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THE LITTLE PILGRIM

LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1893.

[No. 17.]

Vol. XIII.]

Be Pure, Boys.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Be pure! Thy very lips be pure!
Oh, stain them not with words of wrong,
Nor soil them with the touch of Drink
That weakens all whom God made strong.

Be pure! Oh, let thy hands be clean;
By touch of sin, be ne'er defiled.
To smite the wrong, a man be thou;
In innocence, be thou a child!

Be pure! Thy feet be pure, and shun
The dark and miry ways of sin.
Take clean, bright paths that aim at heaven;
Who steadfast climbs shall enter in.

Be pure! If thou within be clean,
Thy life will shine e'en as the light.
Then, Father, hear thy children cry,
And make our souls like snowflakes white.

AVENUE OF PALMS AT RIO JANEIRO.

BY L. D. PHILIPS.

At first I thought I should never see any thing in the whole world that charmed me as the Bay of Rio de Janeiro. It is even more beautiful than the renowned Bay of Naples or the Golden Horn of Constantinople. As I lounged on the deck of our ship, watching the night steal over that city, the whole scene was one of marvellous enchantment and fairy-like loveliness. And I expected to bring away with me, as the rarest and dearest memory, a picture of this bay as it looked that night—the brilliant waters, the lamps on the ferry-boats, that glowed like rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, as they shot across the sea; but I brought another picture to remember best. I do not know that you would care for it as I did; but it rests me to recall it, and I can close my eyes and see at will that stately avenue, that grand old avenue of palms, in the city of Rio de Janeiro. Your book tells you much about the Brazilian forests. Well, their magnificence is awe-inspiring. The foliage shows every tint of green; birds of glittering plumage flit through giant boughs, and flowers of rainbow beauty are everywhere. They are worth talking about; but this palm avenue is too exquisitely beautiful for words to picture. You must see that yourself.

ONE BOY'S DECISION.

BY L. A. OBEAR.

He stood with his back against the side of the house—this boy of fifteen—with his hat pulled down over his eyes, seemingly watching his foot, pushing a pebble forth and back on the gravel. But he was thinking. His uncle had said at the breakfast-table:

"You are fifteen to-day, Ralph; just the age I was when I started out into the world to get a living. Make up your mind what you want to do, and I will try to get a place that will suit you. Here is a half-dollar to get you a lunch, and you can go into the city and look about, see what people are doing, and at night come home. If you don't see anything that looks desirable to-day, go again to-morrow."

If you could have looked into the boy's mind as he stood there, you would have seen something like these thoughts:

"I am bound to be a rich man sometime, and of course I must make up my mind to find something to do that I can begin right off to earn money fast. And I mustn't be afraid of hard work till I get money, as my uncle says, 'to earning money for me.' I will go into the city; and I'll look about sharper than ever I did before, and then I'll make up my mind."

Ralph went into the house to make some

he came into the city other thoughts besides that one determination to be rich were in his mind.

He must heed his mother's advice, and not let a desire to become rich lead him into anything that would injure others, or prevent him from becoming a good and honourable man. He'd bear that in mind.

He had thought, when his uncle spoke of an immensely wealthy man who got his

stroll. He was wide awake and quick to observe as never before. He examined drinking palaces and more common liquor-saloons with a critical scrutiny, both on his way and while he was eating his lunch at what seemed a very respectable restaurant; and this was the result: He did not apply for a place. He would go in another day, first taking his uncle and aunt's advice; and he would have nothing to do with ardent spirits. The finely-dressed men who came out of the saloons, fitted up so splendidly, were not such men as he liked; and certainly those he saw about the lower places he had passed did not look like prosperous men. Neither were those who passed from the lunch to the rear room, where he ate his dinner, men he would desire to be like.

None of them acted like good men. When they spoke they used profane words. They (most of them) were coarse and loud-talking, or silly, or bandying foolish jokes, and laughing at them themselves. This was true even of the finely-dressed men he saw through the windows of the elegant saloons.

Then he suspected there was gambling there, too; and it was likely he could be connected with such business and come out a good, honourable man? And if he could, would it be right to help so many spend their money uselessly? And could he be indeed a good man, and be the cause of all the sorrow and poverty and crime that came from the liquor he had made or sold? No! How could he have thought of such a thing?

"There were other ways of becoming rich than by rum selling or making; and if there wasn't, rich men aren't the happiest or most useful men always, and I am sure rich rumsellers can't be! So there's one way I sha'n't try to get rich!"

The next day he used his eyes in the city to good advantage, and when we hear of Ralph Hudson again it will be as a truly successful, if not a "rich," man.

WHAT JOHNNY THINKS.

