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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1895.

[No. 18.]

TURKISH BOY AND GIRL.

Our picture gives us interesting glimpses of child-life among a people far less favoured than boys and girls in Canada. They have schools, but the teaching is very imperfect, consisting chiefly in learning by rote passages from the Koran, or sacred book of the Turks. In the upper corner our little fellow is shown carefully transcribing, probably from the Koran, to his tablets on his knee. We should think that the swinging hammock would be a far more comfortable bed for the baby than the rather clumsy looking cradle in the other upper picture.

WRONG SIDE OUT.

JACK was cross: nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys. But he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Jack, I want you to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings inside out, and put on his coat and his pants and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant.

But he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said: "This is what you have been doing all day—making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefacedly. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."—*Christian Advocate.*

THE MOSQUITO.

This insect is a troublesome little fellow who is much more fond of us than we are of him. He persists in playing "hide and seek" with us in every field and garden where we may be, and far too frequently comes into our sleeping rooms and keeps us awake with his attentions.

And though he has no friends among us he is well worthy our study. We shall find him wonderfully made and probably created for some good, for God never made anything without a purpose.

Mosquitoes are a kind of gnat. They have long cylindrical bodies, and when at rest one wing lies gracefully over the other. Under the microscope the nervures as well as edges of these wings are completely covered with little scales, shaped like oblong plates, and beautifully marked lengthwise.

The antennae or feelers of the gnat have a fine feathery appearance, and their eyes, covered with network, are so large as to envelop the whole head. Some are of a brilliant green, and in certain lights look like red.

But look at this instrument that the mosquito uses for piercing the skin when he gives us a nip. It is called a trunk, and is a very curious contrivance, very much like a lancet in a surgeon's case. It is in a little case which is split from end to end,

finished. There are sometimes 250 to 350 eggs, and the young insects hatch from the under side, leaving the empty raft afloat, which becomes lighter than ever. At first the larva swims just like little fishes, then it changes to a chrysalis, and in another week that bursts open and lets the winged mosquito fly. There are six or seven generations of these little creatures in a summer, and if it were not for the dragon flies and swallows, who make way with thousands of them, we should be eaten up alive!

So the mosquito is a wonderful little creature after all. A great deal more so than you thought. And if you are stung by one of them, do not move away too quickly. Let the mosquito draw the beak out carefully, because the sting will be far less painful than if she left the fine poisoned hooks in your flesh.



TURKISH CRADLE.

TURKISH BOY AND GIRL.

THE BRIGHTEST STAR.

Look up at the sky to-night, and pick out the brightest star. This is the planet Jupiter.

The globe on which we live is only one of many which revolve around the sun, says Professor C. A. Young, and that the "giant" of this family is the planet Jupiter, which makes its circuit in a little less than twelve years, in an orbit about five and one-fourth times as large as the orbit of the earth.

Except the moon, Jupiter, when visible, is the most conspicuous of the heavenly bodies. Venus is, indeed, sometimes decidedly brighter; but she is never far from the sun, and so is essentially a twilight star: while Jupiter, for several months

each year, shines all night long with a white, steady brilliance.

Its distance from the earth and its brightness varies considerably from time to time. It is nearest and most brilliant when it is opposite to the sun, and rises just at sunset. Then it is a little less than four hundred million miles away. These "oppositions" are separated by an interval of about thirteen months.

In 1894 the opposition occurred December 22, and until March Jupiter will be the principal ornament of the midnight sky, though in the early evening Venus will for a time outshine him in the west.

Compared with the earth, Jupiter is about in the proportion of a football to a marble. According to Barnard's latest determinations, Jupiter measures eighty-four thousand three hundred miles through the poles, and its equatorial diameter is eighty-two thousand eight hundred miles, its circumference being more than eleven times that of the earth, and its bulk about thirteen hundred and seventy times more. Nearly fourteen hundred earths would make a ball as large as Jupiter.

KIND HEARTS IN COURT.

The other day an unusual scene occurred in the Brighton District Court in the suburbs of Boston.

