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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROLPH SMITH & CO.

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1893.

[No 14.]

## The Farmer.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

The king may rule o'er land and sea,  
The lord may live right royally;  
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,  
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide;  
But this or that, whate'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,  
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,  
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,  
The miner follows precious leads;  
But this or that, whate'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant, he may buy and sell,  
The teacher do his duty well;  
But men may toil through busy days,  
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;  
From king to beggar whate'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;  
He's partner with the sky and earth,  
He's partner with the sun and rain,  
And no man loses for his gain.  
And men may rise, and men may fall,  
But the farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,  
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;  
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,  
His cattle and corn and all go right;  
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,  
For the farmer he must feed us all.

## FEEDING THE GULLS.

GULLS are groups of sea-birds, belonging to the genus *Larus* or *Linnaeus*, of which there are forty-nine species. Some of the species are distinguished by their size, others by their colour, the shape of their tails, wings, or feet, and one especially is distinguished from all the others by their unselfishness. As soon as one of the birds of that species sees anything to eat, it immediately gives a peculiar cry, which at once summons all the others to come and partake too. I think this is the species shown in the picture, for see how they are coming from all directions to get the food offered by the young lady.

## A SAD STORY.

LOOKING over the daily papers not long since, this heading appeared among the local items, "A Sad Story." It was a short, concise story, printed in ten lines of the column devoted to local items: "Frank Talbot, a young man twenty-six years old, died in the jail last night of consumption. He had been committed for drunkenness the week before. When he was told he could not live long, he gave his story to the physician. He had been living in the city under an assumed name for a year, because he did not wish to disgrace his friends. His family did not know where he was, although they had always been kind to him, and tried to do all they could to save him. He had a good position in his native town, but lost it, because his head was not kept level enough to fill the responsibilities. He would have his sprees. Being naturally of a delicate constitution, the exposures incident to a vagrant, drunkard's life, had told upon him. His friends were notified of his illness, but he had passed away before their arrival."

A sad story indeed! But the boy who heard it read said, "He needn't have been a drunkard, he might have behaved himself." Yes, yes, he might have been somebody of whom his friends would have been proud, but instead of that he was a source of sorrow to them. That young man had good parents and Christian teaching, but liquor was his master. Once he was a temperate, happy boy, but sometime he took a first drink, and that was the beginning of all his ruin and shame. You boys may not

liquor-drinking once formed is something very hard to be overcome.

In the police reports of a daily paper a few weeks since an arrest of a middle-aged man for a serious crime was mentioned. His crime, and two-thirds of all the crime committed, was due to the same cause—strong drink. Following the notice was this statement made by the prisoner:

"Drink was the cause of my ruin. Nobody knows the power of such an appetite but the man who has suffered from it.

loved my child, but chains were forged about me that I could not break."

So you see, boys, how very hard it is to reform after one has formed the habit of drinking. The problem of rescuing the country from this terrible curse is agitating the wisest heads. They feel that it must be driven out; but what is the best way to do it? That is the question. You boys can solve the problem, as far as you are individually concerned, by being determined that you will never take even one drink. If every boy would make that resolution and keep it, old King Alcohol's head would soon tumble off and roll into the bottomless abyss.

This is a very serious matter, and in view of the ruined lives—thousands of them—the broken-hearted mothers, the sorrowing friends, and the unlimited amount of human misery caused by this power of evil, I beg that you will consider this momentous subject, and pledge yourselves to do all you can, in the name and with the help of the Lord, to exterminate "the serpent of the still."—Susan Teall Perry, in *Evangelist*.

## THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

A FEW years ago, as the story is told in the English papers, the Princess of Wales went to the table of the Holy Communion accompanied for the first time by her eldest son. She gave him that morning a little manuscript book containing texts and verses of hymns, which she had copied for him, "hoping," as she said afterward, "that they might help him to keep closer to the cross."

After his death, as she was stooping over him to lay some flowers on his breast, she saw upon a little table close to his bedside, the book, bearing marks of long and constant use.

The Princess told this fact to Canon Fleming, adding, with the tears streaming from her eyes, "I could not but feel that Eddy had clung to the cross."

The woman who, in her grief, told the story of her dead boy, because she knew that all other mothers would be glad with her, is the daughter, the wife, the mother of kings and princes. Yet the little worn book which gave her a hope that "Eddy had turned to the cross" is of more value to her now than that proudest of earthly crowns, which he lost in dying.

