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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1896.

[No. 24.]

Ruin.

'Tis only a glass of liquor
Standing on the bar;
'Tis only a mother's darling boy
Who begins his life to mar.

'Tis only a case of drunkenness,
"Carried home by a friend;"
'Tis only a case of a bright young boy
Who begins too late to mend.

'Tis only a case of murder,
The trial begins at four;
But why go into details,
He's behind the prison door.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER VII.

It was Sabbath morning in the house of Laban the Pharisee. Joel, sitting alone in the court-yard, could hear his aunt talking to the smaller children, as she made them ready to take with her to the synagogue.

From the upper chamber on the roof came also a sound of voices, for two guests had arrived the day before, and were talking earnestly with their host. Joel already knew the object of their visit.

They had been there before, when the preaching of John Baptist had drawn such great crowds from all the cities to the banks of the Jordan. They had been sent out then by the authorities in Jerusalem to see what manner of man was this who, clothed in skins and living in the wilderness, could draw the people so wonderfully, and arouse such excitement. Now they had come on a like errand, although on their own authority.

Another prophet had arisen whom this John Baptist had declared to be greater than himself. They had seen him drive the money-changers from the Temple; they had heard many wild rumours concerning him. So they followed him to his home in the little village of Nazareth, where they heard him talk in the synagogue.

They had seen the listening crowd grow amazed at the eloquence of his teaching, and then indignant that one so humble as a carpenter's son should claim that Isaiah's prophecies had been fulfilled in himself.

They had seen him driven from the home of his boyhood, and now had come to Capernaum that they might be witnesses in case this impostor tried to lead these people astray by repeating his claims.

All this Joel heard, and more, as the earnest voices came distinctly down to him through the deep hush of the Sabbath stillness. It shook his faith somewhat, even in the goodness of this friend of his friend Phineas, that these two learned doctors of the Law should consider him an impostor.

He stood with respect for them to

pass, as they came down the outside stairway, and crossed the court-yard on their way to the morning service.

Their long, flowing, white robes, their broad phylacteries, their dignified bearing, impressed him greatly. He knew they were wise, good men whose only aim in life was to keep the letter of the Law, down to its smallest details. He followed them through the streets until they came to the synagogue. They gave no greeting to any one they passed but walked with reverently bowed heads that their pious meditation might not be disturbed by the outside world. His aunt had already gone by the way of the back streets, as it was customary for women to go, her face closely veiled.

The synagogue, of finely chiselled limestone, with its double row of great marble pillars, stood in its white splendour, the pride of the town. It had been built by the commander of the garrison who, though a Roman centurion, was a believer in the God of the Hebrews, and greatly loved by the whole people.

Joel glanced up at the lintel over the door, where Aaron's rod and a pot of manna carved in the stone were constant reminders to the daily worshippers of the

were recited in silence by each devout worshipper. Then the leader repeated them aloud, all the congregation responding with their deep Amen! and Amen! Joel always liked that part of the service and the chanting that followed.

Another roll of parchment was brought out. The boy looked up with interest. Probably one of his uncle's guests would be invited to read from it, and speak to the people.

No, it was a stranger whom he had not noticed before, sitting behind one of the tall elders, who was thus honoured.

Joel's heart beat so fast that the blood throbbled against his ear-drums, as he heard the name called. It was the friend of his friend Phineas, the Rabbi Jesus.

Joel bent forward, all his soul in his eyes, as the stranger unrolled the book, and began to read from the Prophets. The words were old familiar ones; he even knew them by heart. But never before had they carried with them such music, such meaning. When he laid aside the roll, and began to speak, every fibre in the boy's being thrilled in response to the wonderful eloquence of that voice and teaching.

The whole congregation sat spell-

bound, "Let his peace and come out of him!" he commanded. There was one more shriek, worse than before, as the man fell at his feet in a convulsion; but in a moment he stood up again quiet and perfectly sane. The wild look was gone from his eyes. Whatever had been the strange spell that had bound him before, he was now absolutely free.

There was another stir in the woman's gallery. Contrary to all rule or custom, an aged woman pushed her way out. Down the stairs she went, unveiled through the ranks of the men, to reach her son whom she had just seen restored to reason. With a glad cry she fell forward, fainting, in his arms, and was borne away to the little home, now no longer darkened by the shadow of a sore affliction.

Little else was talked about that day, until the rumour of another miracle began to spread through the town. Phineas, stepping at Laban's house on his way home from an afternoon service, confirmed the truth of it.

One of his neighbours had been dangerously ill with a fever that was common in that part of the country, she was the mother in law of Simon bar Jonah.

It was at his home that the Rabbi Jesus had been invited to dine.

