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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

[No. 6.

THE CRUSADERS.

A GREAT and permanent impetus was given to civilization by that vast movement of the middle ages, known as the crusades. These religious wars united the nations of the West in a grand political league long before any similar union could otherwise have taken place. They also greatly improved, or, indeed, almost created, the military organization of Europe, and inspired and fostered the spirit of chivalry in her populations. They led to the abolition of serfdom by the substitution of martial service instead of the abject vassalage to which the masses had been accustomed. By enforcing the so-called Truce of God they prevented the pernicious practice of private warfare, and turned the arms of Christendom against its common foe. Vast multitudes were led to visit Italy, Constantinople, and the East—the seats of ancient learning, and the scenes of splendid opulence.

Extended travel enlarged their knowledge of the geography, literature, natural history, and productions of foreign lands. In the East still lingered the remains of the science of the palmy days of the Caliphate. The rusty banners of the crusaders became polished by contact with the more refined oriental races. To the British or German knight, who had never stirred farther from his ancestral castle than a boar-hunt or a stag chase led him, what a wonderland must Italy and the East have been, with their great cities, their marble palaces, porphyry pillars, and jasper domes! The Crusaders, becoming acquainted with the luxuries of the Orient, discovered new wants, felt new desires, and brought home a knowledge of arts and elegances before unknown.

The result was seen in the greater splendor of the Western courts, in their more gorgeous pomp and ceremonial, and in the more refined taste in pleasure, dress and ornaments. The miracles and treasures of ancient art and architecture in Greece and Italy, far more numerous than now, did much to create and develop a taste for the beautiful, and to enlarge the sphere of human enjoyment. The refining influence of the East and South have left their mark in every corner of Europe, from Gibraltar to Norway, from Ireland to Hungary, from the crosses on the doors to the arabesque traceries in cathedrals and castles. It is not wonderful that these great and stirring events, with their combined religious enthusiasm and military splendor, awoke the imaginations of the poets. They gave a new impulse to thought, and a greater depth and strength to feeling.

The Crusaders, moreover, made several commercial settlements in the East, the trade of which survived their military occupation by the Latins. Thus a valuable commerce sprang up, which contributed greatly to enrich the resources, ameliorate the manners, and increase the comforts of

the West. But there were serious evils, resulting from the Crusades, which went far to counterbalance all these advantages. The lives and labours of millions were lost to Europe, and buried beneath the sands of Syria.

Many noble families became extinguished by the fortunes of war, or impoverished by the sale or mortgaging of their estates to furnish the means for military equipment. The influence of the Pope,

LINCOLN'S FRIENDS FROM SANGAMON COUNTY.

The following incident, in which Mr. Lincoln is the most prominent figure, was related by the late Schuyler Colfax:

It was during the dark days of 1863, on the evening of a public reception given at the White House. The foreign legations were there gathered about the president. A young English nobleman was just being

"Why, John, I am glad to see you. I haven't seen you since you and I made rails for Mrs. — in Sangamon county in 1847. How are you?"

The old man turned to his wife with quivering lips, and without reply to the President's salutation, said:

"Mother, he's just the same Old Abe!" "Mr. Lincoln," he said finally, "you know we had three boys; they all enlisted in the same company;—John was killed in the 'Seven-days' fight'; Sam was taken prisoner and starved to death, and Henry is in the hospital. We had a little money, an' I said: 'Mother, we'll go to Washington, and see him.' An' while we were here I said, 'We'll go up and see the President.'"

Mr. Lincoln's eyes drew dim, and across the rugged, homely, tender face swept the wave of sadness, as he said:

"John, we all hope this miserable war will soon be over. I must see all these folks here for an hour or so, and I want to talk with you."

The old lady and her husband were hustled into a private room in spite of all their protests.

WHERE MUSIC-BOXES ARE MADE.

The chief industry of Geneva, Switzerland, is the manufacture of music-boxes. Thousands of men, women and children are employed in the factories, one of which was visited by a young American, who thus writes about the visit:

An attendant invited him to take a seat. He did so, and strains of delightful music came from the chair. He hung his hat on a rack, and put his travelling staff in the stand. Music came from both rack and stand. He wrote his name in the visiting register, and, on dipping his pen into the ink, music burst forth from the inkstand.

The manager of the factory explained the process of making music-boxes, a business which requires patience and nicety. The different parts are made by men who are experts in those parts, and they do nothing else, year in and year out. The music is marked on the cylinder by a man who has served several years of apprenticeship. Another man inserts in the marked places pegs which have been filed to a uniform length. The comb or set of teeth which strikes the pegs and makes the sound, is arranged by a man who does nothing else.

The cylinder is then revolved, to see that every peg produces a proper tone.

The most delicate work of all is the revising of each peg. It is done by a workman who has a good ear for music. He sees that each peg is in its proper place, and bent at the correct angle. When the instrument is in its case, an expert examines it to see that the time is perfect.

