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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1888.

[No. 9.

"Who Giveth Us the Victory."

Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible!

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men.
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

And right is right, since God is God:
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

EYES, OR NO EYES.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

SOLOMON says that "a wise man's eyes are in his head." I suppose he means by this that a wise man will use his eyes for wise purposes. He will carefully observe everything that he sees. Two boys go out to take a walk. One will come home eager to tell all the curious and interesting things he has seen; and the other,

alone in the same room, and chose the one who wrote out the best description of what he saw from a window in the room. He wanted a man who knew how to use his eyes.

All inventors, scientific men and noted travellers possess, in a very full degree, the faculty of observation.

To the educated eye the whole world is a museum of unending interest and delight. A score of interesting objects can be found within an hour's walk.

the soul. Happily we are provided with two eyes, so, if one is injured, we are not deprived entirely of sight.

Few physical misfortunes are to be compared to loss of sight. Yet even where sight has been totally lost, some have so developed the senses of hearing and touch as to accomplish more in life than many having the full use of their eyes. Milburn, the blind preacher, often gives a lecture entitled "What a blind man saw in England," and he



BOYS IN ORPHANAGE AT SHIRAZ, PERSIA.

BOYS IN ORPHANAGE

This is a queer group of little boys at school. It is a boarding-school for orphans, and it seems to be dinner time. They have a very simple way of dining. You see they make their fingers serve in place of knives and forks, as has been the usage for ages in the East. They need, therefore, to be very particular to wash their hands both before and after meals, like the Jews of old. The school-master behind them seems a very dignified sort of man. These poor orphans seem much better off than the boys in the picture on page 69.

when asked if he had seen anything in his walk to relate, will answer that he has seen nothing, and will answer truly. I once heard a very eminent man of science say, that some people imagine that scientific men have eyes different from other people. This he declared to be a great mistake. Scientific eyes are simply common eyes put to skilful use. The gentleman referred to was an oculist, and he added, "I see a speck upon the eye just as you see a speck upon the wall."

Agassiz at one time desired an assistant. There were two applicants for the situation. He placed each by turn

If young people would study nature, make a careful study of the natural history of the region in which they live, begin to collect and arrange a little cabinet or museum of their own, it would be vastly better than spending all their leisure time in reading novels or in the busy idleness of useless fancy work. How many saw an apple fall before Newton, the lid of a tea kettle lifted up by steam before Watts, a chair deliver oscillate before Galileo, but they did not see with the eyes of these men.

The eye itself is a museum of wonders. It is well called the window of

can tell you more about England than many tourists having perfect vision. Huber, a celebrated Swiss naturalist who gave special attention to the study of bees, and knew more about those insects than any other man living at that time, was totally blind. Fawcett a blind man who died a few years ago, was Postmaster General of England.

Let us thank God for our power of vision, and use it to good advantage. Turn your eyes away from all that is evil, and toward all that is pure.

Do not preach charity and leave somebody else to practice.

Children's Church.

BY E. M. THAQUAIN.

The church-bells for service are ringing,
The parents gone forth on their way,
And here on the door-step are sitting
Three golden-haired children at play.

The darlings, untiring and restless,
Are still for the service too small;
But yet they would fain be as pious
As parents and uncles and all.

So each from a hymn-book is singing—
'Tis held upside down, it is true;
Their sweet roguish voices are ringing
As if every number they knew.

But what they are singing they know not,
Each sings in a different tone;
Sing on, little children, your voices
Will reach to the heavenly throne:

For yonder your angels are standing
Who sing to the Father of all;
He loves best the sound of his praises
From children, though ever so small.

Sing on! How the birds in the garden
Are vying with you in your song,
As hopping among the young branches
They twitter on all the day long!

Sing on! For in faith ye are singing,
And that is enough in God's sight;
A heart like the dove's, pure and guileless,
Wings early to heaven its flight.

Sing over! We elders sing also;
We read, and the words understand;
Yet oft, too, alas! we are holding
Our books upside down in the hand.

Sing over! We sing, as is fitting,
From notes written carefully down;
But ah! from the strife of the brethren
How often has harmony flown!

Sing on! From our lofty cathedrals
What melodies glorious we hear!
What are they?—a sweet childish hisping,
A breath in the Mighty One's ear.

A LOST DAY.

In the village where I was brought up everybody knew Mrs. H., and everybody loved her, too. She lived in a little ivy-covered house standing in a garden shaded with trees. Many a tale has she told me of the days of her childhood. I can almost see her now as she looked that summer evening, in her white cap and kerchief and black silk gown, while I sat at her feet and listened to the following incident in her earlier experiences:

"More than sixty years ago, mother and I were staying at an old-fashioned cottage close to the sea, only a narrow pathway lay between it and the cliff. A rough staircase, formed of the timber of wrecked vessels, led from the gate to the beach below. It was a lonely place, with no house near except one cottage, where lived a fisherman and his little blind boy, Jack. I used to spend hours on the beach searching for shells and seaweed, or talking to the old fisherman as he moored his boat and put the lobster-pots on the rocks to dry.

"One day mother was obliged to leave me alone from early morning till the evening. She gave me a lesson to learn and a task of sewing to finish, they were both easy, and I remember so well how she kissed me after breakfast and said, 'Don't forget what I have told you. Play will be better

after work is done.' Then the pony-carriage was brought to the door, she got in and was soon out of sight. I took my lesson and conned it for a few minutes, but the day was warm, and the sound of the cool waves tempted me. Flinging away my book I rushed off and in two minutes was down at the beach, waiting for a big wave to come in and catch me. When tired of playing with the waves, I went and sat in a cool cavern, tossing shells and pebbles into the rock pools. After dinner a new story book caught my roaming fancy. I read an hour after hour, till suddenly a sound aroused me. I sprang up and looked out—there was the pony-carriage and mother stepping out of it. I thought of my neglected tasks, and stood still; then remembering how she loved me I rushed out to meet her. She asked no questions till after tea; then she said, 'What has my child been doing all day?' The touch and the words overcame me and I told her all. I have never forgotten how she talked so earnestly of the sin of wasting God's precious moments, nor how she knelt at my side and asked God to forgive me. I remember saying, 'Never mind, mother, the day is gone. I will do better to-morrow;' and she answered, 'Yes, my dear, but we are not sure of to-morrow; and don't forget that this day is gone into eternity.'