WELL, sir, I'll tell you. I think it pays to think of the church and those things first, and of yours secondly. I did not use to do that way; but last fall mother said one day:

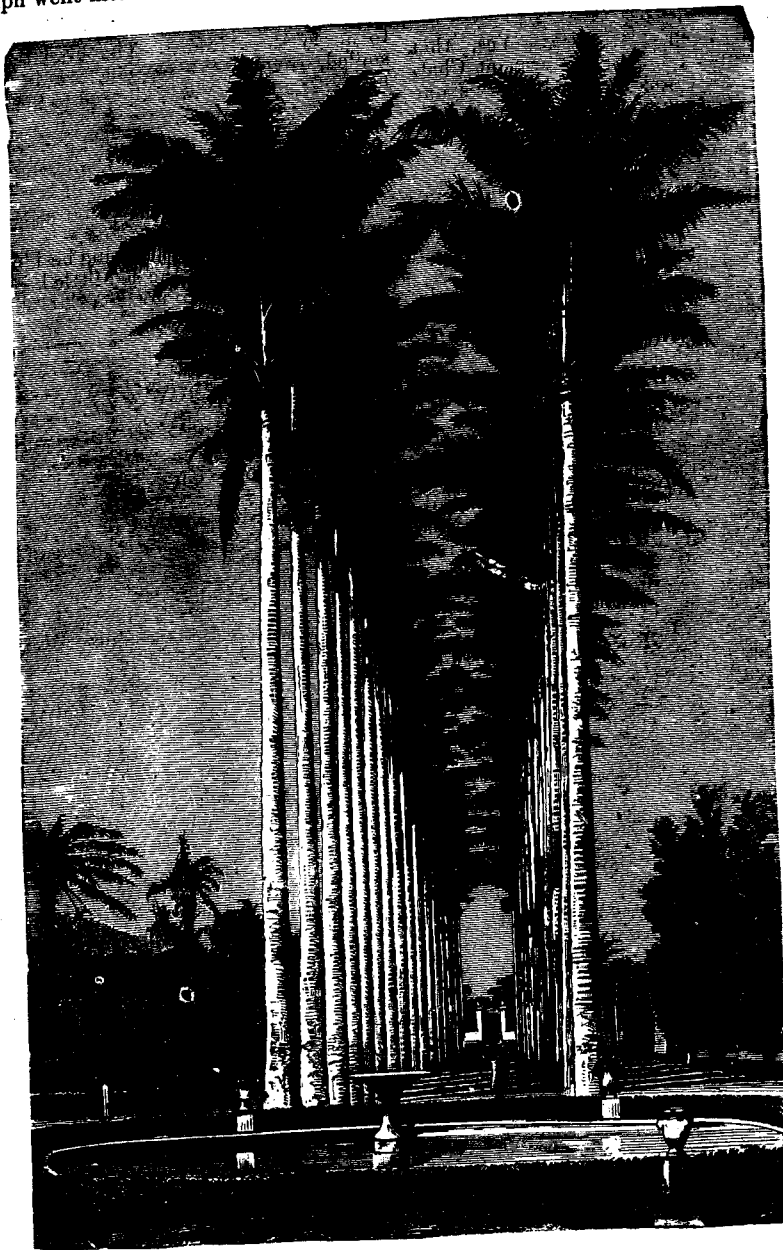
"Well, Johnny how much are you going to give to help build our new church? You've got five dollars."

"Huh!" said I, "that's all I have got. I want to get a pair of shoes with those five dollars."

Mother didn't say anything; but she went and got the Bible, and read me that story about Elijah, you know, and the widow.

Well, I couldn't get that story out my head. Every time I tried to get any shoes I'd hear that "Make me . . . a little cake first, and after that for thee." The end of it was, I gave the money to the church—I could not help it.

What do you suppose happened then? Well, sir, it snowed a steady stream after Thanksgiving, and I had more folks say "Yes" to me when I asked to shovel paths than I ever did before in my life. And I've had all the money I wanted! Shoes? Yes, sir, there they are! Ain't they good ones?—*The Little Pilgrim.*



AVENUE OF PALMS AT RIO JANEIRO.

change in his dress, and soon came out with an air of determination in his face and figure they had never worn before.

He was just realizing that he was coming into manhood, and it made him serious.

The first part of his two-mile walk to the city was over a quiet country road. Somehow this new feeling that he would soon be a man recalled the conversations of those last days with his mother three years ago—the dear, widowed mother whose dying-bed he had tended! Her last words came back, very vivid and real words; and when

fortune from liquor-dealing, and of another rich man who was a distiller, that he would try that way. What splendid houses some of them lived in! and how many fine things their boys at his school had!—watches and velocipedes, and one of them even a pony!

If he was sure his mother would be pleased to have him, he'd see if he couldn't get a place in one of those elegant saloons!