A coloured woman was charged with assault upon her landlord. It came to light during the trial that the latter attempted to evict the prisoner from the house on Western Avenue by force. Failing in this, he caused the doors and windows to be removed.

The unfortunate woman, with a newborn babe at her breast, and seven starving children by her side, became almost frantic at this act of cruelty, and in her excitement smashed a pane of glass.

According to the testimony the landlord also laid violent hands upon her person, which, being resented, gave rise to the charge of assault.

"When the doors and windows were taken out," sobbed the poor mother, "the cold wind rushed in, the children and the baby almost froze; and it was Christmas Eve, too."

The case at once appealed to the tender feelings of Lawyer D. D. Corcoran, who stepped forward and voluntarily defended the prisoner.

Although the prisoner had pleaded guilty, Judge Baldwin insisted on hearing all the evidence, which resulted in her being found guilty of only breaking the glass.

At the conclusion of the case Lawyer Corcoran silently took down his shiny silk hat from a peg and as silently passed it around the courtroom.

A hush fell upon the chamber, broken only by the sobs of the coloured woman, quite overcome with emotion at this act of signal kindness.

Captain Gaskin handed the glossy tile to Clerk of the Court Kennedy, who passed it on to Probation Officer Sanborn. Then it travelled among the policemen present until the judge himself was reached.

When the kind-hearted lawyer at last placed the hat, heavy with the weight of generous offerings, in the lap of his quondam scantily-clad client, the scene was most pathetic.

Such was the unusual termination of a trial arising out of a case of eviction in Brighton district during this merry Christmas season.

Barabbas.

BY HENRIKIAN BUTTERWORTH.

BARABBAS, in his prison-cell,
Gazed on the heavens fair,
And saw the paschal moon ascend
In night's empurpled air.
The hours crept on; with awe and dread,
He waited for the morn.
He heard at last the soldier's tread,
And saw the bolt withdrawn.

"Barabbas," so the soldier spake,
"I bring thee news of grace,
For Christ, the man of Nazareth,
To-day shall take thy place.
Without the gate shall Jesus bear
The cross prepared for thee;
Go thou to the atoning feast!"
The man of crime went free.

Barabbas saw the darkened earth
When came the hour of noon,
And slept in peace when Jesus slept
Beneath the paschal moon.
O man of sin! in thee I see
Myself redeemed by grace;
The blood-stained cross that rose for thee
Took every sinner's place.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1895

THE TWO WAYS.

Six young men once took a journey to a far-off country. They could not stay where they were, but were compelled to move onwards. They had not gone far when they came to two roads; one very wide and pleasant, with fruit trees and flowers, and fine birds, which sang beautifully, in fact, it looked so well that our friends were going to enter into it.

But there was a man at the other gate, who told them not to go in there, but through the gate where he stood. He told them the wide road led to deep pits, into which they must fall if they went along; that they would not die, but that their limbs would be broken, and they would lie in agony forever, crying for help, but getting none. They must, moreover, either go by that way or by the road at the entrance of which he stood. "This narrow road," said he, "will lead you to a very beautiful city, where there is neither want nor distress, but where you shall sing praises to the king. You shall all have golden harps and crowns, and this state of things will never cease to exist."

"Well," said the young men, "this narrow road seems to be the best; let us have a look at it." They looked, but saw only a number of thorns and sharp stones strewn about the path. There were also great hills to climb, but they could not see the great city. They were afraid to go by the narrow path, on account of the difficulties

they had to encounter, and by the broad way, because of the fearful end.

Another person now came up, and advised them to go by the broad way. He told them how pleasant it was to travel among the fine trees, how sweet the fruits were, and of the happiness they would feel. He pictured in terrifying colours the miseries they would have to encounter before they got to the great city, if they journeyed thither; and at last he enticed them away.

The man at the narrow road shouted, and warned them, with tears in his eyes, of the consequences of their conduct, and entreated them to take his advice. One of them returned and took his counsel, notwithstanding the jeers and threatenings of his comrades, who went by the broad road. How jolly they seemed to be, for the birds sang so merrily, they could dance so pleasantly on the green sward and eat such sweet fruits. They wished they might stay there always; but they must move on.

