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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1889.

[No. 10.

## ASIATIC BRIDAL PARTY.

THE Tribes of Tartary in Central Asia are a strange people. They almost live in the saddle. One of the queer ways of courtship is to give the lady a start of a short distance on swift steed, then to allow the would-be bridegroom to pursue her. If the fair fugitive does not want to be caught she puts her horse to his utmost speed. If she is not unwilling to be made a captive, well, she does not put forth such efforts to escape. Our picture shows us one of these young women in her strange bridal dress.



ASIATIC BRIDAL PARTY.

## AERIAL POSTMEN.

PEOPLE have not as yet succeeded, although many have tried, to discover some way of making practical use of balloons carrying passengers and mails. But while they have failed, a tiny little bird has succeeded—not in carrying passengers, but in being a marvellous postman. Think of it! a postman with wings, flying at the rate of a hundred miles an hour—twice as rapidly as the fastest express train.

Away back ever so far in the history of the world we can run across accounts of the carrier-pigeons. When the Crusaders marched against the Turks in the Holy Land, long, long ago, the Turks employed these birds to carry information from one city to another, or to fly between different divisions of their armies; but the Crusaders kept falcons, who would chase and capture the pigeons in the air.

Carrier-pigeons are a variety of the domestic pigeon, and have a wonderful instinct which causes them to fly to their homes even when carried hundreds of miles away from it. They have been taken far out of sight of land, on the ocean, and yet have

found their way back to their own cots again. If you have ever been at sea, with no land in sight, you must have noticed that the water all around seemed to be inclosed by a circle of horizon, and that your ship was always in the centre of this circle. One direction looked just the same as another to you. And yet these birds, when let loose, will fly up from the deck to a great height in the air, sailing round and round as they go, and will then without hesitation—if the day be a clear

on the ground, the pigeons have considerable difficulty in finding their way.

Several years ago there used to be a regular line of these birds flown from Halifax, N.S., to Boston, Mass., and from Sandy Hook to New York, with special news brought from Europe by vessels.

But, fast as these little creatures fly, the tiny spark of the electric telegraph flies faster yet, and as a postman and news agent the birds are almost useless in civilized countries.

one—set off on their journey home. It is said that they select the direction by some instinct so wonderful that people cannot discover what the theory is.

The pigeons are taken when quite young, and trained to fly short distances at first. These lengths of flight are gradually increased, and prize-winning birds have been known to fly over a thousand miles at a time.

The letters or messages sent by these postmen of the skies are usually inclosed in a quill and fastened to their legs, necks, or wings. Before the invention of telegraphy, pigeons were often used by capitalists to carry the changes in the prices of stocks and bonds.

During the winter of 1870-'71, when the city of Paris was besieged, the balloons which were sent up always carried a number of birds. The Prussians could follow the balloons and often capture them; but when the navigators escaped the birds could be carried almost any distance, and be sent back to Paris with valuable despatches, flying far over the heads of the enemy lying at the gates, and out of reach of the most skillfully sent bullet. During this war very long despatches were micro-photographed, and forwarded safely fastened beneath the pigeons' wings. In foggy weather, or when snow is

**The United Empire Loyalists.**

BY REV. LE ROY HOOKER.

In the brave old Revolution days,  
So by our sires 'tis told,  
King's-men and rebels, all ablaze,  
With wrath and wrong,  
Strove hard and long;  
And, fearsome to behold,  
O'er town and wilderness afar,  
O'er quaking land and sea and air,  
All dark and stern the clouds of war  
In bursting thunders rolled.

Men of one blood—of British blood,  
Rushed to the mortal strife;  
Men brothers born,  
In hate and scorn,  
Shed each, and other's life.  
Which had the right and which the wrong  
It boots not now to say;  
But when at last  
The war-clouds passed  
Cornwallis sailed away;  
He sailed away and left the field  
To those who knew right well to wield  
The powers of war, but not to yield,  
Though Britons fought the day.

Cornwallis sailed away, but left  
Full many a loyal man,  
Who wore the red,  
And fought and bled  
Till Royal George's banner fled  
Not to return again.

What did they then, those loyal men,  
When Britain's cause was lost?  
Did they consent,  
And dwell content

Where crown and law and parliament  
Were trampled in the dust?

Dear were their homes where they were born;  
Where slept their honoured dead;  
And rich and wide  
On every side  
The fruitful acres spread;  
But dearer to their faithful hearts,  
Than home or gold or lands,  
Where Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,  
And Britain's flag of long renown,  
And grip of British hands.

They would not spurn the glorious old,  
To grasp the gaudy new;  
Of yesterday's rebellion born  
They held the upstart-power in scorn—  
To Britain they stood true,  
With high resolve they looked their last  
On home and native land;  
And sore they wept  
O'er those that slept  
In honoured graves they must be kept  
By grace of stranger's hand.

They looked their last and got them out  
Into the wilderness,  
The stern old wilderness!  
All dark and rude  
And unsubdued;  
The savage wilderness!  
Where wild beasts howled  
And Indians prowled;  
The lonely wilderness!  
Where social joys must be forgot,  
And budding childhood grow untaught;

Where hopeless hunger might assail  
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail;  
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,  
Might slay their dear ones at their will;  
Where they must lay  
Their dead away  
Without the man of God to say  
The sad, sweet words, how dear to men,  
Of resurrection hope; but then  
'Twas British wilderness!  
Where they might sing  
God save the King,  
And live protected by his laws,  
And loyally uphold his cause;

'Twas welcome wilderness!  
Though dark and rude  
And unsubdued;

Though wild beasts howled  
And Indians prowled;  
For there, their sturdy hands  
By hated treason undefiled,  
Might win, from the Canadian wild,  
A home on British lands.

These be thy heroes, Canada!  
These men of proof, whose test  
Was in the fevered pulse of strife  
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life;  
And in the stern behest  
When right must toil for scanty bread,  
While wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,  
And men must choose between;  
When right must shelter 'neath the skies  
While wrong in lordly mansion lies,  
And men must choose between;  
When right is cursed and crucified,  
While wrong is cheered and glorified,  
And men must choose between.  
Stern was the test,  
And sorely pressed,  
That proved their blood beat of the best;  
And when for Canada you pray,  
Implore kind Heaven  
That, like a leaven,  
The hero-blood which then was given  
May quicken in her veins always;—  
That from those worthy sires may spring,  
In numbers as the stars,  
Strong-hearted sons, whose glorying  
Shall be in Right,  
Though recreant Might  
Be strong against her in the fight,  
And many be her scars:  
So, like the sun, her honoured name  
Shall shine to latest years the same.