As soon as he entered the house, they besought him to heal her. Standing beside her, he rebuked the fever, and immediately she arose, and began to help her daughter prepare for the entertainment of their guest.

"'Tis well as there yesterday," said Phineas, "to carry some broth she had made. She thought then it would be impossible for the poor creature to live through the night. I saw the woman a few hours ago, and she is perfectly well and strong."

That night when the sun was setting, and the Sabbath was at an end, a motley crowd streamed along the streets to the door of Simon bar Jonah. Men carried on couches; children in their mother's arms, those wasted by burning fevers; those shaken by successing palsy, the lame, the blind, the death-stricken,—all pressing hopefully on.

What a scene in that little court-yard as the sunset touched the wan faces! "I smiled into dying eyes. Hope for the hopeless! Palm for the broken in body and spirit! There was rejoicing in nearly every home in Capernaum that night, for none were turned away. Not one was refused. It is written, "He laid his hand on every one of them, and healed them."

That he might not seem behind his guests in zeal and devotion to the Law, the dignified Laban would not follow the crowds.

"Let others be carried away by strange doctrines and false prophets, if they will," he declared; "as for me and my household, we will cling to the true faith of our fathers."

So the three sat in the upper chamber on the roof, and discussed the new teacher with many shakes of their wise heads.

"It is not lawful to heal on the Sabbath day," they declared. "Twice during the past day he has openly transgressed the



RUINS OF THE WHITE SYNAGOGUE, CAPERNAUM.

hand that fed and guided them from generation to generation.

Joel limped slowly to his place in the congregation. In the seats of honour, facing it, sat his uncle and his guests, among the rulers of the synagogue.

For a moment his eyes wandered curiously around, hoping for a glimpse of the man whose fame was beginning to spread all over Galilee. It had been rumoured that he would be there. But Joel saw only familiar faces. The elders took their seats.

During the reading of the usual psalm, the reciting of a benediction, and even the confession of the creed, Joel's thoughts wandered. When the reader took up the scroll to read the passages from Deuteronomy, the boy stole one more quick glance all around. But as the whole congregation arose, and turned facing the east, he resolutely fixed his mind on the duties of the hour.

The eighth benediction, or prayers,

bound, forgetful of everything except the earnestness of the speaker who moved and swayed them as the wind does the waving wheat.

Suddenly there arose a wild shriek, a sort of demon-like howl that transfixed them with its piercing horror. Every one turned to see the cause of the startling sound. There, near the door, stood a man whom they all knew,—an unhappy creature said to be possessed of an unclean spirit.

"Ha!" he cried, in a blood-curdling tone. "What have we to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee, who thou art, the holy One of God!"

There was a great stir, especially in the woman's gallery, and those standing nearest him backed away as far as possible.

Every face was curious and excited, at this sudden interruption,—every face but one; the Rabbi Jesus alone was calm.

How He will lead all Gullies astray!" But Gabriel cared little how far the path turned from the narrow path of the cherubs, so long as it led to life and healing.

Down in the garden below, the children climbed up on the grape-arbour, and peered through the vines at the surging crowds which they would have joined, had it not been for Laban's strict command.

One by one they watched people whom they knew to be, some carried on litters, some leaning on the shoulders of friends, some crawling painfully along on their hands and knees.

After awhile the same people began to come back.

"Look, quick, Joel!" one of the children cried; "there goes Simon ben Levi. Why, his palsy is all gone! He doesn't shake a bit now! And there's little Martha that lives out near Aunt Rebecca's! Don't you know how white and thin she looked when they carried her by a little while ago? See! she is running along by herself now as well as we are!"

The children could hardly credit their own sense of sight, when the neighbours they had known all their lives to be bed-ridden invalids came back cured, singing and praising God.

It was a sight they never could forget. So they watched wonderingly till darkness fell, and the last happy-hearted healed one had gone home to a rejoicing household.

While the fathers on the roof were deciding they would have naught of this man, the children in the grape-arbour were storing up in their simple little hearts these proofs of his power and kindness.

Then they gathered around Joel on the doorstep, while he repeated the story the old shepherd Heber had told him, of the angels and the star, and the baby they had worshipped that night in Bethlehem. "Come, children," called his Aunt Leah, as she lit the lamp that was to burn all night. "Come! It is bed-time!"

His cousin Hannah lingered a moment after the others had gone in, to say, "That was a pretty story, Joel. Why don't you go and ask the good man to stretch your back?"

Strange as it may seem, this was the first time the thought had occurred to him that he might be benefited himself. He had been so long accustomed to thinking of himself as hopelessly lame, that the wonderful cures he had witnessed had awakened no hope for himself. A new life seemed to open up before him at the little girl's question. He sat on the doorstep, thinking about it until his Uncle Laban came down and crossly ordered him to go to bed.

