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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, MAY 2, 1896.

[No. 18.]

Vol. XVI.]

HOW THE BOYS CAUGHT THE DEACON, AND HOW THE DEACON CAUGHT THE BOYS.

Joe and Pete were two boys who lived in the village, and we are sorry to say, did not have a very good example set before them at home. Their fathers made it their business, as they called it, to show up the inconsistencies of professing Christians, and of course the boys grew up very much like their fathers.

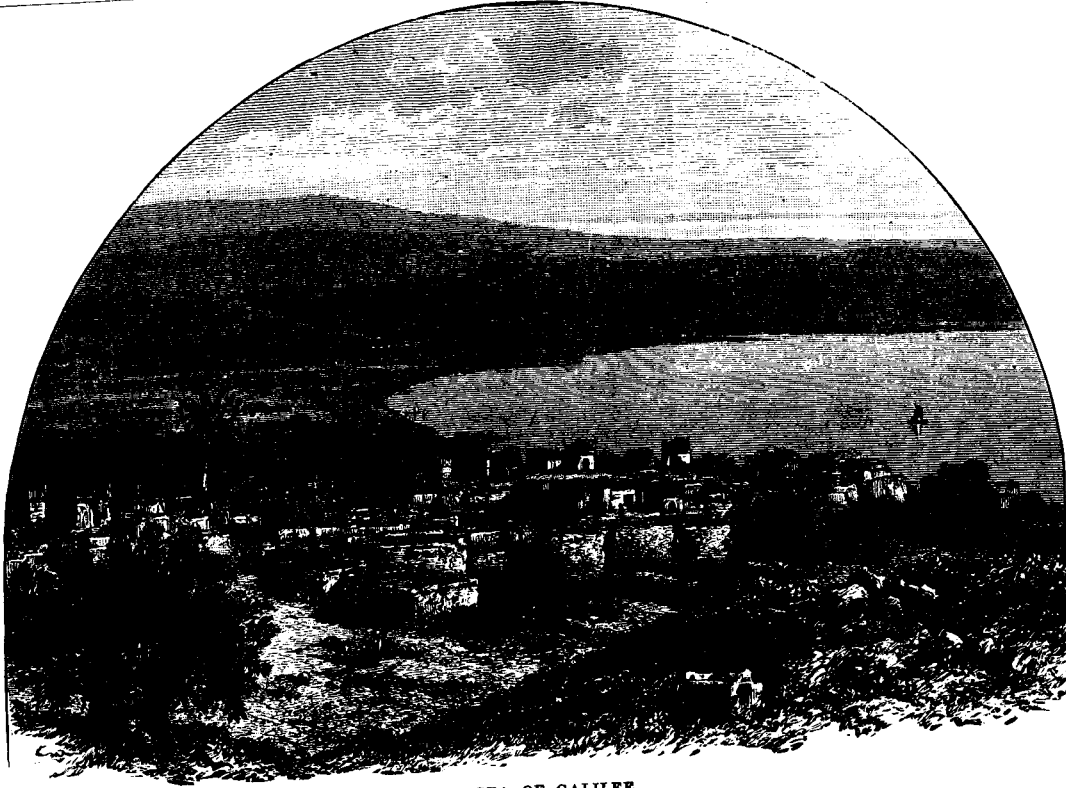
One spring day Joe and Pete met in the village store, and Joe seemed quite elated as he began to tell his companion how he had found out how inconsistent Deacon Lawson was, after all his lecturing and speaking to the boys about the evils of tobacco, whiskey and beer.

"Pete," began Joe, "do you know I was in here the other day when the deacon's little girl came in and bought 25 cents' worth of chewing tobacco, of the strongest kind."

"Yes," answered Pete, "and I was in the deacon's room yesterday, and I saw a plug of tobacco lying on his desk with a piece cut out of it, just as if the deacon had been having a chew. Isn't it terrible that a man will say so much against folks using tobacco, and then go and use it himself on the sly?"

All unknown to the boys the deacon had come into the store, and had heard the boys speak. He rose up and confronted the boys with a pleasant smile on his face, as he sat down beside them and answered, "Yes, it is quite true that I sent for 25 cents' worth of chewing tobacco, and it is quite true that Pete saw a part of a plug on my desk in my house. Boys, don't you know that I am a firm believer in the Bible, and that I try to follow its teachings as closely as I can, and it is plainly written in God's Word that, 'every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving.'" (And there was a suspicion of a merry twinkle in the deacon's eye as he went on). "And is not tobacco a creature, or a creation of God, does he not send the rain and the sunshine to make the tobacco plant grow and mature, and every creature of God is good—for something. For let me tell you, boys, the great allwise Creator never made anything in vain. Everything is and was made by God for a purpose."

