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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1894.

[No. 15.]

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

WHEN we remember that it is only through God's mercy that we possess anything at all, it is only right that we should return thanks for his so many and bountiful gifts. We never think of taking a present from a friend without saying at least "thank you, very much," or something of the sort. Of course, we can hardly stop and offer up a prayer of thanksgiving to God for every gift of his; for, if we did this we should be praying all day. This would indeed be "praying without ceasing," but God does not mean us to do this *outwardly* at any rate, though he likes us always to have that thankful spirit which recognizes him as the giver of all good gifts. It seems, however, that the least we can do is to offer up a few short words of thanks for the gift of those precious necessities of life, without which the body would not be able to exist. And in the same way we should return thanks for the gift of his holy Word, without which the life of the soul could not be kept alive; and this is far more important than the body. Even little children should always be taught to say a short grace before meals, and in our cut we see a well-brought-up little girl thanking her heavenly Father for the good gifts on the table.

THE MOLE AND HIS WAYS.

REV. J. G. WOOD, the celebrated author in natural history, delivered a lecture in Cooper Institute, New York, on the mole. He said in part:

If a man were placed in a damp, dark, subterranean prison he would not like it a bit, but would make the best of his way as quickly as he could to the air, the light, and the warmth of the upper world. Moles do not agree at all with human beings, but prefer coldness, moisture, and darkness. The mole is a burrower, and in the natural pursuit of his vocation—devouring the pupa of caterpillars, and also ground-worms—he is compelled to throw up those little hills. Farmers strongly object to them on this ground, because molehills look untidy. Then, they have a lurking prejudice that they also do damage to the crops, which is nonsense, because the mole is strictly insectivorous and carnivorous, and utterly disdains cereals or roots. He is really a benefactor, because he supplies the farmer with a top-dressing of unexhausted earth.

All burrowers must be cylindrical and pointed at the foremost end, and that is the shape of the mole. He is intermediate in size between a mouse and a rat; and his anatomy is highly interesting from the manner in which all the muscular power goes to the forearm, which does the burrowing, and the spade-like hands with the long claws. Anatomists at one time were greatly puzzled by what appeared to be a sixth finger, which would have been a terrible anomaly. Fortunately it was discovered to be not a finger, but a radial sesamoid, of which the human anatomy contains numerous instances—as, for example, the kneecap. It was for the purpose

of extending the forking power of the mole's hand. When an honest agriculturist comes to a bit of hard ground he first loosens it with a fork, and then shovels. The mole does exactly the same. When he opens his fingers as wide as he can he does the forking business; when he closes them compactly he shovels. I have seen at an agricultural fair a very smart digging

Then, by blowing away the fur, a small, black speck appears, which is the eye. But the best way is to put the mole in water, when the eye immediately appears, showing that he has the power of projecting the eye beyond the fur. The same proverbial wisdom that made the mole blind gives it credit for a sense of hearing singularly delicate; yet the fact is, that the ears are

ODD BOOKS.

In some countries, leaves of trees are still used for books. In Ceylon, the leaves of the talipot, a tree common on that island, are used for a similar purpose. The talipot tree belongs to the palm family. It grows to be about a hundred feet high, is straight, and has no real branches. When very old the tree blossoms, and dies after ripening its fruit. The tree blooms but once. The leaves used for books are cut by the natives before they spread open, and are of a pale brownish yellow, a color they retain for ages.

The characters are impressed upon the leaf, and are rubbed over with charcoal to make them show more plainly. The leaves are then strung together between covers of board or some less common material.

Early writers made use of linen or cotton fabrics, of skins, and even of scales of fishes, for writing. For a long period papyrus was used, the books being made in rolls about one and a half feet wide and sometimes fifty feet long. Papyrus was a flag, or bulrush, growing eight or ten feet high, found in the marshes of Egypt. From its inner pith the form of paper called papyrus was made. A most extraordinary papyrus was discovered at Memphis, supposed to be more than three thousand years old. It measured one hundred feet in length. It is a "funeral roll," and is preserved in the British Museum. Papyrus sheets were neatly joined, attached to a stick, and on it rolled up (whence we have our word "volume," from the Latin *volvere* (to roll). The titles were written on tags attached to the sticks, or inscribed on the outside of the rolls. The rolls were kept in round wooden boxes resembling the old-fashioned handboxes, and could easily be carried about.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called, from the place of its invention, *pergamona*, whence our word "parchment" is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

Books consisting of two or three leaves of lead, thinly covered with wax, on which they wrote with an iron pen or stylus, the leaves being joined by iron rings or by ribbons, were also used by the ancients.

When the first libraries were established in England, books were so rare and valuable that they were usually attached to the shelves by iron chains to prevent their being stolen.

A fashion of expensive binding prevailed a long time; and great skill was exhibited in bindings ornamented by embroidery and various styles of needlework. Queen Elizabeth carried about with her, suspended by a golden chain, a book called "The Golden Manual of Prayer," bound in gold. On one side was a representation of "the judgment of Solomon;" on the other side was the brazen serpent with the wounded Israel-



GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

machine; but upon examining it I found it to be only the mole's hands multiplied and set on wheels.