He went in, saying softly to himself, "I will go to him to-morrow; yes, early in the morning!"

Strange that an old proverb should cross his mind just then. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

(To be continued.)

"GOOD-BYE AND GOD BLESS YOU"

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford University is a most touching record of heroism and self-sacrifice on the part of a child.

The lower door of St. Leonard's church, Bridgworth, was left open, and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount to the upper part and scramble from beam to beam. All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling, while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs. In this fearful position the poor lad hung, vainly calling for help, for no one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both gone for.

"Could you save yourself if I were to let loose of you?" asked the lad.

"I think I could," returned the elder.

"Then good-bye and God bless you!" said the little fellow loosening his hold. Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below. His comrade, alarmed to a place of safety.

The Battle of Life.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come in
Regardless of those who may lose or win;
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops move steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling
feet.

Going down to the river where two
worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my
boy,

A duty, too, assigned,
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be not for another may take your place,
A you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my
boy,

That you never can tread again—
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, plane, spindle, and
reel—
Work for the hands and brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my
boy,

Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which even the angels might
wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;

Put on the helmet, and breast-plate, and
shield,
And the sword the feeblest hand may
wield,

In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With knowledge and grace well shod,
And before high heaven do the best you
can

For the great reward, and the good of
man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1896.

ONLY IN HIS SERVICE.

Every now and then some little event in the life of the great singer, Jenny Lind, is recounted, and each new one seems to reveal a worth that hitherto we had not imputed to this woman, noble though we understood her character to be. Perhaps none, however, will better serve to endure her memory, than the one we are about to relate. Jenny Lind passed the last years of her life in England where many incidents are still remembered of her goodness and of the simple, devoted piety which ruled her conduct. In the height of her triumphs

she gave up the stage, and sang only in oratorios and concerts, because she believed that her successes as an actress were making her worldly and vain. She was in the habit of urging young musicians to remember that their art was the direct gift of God, and should be used only in his service.

A day or two before her death, she said: "I can bring people near to God when I sing, and when my heart is right," adding, with her heavenly face glowing, "I have tried to put God first. I always tried to put God first, even when I was a child."

She had a friend named Janeth, a poor woman who had great musical genius, but who persistently avoided notoriety. Once, when urged to come more prominently before the world, in order to gain more fame and money, she said, "What is this world of which you speak? Why should I try to please it? I play because it is Christ's work. I play for Christ."

Jenny Lind heard her say this, and remained grave and thoughtful. Presently she said, "She speaks the truth. He gave her that gift. She is in the right of it."

Guido, Michael Angelo, Haydn, Beethoven, and many other great artists have felt at times that their genius was an inspiration coming from a divine Giver, but none more than this peasant woman, whose voice had uplifted the world. As she approached the end of life, her faith grew more real and childlike.

A month or two before her own death a friend died, and she went to look at her for the last time. Coming home she said:

"It was not her own look that was on her face. It was the look of another. It was the shadow of Christ that had come upon her. She had seen Christ. I put down my candle and said, 'Let me see this thing. Where are the children? Let them come and look. Here is a woman who has seen Christ.'"

The tones of Jenny Lind's wonderful voice are gone out of the world, but her simple, childlike faith lives on, to make it purer and better.

NO SALVATION IN OUR OWN
RIGHTEOUSNESS.

See why it is that you have failed hitherto to find rest. You have been earnest and sincere for a great many years, and you have bent on hearing and reading, and, after a fashion, you have even kept on praying; but all the while you have been on the wrong road. Suppose yonder young man should start with his bicycle to go to Brighton, and he should travel due north; he will never get there. The faster he travels the farther he will go from the place. If you follow after righteousness by the works of the law, the more you do the farther off you will be from the righteousness of God.

O, sirs, if you could be saved by your own works, and your proud hopes could be fulfilled, then the death of our Lord would be proved to be a gross mistake. What need of the great sacrifice if you can save yourself? The cross is a superfluity if human merit can suffice. There was no need for the Father to put his Son to grief if, after all, men can work out a righteousness of their own. If works can save you, why did Jesus die? Do you see what you are driving at? Do you mean to trample under foot the blood of Jesus? I beseech you, abhor all notion of self-justification. Dash down the idol which would rival your Lord.

You know that Jesus could save you if you trusted him, but you do not trust him. Oh that this moment you would end this delay! To trust in Jesus is described in Scripture as looking. As the man bitten by the serpent looked to the serpent of brass hung high upon the pole and as he looked, healing and life came to him, so if you look to Jesus now you will be saved. I see God's only begotten Son, who has deigned to become man for our sakes, and to die in our room and place, and from the cross I entreat him to speak to you. Speak, O my Master! He does speak, and these are his words—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God; and there is none else." Look, I pray you! Look and live.—Spurgeon

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 21, 1896.

