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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Sand of the Desert in an Hourglass.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HASTY FEEL of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of time,
The minister of thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favourite son they bore;

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or Anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Facing the dead beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart:
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Waves into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half-hour's sand is run!

THE RIGHT WINS.

BY S. F. SURELLE.

ELLIS WARREN was alone in the world,
But he was a wide-awake, observant boy,
And he felt that success would be his
By his striving. He knew that his mother's
God would be with him; and he deter-
mined that he would live every day in the
Fear of the Lord. Two months had passed
Since Ellis had been received into the
Office of Rokesly Bros., bankers. He had
done all the work in the office, and most faithfully
did he perform his duties.

"A most capable boy," said one Rokesly
to the other.

"He will make his mark in the world,"
said the other.

Mr. Rokesly, sen., as so many rich men,
did what was harder to bear than lack of
money—a worthless son without honour.
Carl Rokesly lived for selfish pleasure
alone. His father was of no account to

him, except in so far as he gratified his
whims.

Mr. Rokesly was a man of determina-
tion, as well as of principle. When he
saw the down grade movement in Carl, he
made up his mind to put brakes on the
driving the youth of the needed money.
If that denial would not bring him to his
senses, what would?

Mr. Rokesly acted with what light he
had, and plainly told Carl that he should

clerk—only this boy. Could they suspect
him? They continued to talk in low
tones at one end of the office, while Ellis
was writing away with intense earnestness
at the other. Behind a portiere curtain at
his uncle's back stood Carl, listening with
breathless eagerness. As he heard his
father say, "I will never believe Ellis
guilty," Carl gritted his teeth and looked
maliciously at an envelope he held in his
hand, which bore the name of Ellis War-

ren, and he slipped the envelope into
Ellis' pocket.

Carl fooled a while longer with the
books, and then withdrew to the attic.
There he hunted until he found a jacket
which he had outgrown. It was the exact
shade of Ellis', and, in haste, no difference
could possibly be discovered.

Ellis had a habit of tossing off his jacket
when he washed his hands, before leaving
the office, and Carl knew this. He also
knew that the name of Ellis Warren was
neatly sewed to the lining of the collar.
When Ellis went to the ante room for his
usual ablutions, and threw off his coat,
Carl slipped in noiselessly, and made the
change. After tea, Carl went into the
library, where the brothers were engaged
in earnest conversation, and said:
"Father, Ellis Warren picked up my
light jacket instead of his. I took this up
in the dark for mine, and fumbling in the
pockets found this, coolly presenting the
envelope containing the fifty dollars."

Of course, no more evidence was needed.
Ellis was greeted the next morning with
dismissal, and told that he ought to be
thankful to escape prosecution of the law.
"Sir," said Ellis, the colour mounting
high in his face, "I own the jacket, but
not the theft. I leave my case with God.
The right always wins."

After the departure of Ellis Warren
there were no more money losses until
the arrival of the new clerk. Then the
brothers' business disappeared as change
commenced.

The bankers determined to serve as
their own detectives. One night they con-
cealed themselves in easy watching dis-
tances of the safe, and waited. The thief
came, but horror of horrors! it was not
the clerk, but Carl, the son and nephew.

They watched him open the safe and re-
move fifty dollars. At that instant the
brothers seized him. Carl's terror and his
father's grief knew no bounds. Ellis
Warren was sent for and reinstated at
once—not to his old place, but to a better
with a double salary.

After the reinstatement of Ellis War-
ren, there was a marked change in the
Rokesly establishment. The proud, grasping
bankers seemed suddenly to discern
the real use of money. Poor boys and
girls were sought out and sent to colleges
suited to their advancement. Ellis him-
self was given a first-class education by
the grateful brothers. The Lord used
Carl's weakness to his own children as a
living illustration of the triumph of right



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

cut off his allowance to a fraction of what
it had formerly been. The boy was en-
raged at first, but afterwards seemed more
reconciled, and Mr. Rokesly congratulated
himself on the wisdom he had displayed.

This circumstance in the Rokesly affairs
occurred at the entrance of Ellis Warren
into the banking establishment. At the
opening of our story, the bankers were in
close consultation.