The mole has eyes but he does not use them very much. Shakespeare speaks repeatedly of the blind mole; but the sweet bard of Avon was incorrect. The mole is not blind, but his eyes are exceedingly small. If any person wants to find out for himself he must first find his mole, which is no joke; for they bite like fiends, and scratch with their forepaws like wild-cats.

not specially acute. The delicacy of hearing is due to the singular manner in which the earth carries wave sounds, a circumstance well known to hunters and military men. The sense of smell is the pre-eminent quality in this creature, and is that upon which he depends chiefly to secure food. Moles are fierce to the last degree, and extremely quarrelsome. Whenever two moles of similar sex meet they will fight; and the vanquished is always destroyed by the victor.

ites looking at it. In the jewel house of the Tower of London is a book bound in gold and enamel, clasped with a ruby. On one side is a cross of diamonds, with other diamonds around it; on the other, a flower-de-luce in diamonds, and the arms of England. The book is enriched with small rubies and emeralds.—*St. Nicholas*.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1894.

A LAD WHO LIVED LONG AGO.

BY REV. W. F. ORAFTS.

HUNDREDS of years ago, a boy lived near the shores of a lake which had many cities around it, and many boats on its waters.

One day he saw a great crowd of people following a kind-looking man towards the shore of the lake, and when he asked about it one of the crowd said that the man they were following could talk wonderfully, and do things that nobody ever saw done before. The boy had a basket in his hand with four or five loaves of bread and two or three little fishes in it. I think he had been selling bread and fish from his basket until now it was almost empty. He hurried on with the crowd to see this wonderful man, never thinking that he would notice such a little boy as he was in such a great crowd. It was in the morning, and the people had left their beds very early, on purpose to hear and see this man. Before he could eat breakfast, they crowded around this loving teacher. He was also a wonderful physician and would sometimes pause in his teaching to heal people whom no other doctors could cure. He had so many questions to answer and so many people to cure, that he could not stop long to eat or rest. He loved others so much better than his own comfort, that some selfish people called him "crazy," but of course he was not.

At length this weary teacher got into a boat to go across the lake and rest, but the people ran around the shore so fast that they reached the other side first. The teacher was very tired, but he saw how anxious the people were to know about God and truth, and he taught them again until it was almost night. Then he saw that the people were getting hungry, for they had forgotten to bring anything to eat. He was kind to their bodies as well as to their souls, and so he said to his friends (he had twelve men always with him who were his dearest friends), "Where can we buy bread for the people?" There were five thousand people in the crowd, besides women and children. And one of the teacher's friends named Philip reckoned up and said, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread would be only enough for each one to have a little." Two hundred pennies in that country were a great deal of money. A penny was all a man got for working all day, so that it would cost as much to feed the people as a man could earn in two hundred days.

Another friend, named Andrew, looked around to see if he could find any food, and he couldn't find any except what was in the little boy's basket, so he came back feeling very much discouraged and said, "There is no food here, except that a boy has five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many people?" The loaves were round, like cookies, and as thin, but as wide as my two hands—ten inches in diameter.

Now, do you think that would be enough to feed that great crowd of hungry people? It was. Every one in that great crowd had all he wanted, and there was enough left when they got through for every one of the teacher's twelve friends to have a large basketful.

Now, how could that be? Do you want me to tell you how such a strange thing happened? Well, the teacher said to Andrew, "Bring the boy and his basket to me." Then he put his hand on the bread and fishes in the basket and prayed, and gave the bread and fishes to his friends to give to the people; and the five loaves and two fishes, as he touched them, kept increasing until they were perhaps five thousand loaves and a great many fishes—enough for everybody. Now you can answer some questions in whispers. Could I touch five loaves and make them suddenly change into five thousand? Could anybody but God and God's Son do it?

Who was the teacher I have been talking about? Now tell me who gave manna to the Jews? (God.) Who gives us our daily bread? How does he give it?

Seed, Shoot, Stalk, Corn,
Mill, Oven, Bread.

How did God's Son give men bread? By touching the loaves and making them more. Then God's Son is just as mighty as his Father in heaven.

Who helped Jesus feed the people? His apostles and the lad. Isn't it strange that Jesus should notice that little boy, and take him to help him?

What did Jesus say to Andrew about the lad and his basket? "Bring them hither to me." So the little lad was "one to help Jesus." How many of you want to be helpers for Jesus? Well, what can you bring to him? Words, money, prayers, hands, feet, hearts. These are your loaves and fishes. Were the five loaves and two fishes enough to feed the people? Not until Jesus touched them. Do you think your little words and pennies and prayers and hands and feet could do any good in the world if Jesus touched them?

I could tell you how a little girl's question, "Does you love God?" led a man to Jesus; how a little girl's penny bought a tract that made a man a Christian; and how a little boy's prayer made his father give up drinking and become a good man.