Reasons for serving God.—Psalm 27, 4-10

Verse 4. The Psalmist does not concern himself about multifarious things. He has made his choice, and all other things must submit to this one thing which is of paramount importance. The house of the Lord, where God reveals himself to his people, where they behold his beauty, and become so entranced with the glories and manifestations of the God-head, that they feel as though they could dwell there forever.

DIVINE SAFETY.

Verse 5. Trouble comes to all, but when in trouble the divine being is there to act as a pavilion, which is a dwelling-place in time of need. The secret place of the Most High is the place of security in which God hides his people and there they dwell in safety, and will establish them upon a rock, which signifies durability, or that which cannot be moved.

THANKSGIVING.

Verse 6. In view of the character of the Most High as being light and salvation, and keeping in safety all those who abide in him, the good man exults with exceeding joy, and declares his resolution to sing and offer sacrifices of joy. There is not one word of fear or regret, no fear arising from any source of opposition. His confidence is so strong that he feels assured that no evil can possibly befall him. Should even father and mother forsake him, he knows that he will be cared for.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

Verse 8. God commands all to seek him, but many disobey the command, they will not hearken to the call, but the Psalmist here resolves to obey the divine mandate—"My heart said, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

God calls you "to seek him." Do you respond as the Psalmist did? Remember you are not too young to seek to know God. They who seek him early will find him.

"IF YE LOVE ME KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS"

One day there was wood and water to bring home, and mother was tired and ill, and John said, "I love you, mother,"—and then he on with his cap and away out to the swing under the tree. And Nell said, "I love you, mother,"—and then teased and sulked till mother was glad when she went out to play. After that Fan said, "I love you, mother; there is no school to-day, and I shall help you all I can." Then she rocked the baby to sleep, and swept the floor, and tidied the room, and was busy and happy all day. Three children that night were going to bed, and all of them said, while mother tucked them in, "I love you, mother." But now tell me which of them did mother think loved her best?

If you love the Saviour, you will not forget him. Some of you tell him in your hymns and prayers from morning to night all Sunday that you love him. And then you go out all the week, and never seem to think of him again till the Sunday after. You just live as if there were no Saviour at all. We shall meet him some day, by-and-bye, and he is going to say to some of us, "I never knew you. You sung my hymns, but you forgot my commandments."—Rev. John F. Dempster.

BAD BARGAINS:

A teacher in a Sunday-school once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in the Scripture of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." A second said: "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third boy observed: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain indeed!—Selected.

Missionary Riddle.

The Religious Telescope says that this riddle was written in aid of the fund of a London missionary society, and is called on that account a missionary riddle. It will puzzle the brains of the young folks, but if it be looked for in one of the historical books of the Old Testament, it may not be looked for in vain:

Come and commiserate
 One who was blind,
 Helpless and desolate,
 Void of a mind;
 Guileless, deceiving;
 Though unbelieving,
 Free from all sin;
 By mortals adored,
 Still I ignored
 The world I was in.
 King Ptolemy's, Caesar's,
 And Tiglath Pileser's
 Birthdays are shown;
 Wise men, astrologers,
 All are acknowledgers
 Mine is unknown.
 I ne'er had a father
 Or mother; or rather,
 If I had either,
 Alive at my birth,
 Lodged in a palace,
 Hunted by malice,
 I did not inherit.
 By lineage, or merit,
 A spot on the earth.
 Nursed among pagans, no one baptized
 me;
 A sponsor I had, who ne'er catechised me;
 She gave me the name to her heart that
 was dearest;
 She gave me the place to her bosom was
 nearest;
 But one look of kindness
 She cast on me never;
 Nor a word in my blindness,
 I heard from her ever.
 Compassed by dangers,
 Nothing could harm me,
 By foemen and strangers;
 Nought could alarm me:
 I saved, I destroyed;
 I blest, I allowed;
 Kept a crown for a prince,
 But had none of my own;
 Filled the place of a king,
 But ne'er sat on a throne;
 Rescued a warrior; baffled a plot;
 Was what I seemed not, seemed what I
 am not.
 Devoted to slaughter,
 A price on my head,
 A king's lovely daughter
 Watched on my bed;
 Though gently she dressed me, fainting
 with fear,
 She never caressed me, nor wiped off a
 tear;
 Never moistened my lips, though parch-
 ing and dry.
 (What marvel a blight should pursue till
 she die?)
 I was rich, I was poor:
 'Twas royalty cursed me,
 In secret, I'm sure.
 I live not, I die not, but tell you I must
 That ages have passed since I first turned
 to dust.
 This paradox whence? This squalour!
 this splendour!
 Say, was I a king or a silly pretender?
 Fathom the mystery
 Deep in my history.
 Was I a man?
 An angel supernal?
 A demon infernal?
 Solve it who can!