The boy who is a prince or the boy who is in a school or shop or office may believe that power, money, prizes of one sort or another, are the only things to think of and work for, and his mother may spend her life in trying to gain these things for him; but when the boy, in the midst of his work or fun, suddenly feels Death's hand upon him, it is only his soul and his fate that he thinks of.

And his mother, be she queen or slave, when she stands over the dead body of her boy, would give all the rank or wealth or success which she had hoped to see his, for one word to tell her that he had clung to the cross.

It was Richter who said: "I love God and little children." I think that those of us who can sincerely say those words of ourselves need fear no evil thing in this life.



FEEDING THE GULLS.

as yet have been tempted by this form of evil, but the temptation is sure to come to you, as it has to others. Many a boy as bright, as well beloved, as well brought up and cared for as you have been, has become a drunkard.

Older tempters have argued with him that a man who cannot drink as much as he thinks good for him, but no more, is not a very strong character. But let me tell you, my boys, the only safety from being overcome by strong drink is to let it entirely alone. No arguments for or against will be necessary then. The power of the habit of

Years ago I took my dying mother's hand and promised her I would never drink another drop. I meant just what I said. I tried hard to keep my promise; but the terrible thirst for liquor overcame me, and in a few weeks I was drinking as hard as ever. Two years ago my little girl died. She begged me on her death-bed to stop drinking, and I promised her I would. I called upon God to witness the promise. I wanted to keep it, but after my little girl had gone the terrible thirst for liquor came again. I fought against it, but it overpowered me. Drink had destroyed my will-power. I

## Anor's Prayer.

BY ELLEN PORTER CHAMPION.

Of what is my Anor a-dreaming,  
As she watches the sunset to-night?  
Through the changing clouds, purple and  
crimson,  
Then golden with glorious light.

She sees the bright hues, gleaming brighter,  
Broad flash, ere they flicker and fade,  
Till dim and more dim grows the sunshine,  
Deeper and deeper the shade.

She's solving, with blue eyes dilated,  
A problem oft pondered before,  
As she whispers, "The sun's gone to heaven,  
And now they are shutting the door."

"Once I was afraid of the shadows,  
When the light faded out from the skies;  
Now I know the kind angels watch o'er me;  
The beautiful stars are their eyes.

"I think they look in at my window,  
And smile when I'm saying my prayer,  
And I ask them to take me to heaven,  
For darkness can never come there."

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1893.

## THE SUNDAY STONE.

IN one of our English coal mines there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine; and as the water passes off, these become hard and form the limestone. This stone would always be white, like marble, were it not that men are working in the mine; and as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed.

Now, in the night, when there is no coal-dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day when the miners are at work another black layer is formed, and so on alternately, black and white, through the week, until Sunday comes. Then, as the miners keep holy the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night and the whole of Sunday and Sunday night, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if they work on the Sabbath they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it "the Sunday stone."

Perhaps many who now break the Sabbath would try and spend it better if they had a "Sunday stone" where they could see their unkept Sabbaths with their black marks. But God needs no such record on earth to know how all our Sabbaths are kept. His record is kept above. All our Sabbath deeds are written there, and we shall see them at the last. Be very

careful to keep your Sabbath pure and white. Do not allow the dust of worldliness and sin to tarnish the purity of the blessed day. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Tim's Friend.* By Annie M. Barton. London: C. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The tragedy of life among the lowly, especially of child-life among the lapsed masses, is almost too painful to contemplate, and were it not for the silver lining of the dark cloud, of the "all things working together for good," given in this story, it would be almost too sad for child reading.

*Sinclair's Museum, and Other Stories.* By W. J. Foster. Same publishers.

Mr. Foster's intimate connection for many years with the children's home have brought him into close touch with child-life and furnished him alike with themes for his stories and with deftness of skill in treating them that always secure him an interested circle of readers.

*Jacob Winterton's Inheritance.* By Emilie Searchfield, Author of "My Brother Jack," "Nina's Burnished Gold," etc. Same publishers.

This little book by its deft interweavings of Bible readings with the thread of the story will do much to make its readers familiar with the Book of books.

*Nell, the Clown's Wife; or, How the Poor Helped Each Other.* By Emily Gradidge. Same publishers.

This is another of those peculiar phases of English life of which we know almost nothing in Canada. Human hearts and human sorrows are much the same in a circus van as they are elsewhere. The little story will be read with much interest.

## THE CRUISE OF THE "SARRY-ANN."

BY DONALD G. PAINE.

THE *Sarry-Ann* slowly made her way across the cove and drew near Codfish Point. Outside rolled the waters of Massachusetts Bay, and as they beat upon the rocks, sent up huge masses of spray. Inside was a land-locked bay known as Fisherman's Cove.