Now, how can we bring our "loaves" to Jesus for him to bless them? Think! Can we see Jesus? How do we come to him? By praying. Then let us bring all our loaves to Jesus in prayer every day.

Jesus gave the bread to his disciples, and said, as he pointed to the people sitting on the grass in little groups, "Give ye them to eat."

In England, many years ago, the poor came once a week to the rich for food, and the rich man's wife stood in the door and gave the bread, and so the word "lady" means "loaf-giver." Now I want every little lady here and every lad to be God's loaf-givers.

The Bible is God's basket of heavenly bread to feed the souls of men in the whole world, and every verse is a loaf. On some round paper loaves I have put a verse of the Bible to make them God's loaves: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." I'll give each of you some of God's loaves to give to other people.

THE BAD BARGAIN.

If your father should see you just ready to make a very foolish trade—giving away what is worth more than ten thousand dollars for what is not worth ten cents—it would be kind in him to warn you against doing so silly a thing. It would be cruel in him not to cry out, "Stop, and think what you are doing. What shall it profit you? What real gain shall it be to get ten cents, if to get it you must lose ten thousand dollars? Everybody would call you a fool, if to get

so little you should give so much." Tell me, then, is it not very kind in your Father in heaven, when he sees you about to make a far more foolish bargain than that, to cry out, "Stop! stop and think, what shall it profit a man or a boy to gain the whole world, if to get it he must lose his own soul.

The soul is worth more than a million of worlds. Yes, that soul of yours that can think great thoughts that reach further than the stars and run swifter than the lightning; that soul of yours that is the most wonderful of artists, since in an instant it can paint the big dome of the sky all over with pictures that are the likeness of what is in your own mind. That soul of yours that in a moment can see the difference between right and wrong, and can think, when tempted, "Thou, God seest me:" that soul of yours, which when the body dies is to live on forever; that soul, I say, is worth more than a million worlds. What gain, then, could it be to you or to anybody to lose such a soul, though this world were made of solid gold, and you might get it all? That is the simple sum in "Profit and Loss," which many a money-making is working out. Think how little of this world's wealth the richest of them can get; and then think for how short a time they can hold even that little. And yet for so small a part of this world, see how they fight like bulls and bears, as though money were all and the soul were nothing. What if, in the life to come, such men shall find themselves among the poorest of the poor, because they lived only to get gold, and left the soul to starve and perish?

But it might not be so sad a thing to make a bad bargain if, after we have made it, we might always have a chance to take it back. Christ, the only Saviour of men, offers freely to save us now; but he says nothing about giving us another chance to be saved in the life beyond. If we do not care to be saved now, we may not have the offer by-and-bye. And so it is of a lost soul that it is said, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" If once it is lost, how shall he ever buy it back? Now is the accepted, the chosen time: the time when you may accept Christ, and he is willing to accept you. Now is the day of salvation. This very day, if you will, you may be saved. But some of you may put it off till it is too late. What then would you not give to break a bad bargain, and to buy back a lost soul?

THE STORY OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

We have read of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, but how many know what came of it? The story of Pitcairn's Island, and how it was that there originated a small, a moral, a Bible-loving and a praying-offering community? What was the origin of its life? A band of desperadoes—nine men—landed there with nineteen men and women from Otaheite. Only two died natural deaths. One of them remained after the others had died. In his solitude he took up the Bible saved from the wreck. It was injured by the salt water and worn with time, but by the reading of that Bible John Adams came to a knowledge of Christ. And he taught the community around him the Word of the Lord; and the secret of the people on the island being free from vice, and of their devotion, morning, noon and night—the blessing asked before the meal, and the thanks returned after it—is found in the fact that this man read the Word of God—read it and believed it. When he was on his death-bed, his friends said to him, "How goes it now, John?" "Land ahead," he answered. Two or three days after, they said again, "How goes it now, John?" "Round the point of the harbour," was his reply. And on the day of his death the same question was put, "How goes it now, John?" He said, "Let go the anchor," and he fell asleep in Jesus. He had no human helpers, nothing but the Word of God; and the Word of God proved to him the power of God in originating in him a godly life. We should have more faith in the Word. By the Word alone, by the contents of it, by the simple truth of it, man may be brought into the fold of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Frost on the Window.

BY J. H. CHANT.

FEATHERY frost on the window pane,
Who placed you there? "I cannot explain."
Each little feather at once replied,
"But this I know, I'm the children's pride!"
As they think I fell from an angel's wing,
And coming to earth must rich blessings bring.

"I once formed part of a lovely bay,
The sun shone out and I turned to spray,
And rose aloft on the ambient air,
To the regions high, where all is rare,
Then I mingled with my old friends again,
Who were my neighbours in the haunts of men.

"On the blustering winds I rode along,
Sometimes hard tossed by the tempest strong,
And then at rest, as when in the bay,
Though much enlarged, the wise savant say,
But I cannot tell you how long my sleep;
With a chill I awoke and began to weep.

"And my ample form much smaller grew,
By the cold compressed to a drop of dew,
Then down I fell, swift as bounding deer,
And knew no more till I fell right here,
But how I became so like a feather,
Is a problem I can unravel never.