**HUGH MILLER'S WHISKEY.**

HUGH MILLER was a Scotchman and a stonemason. He learned his trade early in life, and worked hard. Some boys would have thought after they had done so big a day's work they ought to have the rest of the time for play. But Hugh Miller wanted it for reading. He loved books, and though he had but little school education, he became a learned man, a writer, an editor, and a geologist. It would be well worth while for any boy or girl, who feels disposed to complain of lack of schooling, to read the life of Hugh Miller and see how he employed every spare moment in reading and studying. For he was not content with story-books. The wonderful things in nature, in the flowers, and even among the stones, excited his curiosity, and he liked to read the books that told about them. And as he worked in stone, he learned by observation, and in time he became a great geologist. True, he had to work hard and wait patiently for his wisdom and his fame, but the real secret of it was that he made good use of his spare minutes when a boy. This gave shape to all his after life. Instead of taking all his exercise in play, he took it in the fields and among the rocks. And then he was eager to get all the time he could for his loved books. He was always contriving to have a few minutes here and there, so that he could read. Bacon's "Essays" was one of his favourite books, and they are deep reading for most men.

Another good thing for him was that he kept his head clear. In those days everybody drank a little, for he was eighteen in 1820, and people had not learned so much about temperance then as they have now. They thought a little drink was good. This is what Miller tells us about it:

"I learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dram-shops as high luxuries; they gave (or seemed to give) brightness and energy to both body and mind, and changed dulness and gloom into exhilaration and enjoyment. Whiskey was simply happiness doled out by the glass and sold by the gill. The drinking usages of the business in which I laboured, were many at that time. When a found-

ation (of a house) was laid, the workmen were treated to drink. They were treated to drink when the walls were levelled for laying the joists. They were treated to drink when the building was finished. They were treated to drink when an apprentice joined the squad, when his 'apron was washed,' when his time was out. Occasionally they treated one another to drink.

"In laying the foundation-stone of one of the larger houses built this year, by Uncle David and his partner, the workmen had a 'royal founding pint,' and two whole glasses of whiskey came to my share. A full-grown man would not have deemed a gill of whiskey an over-dose, but it was too much for me. When the party broke up and I got home to my books, I found, as I opened the pages of my favourite author, the letters dancing before my eyes, and that I could no longer master the sense. I have the volume at present before me, a small edition of the Essays of Bacon; for of Bacon I never tired.

"I felt that the condition into which I had brought myself was one of degradation. I had sunk for the time, by my own act, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favourable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I would never again sacrifice my capacity for intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and, with God's help, I have been able to hold my determination.

Here is a point we should particularly notice. Drink hurts the brain and nerves. It hinders or perverts the action of the mind, even when taken in small quantities. And the mind is what makes the man. We do not think enough about this; we talk about what it does to the stomach, and blood, and heart, and liver; but the worst mischief of it is that which is done to the brain. Hugh Miller recognized that, and saved his brain to serve his God and his fellow-men, and left a name that will last for ages.—*Julia Coleman.*

**HOW SLEIGH-BELLS ARE MADE.**

WE all love to hear the jingle of the merry sleigh-bells, and especially if they deck the horse which is pulling us over the smooth snow, as we sit contentedly in the sleigh, tucked in with buffalo robes. But how many little boys and girls know how the jingling bells are made? How do you think the little iron ball gets inside of the bell? It is too big to be put in through the holes, so how did it get there? The following description given in the *Mechanic* will enlighten you:

"This little iron ball is called the 'jinglet.' When you shake the sleigh-bell it jingles. When the horse trots the bells jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell this little jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of a bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This mud ball, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mould of the outside and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the mud ball and the mould.

"When the mould is taken off you see a sleigh-bell, but it would not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the ball is made of, so it can be shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes in the bell the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and it will ring all right.

"It took a great many years to think out how to make sleigh-bell."

God is the light—itself unseen—which makes everything visible, and clothes them in colour. The eye does not perceive the ray, but the heart feels the warmth.

**The Telegram.**

"Is this the telegraph office?"  
 Asked a childish voice one day,  
 As I noted the click of my instrument  
 With its message from far away.  
 As it ceased, I turned; at my elbow,  
 Stood the merest scrap of a boy,  
 Whose childish face was all aglow,  
 With the light of a hidden joy.

The golden curls on his forehead,  
 Shaded eyes of the deepest blue,  
 As if a bit of the summer sky  
 Had lost in them its hue.  
 They scanned my office rapidly,  
 From ceiling down to floor,  
 Then turned on mine their eager gaze,  
 As he asked the question o'er,

"Is this the telegraph office?"  
 "It is, my little man,"  
 I said, "pray tell me what you want  
 And I'll help you if I can."  
 Then the blue eyes grew more eager,  
 And the breath grew thick and fast;  
 And I saw within the chubby hands,  
 A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the lightning  
 Came down on the wires, some day;  
 And my mamma has gone to heaven,  
 And I'm lonely since she is away:  
 For my papa is very busy,  
 And hasn't much time for me,  
 So I thought I'd write her a letter,  
 And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big, so the angels  
 Could read out quick, the name,  
 And carry it straight to my mamma,  
 And tell her how it came;  
 And now, won't you please to take it,  
 And throw it up good and strong,  
 Against the wires in a funder shower,  
 And the lightning will take it along."

Ah! what could I tell the darling?  
 For my eyes were filling fast:  
 I turned away to hide the tears,  
 But I cheerfully spoke at last.  
 "I'll do the best I can, my child,"  
 'Twas all that I could say;  
 "Thank you," he said, then scanned the sky,  
 "Do you think it will funder to-day?"

But the blue sky smiled in answer,  
 And the sun shone dazzling bright,  
 And his face as he slowly turned away,  
 Lost some of its gladsome light.  
 "But nurse," he said, "if I stay so long,  
 Won't let me come any more;  
 So good-bye, I'll come and see you again  
 Right after a funder shower."

**COMING TO JESUS.**

A CORRESPONDENT asks us to explain if we can, just what is meant by "Coming to Jesus." Our correspondent says that ministers are constantly exhorting their hearers to "come to Jesus," but that they do not explain what it is to "come," etc. No doubt some preachers do take too much for granted as to the measure of knowledge possessed by their hearers in regard to these simplest truths of the Gospel, and also that there is a kind of mental perversity in every unbeliever that seems to hinder the ordinary exercise of common sense in understanding spiritual truths. We are often reminded of the profound truth of that saying of Paul's: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." Very intelligent people stumble over the simplest spiritual truths, who would have no difficulty in understanding the same statement if it appertained to any natural (as they sometimes say) or practical matter—for instance, they have no difficulty whatever in understanding what is meant by having faith in a man with whom they are called upon to have dealings;

but if they are asked to have faith in Jesus Christ they looked dazed and say: "But that is just what I do not understand. What do you mean by having faith in Christ?" The whole difficulty in our mind lies in not dealing with Jesus Christ as a person, or, in other words, in making Christianity a theoretical and not a personal matter.

Now, coming to Christ, or to Jesus, is a very simple matter, if only one will divest himself of assumed difficulties. "How can I come to him if I do not know where he is, or cannot see him?" This is to assume a bodily coming and not a mental and spiritual coming, which is the matter in question. We will try to illustrate the matter by familiar Scriptural sayings and incidents.