After travelling along some time, one of their number was swallowed up in one of the pits of which they had been warned. They could not hear or see his agony; but they knew that what had been told them was perfectly true, and they felt very miserable for the moment. But this feeling wore away in a great measure, and they went along their journey as if nothing had happened.

The road was now not so pleasant as it had been. The leaves of the trees were withering; birds did not sing so sweetly; and they did not now enjoy the dance. They dropped off one by one into the pits, and there they lay, suffering fearful agony, and cursing the hour of their birth.

But let us now take a look at the one who went by himself, and see how he fared. At first he had great difficulty in walking among the thorns and stones, and he was continually falling down and bruising himself. But he never wished that he had gone with his companions, because he knew what would be their fate, and he comforted himself with the thought of his glorious end.

As he went on, however, the path grew more pleasant; he could now walk some distance without making a stumble, and the path became quite smooth. He could sing merrily as he went along, and eat of the sweet fruits which grew on the trees that were now springing up on every side.

At last he saw the great city; the mists which hung around it prevented him seeing clearly; but he saw enough to satisfy his most sanguine hopes. He at last entered the gates with a numerous company, and he is now rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

You have been shown two ways, one of which you must all tread on your path through life. Oh, listen to the words of Jesus, who stands at the narrow path, and take his advice. Although it is very difficult to bear the jeers of your companions, yet how glorious the end is!

A LITTLE TRAVELLER.

A PALE little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry child were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you have lost yours?"

"Yes, I am going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car, and they would be kind to me; but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless George had no lack of "mothering."—*New York Tribune.*

Epworth League.



Fighting for Jesus.

JUNIOR soldiers, fight for Jesus,
Though the devil tempt you sore;
Jesus will be always near you,
Many a victory you will score.

CHORUS.

Keep on fighting, keep on fighting,
Keep your banners wide unfurled;
Many a heart and life you'll brighten,
Of some homeless boy or girl.

Many dear ones now are walking
Down the road that leads to hell;
Juniors, let us be more earnest,
Of our Saviour's love to tell.

Call them of a loving Saviour,
Who will save them from all sin;
Let us put forth every effort,
Coax the wanderer to come in.

Juniors, let us lead the homeless
To the Saviour's bleeding feet;
Juniors, let us bring the helpless,
Lead them to the Mercy-Seat.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

May 12, 1895.

THE HUMBLE SUFFERER.—Philippians 2, 7, 8.

Here we see the humility of Christ in submitting to become man, that he might redeem mankind from their sins, and reconcile them to the friendship of God. In thus becoming man, he submitted to all the indignities connected with humanity. He was poor, despised, rejected of man, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Tempted in all points like ourselves, yet without sin. If any of Queen Victoria's sons was to leave his home of royalty and array himself in the garments of the poorest of the people, and take up his abode in the slums of our cities, or the shanties of the poorest, and live on coarse fare, and work like a labouring man, that he might confer some benefit upon the poor of the land, we would be amazed. But Jesus Christ, the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, vacates the throne of heaven and lives a life of suffering and dies the death of a malefactor, that mankind may be saved. There have been some astonishing instances of benevolence performed by men on behalf of their fellows, but there never was such an instance as that here recorded. If all the sacrifices made in the realm of humanity could be rolled into one, the manifestation of love by Jesus Christ is greater than them all. John says, "Heaven is love," as much as to say you cannot find love anywhere else.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

JAPANESE LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

NEXT to their frugality and exquisite neatness, a remarkable thing about the Japanese is their great love for their little folks. They have an extraordinary talent for making their doll babies happy. They are forever inventing novel toys and de-

signing fantastic little playthings to amuse them. With us the grandfathers and grandmothers are the children's playfellows and best friends. Over in the sunny little empire all the world has nothing more important to do than to provoke the pleasure of his own child or the Mr. Little Boy or Miss Little Girl of his neighbour, as they are always called. At the bazaar on *fete* days, at festivals and concerts, the indescribable little creatures are seen pickaback, with their sweet, round yellow arms tightened lovingly about some big sister's or big brother's neck. They have peppered jam, iced beans, and pickled sweetmeats to their hearts' content, delicious tarts jellied to laurel or lemon leaf, and as many dolls, kites and coloured lanterns as they can possibly carry away from the booths.—*Tokyo Letter.*



JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.