"But, oh, how the sun begins to burn;
I think I must to the clouds return;
Farewell, my boy, but you must not fret,
We meet again as we now have met,
If not as a feather, perhaps a tree,
Or whatever the Wise One may make of me.

Corbett, Ont.

AN UNDERVALUED SISTER.

A BOY of five or six years, according to a story in the *Chicago Herald*, was made happy by the arrival of a baby sister. He had been the only child in the family, and, being a good and obedient boy, had been humoured till he was, perhaps, in some danger of being spoiled. Before the new sister was many weeks old, however, Master Fred began to feel that his own position was sadly altered. The stranger had supplanted him. Father, mother and servants were all the time talking about the baby. There was no mistake; Fred was no longer king. The boy began to be unhappy, and just then he remembered a placard which his father had put up in a conspicuous point on the premises some months before: "Ashes to give away. Inquire within." Fred had taken great interest in this notice, and had inquired minutely into its meaning. He remembered now that very soon afterward a man called and carried away the ashes. He had been to the kindergarten and could speak and print, after a fashion. So with such helps and hints as he was able to get slyly from the servants, he managed to concoct the following sign, which his astonished father one day found posted in a sightly position as he came home to dinner:

A BaBy to give awAY.
INquire of FRED.

THE JEWS.

THE Jews, says a foreign correspondent, are much more numerous and wealthy today than ever before in the history of the world. In the days of the greatest prosperity and power of the Jewish kingdom under David and Solomon, they probably did not number, all told, more than five millions. Now they number considerably more than twice as many. In Asia, their original home, there are not more than half a million, settled in Syria, Persia, Arabia, India and China. Perhaps half a million more are to be found in Africa, chiefly in Morocco, the descendants of those Jews who, in the year of Columbus's discovery of America, were expelled from Spain. A considerable contingent is to be found in America. But the chief modern home of the Jews is Eastern and Central Europe, where they settled in the days of the crusaders. At one time the Kingdom of Poland contained nine-tenths of all the Jews in the world. Two years ago there were in the Russian Empire, chiefly in the Polish provinces, fully five million Jews. In the Polish provinces of Austria there are two millions, and in Germany 750,000. In the United States one million. *New York Sun*.

I'll Do What I Can.

"I'll do what I can," said a bright-eyed girl;
And she gathered a fresh bouquet
Of the sweetest buds and flowers, and placed
In the room where her sick mother lay;
And at night when the angel of sleep came
round
He tucked under Mary's head a pillow of down.

"I'll do what I can," said a thoughtful boy,
And he brought out the rake and hoe;
Cleaned out the potatoes, the beets, and the
peas,
And the onions row by row;
And the showers came on, and the bright
warm sun,
And finished the work which the boy had
begun.

"I'll do what I can," said a wayside flower,
"I'm a tiny thing, to be sure;
But my cup is as deep as some others I know,
And the dew that I hold is pure.
So I'll catch what I can for the bee that comes
nigh,
And scent the rough gale as it passes me by."

"I'll do what I can," the streamlet said,
"As it ran on its pebbly side;
I'll scatter life on every side,
And bring up the flow'ret gay.
I'll sing to the mountain, the meadow, the
vale,
Give drink to the thirsty, and strength to the
frail."

"I'll do what I can," said a big bumble-bee,
As he viewed his bountiful store,
Which was stored in the trunk of a large
apple tree.
"I'll work all I can, and more—
I'll sting every boy that comes under this tree
To steal the nice fruit from my owner and me."

So they did what they could, each one in its
way,
And the world was the happier by it,
And if any of you, dearest children, doubt
What I say, I ask you to try it;
And you'll find that through life 'tis an excel-
lent plan,
In every condition to do what you can.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XV.—AN HOUR TOO SOON.

It was a constant marvel to Euclid how Victoria grew stronger and brighter. Presently her pallid cheeks gained a faint tinge of red, and looked fuller and rounder; her eyes were happier, and her step less languid. She had no long, solitary hours now. Even when she was alone in her room, she could call Mrs. Linnett or Bess to her at any moment. Unknown to Euclid, Mr. Dudley provided more nourishing food for her than she had ever had in her life; and she was thriving upon it, as well as upon Mrs. Linnett's motherly care. It was like a new life to Victoria.

She learned to read and write with astonishing rapidity, leaving Bess far behind, and filling Euclid's old heart with fatherly pride in her. He could not keep himself from boasting of his daughter's learning to the saleswomen from whom he bought his cresses. His purchases in the market were of more importance now, as he had to keep the shop supplied with fresh fruit and vegetables; and, as Mrs. Linnett reckoned his services as worth a shilling a week to her, he felt well paid for his trouble. "The winter's woe was past" in very truth. He had lost his hoarded savings, and would never get them back; but what were they to Victoria's returning health, and the sight of her dear face as it greeted him evening after evening, looking out for him to come home, over the lower half of Mrs. Linnett's shop-door?