The crew of the *Sarry-Ann* consisted of Joe Williams, captain and pilot, and Bob Sturgis, first officer and chief engineer. These positions were frequently exchanged, for the boys took turns in rowing. The *Sarry-Ann*, as you have probably guessed, was a good-sized row-boat. In this the boys had cruised around the cove all summer, and had met with small adventures, to be sure, but nothing of any consequence.

On this particular Friday the weather looked threatening outside and there was a good swell down by the "point," so the boys cruised in that direction to get a sniff of real salt air. Just before reaching the point, Bob had relieved Joe at the oars, and when the real cruise began, the *Sarry-Ann* was officered in the usual manner, Joe being forward in command.

The point was rounded slowly and carefully, for the boat had begun to feel the motion. Suddenly Joe cried, "Steady, Bob, keep her well in for the point; there's Ben Holliday's boat drifting in on the tide."

"Can we catch her before she strikes the rocks?" came from Bob, as he braced his feet and sent the *Sarry-Ann* through the water more swiftly towards the point.

"Just about an even chance as we go now," replied Captain Joe. "A little more on your right, Bob; that's it, keep her in line with the tall pine."

Bob having got his bearings bent to his oars, and, slowly but surely, began to gain on the drifting boat. The race was exciting, but the *Sarry-Ann* proved her reputation as a fast boat.

"We won't dare go any farther outside," said the cautious captain as Bob rested on his oars. "We would be apt to get upset or swamped if we didn't take the waves just right."

"I'll hold her as close to the rocks as I can," replied Bob, "and when she drifts in, you grab her and I'll back off."

The *Sarry-Ann* lay right in the track of

the drifting boat, and the boys felt sure that it would be an easy matter to capture her. Some unknown set of the tide, however, began to carry her past them on to the rocks just around the point.

"We've got to get that boat, Bob!" exclaimed Joe, just then, "there's somebody in the bottom of her, and if she goes on the rocks we can never get him."

"All right, Joe," replied Bob, "got down as low as you can, so as to keep her steady."

The point was skilfully rounded. Just ahead of them was the boat. In the bottom lay a man, apparently alive, from the slight motions he made with his feet and hands.

"One more good stroke, Bob," said Joe, "and then stand ready to back her as hard as you can."

To seaward, great combing waves could be seen, and it seemed as though they were chasing each other in. It was necessary to reach the boat and draw it away from the rocks, before one of these whitecaps should strike her. How slowly the *Sarry-Ann* seemed to move. Joe leaned far out and grasped the drifting boat.

"Now, Bob, now back with her," cried Joe, winding his legs around the seat in his own boat and clinging to his prize with both hands. Bob backed with all his might. The strain on Joe became intense. He saw the oncoming wave break, and felt its power as it tossed the boat like a feather toward the rock.

Joe's cry to back was unheard by Bob, who was putting all his strength into the oars. The strain on Joe's arms relaxed a little and he knew that they had succeeded in keeping the drifting boat off the rocks. A few more of Bob's vigorous strokes carried them around the point and into smooth water.

"It's Ben Holliday himself," cried Bob, excitedly, as the two boats were drawn alongside, "and,"—sniffing at an empty bottle at Ben's side,— "he's been drinking." "I guess your right, Bob," answered Joe. "We had better tow him home just as he is."

Taking the oars from Ben's boat and making it fast astern of the *Sarry-Ann*, the two boys bent to their task of rowing home. It was no easy matter to do this, for the boat they were towing was a heavy drag.

By the time they had reached the landing, ten or fifteen people had gathered there, and with their assistance Ben was landed and carried home.

"Drunk again as usual," grunted one old sailor, after he had heard the boys' account of their adventure. "Went fishing, took some whiskey with him to keep out the cold and wet,—took more than was good for him—anchor rope chafed through—got adrift, and if you boys hadn't happened along in the *Sarry-Ann*, this would have been the last fishing trip Ben Holliday ever made."

These were the facts, as the boys afterwards learned from Ben's own lips, but in addition to that they also heard him agree to sign the pledge. The next day Bob and Joe placed their names on Ben's pledge as witnesses. He wanted their names, he said, to remind him of his narrow escape from death on the rocks of Codfish Point.

This was the last cruise of the *Sarry-Ann* that year, and in fact when the next summer vacation found the boys at the cove, they learned to their delight that Ben Holliday was the owner of a new cat-boat. On her stern they read the name *Sarry-Ann*, and were offered the use of her whenever they wanted to "cruise."