All day he walked through the streets with this doubt preventing his application at such a place. But it was no idle, listless

Prevalent Poetry.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

A WANDERING tribe called the Sioux,
Wear moccasins, having no shioux;
They are made of buckskin,
With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of bright hioux.

When out on the warpath, the Sioux
March single file—never by tioux—
And by "blazing" the trees
Can return at their ease,
And their way through the forest ne'er lioux.

All new-fashioned boats he eschioux,
And uses the birch bark caniox;
These are handy and light,
And inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from dioux.

The principal food of the Sioux
Is Indian maize, which they brioux,
And hominy make,
And mix in a cake,
And eat it with pork, as they chioux.

Now doesn't this spelling look cyiouxrioux?
'Tis enough to make any one fyiouxrioux?
So a word to the wise—
Pray our language revise,
With orthography not so injiouxrioux.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1893.

JUNIOR LEAGUE WORK.

A VERY successful entertainment was recently given by the Junior Epworth League of the Sherbourne Street Methodist church, Toronto. A large number of the fathers, mothers and friends of the children came out "to encourage the juniors," and well were they repaid for their kindness. The programme, furnished entirely by the little folk themselves, consisted of a number of bright hymns sung by the whole society, responsive readings, solos (by very little soloists—one so small that she had to be lifted on to a chair) and some appropriate recitations. There was not one break in the programme from the beginning to the end.

The president, Master Frank Manning, gave a brief, manly address. He said that during the short time this society had been in existence, it had gained seventy-eight members, with an average attendance of fifty. They were doing what they could to help the poor; had \$1.60 in the treasury, and thought that besides helping the poor they could give something to missions. All the members felt that the society was doing them good, and they thought they would do a great deal more work next year. Everyone went home feeling that this church need have no fears about its success in the years to come with an army of such bright, well-trained recruits for future service.

LINCOLN IN THE HOSPITAL.

[We make no apology for printing this story of President Lincoln. We have no sympathy with that spirit which can see no merit in a great man because he belongs to a foreign nation.—Ep.]

In a recent conversation with a Union soldier a correspondent heard a fresh story about the late President Lincoln. As near as possible, our friend tells it in the soldier's words.

"I had been in the Finley Hospital several months. One day in May, 1863, President Lincoln and Secretary Chase walked into the ward where I was lying. You don't know how much good it did us to see them, one gets so tired looking at the nurse and all the long row of cots. It is hard to lie on a cot day after day, and hear the boys moan as their life ebbs away. Some morning you wake up and see an empty cot near you.

"Number 6 is gone?" you ask the nurse.

"Yes; he went at three this morning, poor fellow! but it's better for him," she answers in a sympathizing voice.

"We boys, therefore, took solid comfort in looking at Lincoln's face that afternoon, and in hearing him talk. He didn't say much to me that day, but it was good to hear him say anything, his words were so gentle and kind. And then he was as thoughtful as a mother, he knew just what to say.

"I had been very sick. Yes, that sleeve's empty; I left the arm at Chattanooga. As I was saying, he only spoke a few words to me and passed on to No. 26.

"A Vermont boy, a mere lad, not over sixteen, was on it. He had been wounded mortally, and was near his end. Mr. Lincoln stopped at his cot, and taking the thin, white hand, said, in a tone that was as tender as a mother's: 'My poor boy, what can I do for you?'

"With a beseeching look, the little fellow turned his eyes up at the homely, kindly face, and asked, 'Won't you write to my mother for me?'

"That I will," answered the President, and calling for pen, ink, and paper, he seated himself by the side of the cot. It was a long letter he wrote, at least three pages of commercial note, and when it was finished, the President said: 'I will mail this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?'

"In some way the boy had come to know that it was the President; and so, looking at him in the most appealing sort of way, he asked: 'Won't you stay with me till it's all over? It won't be long, and I do want to hold on to your hand!'

"That was too much for the great-hearted President to resist. The tears came to his eyes, and he sat down by him, and took hold of his hand. The little fellow did not move or speak a word. This was some time before four o'clock, and it was long after six that the end came. But the President sat there as if he had been the boy's father. When the end came, he bent over and folded the thin hands over the breast, and then looked so sorrowful at the pale, thin face. The tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded. We all cried, too.

HALF AN APPLE.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE cold winter morning about thirty years ago, a number of girls and boys were gathered around the stove in a school-room. They talked and laughed among themselves, paying little heed to a new scholar who stood apart from the rest. Now and then they cast side glances in her direction, or turned to stare rudely; but nobody spoke to her.

The little girl had never been to school before, and she began to feel shy and homesick. She now wished she could run home to mother and have a good cry in her loving arms. One little tear drop trembled in her eye, and seemed ready to fall; but it never did, for just then something happened.