"Do you know, boys, that when my cattle are tied up in the stables all winter



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

and kept warm and comfortable, as I like to see my animals kept, that towards spring I generally see some of them begin to rub and scratch themselves unmercifully, and by this I am made aware of the presence of small insects on their skin. As I know that tobacco is a poison, and is 'good' to kill vermin, I send to the store and buy 25 cents' worth of it, and cut it up fine and make a decoction of it, which I use on the cows' and calves' backs, and they lie and chew their cud in peace. By this I prove that tobacco is a strong poison, and that it is 'good' for that purpose.

"But, boys, God never made the tobacco plant to grow in order that you might chew it and smoke it, and defile and destroy your manhood with the poisonous stuff. The use of tobacco, either by chewing or smoking, is a very dirty, demoralizing habit, and it very often creates an unnatural thirst that leads to drinking beer or whiskey. Some may ask you, Oh, what harm is there in having a smoke or a chew of tobacco, or in taking a glass of ale?"

"Boys, do you know that when my Master was asked silly questions, he often replied by asking his questioner another question, and I have found it a very safe rule to follow my blessed Master's example, and when people ask me this question: What harm is there in tobacco or liquor? I ask, What good is there? Tell me that first. All that you can say is, that they are good as poisons. Well, then, keep them for the purpose that they were made for."

"Of course you know, boys, that I grow barley, but I don't sell it to the brewer or distiller to manufacture poison to destroy men's bodies and souls with. No, I grind it up and feed it to my pigs, and it is 'good' for that purpose. Where do you find better or fatter pigs than those in my pen?"

"Then look at the money that is thrown away and wasted in tobacco and beer. If you save five cents a day, and deposit it every month in a savings bank, at the end of eight years you will receive

the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. Quite a nice start in life, is it not? But if you spend the five cents a day on a cigar or on a glass of beer, what will you have to show for it at the end of eight years?"

"Listen, boys," (and by this time the deacon was on his feet standing before the boys with tears of love in his eyes), "you will have a weakened constitution and a depraved appetite, which nothing but the power of God can help you to overcome. Boys, Jesus Christ died to save you from the power of sin and its consequences, just as much as he died for me, and he loves you just as much as he loves me. Boys, it is much more pleasant to serve the Lord than to serve the devil. The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life. Sing with me,

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me."
Ebenezer Villa.

EARTHWORMS.

The common earthworm, despised by man and heedlessly trodden under foot, fulfils a part in nature that would seem incredible but for the facts revealed by the patient and long-continued researches of Darwin. "Worms," says Darwin,

"have played a more important part in the history of the world than most persons would at first suppose." Let us follow Darwin, and see how this apparently insignificant creature has changed the face of nature. We will first consider the habits and mode of life of the earthworm. As every one knows, the worms live in burrows in the superficial layer of the ground. They can live anywhere in a layer of earth, provided it re-

tains moisture, dry air being fatal to them. They can, on the other hand, exist submerged in water for several months. They live chiefly in the superficial mould less than a foot below the surface, but in long-continued dry weather and in very cold seasons they may burrow to a depth of eight feet. The burrows are lined by a thin layer of earth, voided by the worms, and end in small chambers in which they can turn round.

The burrows are formed partly by pushing away the earth, but chiefly by the earth being swallowed. Large quantities of earth are swallowed by the worms for the sake of the decomposing vegetable matter contained in it, on which they feed. The earth thus swallowed is voided in spiral heaps, forming the worm castings. In this case the worm obtains food and at the same time excavates its burrows.

When it is stated that the number of worms in an acre of ordinary land suitable for them to live in is fifty-three thousand, we can imagine the great effect which they must have on the soil. They are, in fact, continually ploughing the land. At one part of the alimentary canal of the worm is a gizzard, or hard muscular organ, capable of grinding

food into fine particles; it is this gizzard which is the main factor in triturating the soil, and it is aided by small stones swallowed with the earth, which act as millstones.

The earth is thus continually passing through the mill formed by the gizzards of worms, and is reduced to fine mould. Thus all the mould covering a field passes every few years through the bodies of worms, and the same fragments are probably swallowed and brought to the surface many times over in the course of centuries. A layer of earth one-fifth of an inch thick, or ten tons by weight, has been calculated in many places to be brought annually to the surface per acre.

It is not difficult to understand how objects, such as stones, rocks, etc., lying on the surface, will in course of time become gradually buried in the ground. The worms, undermining the stones, bring up the earth to the surface, and so raise the ground round the edge of the stone, till the latter sinks and is eventually buried in the soil, provided the soil is suitable for worms to live in.