"Mother put me to bed and I soon fell asleep, as children do, happy or miserable, and I dreamed a dream. I thought I was on the rocks. All at once I felt a touch on my shoulder. Looking up, I saw a man standing beside me with a grave, stern face. He looked steadily at me, saying slowly, 'Where is yesterday. Come with me, and we will look for it.' I hung back, but he kept looking at me and I could not choose but follow. We went on and on until we came to a huge gateway, over which was written the word 'Eternity.' We went through and stood in what seemed to be an immense picture gallery. All around, on every side, were pictures of boys and girls; some were learning lessons, others were helping to cheer the sick and sorrowful, and all looked very happy. Then the stern man said, 'This is yesterday; these pictures show how some boys and girls spent it. Do you see yours here?' With tears I said 'No.' We walked on in silence till we reached another gate. It opened; I passed through and found myself alone on a barren moorland, in the cold and dark. I sank down and wept bitter tears. Suddenly a voice like music spoke: 'What is the matter, little one?' Without looking up and without being afraid, I told him what had happened; then the voice said, 'If you will see your day as it really was and is, come with me.' We walked in silence till we came to a mountain, at the foot of which was a deep ravine; above it hovered a filmy cloud, on which was written in letters of fire, 'Eternity.' He who held me by the

hand led me to the edge of the abyss, and bade me look. There, deep down amidst the mists and shades, I saw my day as I had lived it; and as I looked, a ghost rose from the midst of it—it was the strangest ghost I had ever heard of, made up in the funniest way, of lesson books, sewing-work, rocks and waves. It came and whispered in my ear, 'Work while it is day;' and all the wasted days down in the chasma (for there were more there than mime) took up the chorus, and the mountain sides echoed to the words, 'Work while it is day.' And with the words ringing in my ears I awoke."

So ends Mrs. H.'s story. Children, "watch and pray," lest any of your days fall into the dark abyss.—*Early Days.*

MONKEYS.

THERE are no animals about which so many stories have been told as the monkey. All the tricks and rascalities of the animal kingdom have been laid at his door.

The Englishman who wrote to his correspondent in Rio Janeiro to send him two hundred varieties of the monkey-plant, and forgot to write the word "plant," and consequently received word from his correspondent that he had received and shipped a hundred and seventy-three varieties of monkeys, and could procure no more, was probably thinking of their many blunders and tricks when he himself committed the blunder that cost him so dear. Most of the stories are based on the monkey's power of imitation. A Spanish mule driver once invested his scant earnings in purchasing a number of red woven caps, which form the crown of the turban worn throughout Turkey and Africa, and set out to make his fortune in the interior. He started before sunrise, and when the heat of the day came on lay down to sleep beneath a tree in a wood. Taking off his hat he opened his valise, and, putting on a red cap, was soon asleep. When the sun was low down in the horizon he awoke, and to his horror saw the trees filled with monkeys in red caps. They had seen the Spaniard put on the red cap before going to sleep, and followed his example. The poor Spaniard, with all the gesticulation peculiar to his country, cursed his hard fate, stamped his foot in anger, and tore off his red cap and threw it on the ground, when, blessed and unexpected result, all the monkeys followed his example. He picked up his hats and moved on. When the small-pox once raged in South America, and broke out with violence among the monkeys, a cunning French physician secured an old baboon, and in his presence slowly vaccinated a young monkey on the fleshy part of the forearm. He used a protected lancet, so that the wound could only be made of a certain depth, and, retiring, soon had the pleasure of seeing the old baboon vaccinate un-

other monkey as carefully as he had done.

Travellers in Africa tell us about a monkey that is of just as much use in a house as any boy or girl. This monkey is called the "chacma," and it is often kept by the Kaffirs as a domestic animal. He takes the place of a dog, growling when a stranger comes near; and if it becomes necessary to defend his master's property, he is much stronger than any dog. The chacma easily learns to blow the bellows of a smith, and to drive horses or oxen; but his greatest use in that country is to find water in the hot season. The monkey seems to know what is wanted, and he goes carefully over the ground, looking at every tuft of grass, and sniffing the breeze on every side. Whether he scents it or not is not known, but if there is water in the neighbourhood, he is sure to find it. It may be a deep spring, in which case he sets to work digging down to it; and it may be a certain very juicy root, which often serves instead of water. He gets that out also; and let us hope he gets his full share of it, to pay for his work.

ARAB ODDITIES.

AN Arab entering a house removes his shoes but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks the cow upon the left side. Writing a letter he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in the summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, but measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats scarcely anything for breakfast, about as much for dinner, but after the work of the day is done, sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of his house wait till his lordship is done. He rides a donkey when travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus, and fire places may be placed in the same category. If he be an artisan he does work sitting, perhaps using his feet to hold what his hands are engaged upon; drinks cold water with a sponge, but never bathes in it unless his home be on the sea-shore; is rarely seen drunk, too seldom speaks the truth, is deficient in affection for his kindred, has little curiosity and no imitation, no wish to improve his mind, no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.—*Anon.*

"HUKRY, mamma," said the little innocent with his cut finger, "it's leaking."

Come to Jesus.

BY MATTIE J. MILLER.

Are you "weary and heavy laden"—
With the cares of life oppress?
Come to Jesus—hear his promise:
"And I will give you rest."
Are you sick, and poor, forsaken
By those you thought your friend?
Come to him whose tender mercy
Will sustain you to the end.

Are you sorely tried, and tempted?
So our Saviour, too, was tried;
Come to him, for grace sufficient
For your needs he will provide.
Are you wearied of the pleasure
Which the world alone can give?
Give your heart to him, believing
Jesus died that you might live.

Are you hoaping up earth's treasures,
With no treasure laid in heaven?
Turn to Jesus, humbly pleading,
And your sins shall be forgiven.
Are you giving to the needy?
Are you lending to the Lord?
He will pay you double measure—
A crown of glory for reward.

Has your way grown dark and dreary,
Down the road where sorrows meet?
Ask of Jesus, he will brighten
Up the pathway for your feet.
Are you "weary with well-doing?"
His gentle words—have you forgot?
"Be not weary; in due season
You shall reap if you faint not."

Are you training up your children
In the way that they should go?
Bring them early to the fountain
Where the streams of mercy flow;
Have them learn the first commandment,
Impress the promise therein given;
Oh, parents, ask for God's assistance
To train your children up for heaven.

Do you fear to walk alone the "valley
Of the shadow"—we call "death?"
Lean on Jesus; he will lead you
Where there is no pain nor death.
Are you weeping for your loved ones
Who the sleep of death hath slept?
We are told our loving "Jesus,
At the grave of Lazarus wept."

Are you blind, or lame, or stricken
With the age of three-score years?
Lean on Christ, he'll guide your footsteps,
Up beyond this vale of tears.
Christian pilgrim, are you weary
Waiting for your promised rest?
Trust your Saviour, still believing
God does all things for the best.

Have you helped to send the Gospel
To those distant heathen lands?
Send, and tell them of a Saviour,
Thus obey his own commands.
Come to Jesus, all ye people,
Sound his name from pole to pole!
Until earth's remotest nation,
Shall be gathered to his fold.

All who seek shall find a Saviour,
His loving words has told us so;
"Though your sins may be as scarlet,
Yet I will make them white as snow."
Come, secure your soul's salvation,
Christ, your Saviour, bids you "come,"
Shout his praises, hallelujah!
Glory be to God,—I've come!

A young city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in a most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's and then looking up, said: "Mister, is all your ~~shoes~~ catted off but one?"

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

BY MAY F. M'KRAN.

"GOOD-EVENING, gentlemen! Are you too busy to attend a prayer-meeting?"

It was, perhaps, an odd scene, and the words sounded oddly in their presence; but Chaplain Green was a man who was not afraid or ashamed to show his colours at any time or in any place; and now he was going about among the tents, inviting the soldiers to attend the evening prayer-meeting.