Money was missing, heavy amounts,
from the safe. There was no clue. They
were their own cashiers, and there was no

ren, in Ellis' own handwriting. Carl had
found it in the waste basket, where Ellis
had tossed it by mistake. This envelope
in Carl's hand contained a fifty dollar bill.

"Now is my chance to save myself,"
said the wicked boy to himself, as he left
the curtain and entered the office by the
door. The gentlemen changed the con-
versation as he came in. Carl moved
about as if in earnest search for a book.
At last he got several and tossed them
down close to Ellis' desk. Then, with a
stealthy look in the direction of his father

STUDY UNSELFISHNESS.

I REMEMBER having advised a man who
had fallen into a sad, because morose, life,
and had put himself under my counsel,
and I said: "Suppose you begin by passing
the butter at the table." He needed to be
on the lookout, consciously, for little occa-
sions to serve those around him. Take
care in the least exercises that you care for
others.

"I do not like that man," said a sound
observer to me, "I saw him let his wife
pick up her own handkerchief." This
critic was right in that quick judgment.

"I judge him by the way he treats his
dog." That is a wise criticism. And if it
is wise in criticism, it is wise in life. Train
yourself to unselfishness in what the world
pleases to call little things.

Dandelions.

At the skies' wide gates Earth waited,
Famished and cold,
With eager, outstretched palms,
To catch the Sun's bright alms
Of scattered gold.

And the Sun went to his coffers,
As a king in pride,
And out of his hoards of gold
All that his hands could hold
Broadcast he threw;

Throw yellow golden guineas,
A fan of them,
Over her pale green gown,
Showing thickly down
From throat to hem

And, oh, how the little children
Laughed out to see
That with thoughtful mien
Of dandelions the grass
So bright could be!

I saw them this morning going
Their ways to school,
And of this coin of the Sun
Had every happy one
Both his hoards full.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1892.

WANTED—A STRONG BOY.

So read a sign in a store window, as we passed by the other morning. At noon it was gone. The placard, however, had done more than to accomplish its desired object. It set us to thinking. "Wanted a strong boy!" in how many places that legend might be truthfully displayed!

The world wants boys that are strong, first of all, in the body. A stomach fed chiefly on cake and peanuts, and a system undermined by the deadly cigarette, make a poor basis for stout, fleet limbs and sturdy arms. Other things being equal, a merchant or lawyer wants a boy who can pull a strong car, make his home run over the ball-field, and keep his wind in a half-mile run.

Other things being equal—what other things? Certain ones, that are the real measures of strength, whether in boys or men. Has he grit? Can he stick to a thing? Is he quick to take in a situation, ready in an emergency, bright witted where others blunder? Is he equal to responsibility? Can he be left with a given task with a certainty that he can be literally "left to himself with it, and his employer and it fully done in due season without a second of intervening anxiety or oversight? These are some of the elements of strength that make up the model "strong boy" who is universally wanted to-day.

But is this all? We think not. If we were gauging the real power of a boy for

such a position as has been decided, we should wish to know something more than the size of his biceps and the tenacity of his grip on a given piece of work. We should want to know about the strength of his love for that father and mother who have sacrificed so much for his advancement. We should look for some indication of a life-binding him to the house of God as a regular, thoughtful attendant. We should inquire as to the connecting links in his life between his daily conduct and the Word of God. Has he come into an earnest, loyal relation to Jesus Christ as his Saviour and master? Is he "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might?"

Yes, there is a great demand for strong boys. Satan wants them, that he may rob them of their prospective vigour. Christ wants them, that through their youthful robustness the weak places in his army may be reinforced.

The Church of to-day, as well as commercial corporations, may well hang out the sign, in unmistakable characters, and keep it displayed, "Wanted—strong boys." —Golden Rule.

THE TOBACCO HABIT AND ITS EFFECTS UPON SCHOOL WORK.

BY H. H. SEERLEY.

AFTER making a study of several hundred boys, running through a period of ten years, I give only observed facts, and do not assume the conditions nor jump at fore-ordained conclusions.

1. Boys that begin a habit at an early age are stunted physically, and never arrive at normal bodily development.

2. Accompanied with the use of the narcotic were certain disordered physical functions, such as indigestion, impaired taste, defective eyesight, dull hearing, nervous affections and diseases of the heart. I have not found a single case of early addicting to the habit of tobacco-using that did not suffer with one or more of these direful abnormal conditions.