Our picture represents a Jewish high priest as he appeared when, in the days of Israel's prosperity, he offered sacrifices in the temple for the sins of the Hebrew people. The clothing that he wore was very beautiful and very costly, and nearly every article had some significant meaning. He wore a long violet-coloured robe fastened with a belt or girdle which was richly embroidered. The skirt of the robe was fringed around the bottom with a row of little bells and pomegranates, and on his breast he wore a golden breastplate which sparkled with jewels. The turban on his head was snowy white and on the front of it, in golden letters, were these words "Holiness unto the Lord."

THE BOOTBLACK.

A HUNDRED years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford, whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there. He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favour with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, and his industrious habits and faithful deeds, won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man, and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, George accepted their proposal; and he soon surpassed his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said one of the students. "Keen as a briar," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on, step by step, just as the song goes:

"One step and then another,"
until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the Gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitefield.

Give a Kind Word When You Can.

Do you know a heart that hungers
For a word of love and cheer?
There are many such about us;
It may be that one is near.
Look around you! If you find it,
Speak the word that's needed so,
And your own heart may be strengthened
By the help that you bestow.

It may be that someone falters
On the brink of sin and wrong,
And a word from you might save him—
Help to make the tempted strong.
Look about you, O my brother!
What a sin is yours and mine!
If we see that help is needed
And we give no friendly sign!

Never think kind words are wasted—
Bread on water costs are they,
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day;
Coming back when sorely needed
In a time of sharp distress;
So, my friend, let's give them freely,
Gift and giver God will bless.

ANNA MALANN.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL GLOSSON.

A GROUP of boys ranging in age from six to twelve, a small dog in the midst held tightly, and five little heads, brown, black, flaxen, and fiery red, all bent closely over the animal; a liver conveniently near—what wonder that I thought I understood the scene! I had looked upon so many such, the surroundings, the actors, the little victim, almost identical. I love dogs, I am very fond of boys, but somehow I do not always enjoy seeing the two classes together. It was a hot, still day in August. We were driving through the mountains towards our home in Southern New England, not by the direct and shortest route, but by a wandering, circuitous way, changing our plans from day to day, to suit our own or our horses' tastes or convenience. A rambling, lazy, hot-weather sort of journey it was. I was very comfortable, lying idly back in the carriage, and looking out at the birds and flowers and butterflies, and did not care to move. But the little group attracted my notice, and I called a halt. Stepping from the carriage, I walked towards the boys, ready with the appeal I had so often made in behalf of my dumb favourites. They were so absorbed that at first they took no notice of my approach. But in brushing through some tall prairie a cracking twig or stem roused them, and one or two, turning, held up warning fingers or shook their heads to express disapproval of my coming nearer. Fured with missionary zeal, I kept on my course and walked quickly towards them. Suddenly one of the group, a brown-faced, bare-footed little chap, some ten years old, started on tip-toe to meet me. He did not speak till quite close, and then it was in a whisper. "Please don't come any higher, lady," he said; "you'll frighten him."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "What are you doing to that dog? Tell me this instant."
"Oh, don't, don't speak so loud!" he said, still in that same whisper, while again from the others of the group came those silent signals of warning and disapproval. "He's dreadful bad, an'—with a quaver in the low voice—"we think he's a-dyin'."

There was no mistaking the look in the boy's misty eyes and the tremble in the tones. I lowered my voice in sympathetic comprehension, and only saying, "Let me come; I won't disturb him." I stepped softly towards the little company. I had thought I might be of use, knowing a good deal of animals and their ailments, but as a glance I saw it was no use. The fast-glancing eyes, though still looking up with a pathetic attempt to express appreciation of the fond care shown him by his young friends, the convulsive twitching of the little form, showed he was, as my guide had said, "a-dyin'." So I was still and silent, for I was not needed. "Doggie lacked nothing; love, sympathy, sorrow, tender care, they were his in abundance."