In other tents he had been as little welcome as he was here. He had been pained over and over again by the rough jest and the flow of ruddy wine, and the infatuation of the card-table. But Chaplain Green had a message and an invitation from the King of heaven. Perhaps some heart would be inclined to hear; so he went faithfully, undauntedly on from tent to tent, asking the inmates to the meeting.

"Yes, we are too busy. We have more important business on hand just now," replied one of the men addressed, looking up from his cards.

"What do we care for your prayer-meetings?" asked another, in a quarrelsome tone.

A third looked up with a sneer on his face. "We'll deputize you to pray for us while we continue our game," he said.

Chaplain Green bowed. "I will be glad to do so; will you call me your name, please?"

"My name? What do you want with that?" demanded the man, still gruffly.

"That I may present your case personally to the Lord," was the quiet answer.

"See here! You needn't bother the Lord about us! We don't need your prayers. When we need any praying done we'll attend to it ourselves," said the first of the men.

"But I have been deputized to pray for you, and promised to do so. I shall fulfil my promise. Good-evening, gentlemen," said the chaplain, as he retired.

The game dragged slowly after that. All interest in it seemed lost; and presently the men threw down their cards as one of them said:

"I wonder if that old fanatic is keeping his promise? Let's go and see, and have some fun at his expense."

The others agreed, and as they reached the tent they heard the chaplain's clear voice in prayer. He was praying for them, that the Lord would touch their hearts with the divine power of his love, and make them his obedient servants, his saved children.

But they did not have any "fun at the chaplain's expense." They parted company, but all did not go beyond the sound of the preacher's voice; and through that earnest prayer, the very one who had deputized him to pray for the party, was convicted of sin and led to Christ.

Not one of the other three forgot that evening either, and when a little later they too were led to the foot of the cross, they dated their first serious convictions to those words fitly spoken.

Thus does God abundantly bless the efforts of his faithful servants. It may be the words are spoken in very weakness, but he will take them up and use them for his glory.

Dear boys and girls, we may not be chaplains or ministers or missionaries, or hold any public place where we have the opportunity to do great things for Christ; but let us be true to our colours, and the blessings of our Father will be upon the words which we may speak for him.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

ONCE many years ago there lived in a town in India four blind men who, having no idea of an elephant, were much pleased on being told that one was coming into the town. They ran at once to examine the strange creature. The first blind man, being very tall, felt up and down the animal's sides; the second could only reach to the foreleg, which he examined; the third, happening to run full tilt against the creature's trunk, contented himself with feeling it; the fourth could only find the tail; this he carefully examined.

"Ah," said number one, "I told you so; of course, the elephant is just like the side of a house!"

"The side of a house!" exclaimed number two, who had felt the fore-leg: "it seems to me more like the pillar of a house."

"What nonsense you are talking," broke in the third man, who had examined the trunk; "why, it is exactly like a spout!"

"You are all wrong," said number four, who had felt the tail; "I examined it very carefully, and I can only compare it to a bell-ropo!"

All of which would seem to prove that people always make out a strange object to be exactly what they imagined it would be.

ANECDOTES OF MICE.

IN a country vicarage in Yorkshire, many years ago, a bank-note went a-missing. Its owner had laid it on a shelf in a locked storeroom, no one having access to the chamber but herself; therefore its loss was somewhat mysterious. After searching everywhere, and removing most of the articles in the storeroom, a mouse-hole was discovered in a corner of the floor. The happy thought suggested itself that this hole should be explored. A carpenter was sent for, who removed one of the boards, and pushing his arm underneath it he pulled out large quantities of minute pieces of paper which the mice had probably collected year after year. In one corner of this heap he got hold of a nest of young mice, and brought them out, lying on the bank-note, which was

quite uninjured. Apparently the little mother had carried the note away, folded as it was, through its hole, and then unfolded and spread it out as a lining to her nest, evidently conscious of its softness and flexibility. It was the only piece of paper in the nest which had not been nibbled to tiny atoms.

Another mouse's nest was equally comfortable, and was discovered in the following manner: A family party were sitting at dinner when one of the children noticed that a mouse was slowly and carefully toiling up the damask window curtain with something in its mouth. The little creature was not disturbed, but was carefully watched till she disappeared in a fold of the curtain. After awhile she emerged, and ran down to the floor and so disappeared. On examining the curtain four very little mice were found in one of the folds, which formed a kind of pouch and would have been comfortable enough without any lining; but Mrs. Mouse had not thought so, for she had placed in the fold some soft wool, stolen out of a rent in a sofa cushion. The following day all the little mice had disappeared; the mother mouse evidently knew that her nest had been discovered, and was no longer a safe dwelling-place for her little family.

CHINESE JESTS.

A WEALTHY man once lived between the houses of two blacksmiths and was constantly annoyed by the noise of their hammers, so that he could not get rest night or day. First he asked them to strike more gently; then he made them great promises if they would remove at once. The two blacksmiths consented, and he, overjoyed to get rid of them, prepared a grand entertainment. When the banquet was over he asked them where they were going to take up their new abodes; they replied, to the intense dismay of their worthy host, no doubt: "He who lives on the left of your house is going to that on the right, and he who lives on your right is going to the house on your left."

A literary man, while reading one night, observed that a thief was busy digging under the wall of his house. He happened to have a teapot full of boiling water, so he took it and placed it near him, waiting for the thief. The opening being made, the thief first put through his feet, which the literary man seized and watered well with the scalding contents of his teapot. The thief uttered a piercing cry and asked pardon; but he answered in a grave tone; "Wait till I have emptied the teapot."

One night the Khoja dreamed that some person had given him nine pieces of money; but he was not content, and said: "Make it ten;" upon which he awoke, and finding his hands empty, at once closed his eyes again and, stretching out his hand, said: "I repent, give me the nine."—Selected.

The Seed of Love.

The farmer planted a seed—
A little, dry, black seed;
And off he went to other work
For the farmer was never known to shirk—
And cared for what he had need.

The night came with its dew—
The cool and silent dew;
The dawn came, and the day,
And the farmer worked away
At labours not a few.

Home from his work one day—
One glowing, summer day—
His children showed him a perfect flower;
It had burst in bloom that very hour;
How, I cannot say.

But I know if the smallest seed
In the soil of love be cast,
Both day and night will do their part:
And the sower who works with a trusting
heart
Will find the flower at last.

—Selected.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1888.

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE TO CHRIST.

A YOUNG lady rose in a meeting some months since, and in a low, clear voice, betraying profound feeling, said:

"I have taken for my New Year text these words of Scripture, 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' I have taken this, not only to apply to testifying in a place like this, as opportunity offers, but also to the performance of little home and household duties every day—a task not always so easy in these days of attractive Christian activities in the outside world. To this text I have added this, 'Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power.' Obeying, in his strength the first, and trusting implicitly the second, I enter with a glad heart the unknown path of the New Year."

Happy heart! to have found in early life the way of rest and strength and usefulness.

BE YE ALSO READY.

A FEW months ago, at the request of an aged man, I went to see a little girl who lay at the point of death. Though her suffering was very great, she was perfectly happy, and delighted to look forward to the time when the Lord Jesus would call her to himself.