3. Tobacco, used in any form, destroyed the ability to apply one's self to study, and prevented his comprehending or remembering his lessons. The mental faculties of a boy under the influence of the narcotic seem to be in a stupor, and since depraved nerve power stultifies and weakens the will power, there is but little use for the teacher to seek to arouse the dormant, paralyzed energies, or to interest and foster the lagged desire. I have not met a pupil that is addicted to the habit who will go through a single day's work and have good lessons. I have never had one whose scholarship record was good, and in almost every case the deportment was below the average standard. At the regular examination for promotion, nearly every one of the tobacco-using pupils fail in doing the most reasonable test work, even if this is not the first time the work has been passed over in the class. I have had numbers of cases in which they have remained in the same grade for four successive years, and then they were not ready to be advanced into the next higher class.

Actual cases.—1. A high-school boy who had always done excellent work, was reported one term as not getting his lessons. I had a talk with the boy and stated the facts, assuring him that with his past record his poor work was unexplainable, as he insisted that he devoted his time faithfully to his studies. He denied using tobacco at all. His work failed from month to month, and before the year closed his parents withdrew him from school. His father deeply regretted the failure, admitted that a change had come in the boy's conduct at home, but as he had heretofore been truthful and faithful, he could not think that the presupposed cause was the true one. In a few months the habit, thus far secret, became more pronounced and more public, and it was absolutely established by the boy's own admissions, that it was begun several months before the trouble noticed at school, and that no one knew it save the salesman that furnished him the supply of the narcotic.

2. Four years ago a boy entered one of my primary schools as a chart pupil. Before the boy was four years of age he had learned the habit of smoking cigarettes and

stubs of cigars. His father taught him the use of narcotics, and considered it sport to see his son exhibit the habit and tastes of his elders. During the four years he did not complete the twenty-four lessons on the chart, although he attended regularly, and applied himself as diligently as the average pupil of that grade. He seemed perfectly unable to learn like other children, though he was at the beginning a precocious, promising child. His mental activity was so dulled and paralyzed as to render him but little better than an idiot or an imbecile. Experience has shown that the younger the habit is acquired the more disastrous the results to the mentality of the child.

3. One boy was a successful primary pupil. His work and his interest were constantly praised by his teachers. On his entering the last half of the third grade, his work began to lag and his interest to decline. At the examination for promotion his case was conditioned, and it was detected that he had begun some months before to use tobacco. His parents were informed, and strenuous efforts were made by his teacher to get the habit restrained and corrected. His reform was not secured, and though he remained five years in the same grade, he never was able to advance on merit, and several trial promotions proved failures.

4. In a case where reform was secured and the habit overcome, the pupil again returned to normal progress, and had a successful career as a student.

Other observations.—So far as my observations have extended, not a single boy has passed the examination required for admission to the high school after he had acquired the habit, and not one has graduated from the high school who began the habit after beginning his course in the high school.

But the moral results are also as serious. Pupils under the influence of the weed are constant subjects of discipline, are not truthful, practise deception and cannot be depended upon. A change in character in a formerly good boy is a very strong indication that some habit is getting hold upon him whose tyranny must be broken before he will again be clothed in his right mind. The worst characteristic of the habit is a loss of personal self respect, and of personal regard for the customs and wishes of ladies and gentlemen, especially when among strangers.

If these observations mean anything, they declare something ought to be done to save child-life from the pitfalls that commercial interests are digging, and that greed is encouraging; that more should be done than to instruct by oral or text lessons in school; that teachers, parents and philanthropists are not yet sufficiently aroused regarding the magnitude of the evil of tobacco using by children; that in the crusade against alcohol we should recognize that other evils, though more quietly, are just as surely sapping the strength and destroying the vigour of the youth of this generation.

WORKERS.

If you expect God to choose you for a great work, be busy; he seldom selects idlers. When he wished a deliverer for Israel, he went into the wilderness for Moses, who was watching sheep; when he wanted a man to save his people from the Midianites, he sent for Gideon, who was threshing wheat; when he wanted a man after his own heart to be king of Israel, he sent for David, who was keeping sheep. Idlers do not suit; the Lord wishes those who are not only willing to work, but who are hard at it. Idlers are too often lazy, and that may be the cause of their idleness. Such seldom have enough ambition to take care of themselves, let alone caring for the Lord's work. But idlers suit Satan exactly. He likes such as have no ambition, for they make the best slaves, and he wants slaves for his work. But God wants something better. He wishes boys and girls who have ambition, who take an interest in their work; he wishes servants who are anxious to rise, for he means to promote them some day. From servants, he adopts them into his family and makes them his children.—Forward.