1. To come to Christ is to believe that he is. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews says that "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Now, in order to come to Jesus we must believe that he is. One cannot come to another if he does not believe that "another" has existence. The passage in Hebrews says of God "that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Now comes to Jesus must also believe not only that he is, but that he is able and willing to save them; and this faith, of course, must be an intelligent persuasion based on the Word of God, which everywhere testifies to this blessed truth.

2. To come to Jesus is to make our petition known to him; that is, it is to "order it," or bring it before him as Jairus did who sought him out in behalf of his child, or as the blind beggars did, or the Centurion did for his servant. (See Mark v 22; Matt. xx. 30; Luke vii. 4.) Of course in all these cases there was a physical coming; but it is hardly necessary to say that the movement of the body is only the outward manifestation of the movement of the mind and heart. To fall down at his feet anywhere and make their petition known unto him is the privilege of sinners.

3. To come to Jesus is to abandon one's self to his grace, as the leper did who came to him and fell down and besought him saying: "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean" (Mark 1.) Now, here was a kind of abandonment of faith. This leper cast himself on Christ in such a way that his petition was instantly answered. We are reminded of Jacob who said, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me." This was coming in earnest, with a purpose to get that for which Christ came to get us. There was no blind outcry here, but such a petition that (we say it reverently) the Lord had to answer, and at once.

4. To come to Jesus is to receive him heartily as both Saviour and Lord. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." (John i. 12.) Not a few persons mistake coming to Jesus to mean a seeking after gifts and experiences entirely apart from a loyal surrender of self to him. When our Lord said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," he also said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me" (Matt. xi.) Many persons who would like to enjoy the privileges of sons of God have no very clear notion or purpose of assuming the responsibility of servants of Jesus Christ. When Jesus came to us "He gave himself" not only for us, but to us; and so, when we come to him, we are to give ourselves to him and for him.

5. Finally: To come to Jesus is to take him at his word and go our way. When the nobleman came to Jesus about his boy, after begging the Lord to "come down ere my child die," "Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way, thy son liveth." Now in this case the nobleman had nothing in the way of evidence, but simply the naked word of Jesus.

"And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken to him and went his way" (John iv. 46-53) So many inquirers or seekers after Christ are looking for "signs and wonders" that they neglect to hear and believe the word of Jesus, and so do not get that for which they came.

If some person of unimpeachable character and unbounded ability were to advertise that he would send a costly present to any one who would send in a written request for it, or come to his house or office and prefer his petition, leaving name and address, no one of us would hesitate to "come" and say "send me one"—nor would we doubt its being sent.

If we would only deal simply with the Lord and believe the word that Jesus has spoken to us our Christian life would not only be simpler—easier to live—but more practical and real to us. "Whosoever will let him come."—*The Independent.*

**REPLENISHING THE LIGHT.**

HE stood in the street side by side with the electric lamp, which he had lowered from its lofty perch above the busy thoroughfare. We were curious to see it. We stepped into the street.

"Replacing the carbon?" we asked the man.  
 "Yes," he replied.

The carbons are slender pipes about nine inches long, a compound of charcoal and other ingredients. These supply the fuel which the electric current kindles into those dazzling embers that light the streets of our cities and large towns.

"How often do you replace them?" we asked.  
 "Every day," was the answer.

We went away busily thinking. That is not the only lamp that needs replenishing every day. Upon the pilgrim's shaded pathway to heaven, what a light is shed by prayer! Abraham prayed, Jacob prayed, Moses prayed, David prayed. Daniel got himself into serious earthly trouble because he prayed so persistently. All these, though, found light streaming out of prayer's lamp on life's pathway, and were cheered and comforted. Young pilgrim in the better way, if you would have steady light, let there be steadfast prayer. Don't forget to pray every day. Replenish your light.

**AN INEBRIATE CURED.**

SOMETIME ago a gentleman residing in Dublin, was sojourning near Cork on account of his health. He was a confirmed inebriate, and had nearly wrecked his life by indulgence in strong drink. At a prayer meeting which was held in the Metropolitan Hall, Dublin, his sister, a godly Christian woman, sent a petition, saying, "Pray for a drunkard who is killing himself, soul and body, with strong drink."

Prayers were offered on his behalf by those assembled.

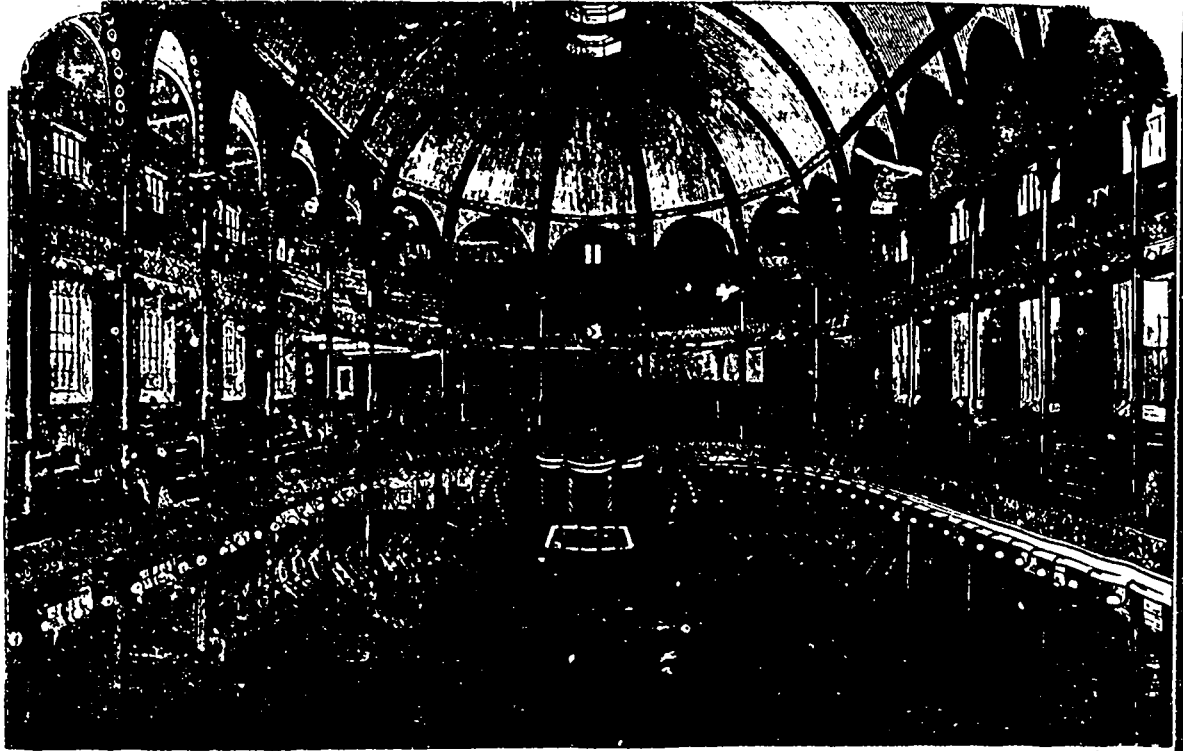
At this very time, as was afterwards learned, this gentleman was sitting with his wife by the fireside, when he took up the bottle which stood before him and dashed it into the grate, saying,

"I'll not taste it any more; I'll not taste it any more."