## ABOUT SWANS.

BY REV. C. E. CLINE.

THERE is scarcely any bird of which we really know so little in its native habitat as the swan. They breed in desolate regions far away to the north, where there is little chance to observe them. In late autumn they migrate, and many of them spend the winter on the Columbia River and along the Pacific coast from Seattle to Portland and San Francisco. In flight they usually go so high that little can be ascertained about them then. Occasionally one is shot in the vicinity of Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia, and the hunter who does this is considered an expert.

By the way, the migratory habits of birds is a subject of scientific study now-a-days by the United States Government at Washington, and the writer has been for some years engaged in observing and reporting for the officers at Washington having this matter in charge. The object is to ascertain, if possible, the cause of birds going north and south at particular seasons; whether the old or young ones of the same species travel together; what lines of flight they take, and why; and numerous other things of interest to scientific men.

Some believe that birds like swans migrate to the north, so they may find there lonely regions where they may bring forth their young in security; but this explanation is not the only one, as there are uninhabited regions and equally desolate in the south. I think the north is the natural home of the swan, and of almost all the water-fowl. Here the young swans are hatched and grow large enough to fly; and they go south simply because they are forced to do so by the cold, which not only makes them uncomfortable, but freezes up the lakes and streams till they cannot procure suitable food; and as soon as the ice is gone in the spring, they hurry back in great flocks, rejoicing that they can again come home.

Almost all water-birds come from the south in spring poor in flesh and tasting "fishy," showing that they have been reduced to extremities for food. In early spring the swans, like great white angels, pass high overhead, going on and on till they reach a swamp or water-course within the Arctic circle, where they build a nest high as a man's head, and large round, usually in shallow water, and where the mother swan sitting to hatch her eggs can have a pretty good view of the region round about and detect her dreaded enemies, the eagle and the fox. In this nest she lays from four to six eggs of immense size, upon which she sits at least six weeks, when the little swans come out covered with the most delicate down imaginable. This down is of a bluish gray when they are first hatched, but soon changes to a pure white. The swan we are writing about is known as the "trumpeter," because of the note it gives resembling the sound of a long, melodious trumpet. The "trumpeter," when grown, is in colour the whitest white conceivable, excepting the bill and feet, which are jet black, and a slight bronze is observable on the crown of the high but beautifully arched neck.

The swan is eagerly hunted by the Indians on the Yukon River in Alaska, their skins bringing a high price on account of the beautiful down. It is estimated that not less than five thousand of these magnificent birds are killed annually for their skins and plumage. This is too bad. The killing of these swans is done in the night. When the Indians ascertain where the birds are on the water in flocks, they arrange a canoe with a strong light made of dry wood or pitch-pine in the front end of it; behind this light they sit rowing, or, if the game be down stream, they allow the canoe to float noiselessly to meet the coveted prize, when, strange to say, attracted by the light, they come swimming toward it till within range of the deadly arrow, which is shot so silently as not to give alarm. In this way a boat is sometimes loaded in a single night.

## AN OLD MAN'S REASONS.

THERE is an old man living in the State of Maine who is said to be nearly one hundred and thirty years old. Just think of it! How many changes he must have seen during his long life! How different things must be from what they were when he was young. He has had good health all his life, and enjoys it now. He must have had simple, healthful habits, and what is a very telling fact, has never used strong drink. Someone asked him what he supposed was the reason for his living so long, and he replied: "I believe it is because I have always worn woollen clothes both in summer and winter, and have left all intoxicating liquors alone." Somebody told him that alcohol was needed sometimes for medicine, but he shook his head, and replied that "wormwood was much better, and was always safe."

COME unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.



Prayer Its Own Answer.

[A TRANSLATION, in "Exotics," by James Freeman Clarke, from Jelal-el-Deen.]

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night through; Till with prayer his heart was tender, till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said, "Call louder, child of pain! See if Allah ever hear, or answer 'Here am I' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went; To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness, sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child! why thus dismayed? Dost repent thy former fervour? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard the 'Here am I'; And I thought, God will not pity, will not turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise, Elias, go,— Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf of woe."

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry; That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah,' is my answer, 'Here am I.'"

"Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled; And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'"

SUSIE REDMAYNE:

OR,

A Story of the Seamy Side of Child-life.

BY

CHRISTABEL.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAY OF LIFE IN PIPER'S COURT.

THE door was pushed open and Richard Redmayne walked or rather tottered into his desolate home.

He had been a man of fine presence and great respectability, but he had fallen through strong drink.

