred years the Taiping rebels blew it up for fear it would spoil their good luck!

The old pagoda near the temple where I spent many pleasant vacation hours was said to be one thousand years old. I have often gone up into it with the old priest, and talked with him as he lighted the incense.

The little bells on the many corners, that have tinkled so softly and sweetly for many centuries, are dropping off and growing less and less. Those who sing the "Jesus songs" around the old pagoda are growing more and more.

"Some sweet day," all over China, instead of pagodas shall rise the white spires of Christian churches, and instead of pagoda bells and temple gongs shall sound forth the church bell, and happy hearts shall say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."



CHINESE PAGODA AND BOAT.

GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

The Gilbert Islands lie on both sides of the equator and a little beyond the 180th meridian. They are sixteen in number, with a thin soil, scanty rainfall, and limited vegetation. The coconut-palm thrives here, as well as the pandanus, or screw-pine; but almost nothing else which can furnish food for human beings. Advocates of a meagre diet, as conducive to health, might do well to emigrate to the Gilbert Islands. If they survive the experiment, their testimony will be interesting; possibly, however, a little "thin." The same language is spoken on all of these islands. The people are naturally hardy, savage, and quarrelsome. They wear very little clothing, and men are frequently seen entirely naked. The bodies of the men are often covered with scars, and no gandy is more proud of his rings and jewels than are these men of the unsightly scars which indicate their prowess. While not cannibals in the same sense as were the Fiji Islanders, yet it is said that on some of the islands there is probably not an adult male who has not tasted human flesh.

The only water fit to drink on all coral islands is rain water. Missionaries living on the Gilbert Islands are obliged to depend almost entirely upon foreign food, which is never perfectly fresh, and always preserved with difficulty. Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., with his devoted wife, began work here in 1857, and laboured on alone, with their Hawaiian helpers, until 1874. Frequently they were obliged in self-preservation to flee for a season to a more salubrious clime; until, at last, utterly broken in health, they were compelled to take up their residence at Honolulu, where they still continue their labours of love among Gilbert Islanders who have been brought to Hawaii as labourers. The days of martyrs and heroes of faith are not yet passed.

DENSELY IGNORANT.

A Harrisburg, Pa., correspondent writes:

"We have a few rural legislators here who can scarcely take care of themselves, let alone looking after the interests of their constituents. Only yesterday a gentleman from one of our neighbouring counties, who had just received his order for stamps, went to the postoffice to get them.

"What denomination?" inquired the clerk.

"Lutheran," said the member modestly.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

Little Homer's Slate.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attic, we espied
What repaid our childish quest—
'Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture of a cart,
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art;
But what meant this legend, pray:
"Homer drew this yesterday"?

Mother recollected then
What the years were fain to hide,
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
"Forty years," so mother said,
"Little Homer had been dead."

This one secret through those years
Grandma kept from all apart,
Hallowed by her lonely tears
And the breaking of her heart,
While each year that sped away
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lies in the oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it years ago.

RESTORING FOURFOLD.

One day a Kafir girl in South Africa went to a missionary and dropped four sixpences into his hand, saying, "That is your money." "You don't owe me anything," replied the teacher. "I do," she answered, "and I will tell you how. At the public examination you promised a sixpence to anyone in the class I was in who would write the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate and got the sixpence; but you did not know then that another person wrote that specimen for me. Yesterday you were reading in the church about Zaccheus, who said, 'If I have taken anything from any man by a false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' I took from you one sixpence, and I bring you back four."

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