WORSE THAN THE INDIANS

Rest brings desolation to the home. It fires the heart of the victim with a thirst for blood, and often that thirst is directed against the infuriated man's best and most devoted friend. The saloon is under the law, and the creature of the law, and the man who is appointed to conduct it is worse than an Apache armed with a tomahawk. Were a few thousand Apaches turned loose to massacre our women we would soon shoot them down and be rid of the foe, but the saloon-keeper is a perpetual Apache, and we know not what hour he will brain our friends by his own red hand or by assassins appointed by him. By his emissaries he may murder 1,500 helpless women in our land in a year, and no hair of his head will suffer loss by the act. There is no exaggeration in our words; there can be none in speech directed against the saloon. From January 1, 1889, to April 1, 1891, 3,004 wives were murdered by their drunken husbands in the United States. What if the Apaches had done this work or the tenth part of it? The nation would have been aghast at the horror, and would have voted the extermination of the tribe. There are more dangerous men in the nation than red-handed, tomahawk-flourishing Apaches—they are legalized saloonists.—Herald of Gospel Liberty.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

ONE day a Scotch lad, not yet sixteen, started from home to take charge of a gentleman's garden, in Cheshire, England. He bade farewell to father, brothers, and sisters; but his mother accompanied him to the boat on which he was to cross the Firth of Forth.

"Now, my Robert," she said, as they came in sight of the ferry, "let us stand here a few minutes. I wish to ask one favour of you before we part."

"What is it, mother?" asked the son.

"Promise me that you will do what I am going to ask you."

"I cannot, mother," replied the cautious boy, "till you tell me what your wish is."

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed, and the tears ran down her cheeks, "would I ask you to do anything that is not right?"

"Ask what you will, mother, and I will do it," said the son, overcome by his mother's agitation.

"I want you to promise me that you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and evening."

"Mother, you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do, but you do not read it regularly. I shall return home now with a happy heart, seeing you have promised me to read the scriptures daily."

The lad went his way. He kept his promise, and every day read his Bible. He read, however, because he loved his mother—not from any pleasure he found in the sacred book. At length, inattentive though he was, the truths he daily came in contact with aroused his conscience. He became uneasy—then unhappy. He would have ceased reading but for his promise. Living alone in a lodge in a large garden, his leisure was his own. He had but few books, and those were works on gardening and botany, which his profession obliged him to consult. He did not pray until his unhappiness sent him on his knees. One evening, while poring over the Epistle to the Romans, light broke into his soul. The apostle's words appeared different; though familiar to him.

"Can it be possible," he said to himself, "that I have never understood what I have read again and again?"

Peace came to his mind, and he found himself earnestly desiring to know and to do the will of God. That will was made known to him in a simple way. One night, as he entered a neighbouring town, he read a placard announcing that a missionary meeting was to be held. The time appointed for the meeting had long passed, but the lad stood and read the placard over and over. Stories of missionaries told him by his mother came up as vividly as if they had just been related. Then and there was begotten the purpose which made Robert Moffat a missionary to the Hottentots of South Africa.—Exchange.



LIEUT. VINCENT TOOK IN THE SITUATION AT ONCE.

THE SLAVE CHASE.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "Wop the Wai," "P'n Down," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

LIEUTENANT VINCENT'S DISCOVERY.

THE success of the chase only made officers and men more eager for another cruise, and as soon as possible the vessel got back upon the old ground; a stricter watch than ever was kept, and everything done to ensure a capture.

At certain places along the coast of Africa, near to which the slave gangs from the interior would be likely to strike the coast on the completion of their toilsome, deadly march, there were temporary barracoons, or sheds, where the slaves are kept ready till the coast was clear for the show to stand in to shore, and load up with her living freight. It often happened that a shipment could be stopped, and many slaves liberated, and Arabs made prisoners, by a little circumvention at these stations. Thus a cruiser would drop a boat, loaded with every necessary for a month's cruise. Three days' sail from one of these stations the boat's crew, getting close into land or up some coast river, would then, by careful survey and silent march, often surprise and make a good haul.