"Yes, mother," she would say, "I shall soon go to Jesus; but you and father must come too; you have only to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and then you will meet me in heaven." Shortly before her death the little one raised her hand, and counting her thin fingers, said, "One, two, three, four, five—in about five minutes I think I shall be with Jesus."

She lay quite still for a few minutes, and then joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, mother, Jesus has opened the gates of heaven for me, and his angels are beckoning me to come!"

And thus, without a sign of fear, the little child entered the presence of the Saviour she loved so well.

Reader, how would it be with you if you had only five minutes to live? Should you, like this little girl, long to be with Jesus, or would you say, "I am not ready to die!" Do not, I beseech you, put off your soul's salvation any longer, but come to the Saviour just as you are, knowing he is waiting to receive you. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

A REAL SAVIOUR.

Is Christ a reality to you? Do you look on him as a personal Friend? or is he only one known by report—a stranger so far as you are concerned? Let me tell you an anecdote which will illustrate what I mean. By the bedside of a dying girl in one of our London hospitals sat a gentleman who had come to speak to her of Jesus. After a few moments' conversation, he soon discovered that she had known him longer than he had himself; and instead of helping the sufferer, she taught him lessons never to be forgotten throughout the remainder of his life.

Scarcely knowing what to say, he asked, "Do you not feel very lonely in this ward all by yourself?"

"Oh, no," the girl replied. "It is sweet to have him all by oneself; he's so real to me!" Then came the question, "Isn't he to you?"

"I cannot say he is," answered her visitor; "for I know him not as you do. He is my Saviour, but we are



WATER SPIDERS.

WATER SPIDERS.

THESE are very remarkable creatures. They possess the faculty of making a little balloon, as it were, in the water, and filling it with air, so that they can live quite comfortably beneath the surface of a pond. This little air chamber is attached by numerous threads to adjacent water plants. The spider makes frequent visits to the surface, as shown in the picture. The amount of mechanical and almost scientific skill that these creatures possess is marvellous. They may be said to have invented both diving bell and suspension bridge long before man had ever thought of either. Small wonder that the Psalmist, considering the wonders of nature, devoutly exclaimed, "O Lord! how marvellous are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

THYSELF FIRST.

A MINISTER relates that after preaching on the text, "He brought him to Jesus," his little daughter said she liked it.

"And whom do you propose to bring to Christ?" continued the father.

"I think I will bring myself first," was the reply.

Go thou, and do likewise. Bring yourself. The Lord will not refuse other offerings, but no other will be complete without yourself. Religion is a personal consecration, and all efficient work has its root in a deep personal experience. Give yourself to the Lord, and he will show you what more to do, and how to do it.

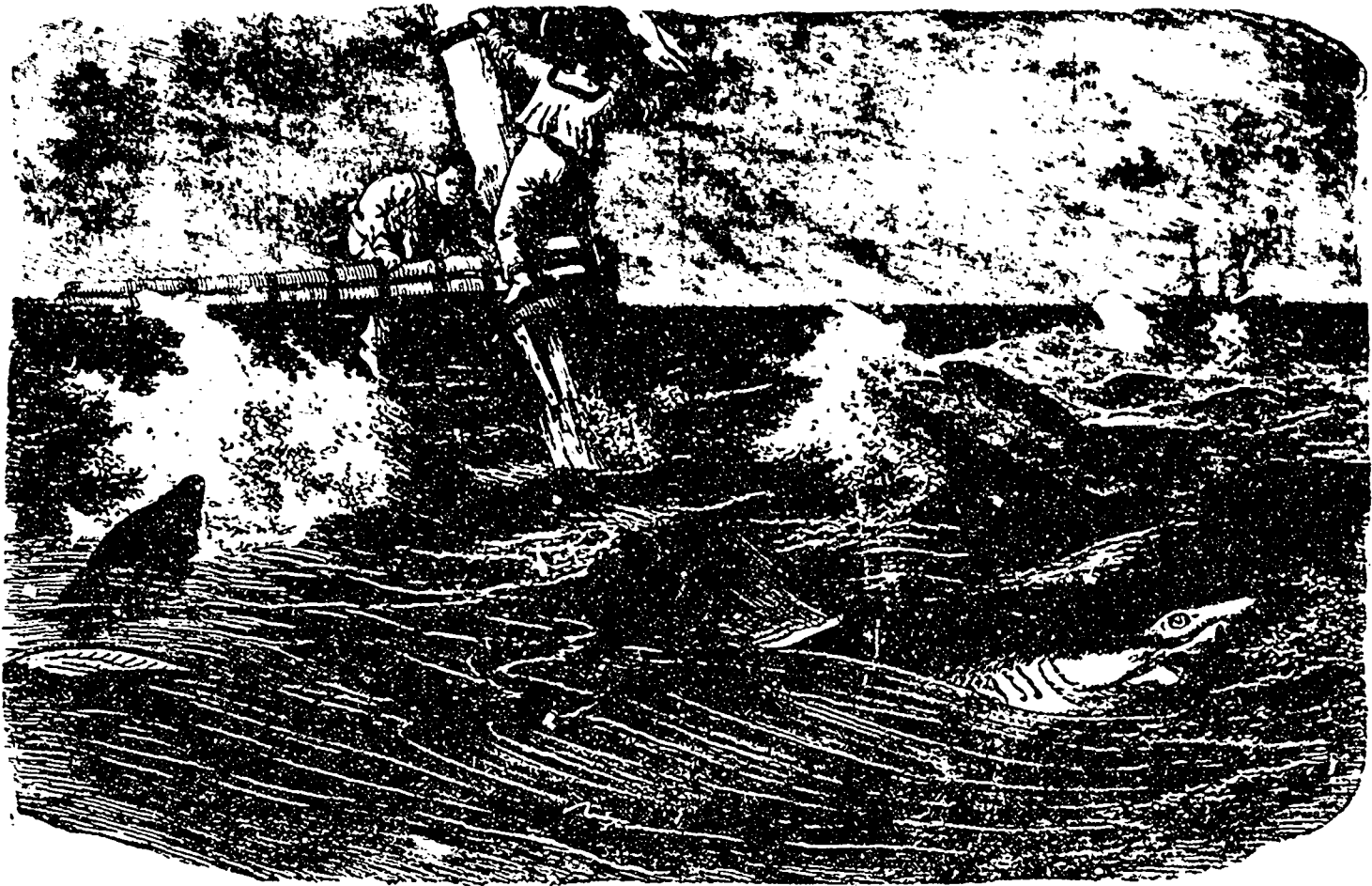
"No man can be free unless he governs himself."

only on 'visiting terms,' and you and he seem to be on 'speaking terms' all the day long."

Just so, many of God's people are half afraid of their Father in heaven, and fail to have that freedom of love in his presence which he longs for. There are degrees of intimacy between the Christian and Christ. Some have gained wondrous glimpses into the depths of his heart, and after a life-long intercourse with Jesus, have learned to know and love his will.

BAD BOOKS IN OUR HOMES.