The sinking of the foundations of many old buildings is due to the action of worms, and no building is safe from this unless the foundations are laid lower than the level at which the worms can work, viz., about eight feet below the surface.

The earthworm is thus seen to be one



TOWN AND LAKE OF TIBERIAS.



RUINS OF THE WHITE SYNAGOGUE AT TELL HUM, CAPERNAUM.

of the best examples which show how "great effects from little causes spring." This unpleasant looking and slimy animal, before the days of Darwin, was looked upon as an entirely useless creature—except as a bait for fish and as food for birds.—Knowledge.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 2, 1896.

OUR STORY—THE BOY DISCIPLE.

We begin in this number a story which will prove of fascinating interest. It illustrates the story of our Lord, which nearly all the Sunday schools in the world are studying at the present time. It will run through several weeks and will give our young readers a very vivid conception of these old Jewish times in which that Matchless Life was lived. It should, we think, make the Scriptures more real to them than they have ever been before. We trust that like the Boy Disciple, all the readers of this paper will give their young hearts to the Saviour, and become his disciples indeed. To purchase this story in book form would cost \$1.75. Yet it will be given complete within six months, the subscription for which costs only 15 cents; and will then be only about one-fourth of the contents of this paper during that time.

FOR OTHERS

On the New Jersey coast there stands a quiet little farmhouse which was the scene of a long, heroic struggle, never recorded in any history. Twenty-five years ago it was occupied by Mrs. Blank, a woman of great beauty and intellectual power, a favourite in New York society.

After her husband's death, she remained throughout the year in this country house. One day a dissolute woman, in rags and bloated with drink, came to the door begging. Mrs. Blank inquiring into her history, found that she had some feeble wish to reform, to "be like other women again." She took the woman in, clothed her, and gave her work.

The woman brought her companions. Mrs. Blank received eight of them. Her means were small. To enable her to do this thing, she was forced herself to dress coarsely, to live on the plainest fare to share in the work of her inmates. For eighteen years she carried on this charity, always keeping her house full. Many of the women were brought back to decency and respectability; some of them even to a religious life.

She laboured to help each one, as if she were her own child. But she was often deceived by impostors; many of the women went back to a life of crime; still more were ungrateful. As time passed, too, her friends urged her to come back

to the city again; to lead a life of ease and enjoyment in the society and pursuits for which she was suited. But she persevered in her work until her death, in 1887.

Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands, as our readers know, is set apart as a home for lepers. Twelve years ago, a young priest, Father Damien, left his home and friends and gave himself up to work among these people, every one of whom is marked for a slow and awful death.

For some time he was able to return for a yearly visit to his family and home, but recently a farewell letter was received from him.

"It is impossible," he wrote, "for me to go any more to Honolulu, as the leprosy has broken out in me. Now that I am satisfied as to the true character of my disease, I am more calm, and am resigned and happy among my people."

There he remains, administering consolation to the members of this wretched colony, more than ever devoted to the work of the Master now that he, like themselves, is living under the shadow of a terrible doom. Who, better than such a man, could inspire them with hope and confidence in an immortal life free from the spots and taints which in this lower world affect both body and soul?

This man and woman belonged to sects of widely different creeds. But surely, they who thus gave their lives to their fellowmen are together, very near to that Saviour who is Elder Brother and helper of us all.—Companion.

THE TOBACCO VICE

A gentleman in one of our Canadian towns sends us the following letter:

"Dear Sir.—Knowing the interest you take in condemning the use of tobacco, I take the liberty of sending you one of my circulars, also one of the circulars to which I refer. I do think that if our ministers and Church consider the habit wrong, it is time the matter was taken up in the Conferences, and their opinion pronounced upon it."

The circular reads thus: "For a long time I have had my doubts as to its being right for me to sell tobacco, especially when called upon—as I frequently have been—to sell to boys. I could not conscientiously use it; and some of my friends tell me it is just as bad to sell it. I have made a careful estimate, and am of the opinion that no less than four thousand dollars—probably over five thousand dollars—is spent annually on tobacco in this town. This is certainly a great waste for that which does harm rather than good. The Scripture saith: 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' I have never felt that I could sell tobacco to his glory; and I do not want to be engaged in anything upon which I cannot ask his blessing. If it is true, as is generally admitted by those who use tobacco, that it is a bad habit—and I have never known a father who would want his son to become addicted to it—then, I think every Christian ought to use his or her influence in persuading young men to avoid it; especially as the business community, at the present time, is being flooded with circulars and advertisements recommending the sale of cigarettes, with the use of which many boys commence the habit. I have felt that I could not do this conscientiously while engaged in the sale of tobacco, and for these and other reasons I have decided to give it up. I am aware it may interfere with my business relations, as some of my best friends and customers buy and use tobacco."