From that time he abandoned the use of strong drink, and not only that, but was led to seek the mercy and salvation of the Lord. It was impossible that he should know anything of the prayers that were being offered on his behalf more than a hundred miles distant, but the Lord knew and heard, and answered the prayer. And this incident was related to me by a surgeon who was present when the prayer was offered, and who knew all the parties concerned.—*The Christian.*

## Work and Play.

The boys were waiting in the road  
For Joe to come and play ;  
"We'd like to know what keeps you so,"  
Impatiently cried they.  
"We've waited nearly half an hour ;  
Do hurry, Joe," they cried.  
"I'll be there—when my work is done ;  
Not till then," he replied.  
"Come on, come on ; the work can wait,"  
They urged, "till by-and-by."  
"It might, of course, but I don't think  
It will," was his reply.  
"When I've a task to do, I like  
To do it right away ;  
Work first, my father says, then fun,  
And what he says, I say."  
Hurrah for Joe ! such talk as that  
Is what I like to hear ;  
But many boys will not agree  
With Joe and me, I fear.  
Play first, and last, and all the time,  
Would suit most boys, I know,  
But that, I'm very glad to say,  
Is not the way with Joe.  
When you've a task to do, my boys,  
Don't put it off, and say  
You'll do it when you've had your fun,  
But do it right away.  
This "putting off" soon forms, my lads,  
A habit to deplore ;  
Who promptly does his work enjoys  
His pleasure all the more.



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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1889.

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## TO SCHOOLS OPENING IN THE SPRING.

MORE schools than ever are taking the *Methodist Magazine* to circulate instead of libraries, as being fresher, cheaper, and more attractive. The splen-

didly illustrated articles are of great value to both teachers and scholars. The *Magazine* makes a highly-attractive announcement for 1889. By a change of type, it will contain a good deal more reading, which will be largely devoted to high class serial and short stories, by "Saxe Holm," Mrs. Barr, and others. Among the illustrated articles will be "The Lands of the Bible," with over one hundred fine engravings; "Round About England," "Here and There in Europe," "The German Fatherland," "Flemish Pictures," "Paris During the Exhibition of 1889," "Home Life in Holland," "The Mountain of the Monks," "The Salt Mines of Austria," "Life Sketch of Lady Brassey," "On the La Plata," "The Wonders of the Yosemite," and "The Saguenay," by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D.; "Balloons and Ballooning," "Mission Life and Labour in China," "Swiss Pictures," "Italian Pictures," "The Land of the Pharaohs," "In the Levant," etc. etc. All these will be copiously illustrated. Also, "Daily Life of the Insane," by Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Lunatic Asylum; "Vagabond Vignettes," "Methodism in the Black Country," "The Miseries of a Palace," etc., etc.

## SPECIAL TERMS TO SCHOOLS.

Some schools have taken 10 copies. Send for special rates. Circulars and specimens free on application. Back numbers supplied. Subscriptions taken by any Methodist minister; or may be sent to the METHODIST BOOK ROOMS, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

## The Sunday-School Banner.

THE Rev. J. Greene, of Lucknow, writes thus of the *Sunday-school Banner*:—"In studying the Sunday-school lesson a few weeks ago, I was struck with the live manner in which it was treated in the *Banner*, and wondered whether we were as enthusiastic as we should be in circulating it among our people. It would be an acquisition to any family, and would tend to awaken a deeper interest in the work of the Sunday-school as well as in the intelligent study of the Scriptures." Get hold of the current number, and examine it. You will want it. And it is so low—only 60 cents per annum. Try it.

## SAVED BY A VOICE.

A VERY interesting incident occurred in the early ministerial life of Mr. Spurgeon, and which is attributed to the person who made it public. Thirty years ago or more he was invited to preach in the vast Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Would his voice fill the immense area? Resolving to test, he went in the morning to the palace, and thinking for a passage of Scripture to repeat, this, as he reached the stage, came to mind: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Pronouncing the words, he felt sure that he would be heard, and then repeated the verse in a soft tone.

More than a quarter of a century later, Mr. Spurgeon's brother, who is a pastor, was called to the bedside of a man, an artisan, who was near the end.

"Are you ready?" asked the pastor.

"O yes!" answered the man, with assurance.

"Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?"

"It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant with joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working at my occupation under the dome of the Crystal Palace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was without God and without hope. All at once I heard a voice, coming from heaven which said, 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' By the meaning of these words I was convinced of sin. Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour. He accepted him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served him ever since."

God honours his word. Suppose Mr. Spurgeon had used a secular sentence to try his voice. What surprises await the faithful when results are known! In another connection he advises us "get to the root of things," and adds: "The gems of Scripture are not in the top soil; they must open a shaft; the precious diamonds of experience are not picked up in the roadway; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the word of God, and seek to possess all the inward work of the blessed Spirit."



EXTERIOR OF MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE IN LONDON.

**The Baby Spring.**

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

"MAKE way ! make way !" cried the blithe young year,  
 "For me and my bonny prize,  
 I found her under a snowdrift deep,  
 Rosy and dimpled, and fast asleep,  
 With the dew of dreams in her eyes.

"I lifted the folds of her blanket white  
 And her silken scarf of green ;  
 She put out a wee white hand, and sighed,  
 And drowsily opened her blue eyes wide,  
 With the smile of a tiny queen.

"I caught her up from the frozen ground,  
 And, oh ! but she fretted sore,  
 Till I kissed her a kiss on her dewy mouth,  
 As sweet as the breath of the blossoming south,  
 And she laughed in my face once more.

"She clings so close with her baby hands,  
 She babbles and coos so low,  
 I care no more for my revels wild ;  
 The innocent breath of the stranger child  
 Has melted my heart like snow.

"Play low, rude Wind, on your mighty harp ;  
 Shine, Sun, in the wintry skies ;  
 Bloom, Flowers, and weave her a garment sweet ;  
 Be soft, cold Earth, for her tender feet,  
 And fair for her pretty eyes !

"Make ready a jubilant welcoming  
 (She sleeps and wakes the while) ;  
 And happy he who may kiss her hand  
 As we go on our journey across the land,  
 Or catch from her lips a smile.

"Make way ! make way !" cried the lordly Year,  
 "For me and the prize I bring.  
 I found her under a snowdrift deep ;  
 I caught her out of the arms of Sleep,  
 The fair little stranger Spring."