Suddenly the outer door flew open, and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little girl rushed in. She brought plenty of the clear, frosty air with her, and she imparted a cheer to the school-room that it had not had before. She walked up to the stove

quite as if she were at home, and after saying "Good morning" to everybody, her eyes fell upon the new scholar.

"Good morning," she sweetly said across the stove-pipe.

The little girl on the other side brightened up at once, though she answered somewhat timidly.

"Cold, is it not?" The new-comer went on, pulling off her mittens, and holding her red hands over the stove. Then she sent one of her plump hands down to the depths of her pocket, and when it came out it held a fine, red apple. With her strong fingers she split it in two, and, with a smile, passed half of it to the new scholar.

"Do you like apples?" she said. The little girl did like apples very much, and she thought none had ever tasted half so nice as this, it was so juicy and crisp and tart.

"My name is Libby," said the owner of the bright eyes; "what is your name?"

"My name is Hetty," replied the other little girl.

"Well," said Libby, "do you want to sit with me? There is a vacant seat beside mine, and I know the teacher will let you."

Hetty thought she would like that plan very much; so the two girls went off to find Libby's seat, where they chatted happily till the bell rang.

"Where is Hetty Rowe?" asked the teacher; and then before anybody had time to answer, she espied her, seated next to merry-faced Libby. The kind teacher smiled, saying, "I see you are in good hands," and Hetty was allowed to keep the seat for many a day.

When Libby had grown to be a woman she told me the story herself, and she used to say that it was her gift of half an apple that won for her so dear a friend as Hetty Rowe.

But I think it was something besides the apple that comforted the sad little heart on that cold morning; do not you?—*Christian Observer.*

DOES THE CROW REASON?

THE following stories of an unwelcome bird, we have on the authority of Miss Isabella Bird, in "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan." They are related as happening in Yezo, the northern island of the empire, where these birds are a feature of the country:

"There are millions of them, and in many places they break the silence of the silent land with a Babel of noisy discords. They are everywhere, and have attained a degree of most unpardonable impertinence, mingled with a cunning and sagacity which almost puts them on a level with man in some circumstances. Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses, and so be ferried across the river. In the inn garden at Mori, I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, unwisely letting go the big piece for a second, and two of the crows flew away with it to the pine; and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them.

"A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner, in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him, and after a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the dog's tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn round with a squeak, on which the other villains seized the meat, and the three fed triumphantly upon it on the top of a wall. In some places they are so aggressive as to destroy the crows, unless they are protected by netting. They assemble on the sore backs of horses and pick them into holes, and are mischievous in many ways. They are very late

in going to roost, and are early astir in the morning, and are so bold that they often come, with many a stately flirt and flutter, into the verandah where I was sitting. I never watched an assemblage of them for any length of time without being convinced that there was a Nestor among them to lead their movements."

GOING TO WORK.

EVERY year boys are leaving school and are going to work. Nine times out of ten they think it will be great fun to leave exacting school duties behind, and enter upon a business life.

I sometimes wonder if they realize just how unequal the exchange has been. They leave behind comparative freedom for an occupation that will demand constant energy and application.

The great inventor, Edison, once said to a boy just beginning his business life. "Never look at the clock." Just think what that means. Ninety out of every one hundred men fail once during their business career. If you would be among the few who do not fail, you will be obliged to put forth every effort.

The old Romans had a common saying that "a man was able because he seemed to be able," which is to say that there is no known rule by which a man can win success. It is that happy combination of qualities, chief among which come honesty and fair dealing, which makes men a power among their fellow-men.

The need to-day is for boys who are willing and not afraid of hard work—boys who feel enough interest in their work to improve in it and advance their own interests by pushing the business of their employer. A boy of this kind can soon find a good position.

THE SEVEN APPLES.

ONE day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time. In the evening he brought from the garden six rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him. "You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said the father; and Robert cheerfully placed the apples in his mother's store room.

Just as he was putting them aside his father laid on the plate the seventh apple, and desired him to allow it to remain there. "But, father," said Robert, "this apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said his father; and with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterward he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples which had been so round and rosy-cheeked were quite rotten and spread a bad smell through the room.

"Father," cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? You did not listen to me."

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children will make you bad? Yet do you listen to me? See in the state of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

A BRAVE YOUNG CANADIAN.

ACCORDING to a Montreal despatch, a twelve year old son of Captain Joseph Williams, of Bay Du Vin, was lying in wait on Gardener's Point, Bay Du Vin, for the purpose of getting a shot at brant. At the same time a bald eagle of huge proportions from a vantage position above the boy was awaiting an opportunity to make him his prey. The boy after a time started for home, and the great bird, after soaring above his victim, darted down to seize him; but the lad warded him off by protecting his head with his gun barrel. The eagle alighted on a fence near by. As the boy moved on, the eagle renewed his attack when the plucky little fellow shot him dead. The bird measured seven feet six inches from tip to tip of his wings.