There was still an indescribable air of refinement about him, though his coat hung in tatters and his face was red and bloated. An ordinary acquaintance, who had known him when his wife was living, would hardly have recognized the wreck that he now was.

In the early part of his married life he was a prosperous coach-painter, and showed signs of artistic talent. He was then a happy and hopeful man.

But things had gone hardly with him; he had lost his wife, to whom he was fondly attached, and he had lost part of his trade without much fault of his own.

It seemed an easy way to purchase forgetfulness by taking spirits. At first a friend, seeing him low-spirited, had prevailed upon him to take just a little to do him good.

False friend, and a false step leading to an unknown abyss!

The transition from a lonely home and a grumbling housekeeper and a fretting, delicate baby, to a gin-palace appeared too pleasant to be resisted, and he fell an easy prey to the arch-fiend of strong drink.

"Here, Ralph, what hast thou earned to-day?" said Redmayne as he stumbled into a chair.

"Nothing, father; I couldn't get anything to do."

Ralph awaited what might follow with the calm courage that a good conscience gives.

A heavy blow, then a crash followed. And the little table with the few things which Susie had carefully placed in readiness, should her father require them for his supper, were strewn in fragments around the wretched room.

Susie crept in silence to bed and pressed the coverlet into her mouth to prevent her sobs being audible to her father.

Ralph stood still. He was too miserable to care what happened to himself. Only

for Susie's sake he hoped his father would not strike him.

"Here, lazy young 'un, go quick and bring some rum;" and Richard Redmayne held out a shilling, which the boy promptly took, and hastily snatching a jug ran off to execute his errand.

Fearing he would be too late he made all possible haste. He was an obedient boy, and in his anxiety to satisfy his father he forgot that the slush from the streets oozed in and out at every step from his worn-out boots.

Ralph's anxiety was useless. The gin-palaces had closed, and he had to return with his shilling and his empty jug.

That precious shilling was just now a burden to him, although it would procure them all a breakfast which they greatly needed.

Ralph said to himself many times over as he slowly retraced his steps, "I would rather go anywhere than home, and I would run away, but I can't take the shilling. I won't be dishonest. Besides, father and Susie need it. They have nothing for breakfast. Then there is the jug; if I threw it away it would be mean. And there is Susie, who is far more to me than these things. Oh, Susie! I never will be a coward and leave thee alone with father. Perhaps mother will know, and she would not be pleased if I left thee."

He looked up to the skies, and through the murky atmosphere he could see shining dimly a few far-off stars.

He fancied his mother might be looking down upon him as the stars appeared to do, and he said passionately, "Oh, mother, I will go home to-night because of Susie, and the shilling, and the broken jug."

There was one above who knew that he went home for conscience sake, and the blessing of a mind at peace with itself was given to him.

Very quietly Ralph opened the door. He hardly knew what he dreaded, but if a lion had been there he could scarcely have feared it more. A presentment haunted him that he was treading on a crisis. Quietly too he crossed the floor and laid the shilling on the mantel-shelf.

A piece of tallow candle was burning in the socket of a shaky tin candlestick; its flickering light was enough to show to Ralph that the heavy sleep of a drunkard had laid its merciful hold upon his father, and that not yet had the dreaded crisis come.

Richard Redmayne had never struck his helpless children unprovoked. To this depth of brutality he had not yet descended. But not the less certainly did Ralph know that day by day he came nearer to it. To a sensitive and imaginative child, who is yet brave and true, the shadow of a coming sorrow is a greater torment than the trial itself.

The flickering candle died out, and Ralph groped his way to Susie's bed that he might kneel there and say the prayers his mother had taught him. It seemed a more holy and sacred place, and a more fitting place for prayer, beside the innocent child than near the degraded father.

Then the invisible hand of sleep wrapped him up, and mercifully, for a few hours, shut out from all eyes the horrors of a drunkard's home!

The morning dawned chill and cheerless in Piper's Court; and much misery and poverty was awakened from unrefreshing slumbers.

There were cracked windows and rickety doors that let in not only the keen wind but also the snow it carried along with it. And what was worse, it blew its icy breath over scant breakfast-tables, and penetrated thin garments that were only fit for genial weather.

Some of this poverty was, no doubt, unavoidable. But how much of it might have been prevented by temperance and forethought in the years that were long since past recall!

Ralph was the first to awake in the cold rooms which the Redmaynes called home. He was quickly on the alert to make the best of things; and he could manage household matters more economically than many housekeepers, for necessity had sharpened his wits.