This was the plan the captain now decided upon. The largest of the ship's cutters was well prepared, all her water breakers filled with fresh water; biscuit, beef, pork, etc. were stowed carefully in the boat's bins; a portable cooking stove, ammunition, rifles, revolvers, and last, carefully and securely fixed, a boat's gun and carriage, made secure and ready for working, in the bow of the boat.

Early on Tuesday morning the cutter, fully manned, with Lieutenant Vincent in charge, Sam Harper coxswain of the boat, and Joo Richards carpenter for the cruise, left the ship's side amid the cheers and good wishes of the crew.

"Vincent!" shouted the captain, "you understand fully where we will pick you up, all being well, three weeks to-day?"

"Yes, sir."
"You have taken the bearings all right?"
"Yes, sir."
"Good-bye."
"Good-bye."

What a strange experience, to be afloat on the mighty ocean in so small a craft, to see that which has been your home for nearly two years passing rapidly out of sight! It was a strange life—rough, coarse, free, full of discomforts and yet with a strange fascination for many of these young fellows. One thing was inevitable

in such a life, the "caste" separation between officer and men was soon, and almost imperceptibly, broken down, and Ralph Vincent found a certain comfort in the conversations carried on in quiet tones between Sam Harper, Joo Richards, and himself.

One evening, during one of these bivouacs ashore, most of the men had gone off for a stroll, and he found himself alone with our two friends, so he said,

"How long have you been a Christian, Richard?"

"Nearly five years now, sir. It was about three years before I joined this ship."

"And do your religious duties give you any pleasure? You always seem so singularly free and joyous, and so does your chum, Harper, and I cannot quite understand it."

"Well, no, sir, I do not think that my religious duties give me pleasure, or make me happy."

"Then, my dear fellow, what is it that you have, that makes you so joyous, that I have not, and do not even understand?"

"Well, sir, I must speak plainly if I am to help you at all; and this comes to me to be such an awfully important matter that I pray God to help me, and to help you to understand it."

"My dear fellow, you cannot think how anxious I am about this matter, and, as you say, it is important. I am very glad we happen to be away from the ship; we can talk more freely, and there is not so much to distract attention. Do not hesitate to speak quite freely; you know near about all that has happened since I have been with you in the ship, and, unless I am very much mistaken, you and Harper have been watching me for some time."

"Yes, sir, that we have, and more than watching you, we've been praying for you. We saw you were not happy, and we wanted to see you right with God, for once a man is right with God he is happy."

"That is what I don't understand, Richards—what do you mean by being right with God? What am I to do more than I am doing to be right with God? You know how recklessly I carried on, till I was laid down with fever in Trincomalee; and, when I was getting better, I made up my mind to prepare myself for death, whenever it might come, by living right for the future. This I have been doing ever since, but every day I grow more puzzled, and confused, and unhappy, I believe. Now, if I am on the wrong tack, where am I wrong? Which is the right tack, and how am I to get there?"

There was a quiet smile on the face of both the seamen as they quietly listened to this confession.

Then Richards said, slowly and deliberately, "Supposing, sir, that all your living to-day was pleasing in the sight of God, what about all your past sins—the sins of all the years before you were ill, and made up your mind to be good—how do you propose to get rid of them?"

"Well, that is strange, Richards; I do not remember that thought ever once crossing my mind. I have been taken up with a constant effort to live what I thought right. What do I need to see God, do you think?"

"Well, sir," replied Richards, "are you willing to take the sinner's place? Of course, there is a great difference between your position in life and mine, and yet I know something about the heart's unwillingness to take the sinner's place. When I was converted to God, during a fortnight's mission in South London, I was a respectable young man, an apprentice, nearly out of my time, always attended a place of worship, was a teetotaler, and generally looked upon as a most religious young fellow because of these things; but, like Nicodemus, I had never been 'born again,' and on the particular night that I sought and found mercy with God, through Jesus,

the missionary had taken for his text, 'There is no difference,' and with many illustrations, and very straight talk, he showed plainly that sin unforgiven was sin in God's sight, whether it was open or secret, gilded or rough. Now when God's Spirit passed the truth upon me, that I was trusting in my own life of morality, my own righteousness, that was dead, and I wanted life, I just passed into the empty room, at the invitation of the missionary, and, kneeling weeping at one of the forms, I cried to God to save me from myself.