WHAT is to be done about it? We can easily tell what ought to be done by heads of Christian families. They themselves know well enough what they ought to do. But it will require more sensitiveness of conscience and more will power than are possessed by many to get them to do what duty requires in regard to this matter. If newly converted heathens at Ephesus could burn books of magic, the Christians of to-day might do the same with the devil's literature in their houses. The first thing they ought to do is the very thing they will not do—namely, to expurgate their libraries. All bad books should be put out of the home—not only the very bad books, but all bad books. The poison of some is slow, that of others is quick; but it is death in all. This sacrifice is beyond what many parents are willing to make. They have a liking themselves for bad books that are flavoured with fascinations of genius, and secure in their own fancied superiority to their evil influence, they take the risks for their offspring. God pity such parents and their children!—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*



SHIPWRECKED.

My Mother's Songs.

Of all the songs from sweetest voice,
In young days, or of old,
That's made my inmost soul rejoice,
However oft they're told,
Are those sweet songs my mother sung
While at the home fireside,
When all the world seemed blithe and young,
And joy was at our side.

Oft I have wandered far away
In sunny lands of song,
And I have heard the minstrels play
That thrill'd the listening throng;
Though sweet the charm when beauty sings,
And sweet the minstrelsy,
There is no charm that memory brings
Like those old songs to me.

Oft in the clear, calm starry night,
Among the leafy trees,
Or on the weird lone mountain height,
And in the gentle breeze,
Or on the rough, wild stormy sea,
When all is dark and drear,
The dear old songs will come to me—
Sung by my mother dear.

Sweet is the strange enchanting spell
That lures all thought away,
To warm fireside or woody dell,
Where we were wont to play;
About my boyhood's happy home
Glad memories fondly cling;
And oft the sweet old songs will come,
My mother used to sing.

Through many years of joyous life
I reach the zero and old,
Now all the battle and the strife,
The fierce sun and the cold,
Are o'er for me, and calm I wait
To hear the "joy bells" ring;
For I shall hear at Heaven's gate
My angel mother sing.

No obstacle can close the kingdom
of heaven against him who desires to
enter it.

SHIPWRECKED.

THESE poor boys are in a very perilous condition. You see their ship has been wrecked, and all around are hungry sharks waiting to make a meal of the boys when some wave shall have washed them off the rigging. Let us hope that the people on the steamer in the distance have seen them and are coming to their rescue.

BE HONEST ABOUT RELIGION.

I HAVE very vivid recollections of a hoary-headed infidel, whose very name was the synonym of hopeless impiety, who came hobbling to the front in a meeting I was holding, and, facing the congregation that sat spell-bound with astonishment, spoke to them in language substantially as follows: "Friends and neighbours, I am not here to play the hypocrite. Whatever I may be in respect to what you call religion, I am determined, at last, to be honest as a man. You know me, you know my manner of life, and the opinions I have held. I am not here to renounce them now. I do not believe the Bible. I cannot conceive how it can be true. It seems to me to be full, not merely of mysteries, but of contradictions and absurdities. But my father believed it, and I cannot forget how he lived and died. It cannot be long before I shall follow him to the house appointed for all living. The sun is sinking, the shadows deepening; the night is coming, and I have no assurance of a morning. I have often wished for my father's faith. It would be to me a comfort,

even though it were a delusion. But it has sometimes occurred to me that maybe my father's faith was not a delusion. Maybe I am mistaken, and if so, and I should only discover it when I am launched into another world, then it would be forever too late to rectify my mistake. Now I want to be right: I don't want to be mistaken. I want you to pray to God, if there be a God, that he will show me that there is a Saviour, if there be a Saviour."—*Dr. Henson.*

THE LIFE-PRESERVING BIBLE.

A SMALL French army, among which were a few Germans, took by storm a German fortress. As pillaging the same had been promised the soldiers as recompense for their six months' deprivations, every soldier rushed into those houses where people of wealth seemed to be living. Edelreich, a German warrior, misled by the example of his fellow-soldiers, broke into the house of a widow in comfortable circumstances. As he stepped into the room, he saw the widow, attired in her mourning garb, surrounded by four little children. The eldest of these, Gottlieb, a boy of six years, ran to meet the fierce warrior, and presented to him a picture Bible, with these words: "Here, good man, I will give you my dearest possession, only do nothing to my poor mother." The soldier, perplexed, opened the Bible, and a passage met his gaze which went to his heart. "I will take nothing from you," said he, with moistened eyes, to the terror-stricken mother; "only let me have

this Bible." "God's blessing be upon you, noble-hearted man," said the widow, as he left the room.

The magnanimous soldier threw wide open the door of the house, seated himself upon a resting-stone, and restrained his greedy companions from entering, by the assurance. "You'll find nothing more in this house." When the time for plundering was past, he closed the door, and betook himself to his quarters. Afterwards, a division of the native army, by night, broke into the fortress unexpectedly, through its shattered walls, and poured a hailstorm of shot and shell upon the enemy, unprepared for an attack.

Whilst the entire circle in which Edelreich was standing was falling dead to the ground, two pieces of iron struck him directly upon the breast, and he fell unconscious to the earth. After a few minutes he came to himself, put his hand to his breast, in which he had received the fearful blow, and found the pieces of iron sticking firmly in Gottlieb's Bible, which Edelreich, in his nightly watch, carried there.

Seven years after, Edelreich, as commander-in-chief of a battalion, sent five hundred ducats as a present to the thirteen-year-old boy, in a note, with the following contents: "This trifle as a reward to the noble boy who, seven years ago, gave his dearest possession as a ransom for his mother, and therewith saved the life of his grateful friend Edelreich, commander-in-chief."—*From the German.*

Sweet is the Reward.

'Tis but a little thing to do,
To lend a helping hand
To one who stumbles on the road,
And has not power to stand;
And if a simple touch of ours
Can health and hope afford,
And joy impart
To one sad heart,
How sweet is our reward!

'Tis but a little thing to speak
A tender word of cheer,
To soothe and calm the troubled soul
Oppressed with doubt or fear;
It is not much to turn aside
Sweet solace to afford
At pity's call;
The gift is small,
Yet great is the reward.

The seed we scatter far and wide,
Along the mellow field,
Will find a lodgment in the soil,
And rich abundance yield;
And ere ywhere the loving heart
May cast its precious gold,
Yet feel no lack,
For it all comes back,
Increased a hundred fold.

How rich the recompense we win
For favours slight and small!
How little cause we have to fear
That we shall lose our all!
And yet how many, miser-like,
Their precious treasures hoard
From day to day—
Give naught away,
And miss the sweet reward!

THE COURSE OF HOME STUDY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

In a recent number of *Zion's Herald* the Rev. J. M. Burrel makes a strong plea for the general adoption of some suitable course of reading for young people. He contends that the first step towards the conversion of many boys and girls, is a change in their taste and habits as to reading, and that as all truth leads to him who is the truth, nothing better can be done for the rising generation than to organize them into reading circles and inspire in them an interest in the systematic reading of a well arranged course.

We also notice a well written article in the *N. W. Christian Advocate* by S. R. Winchell, calling attention to the same subject. The necessity for such a course is now generally felt, and pastors, teachers, Sunday school superintendents, and all interested in the welfare of the young people ought to seriously enquire what can be done to purify the tastes and mould the habits of the young people in this direction.