The only sorrow that sat by their fireside was the thought of David in prison. Bess was always talking of him, and of the day when he would be discharged. They counted the days till that would come. Old Euclid knew it as well as Bess; and Mr. Dudley pondered over the matter as much as they did. What was to be done with David when he came out of prison? How could the grievous wrong that had been done to him be set right? Could it ever be set right in this world?

"Davy'll be out next week," said Bess one evening; when they were all gathered round Mrs. Linnett's fire. Bess was sorely troubled. She could never forsake David; that was impossible. But would Euclid and Victoria and Mrs. Linnett be willing to let her go away with him in his disgrace, and lose sight of her forevermore? She knew too well into what a gulf of misery and degradation she must fall

with David, and a strange horror crept over her as she thought of it; but none the less was she ready to go away with him from this pleasant and sure shelter, rather than be guilty of deserting him in his dire distress. No, never could she forsake Davy!

"There's a verse you read last night, Mrs. Linnett," said old Euclid, "as has been runnin' in my head all day. I've not got the words quite true, I know, ma'am; but it's somethink like this: 'God doesn't want one of these little young ones to be lost.' Somethink o' that sort it is."

"Ay, I know," answered Mrs. Linnett. "It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Jesus Christ said it: it's his words."

"It's like him," said Euclid with a smile on his gray face. "It seems as if he was always a sayin' somethink beautiful. And just afore that there was somethink about a sheep going astray, and gettin' lost on the mountains, and how he'd rejoice over it when it was found again; and then he says it's the same with the little ones: they shan't perish either. Poor Davy! he's gone astray; and he's no more than a young lamb as doesn't know the right way. What are we to do to set him right again, so he shouldn't perish? If it's God's will, it must be done, I reckon."

"Where should Davy go but here?" asked Mrs. Linnett, in a hearty, cheery voice, which made the downcast heart of poor Bess leap for joy. "If you and he 'ud sleep together in my bed, Bess shall have the closet, and I'll sleep with Victoria. We shall shake down somehow. And Captain Upjohn, my old shipmate, says he'll take him to Sweden, and he'll be away six weeks or more, and his hair'll be grown, and he'll look all right when he gets back. Maybe he'll take to a seafaring life, and that he'll get on well, I know."

"Oh, if mother only knew!" cried Bess.

The day before David's release from jail was a great day in Mrs. Linnett's little house. Bess scrubbed every floor, and rubbed every article of furniture, as if they could not be bright enough to give David a welcome. All the while she was thinking of the many things she would have to tell him,—of Roger's theft, and Blackett's hatred; and of Mr. Dudley and Mrs. Linnett, and this new happy home in which she found herself. Mrs. Linnett, who dearly loved a little festival, was making wonderful preparations for a dinner far beyond a common meal to-morrow; and Victoria was helping her to wash currants and stone raisins for a pudding. None of them spoke much of the coming event, though their hearts were full of it; for, lying beneath the gladness, there ran a strong under-current of grief for the past, and of vague dread of the future.

"I wish Jesus Christ was only here now!" cried Bess, flinging her arms round Mrs. Linnett's neck, and sobbing on her shoulder. "I'd go and tell him every word about Davy, and ask him if he thought him bad enough to be sent to jail. If he was livin' anywhere in London, I'd crawl to him on my hands and knees, if I couldn't walk, and tell him all about it."

"He knows all about it, Bess," answered Mrs. Linnett, "and he'll make it up to him in some way. Only I wonder, I do wonder, as Christian folks can let it be! If the Queen 'ud only think about it, or the grand Lords and the Commons, as the newspapers speak about, they'd never let it be, I know. They'd find some other way to punish children. But we'll try and make Davy forget it when he comes home."

Mr. Dudley had found out the usual hour for the discharge of prisoners, and it was settled that Euclid and Bess should be waiting for him when the outer door of the jail was opened. Bess was awake long before it was time to get up in the morning. It was an April day, six full calendar months since David had left home in the autumn to go begging for his mother. Euclid had time to make his early round, and sell his cresses for the workmen's breakfast; and he had resolved to make the rest of the day a holiday. Bess met him as he had just finished his sales, and then they turned their steps in the direction of the city prison. They were both happier and gayer than they had been since David went away; but Bess was especially glad. For, after all, in spite of the sorrow which cast so deep a shadow over her life, still David was coming back to her, and he was her own. He belonged to her, and she belonged to him. And Davy had always been so good to her.

They reached the prison a few minutes before the appointed hour, and paced up and down under its gloomy walls, blackened with dust and smoke, and towering high above the bent old man and half-grown girl who trod half timidly under their shadow. The heavy gates were shut close, and no sound was to be heard beyond them. The porter's closely-barred window and thick door seemed to forbid them to knock there and make any inquiry; but they had none to make.

They continued to pace to and fro patiently, with the meek and quiet patience of most of the honest and decent poor, not expecting any notice to be taken of them, or wishing to give any trouble. To and fro, to and fro, until the nearest church-clock, and the jail-clock within the walls, struck an hour behind the time, and still the prisoners were not set free. Again the weary footsteps trod beneath the gloomy shadows, and both Euclid and Bess fell into an almost unbroken and anxious silence. How was it that David was still kept in prison?