SUSIE'S RESCUE.

SUSIE REDMAYNE:

OR,

A Story of the Seamy Side of Child-life.

BY

CHRISTABEL.

CHAPTER V.

CAROLINE FRERE.

TWELVE o'clock did come, and the children were once more cast on the world. But Mrs. Sorrel made them promise that they would come again to see her.

She stroked Susie's hair fondly as she said good-bye, and kissed her pale cheek. All a mother's heart went out to her, and she wished she was her own.

Going out from a warm fireside the wind felt piercingly cold.

What to do and where to go Ralph didn't know; he couldn't think of taking Susie under the arches again. He blamed himself for taking her from the shelter that their wretched home afforded; for he saw that she could not bear this kind of life many days.

Massive stone villas displaying beauty of architecture dotted the landscape where the children were wandering now, and all around lay the beautiful white snow. These mansions looked very unapproachable to such unimportant little wayfarers as these.

Little Susie looked almost as white as the snow she stepped upon. It was still white and untrodden in this western suburb of Yarnborough; and the snow was still frozen on the leaves of the evergreen trees that grew in the gardens.

Little Susie would have thought them very beautiful if she could have thought of anything at all, but she was thinking of nothing now. Her last strength was going out in endurance; she held by her brother's arm, dragging her slow steps after his, but her eyes were half closed, her brain confused, and every step grew more and more of an effort.

Suddenly, quite suddenly it seemed to Ralph, she sank gently down on to the snow, and lay there seemingly half dead.

The boy's distress was intense. Till that moment he had not known how weak he was himself; but when he tried to lift the slight form he found himself powerless to do so.

Then in his agony and bewilderment he threw open the nearest gate. It was a handsome bronzed and gilded one, but Ralph never saw that. He saw nothing.

He dashed up the wide avenue and into the Gothic porch of the great house, hardly knowing that he rang the bell as if he were a personage of great importance.

The servant who came to the door was simply speechless with surprise. When she could speak she asked, sharply:

"What on earth do you want, you little ragamuffin?"

At the same moment a silvery voice behind said:

"Let me see the little ragamuffin, Jane; will you?"

The speaker was a young lady, Miss Caroline Frere, and her position might most easily be described as that of daughter of the house, but in truth she was only niece to old Miss Roland.

Miss Frere had seen the boy come running wildly up the pathway, and she had seen that he was in no ordinary state of excitement.

"What is it, my little man?" she asked, laying her two white hands on his ragged shoulders and looking sympathetically into his pallid face.

"It's Susie," he said, gasping for breath as he spoke, and pointing down the avenue,—"it's little Susie!" He could say nothing else. He was as one stunned and helpless, he even seemed unable to move.

But Caroline Frere had now and always the full use of her faculties. She tripped lightly down the avenue, not heeding that her little kid shoes were not intended for the snow.

A minute later she came back again with an unconscious pallid child lying in her arms. She had quick perception and an abundance of useful knowledge, and her presence of mind was not likely to desert her in a crisis of this kind.

She had ample means for succour at hand, and all these means were at once made available.

The footman, John, was quickly despatched for a doctor. The housemaid was set to work to prepare a room. The child was placed in a warm bed, and Ralph was told to wait quietly by the stove in the hall.

All these things and many others were done before Caroline Frere thought it necessary to inform her aunt, Miss Roland, of the steps she had taken. She had no of the steps she had taken. She had no of the steps she had taken.

The doctor came immediately, and he at once pronounced little Susie's case to be a case of fever, and one in all likelihood to require most critical attention.

During his investigations it seemed to him necessary to question the boy, and Ralph was requested to step forward to the

front of the hall and answer any interrogation the curt-mannered doctor might choose to put. Ralph went through his catechism, and made a very favourable impression as he did so. There was truth on his lip and in his eye; this Doctor Blanchard saw for himself.

Ralph gave the doctor a detailed account of all that had passed since before their flight from home and after. He concealed nothing. He felt that this was not the time for concealment.

"Well," said the doctor, after listening carefully to all that Ralph had to say, "your sister is in for a severe illness, and she'll most likely stay here till there's a change one way or another. What do you suppose you'll do—go back to your father?"

Ralph considered for a moment. It would be painful to go back, it would be humiliating, but what else could he do? what else ought he to do? The sense of duty was still strong in him, and the sense of affection for his father was even yet not dead.

"I don't know what to do," Ralph said. "Please tell me, sir, if you think I ought to go back?"

It was now the doctor's turn to consider. He had listened to the boy's story, and his experience enabled him to make additions to it.

He knew more of the wretchedness, the drunkenness, and the cruelty of that home in Piper's Court than Ralph had told him.

"Just give me your address in full," he said, taking out his pocket-book.