The best workmen—those who mark the cylinder and adjust the pegs—earn a dollar and eighty cents a day, after serving an apprenticeship of ten or twelve years. An ordinary workman earns a dollar a day.



THE CRUSADERS.

as the organizer of the Crusades and common father of Christendom, was greatly augmented. The opulence and corruption of the religious orders were increased by the reversion to their possession of many estates whose heirs had perished in the field. Vast numbers of Oriental relics, many of them spurious and absurd, became objects of idolatrous worship. Many corruptions of the Greek Church were imitated, many Syrian and Greek saints introduced into the calendar, and many Eastern legends and superstitions acquired currency.

presented to the President. Inside the door, evidently overawed by the splendid assemblage, was an honest-faced old farmer, who shrank from the passing crowd until he and the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall. The President, tall and, in a measure, stately in his personal presence, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the English nobleman:

"Excuse me, my lord, there's an old friend of mine." Passing backward to the door, Mr. Lincoln said, as he grasped the old farmer's hand:

You'll Have to Avoid the Saloon.

BY LAURA G. GIBBONS.

You stand on the threshold of youth, boys,
Your future lies out in the years;
You're learning your parts for life's work, boys,
You're planning your future careers.
You'll have to fill places of trust, boys,
Your fathers will pass away soon;
And if you'd be trustworthy men, boys,
You'll have to avoid the saloon.

If you would be honoured in life, boys,
If joy and contentment you'd know;
If you would have plenty of cash, boys,
And bask in prosperity's glow;
If you would enjoy robust health, boys,
That priceless, but much abused boon;
If God's benediction you'd have, boys,
You'll have to avoid the saloon.

You'll have to avoid the saloon, boys,
Or sorrow and shame you will share,
And poverty's crust you will eat, boys,
And poverty's rags you will wear.
Your future will end in disgrace, boys,
Your life be cut off at its noon,
Both body and soul will be lost, boys,
Unless you avoid the saloon.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

THE CHILD JESUS.

BY THE LATE DEAN STANLEY, LONDON.

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.—Luke 2. 40.

THIS day is called the day of the Holy Innocents, because it calls upon us to remember the death of those little children who were killed in Bethlehem at the time of our Saviour's birth, when he was a little child like them. It is also a day famous in this Abbey, because it was on this day, more than eight hundred years ago, that this great church was finished by its first founder, King Edward the Confessor, who was himself an innocent, guileless man, almost like a little child. We have thought, therefore, that it might be good to mark the day by gathering together here as many children as could come, and putting before them the example which our Saviour set to all children, he having been himself a child and a little boy, such as those who are here to-day.

"The child"—that is the child Jesus—"grew." He grew in stature and he grew in character and goodness. He did not stand still. Although it was God himself who was revealed to us in the life of Jesus Christ, yet this did not prevent him from being made like unto us in all things, sin only excepted. It has been reverently and truly said—

"Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray;

Address to children in Westminster Abbey.

By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?"

Yes, he was; we need not fear to say so, and in this lies the example for us. Each one of us, whether old or young, must remember that progress, improvement, going on, advance, change into something better and better, wiser and wiser, year by year—this is the only condition, the only way of becoming like Christ, and, therefore, like God. Do not think that you will always be, that you must always be as you are now. No; you will grow up gradually to be something very different; you must increase and grow in mind as well as in body, in wisdom as well as in stature. The world moves, and you and all of us must move with it. God calls us and all ever to something higher and higher; and that higher stage you I and the whole world must reach by steadily advancing towards it.

And then come three things especially which the text puts before us as those in which our Lord's earthly education, in which the advance and improvement of his earthly character added to his youthful and childlike powers. First, it speaks of his strength of character. It says he "waxed strong in spirit." Strong! What a word is that for all of you, my dear children. You know—little boys especially know—how you value and honour those who are strong in body. The strong limb, the fleet foot, the sturdy arm, the active frame! you do well to value these things; they are God's gifts. The body which can endure blows without flinching, and which can toil without fatigue; which can win the race, conquer in the game, or vanquish in the struggle; these are what you all wish to have. But what this strength is to the body, that strength of character is to the mind. A stout heart, that is what you want—a stout heart which will be able to resist all the temptations to do wrong, which seems to tell a lie, which will never consent to be betrayed into doing what is wrong; a strong, hardy conscience, which fixes itself on matters of real importance, and will not trifle, will not waste its powers on things of no concern. Therefore, I say, be stronger and stronger every year. Be stronger in spirit, be strong in mind, be strong in character, be stout in heart, for this does come by trying to have it. It comes by being always reminded that it will come if you strive to get it. It comes to those who are determined to seek it. Be strong, therefore, and very courageous.