At length the door of the porter's lodge was opened; and a warder came out, having it instantly and jealously closed after him. Old Euclid summoned courage enough to address him.

"Sir," he said respectfully, "is there anything gone wrong inside the jail?"

"Why do you want to know?" inquired the warder, with a sharp glance at them both.

"What are you hanging about here for?" "We are waiting for this lassie's brother,—David Fell," he answered; whilst Bessie gazed up eagerly, yet timidly, into the warder's face. "His time's up to-day, and we've been looking for him to take him home with us."

"Why, the prisoners have been gone this two hours," replied the warder. "We let them out an hour earlier than usual; for we've some great visitors coming to see the jail, and we wanted to get on with business. They didn't make any objections, not one of 'em, I can tell you. You make haste home, and you'll find him there."

But Euclid and Bess knew that they could not find David at Mrs. Linnett's, and they retraced their homeward path sadly and heavily. If he had thought of going to any home, it must be to that old, unhappy place, where his mother had died the day after his second conviction; and thither neither Euclid nor Bess dared go, for fear of Blackett. It was six weeks since they had secretly quitted it, and not a soul among their old neighbours knew where they had found a new roof to shelter them. They had trusted no one with that precious secret.

Yet Bess could not bear the thought of losing David. They must not lose him. Alas! they guessed too well where he must be. But how could they get to him, and let him know what friends and what a home were waiting to welcome him?

The feast was ready by the time they reached home; but none of them had a heart for it. Mrs. Linnett, however, took a cheerful view of the misfortune, and assured them Mr. Dudley would know how to find David without bringing any danger to Euclid. Mr. Dudley looked in during the evening, and, upon hearing the news, started off at once in search of David. He was almost as anxious to find the lad, and take him home, as Bess herself could have been.

David had been at the old house: that was quickly and easily learned. He had knocked at two doors, and been driven away from them both as a thief and a jail-bird; but nobody could tell where he had gone to. At last Mr. Dudley made an inquiry at Blackett's own door; but all he could learn was, that Blackett himself had left his old lodgings for good that very day, and had taken care not to leave his address.

(To be continued.)

A GLANCE AT CHINA.

"AN inn on a main road in a large village on a market-day is reached. You have your animals to feed in the court, and you enter the best guest-room. The door is closed. Soon voices are heard outside. The miniature menagerie, the living orang-outang, is inside. The door is pushed open, and the gazers gaze. One man, braver than the rest, enters. Another man enters, and another, and another, until alas! your room is filled. You decide to forbear. You will show yourself friendly. Now the show begins. One man, the tiger-trainer, feels you shoes, and makes a suggestion. Another man, the snake-charmer, lifts up your coat, and investigates the close-fitting under apparel, a strange phenomenon to a Chinaman. A third takes off your hat and looks for a tail. The exhibition is now interesting. Conversation is brisk. The specimen,—ah! strange to say,—it too can talk. They now praise your language. They ply you with questions. They seem about as ignorant of Europe as some Europeans seem of China. 'Does your country have any sun?' 'Is Jesus your king there?' 'Is England as large as this province?' 'Did opium come from there?' 'Do you till the soil?' 'Do you have rice?' The circus now begins to close. The spectators move. One leaves, all leave, and you now finish your meal."

BE THOROUGH.

"I NEVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary said the other day. She had just been competing for a prize. "I only read my essay once after I wrote it," she said.

She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and rewrote her article, and then corrected it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and the other forgot that "Genius is an immense capacity for taking pains." One by patient, persistent effort obtained what the other relied upon her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you learn a lesson, or take a message, or dust a room, or read a book, do it thoroughly. Have a high standard for everything. Not alone because only thus can you win honour and distinction; but because this is the only honest, right, Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before him we must be thorough!

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

VARIETY.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on variety in conducting the exercises of the League. In singing let the boys sing the stanza and the girls join them in the chorus, and vice-versa; try this for two stanzas, and on the third stanza ask all to sing.

Apply this method also in reciting the Beatitudes and Commandments. It is better to sing three hymns, two stanzas of each, for opening the League, than one hymn of five or six stanzas. Try reciting by rows. Constantly vary your way of doing things; avoid humdrum, ratty, and monotonous ways.

Enlist the boys and girls in the work as much as possible. Let "Russell" and "Sammie" distribute the singing books; "Charlie, will you erase the blackboard?" "Ruth, you take up the collection to-day;" "Fred, die, get two more chairs and seat those strangers." If you make the little people feel that they are necessary and helpful you have got them fastened to the League.

ANOTHER METHOD.

Write or print on medium-sized cards the abbreviations of the Bible books, Genesis, Leviticus, Matthew, Daniel, etc. Put them into a box and let each member of the League draw one out. If there are more than sixty-six in the League, then girls first, afterwards boys. After all have drawn, call for the full name of the book, the pupil answering, "J-n-o—John," "I-s-a—Isaiah." If any cannot answer submit it to the League. The exercise will be made still more effective by requiring the pupil to name the division of the Bible to which the book belongs, as, "E-p-h—Ephesians, Pauline Epistles," "D-a-n—Daniel, Minor Prophets.