"Now at this very moment one of the workers drew near me to help, and opening his Bible he said, 'See what God says,' when just at the moment I became conscious of another form pressing against me, as he knelt between me and the next enquirer. At the same time a mingled odour of drink, tobacco, old rags and bones, and skins, became very plain even amid my anxiety. I glanced round at my companion, recognized at once, with a certain feeling of wounded pride and disgust, a drunken rag and bone man, who lived in our own street. He was crying aloud for mercy. 'Oh, God, be merciful to me a sinner!' He cried again and again, and there and then the Spirit pressed home the sermon with mighty power to me, and I thought, 'I came here to seek God as a sinner, it's my only plea,' and though I felt a momentary dislike and disgust of my companion, yet there we were on the same level: he called himself a sinner, and so did I. In a moment I said aloud, 'Yes, Lord, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. I am a sinner, he came to save me,' and the worker at my opposite side said, 'Yes, that's it; you have taken the lost sinner's place, now take the lost sinner's Saviour. Jesus said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Now you have come as the lost sinner to the Saviour, do you believe he takes you in, or does he cast you out? Listen once more, 'He that believeth on the Son shall everlasting life.' Do you—' But I tell you what it is, sir: before the friend could say another word, I was on my feet with all the burden rolled right away, knowing my sins were forgiven, because I had come as Jesus asked me, and believed he was true; and from that day to this, all the God has ever said to my soul, or done for me, has come through the first great truth, the basis of all the others, believing God's Word about his Son."

"Thank you very much, Richard; this seems all simple and plain enough, but I cannot say I quite see just how to use these 'steps,' but I've no doubt—"

At this moment a shout in the distance fell upon the ears of officer and men. The former sprang to his feet and listened for a moment, then said,—

"Follow me, men! What's the matter, I wonder?"

Following the sound of the voices, they soon came upon the others, who were surrounding a poor, gaunt-looking black, with the heavy wooden slave stick or collar upon his neck, and his right wrist and ankle encircled with iron clasps, attached to each of which was a strong chain of iron links, which, though hanging loosely, made it impossible to do much with either arm or leg.

Lieutenant Vincent took in the situation at once. The man was one of a gang of slaves who, on the march, had succeeded in escaping, probably at night, and that, hampered with his slave stick and the chained wrist and ankle, his fancied liberty was as bad if not worse than his former slavery. Making him understand by signs that they were his friends, they led him along to their little camp.

On the slow journey back, the lieutenant urged Richards to hurry forward to get some tools out ready to relieve the poor black of his bonds, and in little more than half an hour, great swelling tears rolled down the face of this poor negro, as he stood up and waved his arms, and leaped as well as his weakened frame would let him, free now in the fullest sense of the word, and, as Richards left the group of excited sailors, who were watching the freed man eat some limited pea soup, which had been warmed up for him, he noticed Lieutenant Vincent with a puzzled, anxious look upon his face, standing right away from them all, though watching the scene.

Seized with a sudden impulse Joo laid his tools down, and crossing over to the officer, he asked him, saying,—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but here seems to me God's word to you in your soul difficulty."

"Why, how do you mean, Richards?"

"Well, sir, you were like that slave once was, you were bound to a whole gang of sin—drink, and gambling, and lots of other things—but you broke away from them all, just as that poor black seems to have broken away from the slave gang. But he hasn't been happy, sir. He could look up into the cocoa-nut palm, and see their fruit at the top, but he couldn't climb, he couldn't eat the fruit, because of his collar and chain; and if he had died, he would have died bound and starved amid plenty."

"Go on, Richards, go on," said the officer with intense eagerness.

"You have broken away from the slave gang to which you were once bound, sir, but there are the bonds of self, and self-effort, and it will only be by another hand that you can ever be freed; it's a Pierced Hand that must snap your chains, 'tis Jesus' hand alone can do this, and God asks you to believe, and expect him to do it for you. Now, there is nothing you can do; Christ alone can save."