**DARE TO DO RIGHT.**

THERE is nothing that crosses the pathway of boys and girls oftener than temptation to do wrong. To overcome these temptations and dare to do right is the best possible thing for you to learn to do. It is always manly to do right, and it never fails to bring a reward.

When with evil companions, you are often dared to do wrong. But it takes no daring to do this. Any coward can do wrong, and the more of it he does the worse he is off.

A little boy once went home to his mother with his feet soaking wet and his clothes spotted all over with mud. When his mother demanded an explanation for his appearance, he told his mother that he was playing with some boys, and Sam Jones dared him to jump into a mud hole, and he did it. He said that he was not the boy to be dared. Do you think that it was brave of this boy to jump into a mud-hole and spoil his clothes, simply because bad boys dare him to do it? We should never do a thing that does nobody any good. The boy jumping into the mud did not make it any better, neither did it do anybody any good. It however, subjected the boy to danger of getting sick, and caused his mother a great deal of hard labour to clean his clothes. It was a useless and cowardly act. He did it because he was afraid to withstand the taunts of bad boys when they wished to make a fool of him. When you are tempted to do wrong show that you are brave by daring to do right. In this way you will show to your companions that you are not a silly fool to be used for the sport of others, but that you have a mind of your own, and that you are determined to use it to the advantage of yourself and those with whom you associate. Dare to do right.

**"COULD NOT REMAIN SILENT."**

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL missionary in Nebraska gives the following incident :

An irreligious, thoughtless man bought a copy of "The Blood of Jesus," and took it home as a present to his family. The entire family read it, and were deeply moved by its simple and touching truths. At length each member of the family was led to pray, and finally to believe and rejoice in the cleansing blood of Jesus.

They could not remain silent. They told their neighbours of the Saviour they had found. Soon a prayer-meeting was established, then a Sunday-school was organized; a revival followed, and in time a church was organized, and a house of worship built. A vigorous church has now grown from that small beginning, and is doing valuable service for the Master where, not long ago, no voice or prayer was heard, and the Lord's Day was only a day of recreation and mirth.

**THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT PAINTER.**

ONE morning, something like a hundred years ago, there might have been seen coming from a barber's shop near Covent Garden, a man and a little boy. They were father and son, and the father was the proprietor of the shop. He was going to the house of one of his customers to dress his wig: for at that period it was the fashion for all men above the poorer classes to wear wigs, and these wigs required frequent attention—brushing, combing, curling, and so on.

So the two went hand-in-hand to one of the fine houses in the neighbourhood, which was at that time a fashionable quarter of London, many of the nobility and gentry living there.

Arrived at the house, the father leaves the boy in the hall, the panelled walls of which are adorned with beautiful carving, and shortly, having completed his business, they return to-

gether to the shop.

After a time, Joseph, for that is the boy's name, is missing, and the father calls out to know what he is doing. The boy comes timidly into the shop, a sheet of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other, and the delighted father, looking at the paper, sees a very careful and accurate drawing of one of the coats-of-arms carved upon the panelling in the hall where he waited. Of course, every customer who comes into the shop must see this specimen of little Joseph's skill; and the boy as he grew up improved the talent that God had given him by studying hard from nature, so that he became the greatest landscape painter England—some say, the world—has ever produced; and if you go to the National Gallery, you will see a whole room devoted to the exhibition of his pictures. His name was Joseph Mallard William Turner.

**WORSHIP GOD BY GIVING MONEY.**

WHAT is needed in all our benevolent work is the aggregation of the littles. Let each Christian systematically lay aside at least a tithe of his income for religious uses. Many would do far more if they were to follow the Scripture rule: "Upon the first day of the week, let every one lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." (1 Corinthians xvi. 2.) The experience of thousands attests to the fact that we are never losers in the long run, if we believe God and take him into our business as a silent partner. The poorer we are, the less we can afford to leave him out, and try to defraud him of his percentage.

And let the offering of our gift form as distinctive a part of our public worship as praise, or prayer, or meditation on the word. I have been in a church where giving was thus regarded. There was a sacred hush; then the organ played softly, and the minister repeated beautiful and appropriate Scriptures; meantime, the gifts were gathered by the deacons and placed in the hands of the minister; then, all being still, the minister, in a word of prayer, offered the accumulated gifts to the Lord; and I experienced as keen a blessing in this part of the worship as in any other. I have come to feel that no public worship whatever is complete without the offering.—E. Judson, D.D.

## Tyranny Defeated.

BY REV. THOS. LIWORTH.

The dark sons of Egypt sped down to the sea,  
To fall on the people whom God had set free;  
With horses and chariots they rushed on their way,  
While Israel looked back on their hosts with dismay.

Baalzephon beheld the dread legions advance  
With trumpet and shield, with banner and lance,  
Pibroch and resounds with a wail of despair,  
"Alas, we must die, we are caught in a snare."

But swift o'er the waters behold the dread rod  
Stretched forth by the hand of the servant of God;  
"Look now for Jehovah's salvation," he cries,  
And the sea opens wide at the sound of his voice!

The cloud of God's presence moved round to the rear,  
While Israel trod the new pathway in fear;  
On the front of that cloud was the brightness of day,  
But behind it a gloom to confuse and dismay.

Its glory was life to the people of God!  
Its darkness was death to Egypt's fell brood;  
The dawn of the morn shows the judgment made plain,  
The sad wrecks of Egypt are strewn o'er the main.

Let trumpet and tumbrel the triumph proclaim,  
The God of the Right hath a terrible name!  
By the turn of his hand are the wicked o'erthrown,  
And mercy comes forth to deliver his own!

By many or few God can conquer his foes;  
The elements fight as his will may dispose;  
The earthquake and storm, fire, famine and flood,  
Are vassals that serve in the judgments of God!

Sound forth thy loud anthem, O Edom's dread main,  
The wild schemes of sin end in sorrow and pain,  
Let tyranny tremble; let bondmen go free,  
Or turbulent Egypt meets God in the sea!

THOMASBURG, Out.

## PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

## CHAPTER IX.

TEMPTATION, FALL, AND FLIGHT.

MORE than twelve months had passed away since Tom had made his first start in trade; and now every morning at sunrise his donkey-cart might be seen well laden with fruit, fish, or vegetables, purchased in Shude Hill market at wholesale prices. He was in a fair way of establishing a very good business in the round which he had chosen, and he had already some thought of exchanging his rough and shaky truck for a smart little cart, painted blue, with red spokes to the wheels, upon which should be conspicuously painted, "Thomas Haslam, Fruiterer and Greengrocer."

Banner smiled graciously upon this plan, for Tom had seven pounds in the Savings Bank, and was putting by three or four shillings every week regularly. A very precious book to Tom was his Savings Bank book; and as his love of money struck deeper and deeper root, it became a far more delightful study than the Bible which Mr. Hope had given to him.