It was not a pretty dog nor of high lineage. He was a mongrel, of yellow and white, a thin, bony, ugly little fellow. But no dog of song or story ever had truer friends. He lay across the knees of one of the boys, while the others knelt or crouched or stood around, and all watched silently and sadly the passing of the life. It was soon over, and very quiet by the faintest movement of the poor stamp of a tail—a slight wag, a poor little "whe-e" as the youngest brouwer, a mile of a fellow, touched with tiny brown fingers the rough seat of the carriage, and all was ended.

As I looked about upon the sorry little faces, the wet eyes, the quivering lips, I felt I must be dreaming. Was this a real dog, and were these boys? The little fellow whose knees had made the dying-bed for the animal did not at once rise or move, though he must have been stiff and aching from the constrained position in which for an hour he had been obliged to lie. As we lifted the little limp form from his lap, I asked him if the dog was his own.

"Oh, no, ma'am," he replied; "he's a stranger to all us. Johnny—that's my brother there—found him layin' in the road back a little way. I guess he'd been run over, an' he was real bad. So we fetched him here, an' he was goin' to carry him down to the Gore, but we see he was a-dyin' fast, and we didn't take him."

"To the Gore?" I said. "What's that?" The boy looked puzzled. "Why, the Gore," he said again. "We allers take 'em there, you know."
"I'm a stranger here," I explained, "and do not understand. Is it the name of a place?"

"Oh, yes, 'm, I thought you knowed. Wilson's Gore, they call it, 'bout half a mile from here, out that way. There's jine nine families live in it, that's all. We're all Gore boys, us here; our folks live there; an' so 'o

I had not far to go. The Gore once reached, the house I sought was easily recognized from the description of my landlord: "A little house that looks as if folks was movin', or cleanin' house, and sounds like a menagerie."

I knew it at once, by sight and hearing both a small house surrounded apparently by rubbish boxes, barrels, tin cans, crates, baskets, scattered about in confusion. And upon the warm, soft air floated strange sounds—whines, mews, barks, whineries, chirps, squeaks, cluckings, chattering. Yes, this surely was the abode of my home missionary.

The door was open, and just within it stood a thin, pale little woman, stirring with an iron spoon some mixture in a tin pan. As I approached she looked up, and I saw that she had soft brown eyes, with a certain wistful, gentle look, often seen in the eyes of an animal, especially an intelligent, affectionate dog. You may think this fanciful; perhaps it is. Perhaps I was unconsciously influenced to make this comparison by what I had heard of the woman's tastes and characteristics. But this I know, that since I first saw her I can never look into the true eyes of my brave dog Larry without a quick memory of Anna Malann and her gentle face.

"Miss Malann?" I said, inquiringly, as her eyes met mine and then turned quickly and shyly away, making them more than ever

mind. And many times since then I have heard her tell it to others. For the friendship begun that day has lasted and grown, and again and again, as the summer comes, I find my way to Wilson's Gore and the little home of Animal Ann.

"I don't know exactly how it came about, my taking to dumb creatures, as they call them—though I must say I never see one that was anywise dumb myself. I lived over to Danvers, in the east part of the State, you know. Pa was a real good nian, kind to his folks, a church member, and one of the selectmen of the borough. He was brought up in the strict up-and-down old-fashioned way as to religion, and had some pretty hard notions about some things. He had a good deal of stock—horses and cows and oxen, and so on—and he took good care of them, gave them plenty of food and drink and good sleeping quarters, and never beat them, or let his hired men do it. But he had views about animals that he'd picked up from his father—before him, and from old Mr. Luther, his minister. I suppose they was all right, 'cause pa held them, but even so I was a mile of a girl they struck me as queer an' sort of his'ky."