A LESSON IN CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

How many will try and attend church next Sunday? Hands up! Exod. 20. 8. Sit with your parents or friends. Our behaviour. Hab. 2. 20.

How many will try and bring a new Junior next week? Hands up! John 1. 41, 42.

Do not put on wraps or rubbers during the singing of the doxology. Remain silent for a moment after the benediction. 1 Cor. 14. 40.

Do not sit at the end of the pew nearest the aisle, blocking the way of admission to others. Always rise to admit others, if you prefer the end sitting. Offer your Bible and hymn-book to strangers. 1 Peter 3. 8.

Take part reverently, thoughtfully, and prayerfully in all the services. Psa. 22. 22.

TEN SUPPLEMENTAL LESSONS AND HINTS.

1. Commit choice hymns to memory.
2. Always kneel during prayer; pray for the children, their parents, homes, school, church, and associates.
3. Give an occasional talk on Christian ethics.
4. Do not let the meeting last more than one hour, unless for very special reasons.
5. Always be cheerful; bid the League "Good afternoon" just at dismissal, to which they will respond, "Good afternoon."
6. Memorize Psalms 1, 23, and 100.
7. Occasionally use a Responsive Service, for example, one of those in the Epworth Hymnal, for opening or closing.
8. Organize a League choir. Practise new pieces. Often the superintendent will be glad to have the choir lead the Sunday-school music.
9. Give an occasional lesson in musical notation.
10. Chant the Gloria Patri and Lord's Prayer.



JOSEPH IN EGYPT INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM—GEN. 41, 25-31.

The Best Drinking Place.

BY MARY L. WYATT.

On a pleasant day in the early fall,
A stranger rode into the town,
And stopping his horse in the public square,
Glanced this way and that with a frown,
For the place that he sought he could not
find
(Saloons had been banished that year);
So he called to a lad who passed that way,
And said to him: "Sonny, come here;
"Here's a nickel for you to show the way
To the best drinking-place you know."
"All right!" he answered—a quick-witted
youth;
"Just turn up the street, sir, and go
Till you come to another upon your right;
Then turn into that, and keep on
Till you come to another; turn right again,
And you'll see it quite plainly," said John.

So, thanking the lad, the stranger rode off,
And John gave a hop, skip, and jump,
For back came the stranger within a trice,
Brought up—at the old town pump!
"Here you are, sir," said John, with a smile,
"The best 'drinking-place' to be found.
Take a drink, sir, it's free, and you're wel-
come too;
It's good for your health, I'll be bound!"

He took the glass in a good-natured way,
And drank of the water clear,
Then said: "'Tis an excellent drink, I'm
sure,
The best I've had for a year."
So saying, he tossed the lad a coin,
"The lesson is worth that to me;
Keep on playing your temperance joke,
'Twill make the world better," said he.

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.****OLD TESTAMENT TEACHING.**B.C. 1715.] **LESSON IV.** [April 22.]**JOSEPH RULER IN EGYPT.**

Gen. 41, 38-48. Memory verses, 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.Them that honour me I will honour.—
1 Sam. 2. 30.**OUTLINE.**

1. King Pharaoh, v. 38-44.
2. Prince Joseph, v. 45-48.

TIME.B.C. 1715, thirteen years since the events of
last lesson.**PLACE.**

At Pharaoh's capital, in Egypt.

RULER.Pharaoh, one of the dynasty of the "Shepherd
Kings.**CONNECTING LINKS.**

1. Joseph in Potiphar's house (Gen. 39. 1-6).
2. Joseph cast into prison (Gen. 39. 7-29).
3. The dreams of the butler and the baker in
prison, and their fulfilment (Gen. 40. 1-23.)

4. Pharaoh's dream two years afterward
(Gen. 41. 1-13). 5. Joseph's interpretation
(Gen. 41. 14-37).

EXPLANATIONS.

"Man in whom the Spirit of God is"—One
divinely endowed to unfold such a plan and
to execute it. "Only in the throne"—He
thus makes Joseph the second ruler of the
absolute monarchy. "Took off his ring"—
The signet ring was the special symbol of
office or authority. "Vestures of fine linen"
—The peculiar dress of the Egyptian priests.
"I am Pharaoh"—He pledges his royal word,
and takes oath by his name, as the represen-
tative of the gods, that Joseph should be sup-
reme. "Went throughout the land of
Egypt"—Supervising the collection of the
royal dues. "By handfuls"—Not literally.
The expression signifies the wonderful fer-
tility of the earth in those years.

HOME READINGS.