And the next thing which the text speaks of is wisdom. It says the child was "filled with wisdom." Wisdom, as it were, was poured into him, and his mind opened wider and wider to take it in. He drank in whatever wisdom there was in the knowledge of those about him; he drank in the heavenly wisdom also which comes down from the fountain of all wisdom. You, too, have this to gain day by day. Those especially who are at school are sent to school for that very purpose, to have your minds opened—to take in all that your teachers can pour into them—to be ready for this instruction whenever it comes to you from books, from looking at what you see about you, from conversation, from experience, as you grow older in life. You need not be old before your time, but you must even now be making the best use of your time. These are the golden days which never come back again to you, which if once lost can never be entirely made up. Our great King Alfred used to regret in after years nothing so much as that, owing to his long wanderings and troubles when he was young, he had not had the opportunity of regular instruction at school. Seek, therefore, for wisdom; pray for it, determine to have it, and God, who gives it to those who ask for it, will give it to you. Try to gain it as our Lord gained it when he was a child, by hearing and by asking questions. By hearing; that is by being teachable, and humble, and modest, by fixing your attention on what you have to learn. And also, as he did, by asking questions; that is by trying to know the meaning of what you learn, by cross-questioning yourselves, by inquiring right and left to fill up the blanks in your minds. Nothing is more charming to see than a boy listening—not interrupting, but eager to hear what is taught. Nothing is more charming than to see a child asking questions. That is the very way in which we are able to know whether you take in what has been taught you.

And the next thing is the grace or favour of God, or, as it says at the end of the chapter, the grace, or favour, of God and man; the grace, the goodness, the graciousness of God, which calls forth grace and goodness and graciousness in man. Our blessed Lord had this always; but even in him it increased more and more. It increased as he grew older, as he saw more and more of the work which was given him to do. He felt more and more that God was his Father, and that men were his brothers, and that grace and loving kindness was the best and dearest gift from God to man, and from man to man, and from man to God. He was subject to his parents; he did what they told him; and so he became dear to them. He was kind and gentle and courteous to those about him, so that they always liked to see him when he came in and out amongst them. So may it be with you. Look upon God as your dear Father in heaven who loves you, and who wishes nothing but your happiness. Look upon your school-fellows and companions as brothers, to whom you must show whatever kindness and forbearance you can. Just as this beautiful building in which we are assembled is made up of a number of small stones beautifully carved, every one of which helps to make up the grace and beauty of the whole, so is all the state of the world made up of the graces and goodnesses, not only of full-grown men and full-grown women, but of little children who will be—at least if they live—full-grown men and full-grown women. Remember, then, all you who are parents—remember still more especially all you who are children—remember this day; and if ever you are tempted to do wrong, or to be idle, or to be rude and careless, or to leave off saying your prayers, then think of your Saviour's good example which has been put before you this night in Westminster Abbey.

A PLAIN TALK WITH THE BOYS.

Do you want to know where a boy usually begins to be fast? With a cigarette. It is the lad's first step to bravado, resistance of sober morality, and a bold step in disobedience. Just now take the matter on the scientific side. Tobacco blights a boy's finest powers, wit, muscle, conscience. Nations are legislating against it. Germany, with all her smoke, says: "No tobacco in the schools." It spoils their brains and makes them too small for soldiers. Knock at the great military institutions of France; "No tobacco" is the response. Try West End and Annapolis—"Drop that cigarette," is the word. Indeed, smoking boys are not likely to get so far as that.

Major Huston, of the marine corps, who is in charge of the Washington navy barracks, says that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected for heart disease, of which ninety-nine cases in one hundred come from cigarettes. His first question is: "Do you smoke?" "No sir," is the invariable reply. But the record is stamped on the very body of the lad, and out he goes. Apply for a position in a bank. If you use beer, tobacco or cards the bank has no use for you.

Business life demands fine brain, steady nerve, firm conscience. Watch the boys. See one sixteen years in age, twelve in size, twenty in skin, and he smokes, probably chews and drinks. Babes of seven and eight are at it. The vice increases. I could pile up statistics by the hour, testimony from the highest medical authority, of the misery preparing and already come.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

THE most beautiful thing I saw at the Fair was an old woman in one of the wheel chairs, her son pushing it. Her white hair and care-furrowed face showed she had waited more than three-score and ten years for one of the happiest days of her life. The plain dress proved neither was rich in purse; but she was rich in joy, richer than Gould in making his mother happy. I shall forget many wonderful things I saw at the Fair, but never forget the little old woman in black, resting so cozily in that rolling chair, her joy-lit face under the aureole of white hair, as her stalwart son bent over and told her some new wonder they were coming to. "Are we almost there, son?" she asked in her eagerness.