"He was good to his stock," as I said before, but he insisted that was only just because they was useful to him and he wanted to keep them that way. He was kind to Leo, the colli-dog, but he said that was because he was so handy about driving the cows and finding the sheep, and he couldn't spare him. He was dreadful good to the cats, but, according to him, that was because of their catching the rats and mice. But he was pleasant to the squirrels, too, and the robins, and the brown thrashers—fed them and all—and he couldn't give no other reason for that than this—that he wanted to."

"But," says he, "animals haven't got no rights; that's a well-known fact. The Bible don't give them any; the Church don't give them any; the catechism don't give them any. If I'm made so soft like and nervous myself that I can't see a creature hurt or abused with out its making me uncomfortable and fidgety, why, that's my lookout. It don't go to show I'd ought to feel that way. I tell you, if folks go to preaching that kind of doctrine, that creatures have rights, and I'm bound to treat them as well as I can, why I'll just turn about and abuse them, spite of my treasy, nervous feeling about it. Same rights as folks? Why didn't God make them folks, then?"

"So he'd go on and over with such talk, and I'd listen and bother my poor little head trying to make it sound right and reasonable. 'Why ain't they folks, anyway?' I says to myself. 'What makes the difference? They act like folks; they're good or they're bad; they're lazy or industrious; they're noisy or quiet; pleasant or ugly, selfish or free-handed, peacable or snarly. In short, they've got ways. There's no two creatures just alike, no more than there is folks. They take sick like folks; too; and they don't like to suffer no more'n folks do; and come to the last, they die like folks. And why does pa put them all together, and say none of them haven't got any rights?"

"Sometimes I'd ask ma—I didn't quite dast to ask pa; children don't use to talk so free to their fathers as they do these times—I'd ask ma why animals wasn't folks, anyway. And she'd tell me 'twas 'cause of their not havin' souls—immortal souls. At first I used to go on and ask how folks knew 'creatures hadn't got immortal souls, but she shut me up directly about that, and showed me right off that that was given up to-by-everybody—'twas one of the doctrines, and wasn't to be argued over; 'twas settled for good an' all. So I never brought up that part again. But I'd bother and pester ma to know why, anyway—even agreeing 'twas that way—they wasn't folks just the same, and all the more to be pestered about it, and made much of because they didn't have everything we had—souls and all them things."

(To be continued.)



JESUS BEFORE THE HIGH PRIESTS.

course we knowed where, to fetch the poor dog."

Then turning to the rest, he added; "But she can't do him no good now. Anyway, I s'pose we'd better take him over to her an see what she says 'bout buryin' him." All signified approval, and I was more than ever puzzled.

"Does the dog belong to someone at the Gore?" I asked, but was again met with the assurance that he was a stranger, and nothing was known of his home or folks. "But why do you take him to the Gore, then?" said I.

"Why, to Anna Malann, of course," he answered.

"Yes," said another little chap, "we allers fetch 'em to Anna Malann, even when they're dead."

By this time, my friends in the carriage were growing weary of the long delay, and I was obliged to join them hastily.

But I was determined to know more of this mysterious Gore, and of Anna Malann herself. As the inn a little farther on we made inquiries and obtained some information of the subject. Wilson's Gore was one of those bits of land, occasionally found even now in New England, which were left between the boundary lines of different land grants, and sometimes failed to be included in townships. In this little spot lived nine families, as I had been told by the boys. And through the example or influence of one Anna Malann, an old woman in the place, everyone there seemed to treat dumb creatures with strange consideration. About this matter the landlord said little, but advised me to go and see for myself. "She'll like to see ye," he said, "partic'lar if you like creatures." An it's dreadful anxious to hear her talk.

Of course I went. I do like 'creatures,' and my curiosity and interest were strangely excited by what I had seen and heard concern- ing Anna Malann and her missionary work.

like Larry's, so averse to meeting a prolonged human gaze.

"No, ma'am; my name's Ellis—Ann Ellis. Won't you walk in?"