When he had written it down he said, "Just wait here a moment, I will speak to Miss Frere again or to Miss Roland."

When the doctor went up-stairs again he found, somewhat to his surprise, that little Susie was already delirious.

Miss Roland and Miss Frere were both beside the bed. Susie's beautiful face was flushed with fever, and her silken yellow curls fell over the white pillow. She did not look out of place in that dainty room.

Her small parched lips were moving fast, telling strange sad tales of the things she had endured, of the things she had remembered, of the things she had dreaded. Not one word of childish pleasure, of childish hope, fell from this little fever-stricken thing.

"Father, father," she cried, tossing her arms wildly, "I will be good, and Ralph will be good; we will be good every day if you don't beat us any more."

"Mother would love me if she could come back, and she would love Ralph too, and she would make a fire, and we should never, never go under the dark arches."

"Oh, it was dark out in the night, and it was rainy, and it was cold, and it was darker still under that archway, and the water ran down and down, and I thought it would run over me, but I asked Jesus not to let it run over me, and it never did. But it was so near, and I was glad when I saw the daylight."

So the little thing went on with her sad, painful reminiscences. There were tears in good old Miss Roland's eyes when Dr. Blanchard beckoned her out of the room.

The doctor told her how exactly the child's delirious ravings coincided with the straightforward tale he had heard from the boy.

"And now what is to be done with the lad?" said Dr. Blanchard. "I am in doubt as to whether it is my duty to recommend him to go back to that drunken scamp in Piper's Court."

"Go back!" cried Miss Roland, "certainly not, certainly not! God himself sent the little things to my door; and let me not incur the reproof, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat.' No! no! find the father for me and I shall owe you thanks; till that is done the children will remain here, if you please."

(To be continued.)

WELLINGTON'S KINDNESS.

A PECULIARLY delightful letter, showing the kindness of one of England's greatest generals, was recently published in an English paper.

Strathfieldsaye, July 27, 1837.—Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington, is happy to inform William Harris that his toad is alive and well.

During one of his country walks the Duke found a little boy lying on the ground, bending his head over a tame toad and crying as if his heart would break. On being asked what was the matter, the child explained that he was crying "for his poor toad." He brought it something to eat every morning, but he was now to be sent away to school a long way off, and he was afraid that nobody else would give it anything to eat and that it would die.

The Duke, however, consoled him by saying he would himself see the toad well fed, and by further promising to let the boy hear as to its welfare. During the time the boy was away at school he received no less than five autograph letters similar to that given above, and when he returned for the Christmas holidays, the toad was still alive to gladden his heart.

Just a Boy.

A MOTHER once owned a commonplace boy,
A shock-headed boy,
A freckled-faced boy,
But thought he was handsome, and said so with joy;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian, but pug,
And turned up quite snug;
Like the nose of a jug;
But she said it was "piquant," and gave him a hug;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small, and he blinked in the sun,
But she said it was done
As a mere piece of fun,
And gave an expression of wit to her son;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

The carroty love-locks that covered his head
She never called red,
But auburn instead,
"The colours the old masters painted," she said;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so, let it pass;
Don't look in the glass,
Like a vain, silly lass,
But go tend the baby, pick sticks, weed the grass;
Be as good as you're pretty, you know,
Quite so—
As good as you're pretty, you know.

A MAN WHO LOVED HIS MOTHER.

MOORE, the poet, was devoted to his mother. He wrote to her his first letter, and ended it thus:

"Your absence all but ill endure,
And none so ill as—Thomas Moore."