Putting out his hand to Richards, the officer said, as they clasped hands,—

"It is clear as daylight to me now, why have I been so blinded? My self-righteousness has been as scales to my eyes. May God bless you, Richards. God not only used you with your tools in the physical deliverance of that poor black slave, but he used you by your plain stating of simple truth to the snapping of my spiritual bonds. God bless you."

And after a little more conversation, Joo took up his tools and went off to put them away, and to tell Sam the good news, and together, behind a clump of bush, they knelt and thanked God for his work accomplished in the new born soul.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS MADE OF CLAY.

FAR away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian empire stood. The spade of the Frenchman, then of the Englishman, has cleared the earth away and laid bare all that remains of the old streets and palaces where the princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshipped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world.

The most curious of all the curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh. The chief library of Nineveh was contained in the palace of Konyunjik. The clay books which it contains are composed of sets of tablets covered with very small writing. The tablets are oblong in shape; and when several of them were used for one book. The first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it.

The writing on the tablets was of course done when the clay was soft; and then it was baked to harden it. Then each tablet or book was numbered, and assigned to a place in the library with a corresponding number, so that the librarian could readily find it, just as our books are numbered to-day under the books we read.

Among these books are to be found collections of hymns to the gods, descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as of history, travels, etc. Perhaps the little Ninevite children of long ago took the same delight that the young folks of to-day do in stories of the birds, beasts, and insects of Assyria.

The Assyrians and Babylonians were great students of astronomy. The method of telling time by the sun, and of marking it by the instrument called a sun-dial, was invented by the latter nation. None of our modern clocks and watches can be compared to the sun-dial for accuracy. Indeed, we have to regulate our modern inventions by the old Babylonian one.—*Harper's Young People.*



STREET IN PEKIN.

PEKIN.

The engraving here represents one of the busiest parts of Peking, giving only specimens of the people who daily assemble here. Aside from the carts which fill the roadway, vendors of all sorts of wares move up and down crying their goods, while workmen, such as cobblers and tinkers, and even blacksmiths, bring their moveable shops and carry on their trades in the streets. Even the barbers ply their calling in the midst of the crowds. Here, also, the beggars congregated, and there are so many of this class that they have given their name to the bridge.

A little more than twenty years ago the American Mission Board began work in Peking, the capital of the empire. This is one of the largest cities of the world, and a score of missionaries would find ample room for labour within its walls. It is a promising field.

Though, perhaps, the Chinese are not as quick as some other people to receive the truth, many of them, when they do become Christians, seem to be specially faithful in making known the gospel. Just now our missionaries in western China are entering upon their labours in special hope, believing that before long great progress will be seen in that land which, a few years ago, was regarded as almost beyond hope.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE ISALMS AND DANIEL.

B.C. 603.] LESSON VIII. [May 22.

DANIEL AND HIS COMPANIONS.

Dan. 1. 8-21. Memory verses, 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.—Dan. 1. 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The principles of righteousness and temperance are the way to usefulness and success.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

THE FOUR CAPTIVES.—About the time of Lesson II. a number of captives were carried from Jerusalem to Babylon. Among them were four boys who became noted in history—Daniel, and the three who were cast into the fiery furnace. These four were selected to be trained for the official service of King

Nebuchadnezzar. They were taught in the Chaldean learning, and fed with the luxuries provided by the king. *Purposed . . . that he would not defile himself with . . . the king's meat—i.e., food.* Some of the flesh was that forbidden to Jews. (See Lev. 11; Deut. 12, 23-25.) Often it was consecrated to idols. It was too luxurious for their best health. *God had brought Daniel into favour*—By direct influence, and by giving Daniel a lovable, noble character. *Endanger my heart*—Lest his head be cut off for disobedience. *Melzar*—The melzar, or steward; not a proper name. He had charge of their food. This plan was doubtless by permission of the prince of the eunuchs. *Hananiah, etc.*—See their other names in verse 7. *Pulse*—Vegetable food; grains. Pulse originally meant leguminous seeds, as beans, peas. *End of the days*—Of the three years' training (verse 5). *Stood they before the king*—As his officers and advisers. Servants always stood when in the presence of the monarch. *Better than all the magicians*—The priestly, learned class. *Astrologers*—Wise men, magi, scientific men. All used and believed in magic and astrology. The Chaldeans were at this time the most learned people in the world. *First year of King Cyrus*—B.C. 534, the end of the seventy years' captivity. Cyrus conquered Babylon.