"Why," I said, somewhat puzzled, "I thought Miss Malann lived here. Miss Anna had soft brown eyes, with a certain wistful, gentle look, often seen in the eyes of an animal, especially an intelligent, affectionate dog. You may think this fanciful; perhaps it is. Perhaps I was unconsciously influenced to make this comparison by what I had heard of the woman's tastes and characteristics. But this I know, that since I first saw her I can never look into the true eyes of my brave dog Larry without a quick memory of Anna Malann and her gentle face."

"She interrupted me with a smile. 'Oh, she's boys! Well, I guess they said Animal Ann; that's what they call me, 'cause of my settin' more'n most folks by creatures. Don't wonder you didn't get it straight, not knowin' about my queer ways and all. But come in, come in.'

Animal Ann! Why, of course it was plain enough now, when explained, and I looked with fresh wonder and reverence upon one whose very bearing of the title seemed to give her a sort of canonization.

I want to tell you as simply and truly as possible the story of this woman. Thank God! the life is still being lived, and the quiet, unobtrusive work going on in, and farther and farther beyond, the tiny hamlet of Wilson's Gore.

I hardly know where or how to begin. But perhaps I had best tell first one little incident which seems to mark the key-note of the whole tale.

As we were walking out that first day among the boxes, barrels, and baskets, which proved to be the humble dwelling-places of Animal Ann's favourites, I said,

"Why, how many animals have you here?"

She turned quickly towards me, her finger uplifted with a "Hush-h-h!" of warning. As I stared in perplexity she whispered in my ear, "They don't know they're animals; they think they're just folks."

And that gives one a pretty good notion of her ideas and her mode of treatment. I shall let her speak for herself, now. She told me the story, then, and I wrote it down directly afterwards, while the words were fresh in my-

To those who have never been under the slavery of the cigarette habit it is a wonder that a man with intellectual capacity for a successful business career should have such a weak spot in his head as to become the victim of the filthy practice of puffing incessantly away a little roll of paper filled with all manner of poisonous stuff. Very recently, the newspapers contained an item concerning one of New Haven's best known dentists and society leaders who was taken to the State insane retreat in Connecticut as a result of cigarette smoking. 'Yot boys will pay no heed to such warnings.

Boys, Remember.

BY ERNEST A. GIRVIN.

Boys, remember that stretching before you,
Is a pathway that leads to the skies;
While around you and in you and o'er you,
Is a Father all-loving and wise.

You love life—from the Saviour existence,
Issues forth in an infinite tide;
You love light—both duration and distance
Are unable his glory to hide.

You love liberty—Christ will deliver
From the bondage of sin and of woe;
And majestic as some mighty river,
Shall your life toward eternity flow.

Ere embarking on life's throbbing ocean,
Listen well to the still, inward voice,
Which entreats you with youth's strong
devotion
To make Jesus your earliest choice.

THE NATIVE RACES OF AMERICA.

"The Native Races of America," edited by W. H. Withrow, D.D. Toronto; William Briggs, and Methodist Book-Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Sixty illustrations. Price, 75 cents.

This is the title of a new book, by the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS just issued from our Connexional Publishing House. It is not becoming of us to say more of it here than to announce that it has been specially prepared for the missionary interests of our Church. The author lays small claims to originality, but has gathered from all available sources the most reliable information concerning the Red-men of the continent. The book describes the mound-builders and cliff-dwellers of pre-historic times, with numerous engravings of their strange structures. It gives also accounts of the manners and customs, canoe-life, wood life, prairie life, the fur trade, hunting, trapping and the like. Special attention is given to Indian missions. The heroic stories of the pioneer missionaries, Rundle, Evans, Case, Jones, McDougall, Young, Crosby, are given. Sixty high-class engravings, one of which is given on this page, embellish the book. It is believed that its use in our schools, Leagues, Mission Bands and Circles will create an intelligent interest and more active sympathy with the grand missionary work which our Church is doing for these wards of the nation whom the providence of God has especially committed to our care.

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.**

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON VI.** [May 12

JESUS BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST.