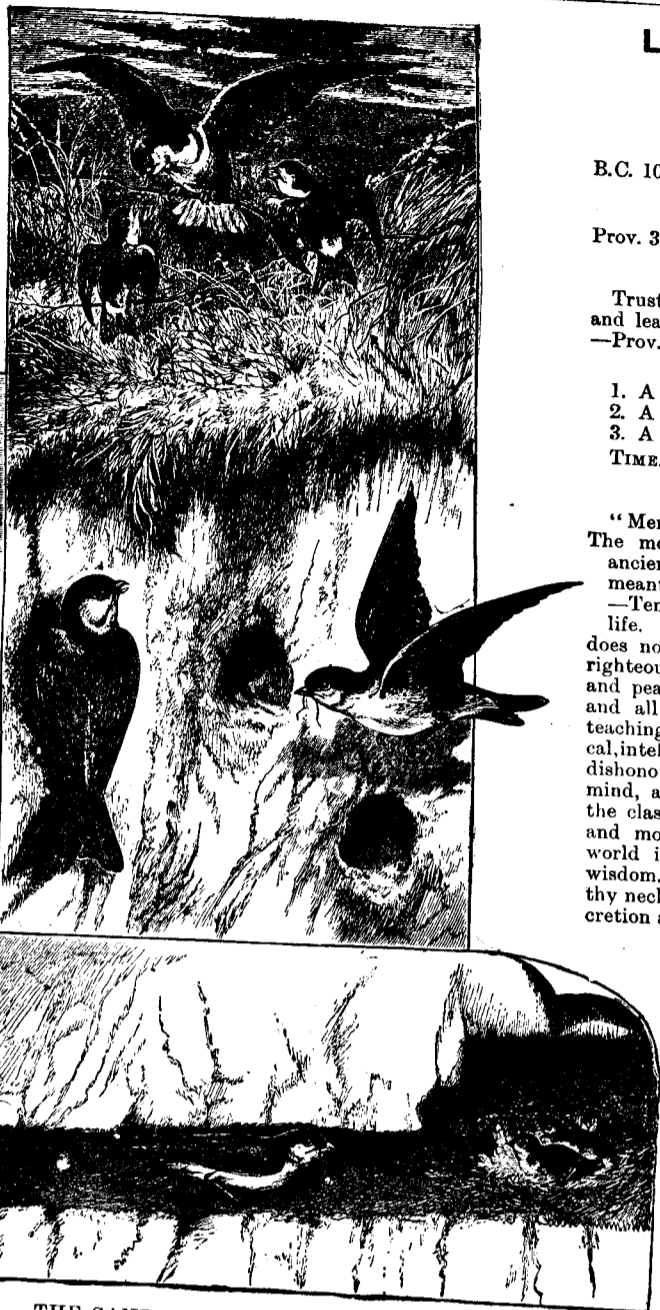
Even when his songs and poems had made him famous, and his society was sought by England's highest and best, he used to write to her twice a week. At his death she possessed four thousand of his letters. He told her of everything that interested him, from the purchase of a pocket handkerchief to his introduction to the Prince of Wales, subsequently George IV., and his visit to Niagara Falls. "You, dear mother, can neither see frivolity nor egotism in these details," he writes at the conclusion of one letter, knowing that nothing is uninteresting to a mother that concerns her boy. Mr. S. C. Hall, in his book on Moore, says that the poet had given him a small manuscript volume of early poems, which he had written out for his mother, and prefaced by these sentences, among others:

"For her who was the critic of my first infant productions, I have transcribed the few little essays that follow. The critic praises from the head—the mother praises from the heart. With one it is a tribute of judgment; with the other it is a gift from the soul."

Boys, your mother is your best earthly friend—never forget that.

THE SAND-MARTIN.

I do not know of any more interesting little builder than the sand-martin. It is a wonderful little bird, as you will confess when I tell you about it. First of all, think what wonderful travellers these birds are. In the summer they abound not only in England, but actually as far off as the northern parts of Sweden and Norway. When the summer has passed away



THE SAND-MARTIN.

they take their departure, and make their winter home as far away as India and the south of Africa. Sometimes they have to cross many miles of sea, and it is no uncommon thing to see hundreds resting during their flight on the masts and ropes of any vessel they may happen to pass on their journey. It is the first of all the birds of passage to return to England in the spring, and when you read of some one having seen the "first swallow" in the spring, you may be sure it was a sand-martin and not a swallow, that had been seen. But you need never mistake a sand-martin for a swallow. It is a smaller bird, its under part being white and its upper parts mouse-coloured; when on the wing it moves with a peculiar jerking flight, which readily distinguishes it from either the swallow or its near relative the house-martin. The bird, however, is best known on account of the wonderful house which it forms for rearing its young. It selects the face of some cliff, where the rock is not too hard, and bores a passage with a wonderful amount of regularity and skill. When beginning to work, it clings to the face of the bank with its feet and pecks away at the hard surface, loosening the earth bit by bit. During the work the bird assumes all manner of positions, its beak acting as a kind of pivot, the bird working as often as not with its head downwards. Looking at its tiny beak you can hardly believe that it could achieve the result it does; especially as if you tried you would find yourself unable to do anything of the kind with a strong pocket-knife. The little tunnel into the bank having been formed, the bird continues in a tolerably straight line with a little upward slope for a considerable distance, sometimes about three feet, sometimes even eight or nine feet long. At the end a chamber of somewhat larger dimensions is formed, which the bird lines with some grass and feathers very prettily arranged, on which the pinky-white eggs are laid.

The same parents rear several broods of young birds each year, but the birds do not multiply very fast. The chief reason for this is that although they are quite secure so long as they remain in their curious nests, yet when the young birds make their first attempts to fly, there are many foes such as the magpie and crow and sparrowhawk on the lookout for them, and thus large numbers are snapped up before they are able to take care of themselves. Then again many boys, I am sorry to say, think it a very fine sport to climb up the banks and root out the nest which they cannot reach. This is a cruel and foolish sport, and the more so because the sand-martins are very good friends to the farmers, killing flies and other insects that otherwise would be very troublesome.