"Yes, mother," he said, smiling at her child-like enjoyment, "and it will take your breath this time sure." And she laughed like a girl and he chuckled like a delighted boy as they passed on, not knowing that anybody noticed them. Perhaps no one else saw their happiness, but he was the one man on the grounds. Oh, the proud step as he pushed the chair of the queen of all the world to him! Ah! her proud look as she rode through the throng, attended by the kingliest of men—the man who honours his mother. How much better to spend the money in this way than to wait till mother died in a round of monotony, then to spend it chiselling the epitaph death wins from human selfishness!

SYRIAN PROVERBS.

HERE are a few Syrian proverbs, of which Walter Besant says the fourth is full of wisdom and the third more suggestive than any other proverb he ever met:

A thousand curses never tore a shirt.
According to thy carpet stretch thy legs.
The sieve is not hurt by a hole more or less.

When you hit, hurt. When you feed, fill.

Beat the water, and it is still water.
On God's day, God's help.

The borrowed cloak never warms.
He who wants the dog says to him,

"Good morning, oh, my uncle."
Lying is the salt of man, shameless only to him who believes.

What is the bitter to him who has tasted the more bitter?

Let not the eye discover what pains the heart.

The hand that you cannot bite, kiss it and pray that it may be broken.

How many generations of Turkish rule did it take to perfect and crystallize the sentiment of the last four sayings—especially the last? One sees embodied in them the submission of the subject race.

VOLUNTEER INFORMATION.

ONE of those good-natured persons who are always bent on imparting information was humiliated not long since.

A negro was seated on a rail fence in Arkansas, intently looking at the telegraph poles. A gentleman passing said,—

"Watching the wires?"
"Yes, sah."

"Waiting to see a message go by, heya?"
The negro smiled and said, "Yes, sah."

The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the work of the electric current to him at length. Concluding, he said,—

"Now you know something about it."
"Yes, sah."

"What do you work at?"
"I'm a telegraph operator at the Hazel Switch Station, sah."

TOBACCO USING DESTROYS FINE-NESS OF FEELING AND SENTIMENT.

TOBACCO using exerts a most destructive influence upon the physical senses, often quite obliterating four or five great avenues of sensibility. Its influence is still more insalubrious upon the far more delicate organs of emotion and sentiment, which are so readily affected by physical changes of the body. Alcohol is bad enough; but it only temporarily perverts the imagination and judgment. Tobacco does more. Its influence is constant and accumulative. It not only perverts, but weakens and paralyzes. It changes a kind-hearted, sympathetic man into a selfish, irritable, repulsive, unappreciative despot, who will never hesitate to sacrifice the comfort, convenience, health, even life, of his wife or child to the gratification of his debasing appetite.

A YOUNG lawyer talked four hours to an Indian jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said: "Your honour, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.

The Angry Boy.

BY ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

He has taken his toys and gone home,
And refuses to play any more;
The jack-in-the-box, and the little tin dog,
And the cart that rolled over the floor;
He is pouting, and thinks he's aggrieved,
But truly, what vexes him most,
Is to feel his himself who is wrong,
In spite of his home-going boast.

He has taken his toys and gone home,
And refuses to play any more;
The old Noah's ark, with its windows cross-
barr'd.

He has flung by the half-opened door;
He has taken the animals out,
And piled them along on the shelf,
And martyr-like, there on his chair,
He mopes and sulks all by himself.

He has taken his toys and gone home,
And refuses to play any more;
His quaint wooden soldiers with swords in
their hands,
And red-uniforms that they wore,
Are gloomily standing in line,
And hushed is the rub-a-dub drum,
While their juvenile captain near by
Is valiantly chewing his thumb.

He has taken his toys and gone home,
And refuses to play any more;
Well, well, let him go, it was no great
surprise,
He threatened to do it before;
His comrades laugh loud by the trees,
And a robin pipes sweet from a spray,
And violets smile from the grass,
While above are the blossoms of May.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER VI.—NOT GOD'S WILL.

WHEN Mrs. Fell and Bess bade Euclid and Victoria good-night, and went downstairs to their own room, they felt cheered and comforted by the neighbourliness they had received. Bess was ready to declare Victoria the prettiest and cleverest girl in the world. As they opened their door, they saw a letter lying just within it, which had been slipped through the nick below it, and which was scarcely visible in the darkness. Such an extraordinary event—one which had never befallen them before—filled them with so much astonishment, that it was with trembling hands Bess stooped to pick it up. It was a real letter, with a stamp and post-mark upon it, though they could hardly believe their own eyes. There was no light in their own room, not even a dim farthing candle to burn; and there was no resource but to carry the strange letter to the gas-light on the stairs, and read it there as quickly and quietly as possible, with the very probable chance of some of their neighbours coming by and watching them inquisitively.