The sight of the shilling was a real joy to him now.

The small shops in the narrow street adjoining Piper's Court were very accommodating.

If you only had a penny, you could have a pennyworth of tea.

Ralph calculated over and over again how to get the best breakfast out of the shilling; for it was an important matter to be intrusted with a coin of such value.

When Redmayne roused himself from the heavy torpor of his sleep he was very thankful to see a breakfast on the table that would ease a little the burning thirst from which he was suffering.

He knew that he already felt like an aged man, although he was not forty; and he knew also that through the love of strong drink he was fast approaching either a drunkard's or a suicide's grave.

"Ralph, thou'lt be a better man than I have been;" and a slight accent of hope pervaded the bitter tone in which he spoke.

Now when alcohol had no power over him he hated himself, and he was glad that it was not in his power to quite ruin the future promise of his boy; for he saw that he inherited his mother's firmness and stability of character, along with his own good temper.

"Father, why can't you be as you were when mother was living?" but the tone had in it no shade of hope.

Ralph had known too much of the bitterness of hoping only to be disappointed, to care ever to hope again.

"Ah!" said Redmayne, as if he were pitying himself, "if thy mother had lived we might have had a happy and comfortable home."

"When I'm a big boy," said Ralph, cheerfully, and his eyes were lit up with brightness, for it is so easy for youth to weave fairy-like visions, "I mean to join a Band of Hope, and I shall earn lots of money, and Susie shall be a lady. Won't that be grand!"

A sweet little silvery laugh was the answer from the straw bed and ragged coverlet; and Susie opened her eyes wide when she saw that there really was bread and butter and hot coffee for breakfast.

Children are acute observers, and although Susie was generally afraid of her father she knew that she could trust him in his present mood.

She climbed upon his knee, and stroked his whiskers, and put her arms around his neck as if he had been the best of fathers to her.

So readily does childhood accept the stray sunbeams that cross its path. Her father returned her caresses, and enjoyed her love, and wished as sincerely as herself that things could always be like that.

Yet at that very moment, in the midst of his remorse and shame, and the love that still remained for his children, the craving for strong drink held him so powerfully in its iron grip, that he could have sold himself into slavery that he might gratify the desire a little longer.

So full of contradictions is the character of a good-natured drunkard.

When the humble meal was finished, Ralph returned thanks reverently, and quickly got himself ready to go out to seek some work.

In the meantime Richard Redmayne slunk away, saying that it was time he was at work.

Then Ralph went to Susie and kissed her and tried to comfort her.

He was deeply grieved that he was obliged to leave her alone. No mother could have been more tender.

"Now, Susie, be a little woman," said Ralph, "and I won't stay a minute longer than I can help. Just think that you are the mistress and I'm the master. I go out to earn the money, and you keep things tidy, and have the kettle boiling for me when I come in. I feel as though I should get lots of things to do to-day, and we'll have such a jolly little dinner to ourselves; for likely enough father will not come near us any more till bedtime."

Ralph thought he would try the station to-day; and just as he ran up out of breath an old gentleman emerged from the crowded doorway, carrying in his hand a small portmanteau.

"Please, sir, can I carry it for you?" and the tones of the boy were so eager that the gentleman couldn't help looking at him. He preferred carrying his own bag, but he had a kind heart and he couldn't disappoint the boy.

On arriving at the door of his home the old gentleman, being a little curious to know what kind of a boy this was, said:

"Well, what do you expect me to give you?"

"Oh, please sir, anything you like." He held a penny toward the boy. There was a smile playing on his face though he pretended to look serious.

"Thank you," said the boy, and was about to run off.

"Wait a minute, my boy;" and the gentleman took out a silver coin, asking the boy, as he did so, what he did with his money.

"I work for my little sister and myself," said Ralph, earnestly.

"Then you have no father?"

"Yes, I have," replied Ralph; then he blushed and was silent.

"Well, I hope we shall meet again," said the gentleman as Ralph hurried away.

Then mentally he exclaimed, "That boy could be made something of!"

Ralph was delighted, and his first impulse was to run home and tell Susie; but he said to himself, "No, that would be unbusinesslike; I must go and try and earn some more."

He had some more small successes; then he went to a cook-shop and bought their dinners, and ran home as fast as he could.

(To be continued.)

HE TOOK THE WHIPPING.

ON one of the Dakota prairies there had never been a Sunday-school. The children heard their mothers tell about the Sunday-school "back East," and they wanted one very much indeed. The mothers always said, "When the Missionary Society can send us a missionary, we shall have a Sunday-school."