The cigarette circular says: "We deem it of interest to draw attention to the fact that the demand for cigarettes throughout Canada is unparalleled, and in this respect is following in the footsteps of the United States and Europe, where their consumption is ever on the increase. Dealers have, in the sale of cigarettes, a large field for additional profits to their business, and which can be made one of its best paying branches."

Thus the boys in our families—the hopes of our households—are sacrificed to the greed for gain of the manufacturers of these pernicious articles. Experts say that the use of cigarettes is even worse than that of cigars. We hope that every conscientious Methodist will

refrain from their sale, and discourage their use in every way. Another devilish wile by which the sale of these articles is encouraged, is the use of garish pictures—often of an indecent character—which accompany each package. Next to the liquor habit, the use of tobacco is one of the great evils of the day. We are disgusted every time we travel by the selfishness of smokers, and the sin they cause in the cars in which poor people, and often delicate women, have to remain.

The following indignant protest in a daily paper is not too strong:

"Will you permit me to protest against what for years past has been becoming an unmitigated nuisance. The idea of allowing a hundred or two of young men and boys to occupy the best parts of the steamer, puffing the abominable stench into the faces and down the throats of a lot of sea-sick ladies and children, and ejecting their saliva about the deck, to be mopped up by the dresses and wraps of the former, is a foul offence against common decency that ought not any longer to be tolerated. The one object sought in these short afternoon excursions is fresh air, and by those—in many cases—who have during the week been pent up in offices and warerooms; yet many feel that even the close atmosphere of the city is more desirable than that possessed by the disgusting fumes of tobacco."

"The above letter," says the Globe, "touches upon a genuine grievance. The smoker is essentially a selfish animal. He seldom cares how much he spoils the enjoyment of other people. There should be places assigned smokers on board steamboats, and, if necessary, littered down with sawdust, or some other filthy absorbent. The steamboat in which rules of decency are enforced, will take the best of the trade."

God save our boys from the abominable tobacco vice. Let every Christian father help to stamp it out of existence.

TRUST

Off in the Highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland lad a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope and would gather a little basketful of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor; but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrunk back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him; and, after another glance at the gift, he said: "I will go if my father will hold the rope."

And then, with unshrinking nerves and heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the wild abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father's arm and the love of his father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it.

And shall we, children of God, be less trustful of the protection of the Almighty Hand when we have difficult duties to undertake? No; rather let us say with the Apostle, "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me."

WOULD JAR THE EARTH.

If I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to convention, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards—five and ten abreast; and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he fell from exhaustion; and you would take another, and another, and would ride along hour after hour and day after day. Great hosts, in regiments, in brigades, Great armies of them. And then if you had voice stentorian enough to enable them all to hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would jar the foundation of the earth.—Selected.

Britons, One and All.

BY THOMAS CLEWORTH

Realms of the President and Queen, Two nations strong and glorious, Your banners through the world are seen— O'er every foe victorious! One blood still courses in your veins, One hope, one grand endeavour To save a world from slavish chains And lift it up forever.

For ye are Britons, one and all, True to your nation's story: Ready to rise at Freedom's call, And win new fields before ye. The bugle-call of help for men Rings out for Prohibition! Come, battle for your homes again, And help a world's condition.

This campaign is no idle dream, But men from slumber waking To frustrate every rum-built scheme. The chains of Bacchus breaking, True manhood marshals in this fray To bring men's foes to order, The world groans for a brighter day, With Righteousness as warder.

Grand people that in mercy join To raise each reeling nation, Bring all your forces into line, Compact on Truth's foundation. Beat back the furies in this fight; Destroy Rum's cursed fountain; Onward behold the goal of light Shines clear on Freedom's mountain!

Realms of the President and Queen, Be true to God and duty, And let no demon come between To sever or to rout ye. United you can move the world To crown this grand endeavour; Then let your banners be unfurled To raise the world forever!

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MAY 10, 1896.

A Citizen of Zion.—Psalm 15, 4, 5.

FURTHER DESCRIPTION.

Verse 4. Contemns violence. Bad men are never loved by those who live holy lives. They may be in office as rulers, and we must esteem the office, but disapprove all conduct that is contrary to righteousness and true holiness. Those who love goodness always admire it, no matter by whom it may be practised. A person may live in the humble walks of life, and may only be known to a small number of citizens, yet if he is a good man, one who fears God and works righteousness, he is worthy of honour.

SWEARER TO HIS OWN HURT.

We are commanded to swear not at all. Civil law requires citizens to testify under oath, and what a man declares under oath is regarded as sacred. There is no need for good men to take oath about anything, their word is their oath, but if compelled to take oath, they are careful not to affirm what they would not say even if they did not take oath.