It must be news of David; there was no one else in the world to write to them. Bess could not read writing, and it was no easy task to Mrs. Fell. But as soon as she unfolded the sheet of paper, which was headed by the name of the jail where he was imprisoned printed plainly upon it, and which she read half aloud before the meaning reached her brain, she uttered a piercing shriek of anguish, which rang through the whole house, and brought every inmate of it running into the passages and upon the staircases. Mrs. Fell was lying in a deep swoon upon the floor, and Bess was kneeling beside her, calling to her, and trying to raise her up. Blackett was the first to reach her; and the half-drunken man gave her a rough push with his foot, uttering a brutal oath.

"You leave her alone!" cried old Euclid, hurrying downstairs, and confronting Blackett with a courage that astonished himself when he came to think of it: "you leave Mrs. Fell be! She's been spendin' the evenin' with me and my daughter, and I'll take care on her. You ain't no man if you'd kick a poor sickly woman like her. You're a coward if you touch her again, and I say so. Ain't he?" he shouted in his hoarse voice, as he turned with a quivering face and excited gestures to the cluster of neighbours gathered about them.

"Ay, he is!" cried the crowd, with so unanimous a voice that Blackett even was cowed by it, and, contenting himself with muttering some bad language, retreated to his own place. Two or three of the neighbours helped Euclid to carry the poor woman into her room. Even to them, used to destitution as they were, it seemed bare of everything.

There was no seat left, unless a few bricks, picked up in the street, could be called seats; and they had to lay her down upon the mere sacking of the bedstead, from which the bed and clothing had all disappeared. Euclid gazed round him with a strange pity stirring at his heart, mingled with a sense of superior comfort in his own circumstances. He felt almost like a rich man.

"This is bad, worse than any on us," he said; "and she might ha' been my widow, if I'd died first, instead of my wife. She might ha' been the widow of any one on you. I vote as we make a little collection for her in the house; and I'll begin with a shillin', and that's more than I've earned to-day. Some on you can do it easier than me."

"She gets four shilling and eightpence parish pay, every Tuesday," objected one of the women who stood by.

"And pays arf-a-crown a week rent," replied Euclid; "it's short-commons after that."

"She's always a-hungered," sobbed Bess; "nothin' can satisfy mother."

"She ought to go into the House, where she'd have medicine and everything," said another voice; "the officer says so."

"Who says she ought to go into the House?" asked Euclid, lifting up his head, and looking round him with eyes almost bright with indignation. "She, as is a decent, hard-workin' woman, and a honest man's widow! She's not the sort as goes into the House. We know who goes there,—bad women, as no decent man 'ud look at, and drunken women, and swearin', cursin' women. Don't nobody speak o' goin' to the House while I'm by."

Old Euclid had always been regarded by his neighbours as a quiet, timid old man, who hadn't a word to cast at a dog. There was something so unusual both in his vehement words and his excited gestures, that, one by one, they slunk out of the miserable room in silence, leaving him and Bess to the task of bringing back the fainting woman to consciousness. She was still clutching the letter convulsively in her fingers; but, as Bess opened them to chafe the palms of her cold hands, it fluttered down upon the floor. Euclid picked it up, and carried it to the light of the candle, which somebody had brought in, and left upon the chimney-piece.

"Who's it from?" asked Bess anxiously.

"Is it from Davy?"

"Ah! 'David Fell, your lovin' son,'" he read; "but it comes from jail! He's in jail!"

Euclid's gray old head dropped, and his voice sank into a hoarse murmur. It was no longer a wonder to him that Mrs. Fell had fallen into a death-like swoon. The work-house was terrible; but the jail was a lower depth still. He stood silent for a few minutes thinking. David had always been a sort of favourite with him; he liked his bright, boyish face, and his merry whistle as he stepped briskly about. And the lad had often carried his basket for him, and shouted "Creases!" with his clear young voice, when his own throat was dry and husky with crying them all day about the street. But now David Fell was a jail-bird!

Presently there came to his ear the feeble murmur of his name from David's mother; and he hastened to her side, looking down on her ashy face with a strange gentleness in his suken eyes.

"Please read it up loud," she said in a laborious whisper, as if she had scarcely strength to form the words with her trembling lips. Euclid read the few lines in a measured voice, giving every word its fullest length; and then he folded it up again, and laid it down near the mother's hand.

"It's only for beggin'!" he cried. "Three months for beggin' for his mother! God help us all! There's something wrong somewhere. Them justices must have hearts like mine, I s'pose; yet they sent Davy to jail for three months for beggin' for his mother! If they'd only take the time for to see what they'd done! But there! they don't take the time, or they'd never punish a lad like David, the son of a decent, hard-workin' woman, as was left a widow with two children to keep. God help us all!"

"It's only for beggin'!" murmured Mrs. Fell, with tears streaming down her cheeks,—"only for beggin'!"

"Don't you take on too much," urged Euclid. "He'll come home all right, and I'll look after the lad for you."