At the last General Conference a resolution on this subject was moved by Principal Austin, and under its authority a committee was appointed to draft such a course of reading. The committee had a meeting in the Book Room in Toronto in January, 1887, and agreed upon a year's course. It was duly announced in the *Sunday-School Banner* and other publications, and, as a result, about 100 circles were organized the first year.

As part of the year had expired before the publication of the course, it was decided to pursue the same course through 1888, and we trust a much

larger number of circles may be organized. The books for the entire course cost only \$1, and full information concerning the organization of a circle, methods of work, etc., can be obtained of the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto. Let our friends throughout the country aid this good work for the young folks.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Come in Jenny, child, and shut the door. I think we're going to have an awful storm," said Grandma Durham, as she gazed up at the thick black clouds, which had already made the sky as dark as night, though by rights the sun was yet a half hour high.

"Will it hurt us, grandma?" asked little Jenny, anxiously; drawing close to the old lady's side.

"I hope not, child. The cottage is strong, and the walls thick. Any way, we are in the hands of our Father in heaven. He can take care of us as well in the storm as in the sunshine. Ugh! That was a blast! Hasten in, Jenny, and bar the door!

Little Jenny quickly obeyed; and, indeed, the fierce rush of wind caught the door from her hand, and slammed it violently.

"Grandma," said she, as they put up the bars, "it's a good thing to have a Father in heaven, isn't it?"

"Aye, Jonny, that it is! Many's the trouble he's brought me through, and many the danger."

"But, grandma, other girls have a father on earth too. Why haven't I? Why do you never tell me of him?"

"Hush, child. A fiend took your father from you."

"Oh, grandma! there's no such thing as a fiend, is there?"

"Yes, there is. Whiskey is a dreadful fiend. It took my boy, and your father. It was on just such a night as this, that I saw him last. Oh, Henry, Henry! my poor, wicked boy! Perhaps, some day, God will send him back. There, Jenny, don't talk of him to-night. When you get older, I'll tell you all about him. Better go to bed, now."

"Oh, grandma, let me sit up and watch out the storm with you. I'm afraid to go to bed."

"Well, sit up, then. We'll light a candle, and I'll read a chapter out of the Bible, to comfort us."

But Mrs. Durham found reading aloud an impossibility. The roar of the wind, the dash and rattle of the rain and hail against the windows, drowned her voice, and she read on in silence; while Jenny sat crouched beside her, awed and alarmed at the fury of the storm.

After a while, the child's head fell heavily against grandma's knee; and looking down, Mrs. Durham saw that she was fast asleep. Gently lifting the light form, she laid it upon the bed, just as a loud knocking rang upon the door.

"It is some wanderer seeking shelter

from the storm," said grandma. "I have nothing to fear from him." So she opened the door. A tall man, drenched and dripping, came into the room, saying, "Good-evening madam."

"A wild night to be out, I should say," answered grandma. "You are welcome, sir. Come in, and dry yourself at my fire."

"You do not know me, then!" asked the stranger.

"I think not, sir."

The visitor caught up the candle, and going close to Mrs. Durham, pointed to a long scar on his cheek, saying, "Do you know me now, mother?"

Then, with a cry of joy, grandma threw herself into his arms. It was Jenny's father; her own Henry. A reformed, converted man, sent back to her by God's goodness, in that dark, wild storm, to comfort her old age.

"Not the man who went away, mother," he said, "but a sober, repentant sinner, who will spend the rest of his days in trying to serve God, and care for his mother and his child."

Then Jenny was awakened with the glad news that she had again a "father on earth," as well as in heaven. And in the little cottage that stormy night, the sun of joy rose bright and clear over the wanderer's return.

DR. CUYLER ON TIPLING.

This quality of alcoholic drinks is no respecter of persons. It will make a fool or a brute of a Christian, (if he tampers with it) just as soon as a reprobate. One of the most eloquent ministers in New Jersey delivered some of his most eloquent discourses under the stimulation of wine. He imagined that "he could preach better" for the stimulant. But before he was aware he staggered into his pulpit and was cited before a church court for drunkenness! In agony of soul he confessed to his brother ministers that nobody was so astonished at the discovery that he had become an inebriate as he was himself. He had been playing with a serpent; he began to do it with a good motive; but the serpent stung him just as soon as if he had been the most graceless blackguard. I venture to assert that there is not a human being on the face of God's earth who can habitually use intoxicating drinks and yet be perfectly safe. There is not a specific promise of God's protection of any Christian who tampers with alcohol—whether in a wine glass or in a whiskey bottle. We do not affirm that every wine drinker becomes a sot: but we do affirm that every wine drinker runs a risk of becoming one.

For in the next place, every alcoholic drink has a tendency toward the brain. Some drugs have an affinity for the spine; others for the heart; but alcohol makes for the brain as an Adirondack dog makes for the deer. When it reaches the brain it reaches the throne. It strikes where mind and body meet; it turns the man into

the idiot or the maniac. The mightiest American, intellectually, that I ever saw, I once saw stupefied like a bar-room sot; his colossal brain had been raked with the chain-shot of alcohol! It was a shocking spectacle which proved me to tears. As an object lesson it was tremendous.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate*.

A RECOLLECTION OF MR. SPURGEON.

In the early part of Spurgeon's ministry he was asked to preach in a neighbouring village, and when he came on the Sunday morning, Mr. Brown, the pastor, said to him: "I did not know you were such a boy, or I would not have asked you to preach for me." "Well," he said, "I can go back." "But," said Mr. Brown, "the people have come from all parts in all kinds of vehicles;" and then he put his hands under his coat tails and asked what the world was coming to when the boys went about preaching. However, he did preach, and Mr. Brown planted himself on the pulpit stairs. He read a lesson from the Proverbs, and upon coming to the passage, "Gray hairs are a crown of glory to a man," he said he doubted that, for he knew a man who had a gray head and who could hardly be civil. And the passage went on to say, "if it be found in the way of righteousness," and that he said was a different thing. When he came down from the pulpit Mr. Brown said to him: "Bless your heart, I have been thirty years a minister, and I was never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit," and they were always good friends afterward.—*Manchester Examiner*.

INITIALS ON FRUIT.

Did you ever see a name printed on a growing apple, pear or peach? No! Well, if you wish to have that pleasure this is the way to obtain it. While the fruit yet hangs upon the tree, make up your mind which is the biggest and most promising specimen of all. Next, cut out from thin, tough paper, the initials of the name of your little brother or sister or chief crony, with round specks for the dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then paste these letters and dots on that side of the apple which is now turned to the sun, taking care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem. As soon as the apple is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which, having shut out the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name or initials now show plainly. After that bring the owner of the initials to play near the tree, and say presently, "Why, what are those queer marks on that apple up there?" You will find this quite a pleasant way to surprise the little ones; and of course you can print a short pet name as easily as initials.—*St. Nicholas*.

"They Found Him in the Temple."

The mother sought her boy
Through all the pilgrim band,
That with sweet psalms of joy
Moved northward o'er the land.

Still Mary found him not,
And to the Temple came—
That consecrated spot,
Named with Jehovah's name.

Where, sitting near the place
Of those who taught the law,
God's child, all full of grace,
His joyful mother saw.