THEY CHANGE NOT.

The meaning is, if they have made promise concerning any matter, and find that what they have promised is really to their injury, they will not act contrary to their promise, even though to do so should be to their injury. Be careful how you promise, and always remain true to your engagement.

HE DOES NOT PRACTICE USURY.

The meaning of this is, he does not exact more than is proper and equitable. If a man borrows money, he intends to use it to get gain, and if so, the lender certainly has a right to a share of the gain, which comes to him as legal interest. No man who professes piety will take advantage of another man's necessity, nor take a reward for anything he may do on behalf of an innocent man. Thus bribery is strictly prohibited in all the affairs of life.

It was a very cold morning, and Bobbie came rushing into the house very much excited. "Mamma," he cried, "there's something the matter with me. Please send for the doctor. I'm breathing fog!"

The Right Sort of Boy.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toll dismissed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way,
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legged on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was market day in Capernaum. Country people were coming in from the little villages among the hills of Galilee, with fresh butter and eggs. Fishermen held out great strings of shining perch and carp, just dipped up from the lake beside the town. Vine-dressers piled their baskets with tempting grapes, and boys lazily brushed the flies from the dishes of wild honey, that they had gone into the country before daybreak to find.

A ten-year-old girl pushed her way through the crowded market-place, carrying her baby brother in her arms, and scolding another child, who clung to her skirts.

"Hurry, you little snail!" she said to him. "There's a camel caravan just stopped by the custom-house. Make haste, if you want to see it!"

Their bare feet picked their way quickly over the stones, down to the hot sand of the lake shore. The children crept close to the shaggy camels, curious to see what they carried in their huge packs. But before they were made to kneel, so that the custom-house officials could examine the loads, the boy gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Look, Jerusha! Look!" he cried, tugging at her skirts. "What's that?"

Farther down the line came several men carrying litters. On each one was a man badly wounded, judging by the many bandages that wrapped him.

Jerusha pushed ahead to hear what had happened. One of the drivers was telling a tax-gatherer.

"In that last rocky gorge after leaving Samaria," said the man, "we were set upon by robbers. They swarmed down the cliffs, and fought as fiercely as eagles. These men, who were going on ahead, had much gold with them. They lost it all, and might have been killed, if we had not come up behind in such numbers. That poor fellow there can hardly live. I think, he was beaten so badly."

The children edged up closer to the motionless form on the litter. It was badly bruised and blood-stained, and looked already lifeless.

"Let's go, Jerusha," whispered the boy, whimpering and pulling at her hand. "I don't like to look at him."

With the heavy baby still in her arms, and the other child tagging after, she started slowly back toward the market-place.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she exclaimed. "Let's go up and get the other children, and play robbers. We never did do that before. It will be lots of fun."

There was a cry of welcome as Jerusha appeared again in the market-place, where a crowd of children were playing tag, regardless of the men and beasts they bumped against. They were all younger than herself, and did not resent her important air when she called. "Come here! I know a better game than that!"

She told them what she had just seen

and heard down at the beach, and drew such a vivid picture of the attack, that the children were ready for anything she might propose.

"Now we'll choose sides," she said. "I'll be a rich merchant coming up from Jerusalem with my family and servants, and the rest of you can be robbers. We'll go along with our goods, and you pounce out on us as we go by. You may take the baby as a prisoner if you like," she added, with a mischievous grin. "I'm tired of carrying him."

A boy sitting near by on a door-step, jumped up eagerly. "Let me play, too, Jerusha!" he cried. "I'll be one of the robbers. I know just the best places to hide!"

The girl paused an instant in her choosing to say impatiently although not meaning to be unkind. "Oh, no, Joel! We do not want you. You're too lame to run. You can't play with us!"

The bright, eager look died out of the boy's face, and an angry light shone in his eyes. He pressed his lips together hard, and sat down again on the step.

There was a patter of many bare feet as the children raced away. Their voices sounded fainter and fainter, till they were lost entirely in the noise of the busy street.

Usually, Joel found plenty to amuse and interest him here. He liked to watch the sleeky donkeys with their loads of fresh fruit and vegetables. He liked to listen to the men as they cried their wares, or chatted over the bargains with their customers. There was always something new to be seen in the stalls and booths. There was always something new to be heard in the scraps of conversation that came to him where he sat.

Down this street there sometimes came long caravans; for this was "the high-way to the sea,"—the road that led from Egypt to Syria. Strange, dusky faces sometimes passed this way; richly dressed merchant princes with their priceless stuffs from beyond the Nile; heavy loads of Babylonian carnets; pearls from Ceylon, and rich silks for the court of the wicked Herodias, in the town beyond. Fisherman and sailor, rabbi and busy workman passed in an endless procession.