Mark 14. 53-64. Memory verses, 60-62.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men.—Isa. 53. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The False Witness, v. 53-59.
2. The True Witness, v. 60-62.
3. The Unjust Sentence, v. 63, 64.

TIME.—Very early on Friday morning, April 7, A.D. 30, the morning of the day of crucifixion; these events may have occurred as early as two a.m.

PLACE.—Jerusalem; the high priest's palace.

RULERS.—Same as before.

HOME READINGS.

- M.* Jesus before the high priest.—Mark 14. 53-64.
Tu. Peter's denial.—Mark 14. 65-72.
W. Ground of false accusation.—John 2. 18-25.
Th. Mocked and smitten.—Luke 22. 63-71.
F. The high priest's questions.—John 18. 19-24.
S. Triumphant patience.—1 Peter 2. 17-25.
Su. Contradiction of sinners.—Heb. 12. 1-6.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The False Witness*, v. 53-59.
Before whom was Jesus brought? See *Matt.* 28. 57.

Who were assembled with the high priest?
What fearful follower of Jesus was present?
Where did this disciple take his place?
For what did the council diligently seek?
With what success?
What trouble arose among the false witnesses?

What did some declare that Jesus had said?
What really had he said? See John 2. 19.

2. The True Witness, v. 60-62.

Who was this true witness?
Who questioned him?
What question was first asked?
What answer did Jesus make?
Who had foretold this silence? See Isa.

53. 7.
What question did the high priest next ask?
What was Jesus' answer?
Who afterward saw Jesus at the right hand of God? See Acts 7. 56.

3. The Unjust Sentence, v. 63, 64.

How did the high priest show his feelings?
What questions did he ask?

That, trusting in the merits of Christ, as a helpless, guilty, and undone sinner, I shall obtain the remission of all my past offences.

Acts 13. 38, 39. Be it known unto you therefore, brethren, that through this Man is proclaimed unto you remission of sins; and by him every one that believeth is justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

Luke 7. 42. When they had not wherewith to pay, he forgave them both.

A MILLIONAIRE'S OPINION OF RICHES.

THE following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died some years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six millions of dollars.

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man, with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures—and the poorest man, who is not blind, can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers, and as to anything I 'desire,' I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world, the happier we shall be.

"All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life; cannot buy back my youth; cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain; cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then, what will all avail, when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

Such, as I remember it, is the substance of the story. Oh, wise Mr. Ridgeway! The fleeting treasures of the world can bring the soul no happiness; its gold is only bright, as the flowers are; and, like them, it fades; its lustre grows dim when death has glazed the eye, and the music of its ring is unheard by the dull ear of the dying. But, up in yonder "better world," the treasures do not fade; the moth doth not occupy them; the thief doth not steal them; the brightness of their glory is "incorruptible," and "fadeth not away."

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavy on the iron, but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface, till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the hammer; "I knew you wouldn't do it; I'll show you the way." But at his first stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" said the soft small flame. They all despised the flame, but he curved gently around the iron, and embraced it, and never left it until it melted under its irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard, indeed, is that which can resist love.

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INDIAN BRAVE IN HIS WAR PAINT.

What sentence did the council pass?
How had this result been foretold? (Golden Text.)
Tell the story of Peter's conduct at this trial. See verses 66-72.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. An example of cowardice?
2. An example of malice?
3. An example of heroism?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did the rulers try to condemn Jesus to death? By false witnesses. 2. How did Jesus reply to their testimony? He answered nothing. 3. What solemn question did the high priest ask? "Art thou the Christ?" 4. What did Jesus answer? "I am." 5. How did they receive Christ's declaration? They sentenced him to death. 6. What is the Golden Text? "He is despised," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Messiahship of Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What, then, is your hope for the pardon of past sins?

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, are you not a millionaire! Think of the thousands of dollars your income brings every month!"

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway; "all I get out of it is my victuals and clothes; I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at a time; pray, can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own and the rental they bring you."

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time, and as for the money I receive from rents, why, I can't eat it, or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses, for other people to live in—they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture, costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses; to get anything you desire."