MANN'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

HORACE MANN gives this bit of advice to boys: "You are made to be kind, boys; generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss. And remember who said, 'Love your enemies,' and 'bless them which curse you.'"

NEVER expect permanent happiness while you indulge in sin. It will never come.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1000.] LESSON VI. [May 7.

THE VALUE OF WISDOM.

Prov. 3. 11-24.] [Mem. verses, 13-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. —Prov. 3. 5.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A precious chastening, v. 11, 12.
2. A precious treasure, v. 13-16.
3. A pleasant way, v. 17-24.
TIME.—About B.C. 1000.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Merchandise"—Trading. "Rubies"—The most costly among precious stones in ancient times. Some think that pearls are meant, and some coral. "Length of days"—Temperance and godliness lead to long life. "Pleasantness . . . peace"—The Bible does not anywhere teach that inevitably a righteous man is rich, honoured, long-lived, and peacefully situated; but it does teach, and all human experience agrees with the teaching, that violation of God's law, physical, intellectual, or moral, tends to poverty, dishonour, physical weakness, disquietude of mind, and early death. In each community the class of people who have the happiest and most prosperous passage through this world is the godly class—the followers of wisdom. "Life unto thy soul and grace to thy neck"—This means that wisdom and discretion are both vital and ornamental. They lengthen life and beautify character. "Thou shalt not be afraid"—Ignorance is the mother of terror.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Explain how this lesson—
1. Points out a way for all to become rich.
2. Shows the way for all to be happy.
3. Shows how all can be safe in both worlds.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- 1. What is said about those whom the Lord loveth? "Whom the Lord loveth, he correcteth."
2. What is the value of wisdom? "It is better than silver, gold, or rubies."
3. What is the result of wisdom? "Length of days, riches, honour, pleasantness, peace."
4. What are wisdom and discretion found to be by those who keep them? "Life to the soul, and grace to the neck."
5. What is the exhortation of the Golden Text? "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The love of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What other proof is there that the Bible is inspired?
Its wonderful and heavenly power over the human heart.
How must we then esteem the Scriptures?
As the true word of God, the sure and sufficient rule of faith and practice.

ASTONISHED AT THE COLD.

The natives of tropical countries are seldom so much astonished as when they are first introduced to snow and ice. The congealing of ice is a phenomenon they are slow to comprehend. A few months ago Sir William Macgregor enticed several New Guinea natives to the hitherto unscaled summit of Mount Owen Stanley, the loftiest peak in British Australia. On its barren summit, nearly a thousand feet above the zone of vegetation, big icicles were found, greatly to the astonishment of the natives, who were much startled when they touched them, and insisted that their fingers had been burned. A year ago, when Mr. Ehlers ascended Mount Kilma-Njaro, in Africa, his native porters, who had lived all their lives near the base of the great mountain, pulled off the boots with which they had been provided, as they approached the snow-line, and plunged merrily into the snow in their bare feet. They lost no time in plunging out again, and lay writhing on the ground, insisting that their feet had been severely burned. Some of the Central African natives, who had been introduced into Germany,

mistook, last winter, the first snow-storm they saw for a flight of white butterflies. Lieutenant von Francois says the mistake was a very natural one. One day, when he was ascending a tributary of the Congo, he saw for the first time the air filled with white butterflies, and he says the spectacle closely resembles a gentle fall of snow. It is said that the Alaskan Eskimo thinks the weather is uncomfortably sultry when the temperature is at the freezing point, while the Central African shivers in great distress in a temperature of sixty degrees above zero.—Sun.

Minding Mother.

Boys! just listen for a moment
To a word I have to say:
Manhood's gates are just before you,
Drawing nearer every day;
Bear in mind while you are passing
O'er that intervening span,
That the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man!

There are many slips and failures
In this world we're living in;
Those who start with prospects fairest
Oft are overcome by sin;
But I'm certain that you'll notice,
If the facts you'll closely scan,
That the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man!

Then, be guided by her counsel,
It will never lead astray;
Rest assured she has your welfare
In her thoughts both night and day;
Don't forget that she has loved you
Since the day your life began.
Ah! the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man!

WONDER WHAT HE'LL DO NEXT.

Two sailors once went with a tame parrot to a show in Tokio, Japan, where a Japanese was giving an exhibition of sleight-of-hand tricks. At the end of each one the sailors said: "Now, isn't that clever! Wonder what he'll do next?" The parrot heard this so often that he picked it up. Presently the Japanese, while trying to keep in the air a number of bamboo sticks lighted at both ends, dropped one on a heap of fire-crackers and bombs, which exploded and sent the parrot up about a hundred yards. As the bird came down it shrieked, "Wasn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?"

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