Sometimes a Roman soldier from the garrison came by with ringing step and clanking sword. Then Joel would start up to look after the erect figure, with a longing gaze that told more plainly than words, his admiration of such strength and symmetry.

But this morning the crowd gave him a strange, lonely feeling,—a hungry longing for companionship.

Two half-grown boys passed by on their way to the lake, with fish nets thrown over their shoulders. He knew the larger one,—a rough, kind-hearted fellow who had once taken him in his boat across the lake. He gave Joel a careless, good-natured nod as he passed. A moment after he felt a timid pull at the fish net he was carrying, and turned to see the little cripple's appealing face.

"Oh, Dan!" he cried eagerly. "Are you going out on the lake this morning? Could you take me with you?"

The boy hesitated. Whatever kindly answer he may have given was rudely interrupted by his companion, whom Joel had never seen before.

"Oh, no!" he said roughly. "We don't want anybody limping along after us. You can't come, Jonah; you would bring us bad luck."

"My name isn't Jonah!" screamed the boy, angrily clenching his fists. "It's Joel!"

"Well, it is all the same," his tormentor called back, with a coarse laugh. "You're a Jonah, anyway."

There were tears in the boy's eyes this time, as he dragged himself back again to the step.

"I hate everybody in the world!" he said in a hissing sort of whisper. "I hate 'em! I hate 'em!"

A stranger passing by turned for a second look at the little cripple's sensitive, refined face. A girlish beautiful face it would have been, were it not for the heavy scowl that darkened it.

Joel pulled the ends of his head-dress round to hide his crooked back, and drew the loose robe he wore over his twisted leg.

Life seemed very bitter to him just

then. He would gladly have changed places with the heavily-laden donkey going by.

"I wish I were dead," he thought moodily. "Then I would not ache any more, and I could not hear when people call me names!"

Beside the door where he sat was a stand where tools and hardware were offered for sale. A man who had been standing there for some time selecting nails from the boxes placed before him, and had heard all that passed, spoke to him.

"Joel, my lad may I ask your help for a little while?" The friendly question seemed to change the whole atmosphere.

Joel drew his hands across his eyes to clear them of the blur of tears he was too proud to let fall and then stood up respectfully. "Yes, Rabbi Phineas, what would you have me to do?"

The carpenter gathered up some strips of lumber in one hand, and his hammer and saws in the other.

"I have my hands too full to carry these nails," he answered. "If you could bring them for me, it would be a great service."

If the man had offered him pity, Joel would have fiercely resented it. His sensitive nature appreciated the unspoken sympathy, the fine tact that soothed his pride by asking a service of him, instead of seeking to render one.

He could not define the feeling, but he gratefully took up the bag of nails, and limped along beside his friend to the carpenter's house at the edge of the town. He had never been there before, although he met the man daily in the market-place, and long ago had learned to look forward to his pleasant greeting; it was so different from most people's. Somehow the morning always seemed brighter after he had met him.

The little whitewashed house stood in the shade of two great fig-trees near the beach. A cool breeze from the Galilee lifted the leaves, and swayed the vines growing around the low door.

Joel, tired by the long walk, was glad to throw himself on the grass in the shade. It was so still and quiet here, after the noise of the street he had just left.

An old hen clucked around the door-step with a brood of downy, yellow chickens. Doves cooed softly, somewhere out of sight. The carpenter's bench stood under one of the trees, with shavings and chips all around it. Two children were playing near by, building houses of the scattered blocks; one of them, a black-eyed, sturdy boy of five kept on playing. The other, a little girl not yet three, jumped up and followed her father in to the house. Her curls gleamed like gold as she ran through the sunshine. She glanced at the stranger with deep-blue eyes so like her father's that Joel held out his hand.

"Come and tell me your name," he said coaxingly. But she only shook the curls all over her dimpled face, and hurried into the house.

"It's Ruth," said the boy, desiring to look up. "And mine is Jesse, and my mother's is Abigail, and my father's is Phineas, and my grandfather's is—"

How far back he would have gone in his genealogy, Joel could not guess; for just then his father came out with a cool, juicy melon, and Jesse hurried forward to get his share.

"How good it is!" sighed Joel, as the first refreshing mouthful slipped down his thirsty throat. "And how cool and pleasant it is out here. I did not know there was such a peaceful spot in all Capernaum."

"Didn't you always live here?" asked the inquisitive Jesse.

"No, I was born in Jerusalem. I was to have been a priest," he said sadly.

"Well, why didn't you be one then," persisted the child, with his mouth full of melon.

Joel glanced down at his twisted leg, and said nothing.

"Why?" repeated the boy.