It happened one day that he had finished his round earlier than usual, and was in time to take his book to the post-office before the hour of closing. He had five shillings to deposit—a larger sum than he had ever before saved in a week; and his eyes sparkled with gratification as he put down the book upon the counter, with two half-crowns upon it. The clerk took up the money, looked at one of the pieces suspiciously, and then returned it to Tom. Yes, it was, without question, a bad one, and Tom's heart sank like lead. How could he, who was so keen and sharp, have taken a bad half-crown? But the clerk was about to seize and forfeit it, and the loss would be completely his.

"Please, sir," cried Tom, readily, but with great anxiety, "I know where I took the half-crown—in a shop up Downing Street—and they'll be sure to remember it, and change it for me, if I take it back."

"Very well, my lad," said the clerk, who knew Tom well by sight, and regarded him with favour, because he was always civil in his manner; "you may take the half-crown then."

Tom made haste out of the office, with the bad money in his hand, and ran swiftly out of sight, lest the clerk should change his mind, and insist upon having it back again. He could not think how he could have been so cheated, or where he could have taken it—for it was a ready-made lie which he had spoken so glibly to the clerk. He sauntered away homewards, with his head cast down and his eyes fastened upon the ground, in deep thought; but he could in no way recall how it had passed into his possession. At any rate, thought he, it would never pay for him to be at the loss of it. Whoever had given it to him had received the full worth of his money; and why should he, a poor boy, without friends or helpers of any kind, lose so large a sum out of his earnings? He owed a few shillings to a greengrocer, who had a standing in Shude Hill market, and he would go this evening and pay him the debt.

Tom waited until it was quite dusk before he started off for Shude Hill market. It was a busy time, for the women and girls, who had been at work in the mills all day, were thronging to the market to buy something they could relish for their supper. The gas-lights were flaring and flickering in the evening breeze, over the stalls of crockery, and second-hand clothing, and drapery, and fruit, and fish; and there was scarcely room to get along the narrow walks, through the crowd of people who were gath'ered round the standings.

Here and there the stall-keepers were getting their tea, and sitting round braziers, in which smouldered a few red cinders—for the evenings were growing chilly with the near approach of autumn. But Tom took no notice of any of them, though one and another—who had grown familiar with his face in the market—called to him to come and join them. He made his way as quickly as he could to the man whom he was seeking. He found him very busy, and surrounded by customers; but Tom had dealt with him for more than a year, and he had found no reason to doubt his honesty. So, when he laid down the money close to his hand, saying it was six-and-threepence owing to him, the greengrocer dropped it at once into his bag, with some other money which he had just received, and told Tom it was all right.

All right! So Tom thought, as he turned away with a lighter spirit, feeling that it was all right for him to be saved the loss of the half-crown. Poor Tom! It was quite fair, he said to himself. Mr. Mandsby should have looked more sharply at the money, and his loss was his own fault. The next day he entered the Savings Bank office again, with a good five-shilling piece, and put it safely with the rest of his riches, telling the clerk that the shopkeeper in Downing Street had readily changed it for him; and when he received his book back there was entered upon its columns the sum of seven pounds and five shillings.

Tom heard no more of the bad half-crown, and he considered himself very lucky and very clever to have got rid of it so quietly. Nor did his conscience trouble him much. It was growing hard and seared; and though he trembled, and was afraid if any danger approached him, yet so long as everything was smooth and safe, his conscience slumbered peacefully. It seemed "all right" to Tom.

All this while little Phil was going on well at school. The sharp, starved lines had all vanished from his face, and it looked all the more beautiful for the rosy colour which came into his pale cheeks. He was a favourite with the other boys, a strange to say, with the master and mistress. But Phil had winning ways; and just as he had always been successful in begging halfpence for selling fuses, when he and Tom had snatched scanty living off the streets, so now he won the love of all about him, and was happy in his home. But the happiest days of all were when he had a holiday to spend in Pilgrim Street, and hastening over his work, came back early in the afternoon, bringing with him some delicacy to take to the feast which Alice always tried to provide upon that occasion. Phil could read and write better than Tom by this time, and Polly had done well at her day-school; so now it was the custom for them to read a chapter round, verse by verse, while Nat sat by—with Suey on his knee—listening with heartfelt delight. Those were happy days both in Tom's life and Phil's.

One of these delightful feasts was to be held Michaelmas Day, and Tom was desirous to get his customers served early, so as to be in time to call for Phil in the afternoon, and give him a ride in the donkey-cart. He was going to make known publicly to them all his cherished scheme about the new cart, which would involve the confession of what a large sum of money he possessed—and he felt all the importance of the coming event. He thought Nat Pendlebury would laugh! And how would Alice's eyes would open! Tom laughed to himself at the very thought of it; and over and over again he rehearsed what he would say, and fancied he was laying down his Savings Bank book upon the table before their very eyes, to prove that he was not jesting with them. He played with the key of his box, which lay safely in his waistcoat-pocket for he had a strong box of his own now, and a second suit of clothes, and he was always very careful to keep it well locked—for did not a valuable book lie at the bottom of it?

He was indulging in his pleasant forethought when a servant beckoned to him from a door behind, and asked him to weigh half-a-score pounds of potatoes. The price of them was sixpence, as she thought, she put a shilling into his hand, asking him to give her six pennies in copper change. Tom glanced at the money, and up at the girl's face. She was in a hurry, she said, she had to go to the butcher's shop, and she would put her hand for the change. Almost before Tom could count the six pennies into it she ran away, and he went on with his cart, looking again and again at the piece of money, which he held lovingly in his hard hand—for it was a bright and glowing sovereign!

How beautiful it looked in the sunshine! Tom's eyes glistened upon it! And how speedy was getting round the corner of the next street! He dared not cry his fruit and vegetables as usual until he was sure he was out of the girl's hearing. If he should only be as lucky now as he was of the bad half-crown, he would have a whole pound to put into the bank. He rubbed it, and breathed upon it, and rubbed it again; and he grew so engrossed in the occupation that his donkey began to lag, and he was not conscious of his reverie, until he heard a girl's voice calling him in loud and excited tones. Tom slipped the sovereign into his waistcoat-pocket, and then he turned to face the breathless girl.

"I gave you a sovereign just now," she gasped, "in mistake, instead of a shilling."

"Oh, no, miss!" answered Tom earnestly.

looked at it when you gave it me, and it was more than a shilling, and I gave you six coppers change."

"I know you gave me six coppers," she said, holding her hand upon her heart, and still panting with breath; "but missis gave me a sovereign and a guinea—the sovereign for the butcher and the grocer for potatoes; and when I reached the girl's I'd only got the shilling. I gave you the sovereign."

"No, you didn't, indeed, miss," replied Tom, holding his money-bag. "Look here! There isn't a sovereign amongst them, and I put all my money in it. I couldn't have taken it without knowing."