THE RAIN FAIRIES.

All the little Rain Fairies had met to-
 gether, for the earth was dry and dusty,
 and all the pretty bright flowers were
 drooping their heads, they were so
 thirsty. The Rain Fairies, you know,
 live up in those soft white clouds that
 look so woolly to us below, but on the
 other side they are hard and shining.
 You have heard people say, have you not,
 that every cloud has a silver lining? It
 is on that side that the Rain Fairies live,
 and they are the most beautiful little
 creatures that ever were seen, because
 they are always so busy and happy.
 Their names are pretty, too, but not like
 ours, for what mamma would think of
 naming her little girl Silver, or Bright,
 Blue, or Merry, or Rose, Pink, Violet,
 Swift, or any name like those? I mean
 for a truly name, to keep always. And

yet these are names of the Fairies, these
 and many more like them, for there are
 crowds of the Fairies.

As I said, they all came together to see
 what they should do. "The earth is get-
 ting very dry," said Bright. "I heard
 the Robin last evening calling to us for
 rain. He said that he could find hardly
 dew enough to clear his voice for his part
 in the birds' morning concert, and his
 favourite pool is drying up so fast that
 there is hardly water enough for his
 morning bath."

"Yes," sighed little Silver, "and the
 violet which is my special care was
 drooping its head, and when I kissed it,
 it had hardly strength to smile. We
 must do something."

"I know!" cried Merry. "When the
 sun is setting to-night, we will all take
 our buckets, and we will run down the
 sun's rays and dip up water from the
 ocean. It will be such fun! And then
 to-morrow morning we will pour it all
 upon the earth, and how glad all the
 green things will be!"

And so, when the sun was setting, they
 all ran for their little buckets, and any-
 one who was looking might have seen
 long rays let down from the sun when
 he came near the ocean, and down these
 the Fairies trooped in long lines, crowds
 and crowds of them, and they worked so
 busily that they filled all the hollows of
 their cloud-home to the brim with water.

"The sun is drawing water," said the
 wise ones. But it was not so at all; the
 Fairies were drawing water.
 Little Mischief stood at the very edge
 of the cloud, looking over eager to empty
 her tiny pail of water at the first peep of
 day. From where she stood she looked
 directly down into the nest of the Robin
 family. Mrs. Robin was very tired, for
 her family was always hungry, and the
 nice fat earthworms had all gone deep
 into the ground, because it was so dry on
 top; so she had to work hard to feed all
 her growing children that day. So Mrs.
 Robin slept soundly till one of her chil-
 dren woke and cried. This little one had
 been greedy, and had snatched a nice
 plump white worm that was meant for a
 weaker and younger brother, so now he
 had had dreams and could not sleep.
 —J. W. Dree.

A LIVING BRIDGE.

BY KATE HAMILTON.

Johnny's elbow rested on the table, his
 hand supported his head, and he was
 buried, mentally, in the open book before
 him. Uncle Dan sat before the open fire,
 leisurely fitting a new handle into his
 mallet and glancing occasionally at
 Johnny, or through the window into the
 street. His thoughts wandered with his
 eyes. A man passed by on the opposite
 side of the street, and Uncle Dan smiled,
 half complacently, half contemptuously,
 as he recognized in the bent figure a man
 who worked by his side in the great
 agricultural shops. "Jim Brent is back
 in the shop again, but he won't keep his
 place long," he mused. "He thinks he
 is reformed, but he won't pass them sa-
 loons many weeks till he'll be drunk once
 more, and then he'll be sent off for good.
 His likin' for liquor is a big ditch that
 he'll be sure to tumble into first or last,
 and then he will be hangin' round the
 saloons the same old way he was before,
 and his boy will be out of school once
 more. That's a nice enough boy of Jim's,
 too, if he had half a chance. Why can't
 the man take care of him as I do of
 Johnny? It takes Johnny to get ahead
 with his studies, though! He just drives
 into things."

The old man looked proudly at the
 boy's bowed head and earnest face.
 "What are you studyin' into now,
 Johnny?" he asked, not because he ex-
 pected to be much enlightened by the
 answer—Johnny's studies were usually a
 mystery to him—but because it was such
 a gratification to be awed by the boy's
 learning.