Phineas, who had gone back to his work-bench, looked up kindly. "You ask too many questions my son. No one can be a priest who is maimed or blemished in any way. Some sad accident must have befallen our little friend, and it may be painful for him to talk about it."

Jesse asked no more questions with his tongue; but his sharp, black eyes were

fixed on Joel like two interrogation points.

"I do not mind telling about it," said Joel, sitting up straighter. "Once when I was not much older than you, just after my mother died, my father brought me up to this country from Jerusalem, to visit my Aunt Leah."

"I used to play down here by the lake with my cousins, in the fishermen's boats. There was a boy that came to the beach sometimes, a great deal larger than I,—a dog of a Samaritan,—who pulled my hair and threw sand in my eyes. He was so much stronger than I, that I could not do anything to him but call him names. But early one morning he was swimming in the lake. I hid his clothes in the cleaner bushes that fringe the water. Oh, but he was angry! I wanted him to be. But I had to keep away from the lake after that."

"One day some older children took me to the hills back of the town to gather almonds. This Rehum followed us. I had strayed away from the others a little distance, and was stooping to put the nuts in my basket, when he slipped up behind me. How he beat me! I screamed so that the other children came running back to me. When he saw them coming he gave me a great push that sent me rolling over a rocky bank. It was not very high, but there were sharp stones below."

"They thought I was dead when they picked me up. It was months before I could walk at all; and I can never be any better than I am now. Just as my father was about to take me back to Jerusalem, he took a sudden fever, and died. So I was left, a poor helpless burden for my aunt to take care of. It has been six years since then."

Joel threw himself full length on the grass and scowled up at the sky.

"Where is that boy that hurt you?" asked Jesse.

"Rehum?" questioned Joel. "I wish I knew," he muttered fiercely. "Oh, how I hate him! I can never be a priest as my father intended. I can never serve in the beautiful temple with the white pillars and golden gates. I can never be like other people, but must drag along, deformed and full of pain as long as I live. And it's all his fault!"

A sudden gleam lit up the boy's eyes, as lightning darts through a storm-cloud.

"But I shall have my revenge!" he added, clenching his fists. "I cannot die till I have made him feel at least a tithe of what I have suffered. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth! That is the least that can satisfy me. Oh you cannot know how I long for that time! Often I lie awake late into the night, planning my revenge. Then I forget how my back hurts and my leg aches; then I forget all the names I have been called, and the taunts that make my life a burden. But they all come back with the daylight; and I store them up and add them to his account. For everything he has made me suffer I swear he shall pay for it four-fold in his own sufferings!"

Ruth shrank away, frightened by the wild, impassioned boy, who sat up, anxiously staring in front of him with eyes that saw nothing of the sweet green-lad world around him. The face of his enemy blotted out all the sunny landscapes. One murderous purpose filled him, mind and soul.

(To be continued.)

BE ACCURATE.

Make it a habit to be accurate in everything you do. Never make a single step until you are sure that it is just what you want. Be accurate in your writing. Dot your "i's" and cross your "t's" as what our school teacher used to dinz in to our ears in our boyhood days, and it taught us habits of accuracy which we never had cause to regret. In sending orders to your merchant, be accurate in them; put down just what you want and how you want it, in such plain language that you can't be misunderstood. Be very careful to get your address right, street, number, town, county, and state, and you will save a great deal of trouble at the office where your order is received. A great deal of the misery in this world is caused by inaccuracy of word or deed.—Exchange.

"The Bravest Are the Tenderest."

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

Fiercely the battle was raging,
Thick flew the shot and shell
Where the "Johnnies" hasty earthworks
The "Yanks" were storming well.

But in the midst of the tumult—
The fearful, leaden hail—
A bronzed and war-scarred Johnnie
Heard a frightened little wail.

"Meow!" He peered for a moment
Over the breastworks low;
'Twas a little, wild-eyed kitten
Wandering to and fro.

The folk from a neighbouring farmhouse
Had fled in wild affright,
Forgetting the helpless kitten
In their bewildered flight.

Then, scorning the awful peril,
Out from the breastworks safe
Swift leaped the gallant soldier
To rescue the little wail.

Back 'mid the whistling of bullets—
Ah, what a rousing cheer
Rose from the husky, dust-parched
throats,
Of his weary comrades near!

He won no ribbon nor medal,
Yet 'twas as brave a thing
As many that win the guerdon
Of emperor or king.

So ever the best and bravest
For the helpless ones will care;
And ever the heart that is tender
Is the heart that will do and dare.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON VI.—MAY 10.

LESSONS ON PRAYER.

Luke 18, 9-17. Memory verses, 15-17

GOLDEN TEXT.

The publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke 18, 13.

Time.—A.D. 30.

Place.—Valley of the Jordan.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Having healed the lepers, Jesus in reply to a question told of the signs which would precede the coming of the Son of man. That they might be prepared for coming trials he went on to impress on them the importance of true prayer. For this purpose he used two parables—the unjust judge and that in to-day's lesson.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read a lesson on prayer (Luke 18 1-8). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read how to come to God (Luke 18, 9-17). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read of the prayer God will not hear (Isa. 1, 10-20). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read how a penitent man pleaded (Neh. 1). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read concerning humility in prayer (Psalm 25, 1-14). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read a beautiful prayer for pardon (Psalm 51). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read about coming as little children (Matt. 18, 1-6).

QUESTIONS.

1. The Self-Righteous Spirit, verses 9-12.
9. To what class was the parable spoken?
10. What attends pride? Where did the two men pray? Why is it said they "went up"?
11. What was a Jewish posture in prayer? Why was the Pharisee's not a true prayer? How did he show his pride and contempt?
12. What was the Jewish law about fasting? What about tithes?

2. The Penitent Spirit, verses 13, 14.

13. How did the publican show his humility? Why would he not look up? What was smiting the breast a sign of?

14. In what state of mind did he go home?

3. The Childlike Spirit, verses 15-17.

15. Why were babes brought to Jesus? What made the disciples rebuke those who brought them? 16. How did Jesus show his love for children? Are children members of God's kingdom? 17. What qualities usually belong to children? How did Christ's thoughts about children differ from the disciples'?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

To brag of our good works is not to pray. To boast how much better we are than others is no part of prayer. We should be so busy mending our own faults that we would have no time to find fault with others. All must take the

less under the ties and influences that bind them to the home and to the Sunday-school. They want to be free, failing to realize that what they call freedom is the way to destruction. They are ever shirking their obligations, or evading them or breaking them; and in the end they fall to the earth with characters torn and bleeding and blackened and broken. Then there are some who see how these cords of precious influences are real blessings, and they take them and tie them to their heartstrings, and rejoice to be led by them in the pathway of noble rectitude and integrity, of kindly helpfulness and sweet gentleness; and in the end they develop characters strong and beautiful that grow like unto that of Christ himself.

Boys and girls, young men and young women, honour the Sunday-school kite strings. They mean priceless blessings to your souls.—Herald and Presbyterian.

finite plan. We have found it well to indulge some special appetites and sudden interests occasioned by some public event or individual private happening. If it chances that our current news reminds us that there is talk about a war over the Venezuelan boundary question, we are piqued to learn more of the latter country. The quest involves the history of Spanish attempts to colonize in Central America and northern South America. It is easy to see that a reader who follows his immediate mental interest is sure to grow with quickened attention and that his memory is as sure to record the interest.

If the news from Constantinople shows that the Sultan of Turkey hesitates to allow the six powers to send a warship each to that city, we are inclined to ascertain why he hesitates, and why Russia shows signs of supporting the Sultan. That reading involves the whole question concerning the neutralization of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, the claims of Russia arising out of the Crimean War, and the issues that may presently come through the attempt to drive the Turk out of Europe. The same search will give hints respecting the rise of Mohammedanism, and we must not be surprised if the Eastern struggle is precipitated long before our bit of side reading is completed.

It is decidedly better to follow up our individual interest in current matters than to squander time over the sorrows or loves of some princess in fiction, whose imaginary story is trifling or contemptible when placed in the scales with that of some of the noblest men and angelic women who adorn the pages of actual human history.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

"No, Willie dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

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REMEMBERING WHAT ONE READS.

He who reads quite moderately presently finds that he has pored over a vast number of pages. One falls to wondering how a tithe of his reading can be remembered and made permanently profitable. How shall one escape the human habit of forgetting? The real secret of memory is attention, and the secret of attention is interest. While some general plan for reading is altogether best, there is abundant room for special reading which may not be according to any de-

sinner's place and ask for mercy. Parents when blessed by Christ wish his blessing for their children. Those who ought to help sometimes hinder.

KITE STRINGS.

I was once going down one of the inclined planes that reach from the hills of Cincinnati to the lower city, and on looking from the car-window, I saw a kite pitching and darting in the most obstreperous fashion, tugging at the string that held it as if desiring to be free. At last the string broke, and the kite fell to the ground, a jumble of broken sticks. On that same day I was crossing the canal on the bridge by the city hospital, where I noticed a boy standing with a kite string in his hand, and triumphantly gazing off into the sky. I followed that string up toward the clouds, where a magnificent kite was splendidly sailing in the heavens. Then I thought to myself that boys and girls are like those two kites. There are some who are rest-