But it was hard for Mrs. Fell to comfort herself about David. It was no uncommon event for boys in their street to get into jail; but it was almost always for stealing, and she knew no one would believe that David had been sent there for begging only. How Blackett would glory and triumph in it! His elder sons were known to be thieves, and he was constantly pushing and urging Roger into the same course, in the hope of getting him off his hands. Yet it had never once crossed her mind that her own boy Davy

could ever be in prison. His father had been an honest, industrious artisan, priding himself on never touching his neighbour's goods by so much as a finger; and she had not thought of David failing, under any stress of temptation, to follow in his steps. David was no thief; but still he was in jail! She kept murmuring to herself, "It's only for beggin'!" But was the bitterness lessened to her that her only son had met with such a penalty for so slight a fault? He would come out into the world branded as if he had been a thief, with the shame of a jail clinging to him through the rest of his life.

Euclid and Victoria were very good to her in her fresh trouble, and helped her as far as their means allowed; the little store of money for Victoria's burial suffering thereby. Many of the neighbours, too, thought of her, and brought her from time to time a morsel of their own not over-abundant food. Even Blackett offered her help, which she turned away from with a sick heart. She was not quite so starved and friendless as she had been before her desperate circumstances were discovered; but she felt more heart-broken, and there was none to comfort her. Victoria repeated her hymns and verses to her; but they seemed words without meaning in her great sorrow. She had set before her one aim,—to see her children start in life honest and blameless, as their father had been before them. Night and day she had toiled and denied herself to this end. She had given herself no rest, but had struggled on through grievous pain, and in great darkness of spirit; and she had failed. The hard battle had been fought, and she was conquered.

"Davy 'ud have made a good man," she moaned to herself through the long, sleepless nights, as she thought of him in jail. "He'd have grown up like his father, if I could ha' kep' up another two-three years. It's come too soon on me. But now he's got a sully and a stain on him as'll never wash off, live as long as he may. He's been in jail, folks'll say. And whatever'll become o' Bess if Davy goes wrong? He'd have kep' her up if he'd been a good man. O Lord! he'd have made a good man, only for this. And now he's in jail!"

Bess was all that was left to her, and she could scarcely bear to let her go out of her sight. Blackett, who swore and raged at every one else, was beginning to speak kindly to Bess, and this filled the heart of the poor dying mother with unutterable terror. She had often been proud of her child's dark eyes and pretty hair, and thought of her own face when David Fell was courting her. Oh, if Davy was but at home again, always with Bess, unconsciously shielding her from untold dangers! Suppose even that she died before Davy's time was up! If she should never, never see her boy's face again! And to leave Bess alone, quite alone!

It would have been a hard and bitter sorrow to leave her children, if she had a good hope of their doing well; but, oh! how infinitely harder and more bitter it was to die while David was in jail, and when Blackett was speaking kindly to little Bess!

Once she tried to say, "It's God's will, and he knows best;" but something seemed to stop her. She could not utter the words, even to her own heart.

(To be continued.)

BEWARE OF HIM.

I WANT to warn our boys against an ugly customer that I have met with more than once in my time. He spells his name with

"An upright and a cross,
And a circle complete,
Two semicircles perpendicular meet,
An angle triangle standing up on feet
Two semicircles
And a circle complete."

I would like our boys to learn the name of this ugly customer, and think whether they have met with him. Ask your father whether he has made his acquaintance, and whether he would recommend you to his friendship and fellowship. I think he makes his home in your vicinity. Be on the lookout for him. You may at first find it difficult to make his acquaintance, but when you have once formed an intimate acquaintance with him you will find him hard to get rid of. I caution you to beware of him. He gets men's money and injures health, he destroys life, he makes men stupid, stolid, selfish, sleepy, and filthy. He is bad company. He comes where he is not wanted. He makes himself too plenty. He stays too long. Better "get rid of him" at once. What is it?

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.

BY R. M. WILBUR.

THE high runners had parted company with the top, all ready to be made into a "pung" for the next day's market. The "pung" top waited on the barn floor, while Farmer Dick stopped for a talk with a neighbour by the kitchen fire.

Did ever five boys get together for half an hour without some bit of mischief coming to the surface? You may be sure this five did not. It was Christie who started it.

"Let's have a sleigh-ride, boys. Lots better than the best 'bob' in the world. Come on, will you?"

"What?" said Will Dick; "what's better'n the best 'bob'?"

"Oh, you stupid," said Christie, "the sleigh-runners, of course."

"Oh," said Will.

"That all you've got to say?" said Christie, beginning to drag out the runners.

"Dunno whether father'd like it. Somethin' might happen to it, you see," said Will.

"Poh! I'll risk it!" said Christie. And the other boys joined in.

There was a steep hill just beyond the house, a "jolly one" for coasting, and it took but a minute for their united strength to draw the sleigh out of the barn to the top of the hill, and another minute to get it started down toward the bottom.