"Ants," said Johnny. "The teacher
 wanted us to learn what we could about
 them and the wonderful things they do.
 Just think, Uncle Dan, of ants that
 march in long columns, have officers, dig
 tunnels so that they can make their jour-
 neys under ground, and keep out of the
 heat of the sun, attack men—"

"I never came across any ants of that
 kind," interposed the old man, rather
 doubtfully.

"Oh, these are African ants," explained
 Johnny. "Du Chaillu—he's a great
 traveller, Uncle Dan—tells about them.
 But the queerest thing they do—our
 teacher told us that, and I was trying to
 hunt it up—is to make bridges of them-
 selves. When they came to a stream a
 number of them hang on to each other
 with their claws until they form a cable
 long enough to reach from a tree or bush
 on one side of the stream to one on the
 opposite side, and so they make a living
 bridge on which the whole regiment can
 cross in safety. The teacher said that if
 human beings would sometimes try to be
 living bridges, and help other people
 over hard places, there would be—"
 Johnny's eyes went down to his book
 again, and the last words of the sentence
 came drearily after a long pause—"more
 safe travelling."

"H'm!" grunted Uncle Dan, looking
 into the fire once more, with his thoughts
 going back to his weak shopmate.

There was a long hour of silence:
 Johnny was busy with his book and
 Uncle Dan with his thoughts. Then the
 old man spoke hesitatingly:

"Johnny, maybe you could like Will
 Brent well enough to sort o' help him
 along a bit—when you see a chance?"

"Why, I do," answered Johnny, won-
 deringly. "I only hope that he can stay
 in school."

"I've been thinking," pursued Uncle
 Dan, "that if I kept watch of Jim—
 walkin' with him to and from the shop,
 mostly, and lendin' a friendly hand now
 and then—he wouldn't be so likely to go
 down again. We might have him and
 the boy here sometimes, and maybe me
 and you could be a kind o' livin' bridge
 for 'em, Johnny. I do reckon that's what
 the Lord wants us to be."

Johnny's whole eager face showed how
 much he wanted to help his friend, but
 all he said was:

"Now I know what African ants were
 made for."—Forward.

THE MUD HOUSE.

It was a warm, sunny day in June,
 when a wasp decided to build herself a
 house. For some time she had watched
 her three cousins as they busily worked
 on their own homes, but their ways did
 not suit her.

One cousin was boring her nest in a
 decayed fence-post; a second had hung
 hers from a limb of a tree; while a third,
 too lazy to do either the one or the other,
 had taken possession of a deserted angle-
 worm's hole in the ground, and was now
 carrying into this hole a kicking green
 caterpillar as food for the young grub.

"No," thought our wasp, "I shall not
 do as my cousins are doing, for I know I
 can do better. I suppose my cousin in
 the fence-post thinks that she has chosen
 a safe place for herself, but she did not
 stop to think that in a thunder-shower
 that post may be struck by lightning.
 Then, too, perhaps the farmer will tear
 down these old rails and put up new
 ones. I shouldn't wonder a bit if he did,
 for that wood is so rotten that it cannot
 stand many more strong winds."

"Now, see the foolishness of my tree-
 cousin! It may be pleasant to have the
 breeze swing her huge paper nest, up
 among those green leaves, but she had
 better take care! Breezes sometimes be-
 come hurricanes, there is the same danger
 of being killed by lightning, and it would
 be just like one of those horrid human
 beings to cut down the tree itself."

"My earth-cousin is no wiser than the
 others. She may be trodden upon by any
 kind of animal that happens to come this
 way, or those dreadful creatures that live
 in the ground will bore into her nest
 and eat her little grub. The angle-worm
 and that owns that hole may come back and
 drive her out. How angry he would be
 to find that she had moved in without
 even asking the price of the rent!"

"Work on, my cousins, and run your
 risks! I shall either learn how to make
 a home where I can live without fear,
 or I shall build none at all," and she
 flew down to a brook to drink, and rested
 a while, to think of a way to begin her
 task. Just then she saw some soft clay
 at the edge of the water, and said to her-
 self,

"Now that clay would be exactly the
 thing to use for the walls of a house.
 When dry, it would be so hard and firm
 that no insect could get through it to

hurt my little grub, and if I fixed my
 nest to something that would not be
 struck by lightning, or blown away, I
 should be all right. Let me see—there is
 the very spot!"

She had spied a stone wall near by,
 and upon looking more closely, found a
 snug corner under one of the largest
 stones.

"This is fine!" said she. "The wall is
 so strong that no wind can blow it over,
 and so solid that it cannot fall."

She flew back to the brook, gathered
 into a tiny ball as much wet clay as she
 could carry, and hurried to the wall.
 Here she stuck the mud to the stone and
 went again to the brook for another load.