Find in this lesson—

A boy who resisted temptation.
The good effect of temperance.
How to obtain knowledge and wisdom.
How God rewards those faithful to him.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who was Daniel? "A Jewish prince, carried captive when a boy to Babylon." 2. How was he tempted? "To luxurious living, intemperance, and irreligion." 3. What did he do? "He overcame the temptations by the grace of God." 4. What was his character? "He was faithful, religious, diligent, temperate, studious, wise, favoured of God." 5. What was the result? "He lived a most useful and successful life."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

22. What follows from our regeneration or being born again?

Our new life being begun, we receive power to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, and to live in the exercise of inward and outward holiness.

As new born babes, long for the spiritual milk which is without guile, that ye may grow thereby unto salvation.—1 Peter 2. 2.

The Sunday-school lesson may be so plain and simple to you that to study it may not seem necessary. But you cannot know it too well nor study it too carefully. Ask yourself the questions, and then look up the answers.

Precious Ointment.

Do not keep your box of ointment;
Break it o'er your friends to-day;
Do not keep it in the darkness,
Half forgotten, laid away.
Little deeds of love and kindness,
Don't forget to give them now;
Don't forget to smooth the pillow—
Don't forget to bathe the brow.

Send your flowers to the living;
Do not keep them for the grave—
They may comfort some poor mourner;
They may strengthen, help, and save.
Send them in their fragrant beauty—
Show your friendship true and warm;
What would care a rosewood casket?
What would care a lifeless form?

Hearts there are with burdens laden,
Bearing bravely toil and care;
Ready to receive your kindness
Should you leave your ointment there.
Don't forget the kindly counsel—
Don't forget the loving tone;
They will make the cross seem lighter
To some sorrow-laden one.

All along life's rugged pathway,
Stretch your hand and lift your voice,
Bringing all your love and kindness,
Making every heart rejoice.
Keep your ointment ever ready;
Use it freely—there is room:
It will bring you richest blessings,
Soothe your passage to the tomb.

"WHO KILLED HIM?"

*THE truth was recently pressed home in a forcible manner to the saloon-keepers of Pontiac, Mich. A young man was killed in the town while intoxicated by the high license beer. Copies of a "Roll of Honour," a little folder giving, under the symbol of the skull and cross-bones, and within mourning borders, the names of the city's saloon-keepers and their bondsmen, were freely distributed throughout the city on that day, and soon after the killing of the young man a circular was issued and distributed, asking, "Who is responsible for this murder?" The circular, a single-page leaflet, bore a portrait of the young man, and beneath ghastly head lines that stated that the young man was "Murdered by Pontiac legalized whiskey," the truth was pressed home in strong language to the consciences of the republican and democratic voters that they are responsible for murder, and those who had voted for prohibition had no part in it. The portrait and reading matter were enclosed by mourning borders. The circular sent consternation into the ranks of the saloon-keepers and their sympathizers.

SON AND MOTHER.

ONE evening the Doro family were sitting in the common room, and Gustavo was at a little table drawing quaint forms and figures in his copybook. Something prompted the mother to look over her boy's shoulder.

"Do come and look," she exclaimed, catching up the copybook. "See what Gustavo has done. How funny. Here is the postman, here is Françoise (the old family nurse and servant), and a lot of people I don't even know. Where did you see them, Gustavo?"

"Everywhere," he answered, with a loud laugh.

"Yes, but how have you been able to make them so lifelike? Did they sit to you?" persisted the delighted mother.

"Sit to me! Never!" said the boy scornfully. "They are all here," touching his forehead significantly. "Why should I not draw them like?"

"My son is a genius," exclaimed the mother.

"Don't fill his head with nonsense," answered the father, who was a civil engineer.

"It is not nonsense," retorted the mother. "My son is a great genius; he must study painting. He will be one of the first artists in the world."

"Our son will do nothing of the sort, and he shall not study painting," reproved the father. "He shall go to a polytechnic school with his brothers, and we shall see what he can do; but he will never become a painter, if he wishes to please his father."

The boy made no reply save to brush away a tear. He turned to his mother for sympathy, and she encouraged him to keep on drawing.

As they were both of them persistent and as the boy's talents were really of a decidedly striking quality, they triumphed, and the world gained an artist of great merit as well as with many defects.

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