Two things the boys forgot. One was that it's always best to "be sure you're right" before you go ahead, and the other was that it's not quite so easy to guide a set of big sleigh-runners as one might think. Both of these things the boys learned in less time than it takes to write it; for the hill was so steep, that before the bottom was reached the sleigh was whizzing away at a breakneck speed.

At the bottom was a fresh snowdrift. Christie saw it, but in spite of all his efforts, on shot the sleigh, one runner striking the drift and overturning it. That was little matter for the boys, but the sleigh—something had "happened" to that. The shafts were broken. You may guess the rest.

BEGIN RIGHT.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

"GEORGIE, do you smoke?" I inquired. "Oh! no; not yet. I am not big enough, father says."

I couldn't help smiling at this, for he was a big-feeling boy, very big for a boy only seven years old.

"Then you expect to smoke when you are big enough?"

"Oh! yes; of course."

"And when will that be?"

"Father says I may smoke when I am thirty, but I guess I shan't wait till that time. I mean to smoke when I am eighteen."

"But don't you think you would better do as your father says?"

"Oh! well, I'm not going to wait so long as that; father didn't."

"But what good is it going to do you to smoke?"

"Oh! I don't know; it's fun, I suppose. Everybody smokes."

"Not everybody quite. And perhaps it will hurt you—make you sick."

"Oh! I'll risk that. Father smokes."

That was enough. I might as well have talked to the statuette on the mantelpiece.

But how came his father to smoke? Ah! he did not begin right. He learned when he was a little fellow, before he knew any better, and he got the habit so strong upon him, that he thinks he can't leave it off. He does not want his boy to begin so young. He would like to have him not use it at all, and so he tells him to put it off till he is thirty. But there is his own example. However he may flatter himself, the boy will not wait till he is thirty, nor till he is eighteen either, unless somebody gets up a temperance school in that place and gets him to study about tobacco.

And now I must tell you a sort of secret. Men seldom learn to use tobacco. They learned when they were boys, and by the time they find out what a foolish thing they have done they think it is too much trouble to stop. So they have the burden to carry and the expense to pay, and their health suffers as long as they live, just because they were so foolish when they were boys. Would it not be best to begin right?



FLIGHT FROM SODOM.—[GEN. 18, 22-33.]

Twenty Times a Day.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Twenty times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day,
Your mother thinks about you,
At school or else at play.
She's busy in the kitchen,
Or she's busy up the stair,
But like a song her heart within
Her love for you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear,
She wishes you would do;
I'll whisper, 'tis a secret,
Now mind, I tell it you.
Twenty times a day, dear,
And more, I've heard you say,
"I'm coming in a minute,"
When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers, instant,
At the motion of command;
At once, as sailors seeing
The captain's warning hand.
You could make the mother happy,
By minding in this way,
Twenty times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day.

—Congregationalist.

LESSON NOTES.**FIRST QUARTER.**B.C. 1898.] **LESSON VII.** [Feb. 18.]

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON SODOM.

Gen. 18. 22-33. **Memory verses, 23-26.****GOLDEN TEXT.**

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?—Gen. 18. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Prayer, v. 22-26.
2. Persistence, v. 27-33.

PLACE.

Plain of Mamre, near Hebron.

CONNECTING LINKS.

1. The birth of Ishmael (Gen. 16. 1-16).
2. The institution of circumcision, and the promise of Isaac's birth (Gen. 17. 9-27).
3. The visit of three angels to Abraham, and renewal of the promise (Gen. 18. 1-21).

EXPLANATIONS.

"The men"—Elsewhere alluded to as angels. "Two of the three proceeded on their way toward the Jordan valley, while the third was detained by the patriarch, probably on the heights overlooking the plain, for a sublime act of intercession."—Whitelaw. "Abraham drew near"—Not that the man Abraham stepped nearer to the man he had just entertained, but that the spirit of Abraham drew nearer to that God who is a Spirit, whom he among men was one of the earliest to intelligently worship. "Peradventure"—Perhaps. Abraham thought there might be found some Sodomites who were righteous; God knew there were none. The conversation presupposes that God had explained (see

verse 17) to the patriarch his intention to destroy the cities of the plain. "That the righteous should be as the wicked," etc.—An appeal to God's justice. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"—Even in our day, with an immeasurably completer revelation to guide us, and with a nearly universal belief in an eternal life which shall righten the inequalities of life on earth, men are often perplexed by the "mysterious way" in which God moves to perform his wonders. So it is not strange that to Abraham the consignment of righteous and wicked people to the same destruction seemed to compromise and tarnish God's justice. "If I find"—God here talks after "the manner of men." He already knows well the state of every soul in the city, but would accept Abraham's proposed test. "Dust and ashes"—"Dust in his origin, ashes in his end;" spoken of the body. "Went his way"—As if God had come to the altar to meet his servant in his prayer. "Left communing"—When Abraham had ceased his prayer. "His place"—Plain, or Oak, of Mamre, near Hebron.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. To pray for others?
2. That God is just?
3. That God is merciful?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the character of Sodom, where Lot, Abraham's nephew, lived? "It was a wicked city." 2. What purpose did God reveal to Abraham? "To destroy the city of Sodom." 3. What was Abraham's prayer to God? "To spare the city." 4. Upon what condition did God promise to spare Sodom? "If ten righteous were in it." 5. What question asked by Abraham shows his faith in God? Golden Text: "Shall not the Judge," etc. 6. What does the lesson teach us? "To pray earnestly, boldly and perseveringly."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The justice of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What do you understand by the Lord's sitting at the right hand of God?