When her nest was done, a more cozy
 place for a grub baby could not have
 been found. The mother wasp brought
 small caterpillars and bugs, and packed
 them into the nest with the baby, so that
 when it awakened from its long nap, it
 would have something to eat. She next
 closed the door so that nothing could get
 in, and felt happy with what she had
 done.

One day the cousins paid her a visit.
 "What a smart cousin we have!" said
 they, but although they praised her work,
 they would not believe her house was
 any better or safer than theirs, and per-
 haps it was as well they were satisfied,
 for, after all, no harm came to the fence-
 post house, the tree house, or the ground
 house, and all the wasp babies were fat
 and strong.—Blanche Elizabeth Wade, in
 The Examiner.

"One, Two, Three."

It was an old, old, old, old lady
 And a boy who was half-past three,
 And the way they played together
 Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
 And the boy, no more could he,
 For he was a thin little fellow,
 With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
 Out under the maple tree,
 And the game that they played I'll tell you
 Just as it was told to me.

It was hide and go seek they were playing,
 Though you'd never have known it to
 be—

With an old, old, old, old lady,
 And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
 On his one little sound right knee,
 And he'd guess where she was hiding
 In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
 He would cry and laugh with glee,
 It wasn't the china closet,
 But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
 In the chest with the queer old key!"
 And she said, "You are warm and
 warmer,
 But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard,
 Where mamma's things used to be,
 So it must be the clothespress, gran'ma,"
 And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her
 fingers—
 They were wrinkled and white and
 wee—
 And she guessed where the boy was
 hiding

With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their
 place

Right under the maple tree—
 This old, old, old, old lady,
 And the boy with the lame little knee,
 This dear, dear, dear old lady
 And the boy who was half-past three.

A shepherd once left his dog to watch
 a part of his sheep while he drove the
 others to a fair. While there he forgot
 about the flock at home, and did not re-
 turn until the third day. He at once in-
 quired about the dog. No one had seen
 him. "Then," said he, "I know that he
 is dead, for he is too faithful to desert
 his charge." He hurried to the fold and
 found his dog just able to crawl. With a
 look of joy it crouched at his feet and al-
 most immediately died.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 21.

THE RISEN LORD.

Luke 24, 36-53. Memory verses, 45-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke 24, 34.
Time—Sunday evening, April 9, A.D. 30.
Place—A room in Jerusalem.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the wonderful story in Luke 24, 13-24.

Tuesday.—Read how Christ explained the Scripture, in Luke 24, 25-35.

Wednesday.—Read the Lesson, and learn the Golden Text and Memory Verses.

Thursday.—Read of Christ's last miracle (John 21, 1-11).

Friday.—Read of Peter's love tested (John 21, 12-19).

Saturday.—Read the story of the ascension (Acts 1, 1-12), and find answers to the Questions on the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read of the everliving Saviour (Rev. 5, 6-14).

QUESTIONS.

1. The Risen Lord, verses 36-43.

36. To whom did Jesus appear? What were his first words? 37. How did the disciples feel at first when they saw him? 38, 39. How did Jesus encourage them? 40. What did he show them in proof that it was himself? 42, 43. What did the risen Saviour do in their presence? How many times did Jesus appear on the day of his resurrection? To whom only did he show himself? What is the Golden Text?

2. The Word Opened, verses 44-49.

44. What had Jesus said to the disciples before? Where were there promises of these things? 45. What power did Jesus give to his disciples? 47. What did he say should be preached in his name? To whom should these things be preached? Where were they commanded to begin preaching? Why at this place first? 49. What promise did he give to them? When was this promise fulfilled? (Acts 2, 1-4.)

3. The Heaven Opened, verses 50-53.

50. To what place did Jesus lead his disciples? What did he there do to them? 51. What became of Jesus? What is said in Acts 1, 9? 52, 53. How did they feel when Jesus was taken up? Why were they so glad? Why should believers in Christ be happy?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Let us be thankful that we have a living Saviour; he is not a dead man, laid in the grave and unable to help anyone. He is the Son of God, living in glory and seated upon his throne. Let us read the word which he has left us; let us tell others of his salvation; let us make earth ring with the good news that our sins may be taken away for Jesus' sake; and let us look onward with hope to the hour when we shall meet him who has gone to prepare a place for us.

"GATHER OUT THE STONES."

"It is such a stony little path between here and Mrs. Harvey's, that I can't bear to go over it," said Jem, in a complaining tone.

"And Dick Harvey doesn't like it any better when he comes over here," said Frank. "I heard him say he had got ever so many stone-bruises in that path. He was grumbling about it yesterday."