While aged Rabbis heard,
With pleasure and surprise,
His quick inquiring word
And his answers wise.

Thus, Heavenly Lord, may I,
In thy blest house of prayer,
With loving ardour try,
To copy Jesus there.

There may thy gracious task,
Stand over in my view;
There may I go to ask,
"What is it I must do?"

That, when life's day is sped,
This welcome word may come:
"Thy work is finished,
Enter thy heavenly home."

HOW THE KING FORGAVE YOUR DEBT.

The great King wants to see you. He wants to talk with you about certain debts you owe him.

"The great King?" you say in an awed whisper. You turn pale. It is indeed a great debt you owe the great King. You dare not think how large it is. Indeed, you have preferred not to think at all about it. This debt has been running a long time, and, like all unchecked debts, it has run one way—up! It is now very large.

"I can't pay it," you say. "It is beyond my power to cancel it. I can only go to the King, allow it, beg for mercy, and then he must do with me as may seem best to him. I may be sent to prison. I must there sit down and suffer the imprisonment he may measure out. I cannot pay the debt."

But what does the great King say when you are in his presence? A hopeless, helpless, shame-faced debtor, you bow your head, clasp your hands, drop on your knees and cry, "Pity!" Ah, that may make you feel better, but it does not pay the debt. You are down on your knees, holding up the hands, both of which you owe, holding down the head, all of which you owe, when suddenly the great King says, "I forgive you your debt!" What? Let the great King say that again! "I forgive you."

There is no doubt about it. Pardon! Sent away not only in hope but with a blessing! A new soul released from the fear of the jail, a big burden all gone—home, friends, life assured!

But on your exultant way home you see a man, a woman, a boy, a girl. What is the matter? Why do you shrug your shoulders? Why do you frown? Why do you shake your head?

"He injured me," you say.

Did he burn your house down and almost burn you up!

"N-n-no, but he called me something I did not like."

That all! That the size of your debt!

"He-he said something that was not fair. He misrepresented me."

Only that!

"He-he was unjust. He took advantage of me."

That the size of your debt! O, debtor to the great King, you owe God so vast an obligation, and in his Son he has wrought so much for your pardon! Can you not forgive your fellow mortals?

"Well—I—I—will forgive, but I cannot forget."

Not forget? God said he would cast all your miserable sins behind his back. Won't you put another's debt where you can't see it and will refuse to look upon it?

O, how great is the Creator! How small is the creature!

I CAN READ IT.

A YOUNG Southern gentleman was recently engaged in a stupendous effort to master Greek. One night the young man was pouring over his lessons, sorely perplexed and in dire distress. In the room was a negro boy, whose business around the place was to curry and feed the horses, black boots, and do similar work. The negro listened for quite a while to the wails of the young student, and then said:—

"Marse Bob, I can read that for you."

"You!" exclaimed the young man. "You're a fool; this is Greek."

"Can't help it," replied the negro; "I can read it."

The book was handed to him, and the negro read. When he had finished, he was asked:—

"Where in the mischief did you learn to read Greek?"

"At the Atlanta University," quietly responded the negro.

With all his knowledge of Greek, the boy was only a doer of chores—a much more commendable occupation, however, than loafing or stealing.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HOW A LITTLE HEROINE SAVED HER HOME ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

A CANADIAN paper tells this story: It was Christmas night, and six small and happy children were quietly enjoying themselves in various ways. They were alone in the house, as father, mother and servants were all at church; but the eldest of the brood, a little maid of thirteen, had a friend of about the same age to help her, and as it proved, she was quite equal to the task of looking after the little ones.

Two of the children—a little tot of seven, and a boy of nine—were in the library. The little tot was sedately enjoying herself in a rattan chair by

the window, but the boy was restless. At last he got hold of some matches, and began striking them. The head of one broke when he struck it and lodged in the lace curtain behind the little girl. The boy noticed nothing at the time, but after sputtering for an instant or two, the little ball of phosphorus and sulphur did its work, the curtains caught fire, and a bright flame rose. This attracted the attention of an older boy, who at once ran in to his sister, the oldest of the flock, and told her that the curtain was on fire.

The child of thirteen lost neither her presence of mind nor her courage. She grasped the situation at once, and without an instant's delay sent her little friend out to get assistance, ordered her brother to get the children out of the house, and, rushing into a bedroom, pulled a couple of blankets from the bed, and took upon herself to fight the fire alone and unaided. She found that the light rattan chair had caught fire, that the curtains were still blazing, and that the volume of flame was very great. Her first care was the chair. This she put out by smothering it in the blanket and when assistance reached her she was beating down the fire in the curtains. What would certainly have been a most disastrous fire—for the chair burned like tinder, and would certainly have fired the entire room—was a mere bagatelle because one brave and cool little girl, at no small risk to herself, determined to put it out, and did it.

WHAT SHOULD BOYS READ.

"Does it hurt a boy to read novels?"

Take a clean sponge and dip it into a running gutter, and what is the result? The sponge can be cleaned and purified again, but only after much labour. The human mind, my lad, is a sponge, and it soaks up the good, bad and indifferent with the same relish.

The great trouble with novels is the false ideas and vicious theories. It is the same with all stories in the so-called boys' papers, and it is so to a certain extent in many of the boy books. In the first place the boy, no matter what his age, is made to perform feats of valour which common sense teaches are impossible. He never acts or talks like a boy. His adventures as a hunter, detective or runaway are too improbable.

Nevertheless, as you read, you find yourself half believing, at least, and the next thing is to wonder why you cannot be a hero. The story makes you dissatisfied with school and home and family government, and the first thought is to run away or plan some adventure. Even if you say to yourself that you won't believe a word of the story, the mind will soak up many false theories and absurd ideas, and later on in years it may cost you something to get rid of them.

"When I Was a Boy."

"When I was a boy," the grandsire said
To the bright lad by his knee,
"Of the victors crowned with fame I read,
Who triumphed on land and sea?
And through the years, from deathless page,

A summons has sounded long;
To youth and manhood, and hoary age,
The message is this, 'Be strong!'"

"When I was a boy—" he paused and said
To the listener by his knee,
"Of the men who were as lights I read
In a dark world's history!

They preached the truth, and were loved of God,
And no fear of man they knew;

And still from the glorious heights they trod,
The message was this, 'Be true!'"

—The Quiver.

"FOLLOW ME."

SOME time ago, a gentleman tells us, he was travelling in Syria, and stopped to watch three shepherds who were watering their flocks at a well. All the sheep mixed together, and to a stranger's eye, they appeared as one. Presently one shepherd arose from the well-side, and called out "Men-ah!" the Arabic word for "Follow me!"

To the traveller's surprise, about thirty sheep, separating themselves from the others, followed him at once. The second shepherd did the same thing, with like result. The traveller having risen from the palm under which he had rested, stepped up to him, and said: "Would your sheep follow me if I called them?" The man shook his head.

"Give me your cloak and crook, and let me try." The shepherd did so, even taking off his dirty turban, and twisting it around the traveller's head with a grin of amusement; and then he stood and watched the gentleman call "Men-ah! Men-ah!" until he was quite hoarse. The sheep stood lazily blinking at him, basking in the sunshine, but not one of them moved a step.