His having all authority given to him in heaven and earth.

SOWING WILD OATS.

BY B. C. T. MANN.

"LET the boys sow their wild oats?" No, no, no! A thousand times, no! There is plenty of good grain right at hand, and the crop will be none too good. Not all soil brings forth "a hundred-fold."

While we write, there lies, in a soldier's hospital, a man of brains, helpless suffering, moneyless, praying for death to relieve him; and before us lies one of the most pitiful letters from him that we ever set eyes on.

What's the matter? Nothing, only he sowed wild oats when he should have sowed good grain; and in after years when he tried to handle true seed, his shattered system left him no talent for harvesting.

Life is too short to be frittered away, and law—physical, mental and moral—is too unyielding to be trifled with.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.**PRACTICAL HELPS AND HINTS.**

Organization.—It has proved very effective in first organizing a League to issue a card which shall be both an invitation and an admission ticket. These should be distributed at the close of Sunday-school one week in advance, and be presented at the hour of meeting.

Enrolment.—A book should be provided in which the secretary should enroll the names of the members and their residences; also, if desirable, their ages. The roll should be called at every meeting of the League. At the devotional hour or prayer-meeting it will answer to mark the attendance in a class-book without the roll call. In some Leagues the members answer to their names with a verse of Scripture.

A record of this kind will be found very helpful to the pastor in his work among the young. In Sunday-school work, the baptism of children, securing new members for the probationers' class, members for the Epworth League, and in "Look-out" committee work this record will be found invaluable.

Total Attendance.—A pleasing way of finding the total attendance is as follows: After the League is seated for the closing exercises, begin at one end of a row and let the first member say "One;" the next member, "Two," and so on, until all have been numbered. Make the total number an object lesson on the blackboard, with remarks at every meeting. If above the average, commend the League for faithfulness; if below the average, exhort to promptness.

The report of attendance should always be given at the business meeting of the Epworth League, and also at the Quarterly Meeting by the pastor.

The pledge card issued by the Methodist Publishing House can be used to advantage. Those who have had experience in children's work know how much they prize a little card of this kind; it helps to bind them to the League with strong cords. A liberal use of printers' ink will bring a great reward. In many churches some boy can be found who owns a small press, and who can thus be worked in both to his own interest and the success of the League.

Some pastors use an Edison's mimeograph; a small-sized one is most handy in printing a little sheet for distribution at each meeting of the League.

TO BOYS COMMENCING BUSINESS.

Be on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers and all in authority over you, and be polite to everyone; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting along in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from church and Sabbath school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honour, truth and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true and full of cheer in times of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honour lies."



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, philosopher and statesman, was born in Boston, in 1706. He was a printer by trade, and of a scientific turn of mind. He wrote a great many valuable books and invented a great many useful things. In the illustration he is experimenting with an electrical kite to see whether lightning is electricity or not. He is receiving a shock from the key he is touching with his finger, and the boy looking on seems afraid and ready to run away at a moment's notice. After Franklin had satisfied himself of the nature of lightning he set to work to invent some means by which people and property could be safe from its ravages. The results of his efforts are the lightning rod, and some good books on the subject of electricity.

Popular Music Books.

During the past six or eight months the two music books which, next to our own popular *Canadian Hymnal* and the old reliable *Songs and Solos*, have had the largest sale with us have been the following:—

THE LIFE LINE...

A collection of Sacred Songs for the Master

BY

A. F. Meyers

Per copy, 20c.; per dozen, \$2.00

This book has had an enormous sale in the States. We have ourselves already sold more than two thousand copies.

THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT!Chaplain McCabe's
New Book

Per copy, 35c.; per dozen, \$3.60

A sale of 438,000 copies is pretty fair evidence that this book pleases the people. It is a rousing collection of stirring songs for missionary and revival meetings and the Sunday-school.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

The Jewelled Crown. By Asa Hull. Each, 35c.; per dozen, \$3.60.
Bright Light. By S. W. Straub. Each, 35c.; per dozen, \$3.60.
Crown of Gold. By W. T. Giffa and F. M. Davis. Each, 35c.; per dozen, \$3.60.
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