M. Joseph ruler in Egypt.—Gen. 41. 38-48.
Tu. Pharaoh's dream.—Gen. 41. 1-13.
W. Joseph called.—Gen. 41. 14-24.
Th. The interpretation.—Gen. 41. 25-37.
F. God with him.—Acts 7. 9-16.
S. The Lord lifteth up.—1 Sam. 2. 6-10.
Su. The way of the righteous.—Psalm 1.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That true wisdom comes from God?
2. That prosperity is God's gift?
3. That we should be diligent in business?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What service did Joseph render to
Pharaoh, the King of Egypt? "He inter-
preted his dreams." 2. What did he foretell?
"A seven years' famine in Egypt." 3. What
did Pharaoh do to Joseph? "He made him
ruler over the land." 4. How did Joseph use
his power? "In preparing for the famine."
5. What did Joseph do, when the years of
famine came? "He supplied food to the
people." 6. What promise has God given us
all? Golden Text: "Them that honour," &c.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's indwelling
spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What commission did Christ give to his
apostles before his ascension into heaven?
He said unto them: "Go ye, therefore, and
make disciples of all the nations, baptizing
them in the name of the Father and of the
Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them
to observe all things whatsoever I commanded
you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto
the end of the world."—Matt. 28. 19, 20.

BOATING AND SELLING.

WHAT IS more enjoyable on a pleasant,
warm day than a sail upon the river or a trip
by steamer along the shore? The blue sky
above, the sparkling water below, and the
neat, trim little craft making its way along
a well-known path under the guidance of
the skilful captain, and a happy conscious-
ness that all things are as they should be,
and you have nothing to do but give your-
self up to the pleasure of the hour.

In China sailing cannot be said to be an

unalloyed pleasure, for mat-
ters move on very slowly
there, boats included, and
if the steamer chances to
reach a sandbar at low tide
she must wait for high tide
to carry her over, with the
possibility even then of get-
ting stuck and having to wait
for the next high tide. Or
perhaps, in a trip up the river,
the steamer in making the
short and sudden turns in its
winding course, runs into
the bank, and must be dragged
off, only to make a plunge
into the mud on the other
side.

A very common way of tak-
ing a journey by water is in
little houseboats, and this is
the manner in which the
missionaries frequently go on
their long tours. A tiny
house with no doors, no
chimneys, only one or two
small windows, standing on
the deck of a long, narrow
flatboat.

It is so low that sitting or
lying down is the most com-
fortable position, and in these
small quarters, made as com-
fortable as possible by blank-
ets for lounges and pillows, a
week or more must be spent
in making a trip of one hun-
dred miles.

Everything in the way of bedding, cook-
ing utensils, candles, and toilet arrange-
ments must be provided, and some food,
though much can be bought at the little
towns and villages along the riverside.

The "buy-and-sell-men," as the mer-
chants of small wares are called, gather on
the banks when the boats stop, and offer
their wares for sale. These are such deli-
cacies as peanuts, watermelon seeds, small
fruits and twisted fried cakes, baked bis-
cuits, dumplings filled with chopped meat
and garlic, and huge sweet potatoes, all
steaming hot over their tiny stoves, and
carried in great baskets suspended from
poles.

Curious crowds are sure to gather when
the boats stop, and on Sundays the mis-
sionaries have opportunities for talking
with the people and sowing good seed, for
they always anchor in some secure place on
Saturday night, and do not continue their
journey till Monday morning.

Not a very enjoyable trip we might con-
sider it, but they tell us it is the easiest
and by far the most comfortable way in
China.—*Well Spring.*

THE HEAD NURSE.

JOHN PROCTOR was a grand boy. He had
a sister younger than himself, and there
were also two little brothers; but John was
his mother's pride and his father's joy.
Very early had John's father to leave home
for his work, and very late was he before
he could return to his home, and what
mother would have done had it not been
for her John she could not tell. The other
boys in the same standard at school often
"twitted" John, and told him he was "tied
to his mother's apron strings;" but John
told them he might be tied to a much worse
place than that.

Poor Mrs. Proctor had been ill of fever;
long after she should have taken to her bed,
she toiled wearily on, the fever increasing,
and each night becoming worse, until at
length she had no strength to rise. The
doctor lived four miles away, and there
were no kind and skilful nurses in the
village. John became very very anxious
about his mother, and, boy though he was,
he was his mother's head nurse. During
the long days when the father was away
from home, John never left his mother.
These were terrible days of suspense; but
by-and-bye the fever left the mother, and
she began to show signs of getting better;
but for many days poor mother could not
walk. When she was gaining her strength
a little she put on her dress, and sank,
almost fainting, in the arm-chair by the bed-
side. John was soon upstairs with a basin
of gruel which he had prepared all by him-
self, and as he brought it, he said: "Mother,
I am so glad you are able to sit up again,
if only for a little while. A few days ago I
was so anxious about you and feared you



A LESSON IN FAITH.

would not get better; and when you were
so ill and asked me who I was, I almost
lost heart; but I prayed that Jesus would
spare your life." Mrs. Proctor, with her
sweet, soft, gentle voice, said: "John, God
has not only answered your prayer, but he
has helped you to be so good and kind to
me. I do not think I ever should have
pulled through these weary weeks but for
your loving care. It is now ten years ago
since John was "head nurse," and he has
become a noble man.

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