One day, to the great joy of the children, this very thing happened. A missionary and his wife came to live among them on the prairie, and they would open a Sunday-school the very next Sunday in a deserted school-house, if anybody could find a way to heat it. There was a stove; but it was difficult to get fuel. Why? Because there were so few trees, and it was so hard to keep those few alive, nobody would think of using even one branch for firewood. The people used "twisted hay" to cook with at home; but it was all they could do to twist enough for their own use. How do they twist it to burn? Well, they take enough hay to make a hay strip about a yard and a half long, and about as thick as a man's wrist. Then they twist this up into a figure eight, about the size of a stick of wood. It reminds one of an old-fashioned New England giant doughnut.

But how was that school-house to be heated for the Sunday-school? A plucky boy thought out a way. He arose very early one Sunday morning, and taking a basket on his arm, walked quite a distance to the railroad track, and then walked on the track until he filled his basket with coal which had fallen from the engines. This he bravely carried to the school-house, and a happy company of children had a "real Sunday-school." After this, the school depended upon our plucky Bob for fuel.

Now, I am sorry to tell you that this dear boy's father was not a Christian, and did not approve of the missionary nor the Sunday-school. When he heard what his boy had been doing, he was very angry, and said, "Bob, I'll beat you within an inch of your life if you get another basket of coal for that Sunday-school."

Bob had a pretty good excuse to lie in bed the next Sunday morning instead of trudging off at daylight with his basket, but after thinking it over and laying the matter before his heavenly Father (for Bob had become a Christian under the influence of the missionary) he decided to get the coal for the Sunday-school just the same, and then take the whipping. This he did for several Sabbaths, until his father's heart was melted, and he owned up that "there must be something in the kind of religion his boy had got hold of."

My young soldiers, this always happens. When a true soldier of Christ loves his Captain enough to bravely live the true Christ-life, the bitterest opposer to Christ will think if he does not say, "There must be something in that religion. I wish I had it!"—Selected.



PAWNEE CHIEF IN FULL WAR DRESS.

### PAWNEE CHIEF IN FULL WAR DRESS.

We present a picture of a celebrated Chief, in all the glory of his wonderful head-dress. The name of "Indian" was first given to the tribes which inhabit America, from the mistaken notion of early voyagers, that the newly-discovered Continent formed part of India. The North American Indians, although they have receded before the advance of the white man, still occupy very large tracts of country. Some of the tribes are very powerful, and able to wage a destructive war upon the whites; especially is this so in Mexico, where the Indians frequently burst in upon small villages and towns, and destroy all whom they meet.

Among the most powerful of the tribes are the Iroquois, Cherokees, Pawnees, Sioux, and Oregons. The Indians are, of course, heathen; unless where instructed, are ignorant of the true God. Those of the United States believe in two opposite principles, of good and evil, and in a future existence. They regard lunatics with special consideration, protecting them from injury and want. Parents are fond of their children, and early teach them the arts that will be necessary in their after-life. Orphans, or infirm and aged persons, are supported by their nearest relatives, or by individual charity. The wife and mother has the control of the wigwam or hut; while the husband is hunting, the wife is making moccasins, preparing skins, or ornamenting belts and leggings with shells, beads, and feathers. The women also plant the corn, and perform various other occupations.

They believe in life after death, where the spirit is surrounded with the pleasures of the happy hunting grounds; and have been frequently brought under the power of the gospel by the teaching and ministry of earnest servants of the Lord.

### LESSON NOTES.

#### SECOND QUARTER.

B.C. 1520.] LESSON III. [April 16.

#### JOB'S APPEAL TO GOD.

Job 23: 1-10.] [Mem. verses, 8-10.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.—John 13: 7.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The soul's cry, v. 1-5.
2. The Soul's Hope, v. 6-10.

TIME.—About B.C. 1520, but very uncertain.

PLACE.—Same as last lesson.

#### EXPLANATIONS.

"My stroke"—Better, the hand; that is, God's hand pressed the groans of bitterness from Job's suffering soul. "His seat"—The judgment-seat of God. Job thinks that if he could only find God, meet him face to face, he could clear his own character and show the injustice of his tribulations. "I would know the words which he would answer"—"If God would only speak I could understand him, and depend upon the truth he uttered; but man misjudges me." "But he knoweth the way I take"—Job has been lamenting that whether he turns northward, southward, eastward, or westward, he cannot see God, and so cannot present his cause to him as to an earthly sovereign; but at last he remembers that God is omniscient, and his confidence is renewed. "As gold"—That is, all the better for the fiery trial.

#### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Find in this lesson assurance that—

1. All sorrow proceeds from God.
2. God sees us with sympathy at all times, in all circumstances.
3. The soul that trusts in God all never be left in sorrow.

#### HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find an emergency in the history of the children of Israel when, with danger before them and behind them, God seemed to have deserted them, but immediately wrought out their victory.
2. Find an instance in their later history where, by means of overthrow and apparent destruction, their future glory was secured.
3. Find the words which Jesus used as a prayer on the cross.
4. Find some cases in the history of later Christianity where seeming overthrow resulted in triumph.
5. What did John learn concerning the "multitude whom no man can number," who are crowned in heavenly glory?

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did Job long? "That he might plead his cause before God." 2. For what did Job mourn? "That he could not find God." 3. What comforted Job? "That God knew the way he took." 4. What is the purpose of all trial? "That when we are tried we may come forth as gold." 5. Where do we find God? "In the person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." 6. What does our Lord and Saviour say? Golden Text: "What I do thou knowest not now," etc.

#### DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God a Spirit.

#### CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How does the Lord teach us by his Spirit? All the Scriptures were written under the Holy Spirit's inspiration; and he who inspired them will show their meaning to such as humbly ask him.

What do you mean by the Holy Spirit's inspiration?

That he put it into the minds of holy men to write, and instructed them how to write.

#### The Naughty Fairies.

THERE are two or three naughty fairies  
Who lurk in our pretty house;  
They are sly as the wily foxes,  
And one is as still as a mouse;  
And one can growl and mutter,  
And one has a chain on her feet;  
These naughty and mischievous fairies,  
Whom you may have happened to meet.

The still-as-a-mouse one whispers,  
When a bit of work must be done,  
On! just let it go till to-morrow,  
And take it to-day for fun!  
And the mutter-and-growl one pricks you,  
Till you pucker your face in a scowl,  
Or whimper and fret in a corner,  
Or stand on the floor and howl.

But the worst of the three bad fairies  
Is the one with the chain on her feet,  
And the strongest thing is her fancy  
For a child who is gay and sweet.  
She makes her forget an errand,  
And loiter when she should haste,  
And many a precious hour  
She causes the child to waste.

Should you happen to see these fairies,  
Please pass them proudly by,  
With lips set close and firmly,  
And a flash in your steadfast eye;  
For three very naughty people  
These little fairies be;  
Who mean, wherever they're hiding,  
No good to you and me.  
—Harper's Young People.

#### SALT LAKES.

WHETHER a lake is salt or fresh depends entirely on circumstances. If the amount of water flowing in is equalled by the evaporation from the surface, a lake may receive continual supplies of water and yet maintain its average level without finding any outlet. But in this case it will be salt, or, at least, not fresh, since the river which feeds it carries into its basin the saline materials which have been dissolved out of the soil; and as these solid materials do not disappear in evaporation, they must accumulate in a lake without an affluent. This, according to "Our Earth and Its Story," we see very aptly in the two great lakes fed by the Jordan, in Palestine. The Lake of Tiberias (the Sea of Galilee) is fresh, because the water which the Jordan pours in at one end is poured out by the same river at the other extremity. On the other hand, the Dead Sea, at the farther extremity of the same valley, is naturally salt, because it has no outlet, requiring none since it has no surplus water, the amount which the Jordan pours in being more than drawn off by evaporation. Indeed the lake is gradu-

ally getting smaller, owing to the fact that the supply from the earth is not quite equal to the demands of the sun upon the surface. Hence, also, it must be getting saltier, though already the water is intensely bitter and salt, the chlorides of sodium, magnesium, and calcium being the chief ingredients in it, and its density is so great that the human body will not sink in it. This, also, is the cause of the intense salinity of the great Salt Lake of Utah in North America. Like so many other salt lakes, this sheet was, no doubt, at one time fresh, but by subterranean movements the drainage of a large area of country has been altered until at present the supplies of fresh water which reach it and the evaporation from its surface being about equal, the water has become saltier and saltier.

#### PARTNERS.

A STURDY little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day?"  
"Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat was turned towards us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal. "Yes'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washin'."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, and she's washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water-carrier evidently did not consider it one at all, for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice, as she answered:

"Why, of course I help her. I always help her do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother 'n' me's partners."

We looked after her as she picked up her pail and walked on, bending under her load a little, but resolute and with no thought of complaining or shirking. A stout, old-fashioned, homely little body she was, but we called her mother a rich and happy woman.

#### Teachers, Attention!

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