"But you must have it," persisted the girl. "No else can have got it! I came right out of the house with the money, and I'd only that one guinea and one sovereign. You just give it up to me, there's a good lad, and I'll say no more about it."

"I can't give it up if I haven't got it, can I?" Tom, angrily. "I've shown you my money-bag. I can't waste my time here all day. You must have go of my cart."

"I won't," said the girl. "Police, please, you come here, will you?"

A policeman had come up unseen by Tom, and when he looked round, he quailed with fear. He saw Banner standing beside his donkey-cart. He was too frightened to see that Banner looked more stern than usual, for only the night before he had been the most attentive of his class. The girl told her tale hurriedly; and Tom repeated his oath with an oath, which escaped his lips in the confusion of the moment. Banner frowned, and rested severely upon him.

"Thomas Haslam!" he uttered, in a tone which made Tom tremble from head to foot.

"I haven't got it," he cried, with another oath. "You may look in my money-bag, Mr. Banner. There is no such thing as a sovereign in it."

Banner stood silent for a minute, looking at the girl with a feeling of real sorrow. Such pains he had taken with him, and such an interest he had shown him! He had looked well after him, and had followed him diligently; thinking he was doing his duty as a man's work, and was fulfilling his duty as a man's man. In his own stiff and stern manner he really felt a friendship for Tom, and pushed forward in his business. And now it was come to this! For that one minute he was full of sorrow and disappointment; the next, he was a policeman and his sole thought was to fulfil his duty as a policeman.

"Thomas Haslam," he said, "I must see what you have in your pockets, as well as your money-bag."

The old days, Tom had had many a narrow escape from the hands of the police. In the confusion and excitement of the moment, former habits had held their hold upon him. The instinct of the donkey to escape from a policeman, which had numbed but was not quite dead, revived. His mind and conscience were paralyzed by sudden death at the certainty of detection. He glanced behind him and saw a passage close at hand leading to a street beyond, and if he could only gain it he would have a good chance of getting off. Gathering up all his strength, he ran at Banner's head, butting against him; and before the girl could recover herself, or the girl lay upon him, he fled down the passage, and was out of sight.

It was at first like a welcome return to the old, lawless life; and, for a few minutes, the only thing Tom had was one of triumphant daring and

clever dodging of his old enemy—a policeman. He darted down many a short cut and narrow alley, till he was safe in the heart of the city; and then he hid himself in the doorway of an untenanted warehouse, to get his breath again after his rapid and successful flight. But he had not time to tarry long, for Banner would be on his track quickly. Then, all at once, like a sudden burst of light which did not pass away in a flash, there came into his mind the utter and complete folly of his sin. True, he had possessed himself of a sovereign—but what had he lost? He had banished himself from Manchester, for he must flee at once, or be arrested as a thief and be imprisoned—for how long he could not tell. He must leave behind him the business he had got together, and his stock-in-trade, and his box containing all his clothes, and, more precious still, his Savings Bank book. At the thought of his Savings Bank book he clenched his teeth, and swore savagely at his own folly and wickedness. He dared not return to his lodgings, lest Banner should be there already. Every policeman would soon be on the look-out for him, and they knew him very well.

There was only one way of escape now open to Tom. He was not far from Victoria Station, and trains were leaving there frequently for Liverpool. He had made himself a vagabond and beggar again by his own foolishness, and he must banish himself from all the old, familiar streets—the only places he had known all his life long. Little Phil, too—but at the thought of little Phil, Tom felt as if his heart would break. How little Phil and Alice would grieve and sorrow over him, and, at first, refuse to believe that he was guilty! But time was too precious for him to waste it in vain regrets. Very cautiously, with many backward glances, lest Banner should be dogging his footsteps, he stole his way to the station, and—paying for his ticket out of the sovereign which had been so great a temptation and curse to him—he got into the train for Liverpool.

(To be continued.)

**KEEP A SCRAP-BOOK.**

A SCRAP-BOOK is something I advise every boy and girl to keep. If you are ten or fifteen or twenty years old keep a scrap-book. Let me tell you why and how: Hundreds of things you see that you would like to keep; but if you lay them away you will never be able to find them when you want them. When I was a boy I did not have sense enough to keep scrap-books. I began some, but did not keep on long with them.

My memory was good; but I can now remember many things that I can not remember. What that means is this: I remember reading a beautiful piece of poetry, two or three lines of which I can call up; but the whole I can not recollect. In some cases I do not know the name of the writer.

I have seen many fine pictures in magazines and papers that would now be valuable and interesting. Some I cut out, but they are lost. Charming stories, wise remarks, proverbs, directions for doing a great many useful and curious things, are also lost.

So much do I feel sure that I have lost, that I would give fifty dollars apiece for the scrap-books of each and every year that I might have made from the time I was ten till I began to preserve things, only a few years ago.

There is a gentleman who has kept scrap-books since he was eight years old. He is now forty, and has been arranging them in volumes, with an index in the back of each one. You would hardly think that the earlier would be of much use to him,

but they are. He often amuses himself as he reads them; for he sees how little he knew when he was small, and also finds a little that he still thinks valuable. Besides, his children are much interested to see what their father had collected and pasted in books. The older he grows the more useful the books become.

He can go to his books and in a very few minutes get information about everything that has happened in his whole life—told you all about the civil war, the Crimean war, the Italian war, the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, and many other things, just as they were published in the papers at the time the event happened.

His scrap-book often contains many funny things, which provoke a smile and often a merry laugh as he reads them to his family in the long winter evenings. The children would rather hear him read from his scrap-books than from the newest story.

**The Old Front Door.**

I REMEMBER the time when I used to sit,  
A happy and thoughtless boy,  
When father came home from his work at last,  
And I was tired of my toy;  
I remember the time and none more sweet  
Shall I know forevermore,  
When I sat at the eve by my mother's side,  
On the sill of the old front door.

I remember I'd sit till I fell asleep,  
And list to their loving talk,  
While the crickets chirped and the fireflies bright  
Flew over the garden walk;  
And often would father tell the tale  
Of the time, long years before,  
When he led his bride to a happy home,  
Over the sill of the old front door.

I remember when grandfather failed and died,  
And eighty years old was he,  
And well I knew that never again  
He would ride me upon his knee;  
And though but a gay and thoughtless boy,  
I wept, and my heart was sore,  
When I saw them bear him slowly out  
Over the sill of the old front door.

It is many a weary day since then,  
And I, too, am old and gray;  
But the tears come crowding into my eyes  
When I think of that long-past day;  
And I only hope that whatever end  
Fate may have for me in store,  
I shall pass once more before I die,  
Over the sill of the old front door.

**A COSTLY GLASS OF WINE.**

THE Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, King of France, was the inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man, physically and intellectually. One morning he invited in a few of his companions as he was about to leave Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he partook of wine.

Bidding his companions adieu, he entered his carriage; but for that glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage; but for that glass of wine he might have alighted upon his feet. His head struck the pavement; senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop, and there died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of \$100,000,000, and sent the whole family into exile.