"Why don't you clear the way between here and your neighbours?" asked Mr. Morris. "You would much better do that than to take time to grumble about it."

"Why, we never could get all the stones out of that-path!" cried Jem.

"Not all in one day, nor by taking all the stones at once," said the father; "but if each of the boys who cross there would take a stone out of the way every time he goes, the work would be done. Try it."

The boys did try it. There were a half-dozen boys who used the path, and each one helped to clear it by doing a little every time he went that way. By this means the stones were cast out, and the path was cleared.

This is exactly the way to make it easier and pleasanter for others in this world. Let each one make it his business, as he goes through life, to take some little hindrance out of the way whenever he can. Little faults should be cured, and little temptations which cause unwary feet to stumble should be removed. Small unkindnesses should be confessed, and careless ways amended. Trifling slights should be smoothed over, and sharp words dropped in fits of ill temper should be taken back, as far as may be. All these things will make the path of life smoother. It is well worth while to clear the way.

"Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people."—Selected.

ally remain quiet in their seat until they are almost trodden upon. When they find they are indeed discovered, they fly like an arrow over the ground. Towards evening they come out in search of food, gambolling and frisking about in the cool of the day.

A REASON FOR HIS HONESTY

Among other interesting things, Henry M. Stanley tells how once, in the heart of dark Africa, a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun. Stanley looked at the gun; it clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find his voice or say a word, only, "I am a son of God; I would not steal!" This he repeated again and again. It was all he could say.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries labouring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun, and

from the following incident: Two boys, the one a gentleman's son and the other the son of a poor widow, applied to a merchant for a situation, but the latter was chosen. Why? I will tell you. Just as the two boys came in, a poor, ragged girl fell on the icy sidewalk, and lost her pennies, and cried bitterly. The first boy laughed rudely; but the other helped her up, and fishing in the gutter for the pennies, found one, and replaced the other from his own purse. The merchant observed all; and, although the first had strong letters of recommendation, and the other none, the poor boy's politeness secured him the place. It always pays to be polite. A little girl said she had found a new key to unlock people's hearts. It was the little word "Please." It is a key that fits the lock of everybody's heart.

WHAT ALL BOYS SHOULD KNOW.

Don't be satisfied until you can—
Write a good legible hand.
Spell all the words you know how to use.
Speak and write good English.
Write a good social letter.
Write a good business letter.
Add a column of figures rapidly.
Make out an ordinary account.
Deduct 16 1-8 per cent. from the face of it.
Receipt it when paid.
Write an ordinary receipt.
Write an advertisement for the local paper.
Write a notice or report of a public meeting.
Write an ordinary promissory note.
Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months, or years.
Draw an ordinary bank cheque.
Take it to the proper place in a bank to get the cash.
Make neat and correct entries in the daybook and the ledger.
Tell the number of yards of carpet required for your parlour.
Measure the pile of lumber in your shed.
Tell the number of bushels of wheat in your largest bin, and its value at current rates.
Tell something about the great authors and statesmen of the present day.

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THE WILD HARE.

THE WILD HARE.

These pretty, active little animals are enjoying their freedom in the wild woods. To-morrow the cruel hunter with his barking greyhounds may chase them up and down, over stumps, under bushes, over fences, through the thick forest till, perhaps, a stream of water may save them if they are not too worn out to swim, or they may be caught at last—poor, weary, exhausted little animals, to be carried home in triumph by the brave sportsman with the dogs. But to-day they are happy and free.

The hare is a timid animal, and most inoffensive, but its great speed has been its misfortune. Its speed, it is true, enables it to escape many an enemy, but it has been the cause of its being a favourite object of the chase ever since the time of the Romans. The hare has a further protection however, against its enemies, in its acute sense of hearing and smell, and also in its sharp eyesight, which enables it to see objects on all sides at once.

These animals usually remain quiet all day in their seat, a mere depression in the ground, near some bush. Their colour so much resembles that of the objects upon which they rest that, as though conscious of this advantage, they gener-

ally remain quiet in their seat until they are almost trodden upon.

At the next station when they stopped they found the gun waiting for them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free he at once went with it to the missionary for instructions, and by his direction it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who, though brought up in all villainess and theft and sin, had come to realize the glorious dignity of a divine paternity, and say, "I am a son of God; I would not steal."

COURTESY.

I want to talk once more on this same text. I think it very important. One of the best ways to be courteous is to be polite. Did you ever see a well dressed boy or girl compel a woman carrying a big basket or bundle to step off the sidewalk? I have; and I have said to myself at such a sight, "You haven't a particle of politeness in you. If you had, you would pity that burdened woman and get out of her way." If I have such an impolite boy or girl among my readers, I wish they would learn a lesson