"Do they never follow any one but you?" asked the traveller of the shepherd.

"Only when a sheep is ill; and then the silly creature follows any one," replied the shepherd.

So the gentleman, and you and I can learn this lesson, that if any of Christ's sheep cannot hear his voice, or distinguish it from the world, the flesh, and the devil, it is because that sheep is ill—yes, soul-sick, sinful, back-sliding, and oh, so foolish. Is that what troubles you? Have you got tired of prayer, and Bible-reading, and working for Jesus? Oh, poor, sick soul, come back to your Shepherd to-day, let your prayer be this: "Cause me to hear thy voice;" and when you hear it again, keep close to his side.

No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations, and the morality of society, as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting, as they do, an infinite waste and an un-mixed evil.

Don't Give In.

BY SOMERVILLE SYDNEY.

Boys, when troubles crowd about you—
(You'll find plenty in this life),
And when fortune seems to flout you,
And you're weary with the strife
Then's the time to show your mettle:
Keep your heads up, don't give in;
Face the trouble, grasp the nettle,
And determine you will win.

What's the good of turning craven?
That will never gain the fight,
That will bring you to no haven
Of success and calm delight.
No, boys, no, be up and doing,
Put your shoulders to the task,
Fortune's shy, and needs pursuing
If within her smile you'd bask.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VI. [May 6.
THE JUDGMENT.

Matt. 25. 31-46. Commit to mem. vs. 37-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal. Matt 25. 46.

OUTLINE.

1. The Judge.
2. The Blessed.
3. The Cursed.

TIME, PLACE.—The same as in the last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Son of man shall come*—The promise of the Saviour himself that he is to come to be the Judge. *All the holy angels*—It is to be in the presence of all the angelic host. *All nations*—It is to embrace the whole world of every age. *Shall separate*—There can be no doubt that this means that the righteous have one destiny and the wicked another. *Then shall the Son of man come*—A moment before, Son of man, now "King." Notice that Jesus here claims that he will be King. *Unto one of the least*—How easy Christ makes it to do a service to him.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That there is to be a judgment day.
2. That every one will be judged according to his deeds?
3. That non-doing, when we have opportunity, is wrong-doing?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who is to be the final Judge of man?
"The Son of man in his glory." 2. Who are to be the subjects of his judgment?
"All the nations of the earth." 3. Into what two great classes will men be then divided?
The blessed and the cursed. 4. What shall be the portion of the blessed? A kingdom prepared from eternity. 5. What shall be the end of the cursed? "These shall go away into everlasting punishment."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The judgment, CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

24. How must we then esteem the Scriptures? As the true Word of God, the sure and sufficient rule of faith and practice.

25. If after prayerful and patient study and inquiry we still find difficulties in the Bible, how must we deal with them? We cannot expect to know all things while we live in this world, nor fall to understand all that has been made known. 1 Corinthians xii. 10.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VII. [May 13.
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Matt. 26. 17-30. Commit to mem. vs. 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us. 1 Cor. 5. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Jews' Passover.
2. The Lord's Supper.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACES.—Bethany and Jerusalem.
EXPLANATIONS.—*The first day*—The 14th of Nisan, or April. *Unleavened bread*—

Bread baked without the use of any fermenting material, in thin cakes or wafers, as done at the first passover in Egypt. *Eat the passover*—Celebrate the feast in commemoration of the escape from the angel of death. *Into the city*—Luto Jerusalem. *To such a man*—The name not given, perhaps for fear that Judas might bring the arresting party there or tell them beforehand where to find him. *Sat down with the twelve*—The old custom required the passover to be eaten standing; the Jews had modified this. *One of you shall betray me*—The first announcement, so explicit, might well make them sorrowful. *Took bread*—An old custom, but now taken to inaugurate a new custom and sacrament for the coming church. *New testament*—Rather, a new covenant taking the place of the old covenant in forms and ceremonies. *Sung a hymn*—The regular hymn for this occasion, the second part of the Hallel. The Psalms from 113-118 were called the Hallel. At the passover it was usual to sing Psa. 113 and 114 before the feast, and the rest, 115-118, after the last cup.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What are we taught in this lesson about—
1. The meaning of the Lord's Supper?
2. The duty of observing the Lord's Supper?
3. The spirit in which we should take the Lord's Supper?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the passover feast commemorate? Israel's deliverance from Egypt. 2. What does the Lord's Supper commemorate? Our deliverance from sin. 3. How were we delivered from sin? Through the blood of the New Testament. 4. What was the blood of the Old Testament that had been a sign of remission of sins? The blood of a spotless lamb. 5. What is the doctrine taught by Christ, and beloved by the Church, concerning himself as a sacrificial lamb? That "Even Christ our passover," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Substitution.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

26. What do the Scriptures teach you concerning God? That God is an eternal Spirit, infinite and unchangeable in his nature and attributes, who alone exists of himself.
John iv 24 God is a Spirit. Isaiah xlv. 1. I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me.

RESTING IN THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

Let me bring before you two scenes. A neighbour of mine who had lived a very moral life, but who was notoriously an infidel, lay dying. A good Christian neighbour went in and spoke to him, that he might comfort him in the near approach of death. He took him by the hand and said:

"What is your hope for a life beyond?"

With a cold, steady glance of his gray eyes, he looked into the face of this Christian man and said:

"My hope is in the justice of God. I have lived a righteous life, and I propose to go into God's presence and challenge him on that ground."

You say that sounds awful; considering all the unseen sins and defects which that eye had never discovered, and the blushes in the character which he had never seen, that he should dare challenge God to touch him.

Let me turn to another scene, which is described by Dr. Guthrie. He went to comfort an aged person who had been for years a member of his congregation, and now was approaching the cold river of death. He took her by the hand and said:

"What is your comfort?"

With a smile she answered:
"Pastor, I am resting in the justice of God."

At first he did not understand. He asked her:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," she answered, "that God laid my sins on Jesus Christ, and he bore my sins in his own body on the cross, and God will never punish two persons for the same offence. He suffered, the just for the unjust; and because I trust in him, I can appeal to the justice of God." And she could.

But you see the difference between this one and that; and so, dear friends, we are led to see Jesus Christ, the sacrificial Lamb, bearing the sins of the world in his own body.—A. J. Gordon, D.D.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

The following incident related of a little heathen Bengalee girl shows what children in those far-off countries sometimes suffer for the sake of their religion:

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out in crying. But another child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many days, asked her why she neglected her devotions, to which she replied, "Father, I have not neglected my devotions; I have prayed every day to Jesus. I do not pray to idols, because I do not believe in them."

This so enraged the father that he seized her by the back of the neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himself, forcibly bent the child's head several times, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said that she did not much mind, adding, "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."—*Heathen Woman's Friend*.

A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

The following anecdote is told of the late William Cullen Bryant, the poet, by a former associate in his newspaper office, which illustrates the good man's simplicity of heart. Says the narrator:

"One morning many years ago, after reaching his office, and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and remarked:

"I cannot get along at all this morning."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I have done wrong. When on my way here a little boy flying a kite passed me. The string of the kite, having rubbed against my face, I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite, but I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him."

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