Neither you nor the one whom your example leads astray may be a prince or the heir-apparent to an earthly crown; but you may both be heirs to immortal riches, and a crown that fadeth not away. See to it that your indulgence shall not deprive you or another of such an inheritance.—Sel



**Work for Little Followers.**

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do,  
Something waiting every day that none may try but you;

Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you can take,  
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours;

We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers;  
And their help to task and toiling the Church of God may claim,  
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer;

They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear.

Don't you wish your gentle words might lead some souls to look above,

Finding rest and peace and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you: swift and jubilant they ring.

O the bliss of being trusted on the errands of the King!

Fearless march in royal service; not an evil can befall

Those who do the gracious bidding, hasting at the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing.

Songs that are as full of sunshine as the sunniest hours of spring.

Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear,

As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for the little ones to do,

Something waiting every day, that none may try but you;

Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take,

Heavy hearts that you may comfort, doing it for Jesus' sake.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.**

A.D. 30] **LESSON VII.** [May 19

**THE LORD'S SUPPER.**

Mark 14. 12-26. Memory verses, 2. 24

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

This do in remembrance of me. Luke 22. 19.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Passover, v. 12-21.
2. The Lord's Supper, v. 22-26.

**TIME.**—30 A.D.

**PLACES.**—Bethany, Jerusalem, Mount of Olives.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*The first day*—unleavened bread. The day which preceded the feast of the evening. *Killed the passover*—Killed the lamb that was to furnish the passover supper. *The city*—Jerusalem. *Goodman of the house*—The owner as proprietor; not mentioned lest Judas should beforehand tell where he might be found. *They sat and did eat*—Originally this feast was to be eaten standing. The custom had been modified by the Jews. *Took bread*—An old custom, but adapted here for a new purpose. *This is my body*—Not his real body, but a symbol of the completeness of his gift of himself for the world. *The new testament*—The new covenant which now took the place of the old or Mosaic covenant. *Sung a hymn*—Probably the regular passover hymn, which was the second part of the Hallel. It was customary to sing Psalms 113 and 114 before the feast, and the rest, 115-118, after the last cup.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

What is there in this lesson which teaches—  
1. That Jesus knows all things?

2. That Jesus died for our sins?
3. That Jesus expects our obedience and love?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Where did Jesus eat his last passover? In the city of Jerusalem. 2. Who made all the needful preparation? Peter and John. 3. In what did this supper end? In the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. 4. Of what was it to be a perpetual sign? Of the remission of sin. 5. What was the Saviour's command concerning it? "This do in remembrance of me."

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The Lamb of God.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

22. How is it proved that the New Testament is inspired by the Holy Spirit? The Saviour told his apostles that they should be witnesses of him, and promised that the Spirit should bring his words to their remembrance, and teach them things to come. John xiv. 26; xv. 26, 27.

A.D. 30] **LESSON VIII.** [May 26

**JESUS BETRAYED.**

Mark 14. 43-54. Memory verses, 48-50

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? Luke 22. 48.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Betrayed, v. 43-49.
2. Deserted, v. 50-54.

**TIME.**—30 A.D.

**PLACE.**—Gethsemane. Jerusalem, in the high-priest's palace.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*The chief priests, scribes, and the doctors*. Thus it seems every official body united to destroy Jesus. *Whosoever I shall kiss*. The kiss was the common Oriental salutation in token of peace, like our hearty hand-shake. *A certain young man*. It is generally supposed that this was Mark. *The high-priest*. This was Caiaphas, who by virtue of his office stood at the head of the whole ecclesiastical system of the Jews. *All the chief priests, etc.*—This was a full meeting of the Sanhedrin for trial. *Sat with the servants*—He was in the outer court, where he could see what passed.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Against what are we warned by the example of—

1. A false disciple?
2. A rash disciple?
3. The unstable disciples?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. How did Judas reveal Jesus to the crowd? He called him Master, and kissed him. 2. What did Jesus say to him? "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" 3. With what did Jesus reproach them all? For not taking him openly. 4. Whither did they first lead him? To the palace of Annas. 5. Who followed him thither? Peter and another disciple.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Human sinfulness.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

23. What other proof is there that the Bible is inspired? Its wonderful and heavenly power over the human heart. Hebrews iv. 12, 13; 2 Timothy iii. 16.

24. How must we then esteem the Scriptures?

As the true word of God; the sure and sufficient rule of faith and practice.

**THE BOY'S GIFT.**

A GREAT many years ago, in a little town in Scotland, there was a missionary meeting. Some very interesting idols were shown, and a description was given of the heathen land from which the missionaries came, and there were a great many strange dresses that he tried on.

There was a little boy, away up in one corner of the gallery, whose soul was intensely working within him, as he listened to all this description of what the heathen suffered, and of all the missionaries had done to turn them from their dead idols to serve

the living God. As the boy looked and listened, his little heart beat high within him. He said to himself, "If I live, I will be a missionary. I will go to the heathen myself, and I will try to do something to win them to Christ."

By-and-by, when the meeting closed, there was a collection. The little fellow felt in his pockets, but he hadn't anything—he had not a single penny. He was very sorry—very much ashamed of himself; and he did not like to go down and pass the plate at the door without putting in something: so he waited up in the corner of the gallery till all the people had gone, and till the two men who stood at the door should have had time to carry away the full plates into the little room behind to count the money, and then began to go quietly down the stairs. But the quick ears of one of the men heard a footstep; and, true to his duty, the man remained; and, when the little boy came, he held out the plate to him. This was something he had not expected, and his little face flushed all over; but, with a quick thought, he said to the man:

"Hold it a little lower, sir." The man held it lower. "Lower still, sir." He put it down lower still. "A little lower yet." The man put the plate down lower yet. "Please lay it on the ground, sir."

The good man, not knowing what he meant, put the plate on the ground, and the little fellow stepped into it, and said: "I have no money; but I will give myself. In God's name I mean to be a missionary." That was the biggest collection they had that night.—*Rev. S. H. Patterson, M.D.*

**THE LAME BUTTERFLY.**

HERE is a pretty little incident in the life of a great and good man, Rev. Charles Kingsley. He loved animals of all kinds. One Sunday morning, in passing from the altar to the pulpit, he disappeared; and we discovered that he was searching for something on the ground, which when found was taken to the vestry. Subsequently it came out that he was assisting a lame butterfly, which was in great danger of being trodden on. There was nothing incongruous, nothing in the nature of an effort to him, in turning from the gravest thoughts and duties to the simplest acts of kindness, and observation of everything around him.

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small."

PREACHING and teaching in the Sunday schools often seem foolishness, mere blowing of rams' horns, movements in routine. Hearts seem as hard as stone walls. The gates are closed. Never mind, pastor and teacher! You have your orders. Keep on. "Peter continued knocking," and got in. Joshua marched round Jericho till he entered.

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