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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1894.

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[No. 22.]

Little Pilgrims To Zion.

WHEN from Egypt's house of bondage
Israel marched—a mighty band,
Little children numbered with them,
Journeyed to the promised land;
Little children
Trode the desert's trackless sand.

Little children crossed the Jordan,
Landed on fair Canaan's shore,
'Neath the sheltering vine they rested,
Homeless wanderers now no more.
Little children
Sang sweet praise for perils o'er.

Saviour, like those Hebrew children,
Youthful pilgrims we would be.

From the chains of
sin and Satan,
Thou hast died to
set us free.
We would tra-
verse
All the wilderness
to thee.

Guide our feeble, trar-
ing foot-steps,
Shade us from the
heat of day;
Be our light from sha-
dowly nightfall
Till the darkness
pass away.
Jesus, guard us
From the dangers
of the way!

When we reach the
cold, dark river,
Bid us tremble not,
nor fear;
Be thou with us in
the waters,
We are safe if thou
art near.
Through the
billows
Let thy guiding
light appear.

Then, our pilgrim
journey ended,
All thy glory we
shall see,
Dwell with saints and
holy angels.
Rest beneath life's
beating tree;
Happy chil-
dren,
Praising, blessing,
loving thee.

THE EXODUS FROM EGYPT.

WHAT a pleasure it is after a long journey to find oneself at home! If that journey has taken us to foreign lands where we have spent weeks or months in strange cities, hearing everywhere around us an unfamiliar language, the return home will be doubly sweet. But how much more intense must have been the joy of a people who for four hundred and thirty years lived in a strange land where they served the inhabitants as slaves, to learn that their long term of bondage was ended and they might return home to their beloved Canaan, a free people. We can scarcely imagine the thrill of gladness and thanksgiving that must have been felt by every Israelite, when Moses reported the words of the stern, hard Pharaoh, who in his terror at the death of the first-born in every house of the Egyptians, said "Rise up and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel, and go serve the Lord as ye have said. Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone."

Then the Israelites, in their haste, "Took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading-troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders." They numbered six hundred thousand men, beside the large number of children, with their "flocks, and herds, and very much cattle. This must have seemed a wonderfully happy day to the boys and girls. How they must have questioned their fathers and mothers about the land to which they were going, and their eyes must have opened wide when they reached the sea, as they wondered how they should get across! In the above picture we see this great company of pilgrims starting out

are wide open, the mills of destruction are grinding health, honour, happiness, hope, out of thousands of lives.

The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundredfold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses make us start back with horror. All night tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would

HOW SHE FOUND OUT.

"I don't believe in her; that's all about it," said one tall schoolgirl to the other, as they watched one of the governesses cross the dining hall and enter a study door.

"What do you mean?" asked her friend "Oh, you know well enough, Emily Morton!" was the quick reply. "I don't trust her, I don't believe she's true to her word or to her friends, I have not a scrap of confidence in anything she says or does. What's the matter?" as Emily Morton's face suddenly lightened and a bright flash came into her great brown eyes, and her full lips parted as though to speak

"I've found it all out. Oh, I am so glad!"

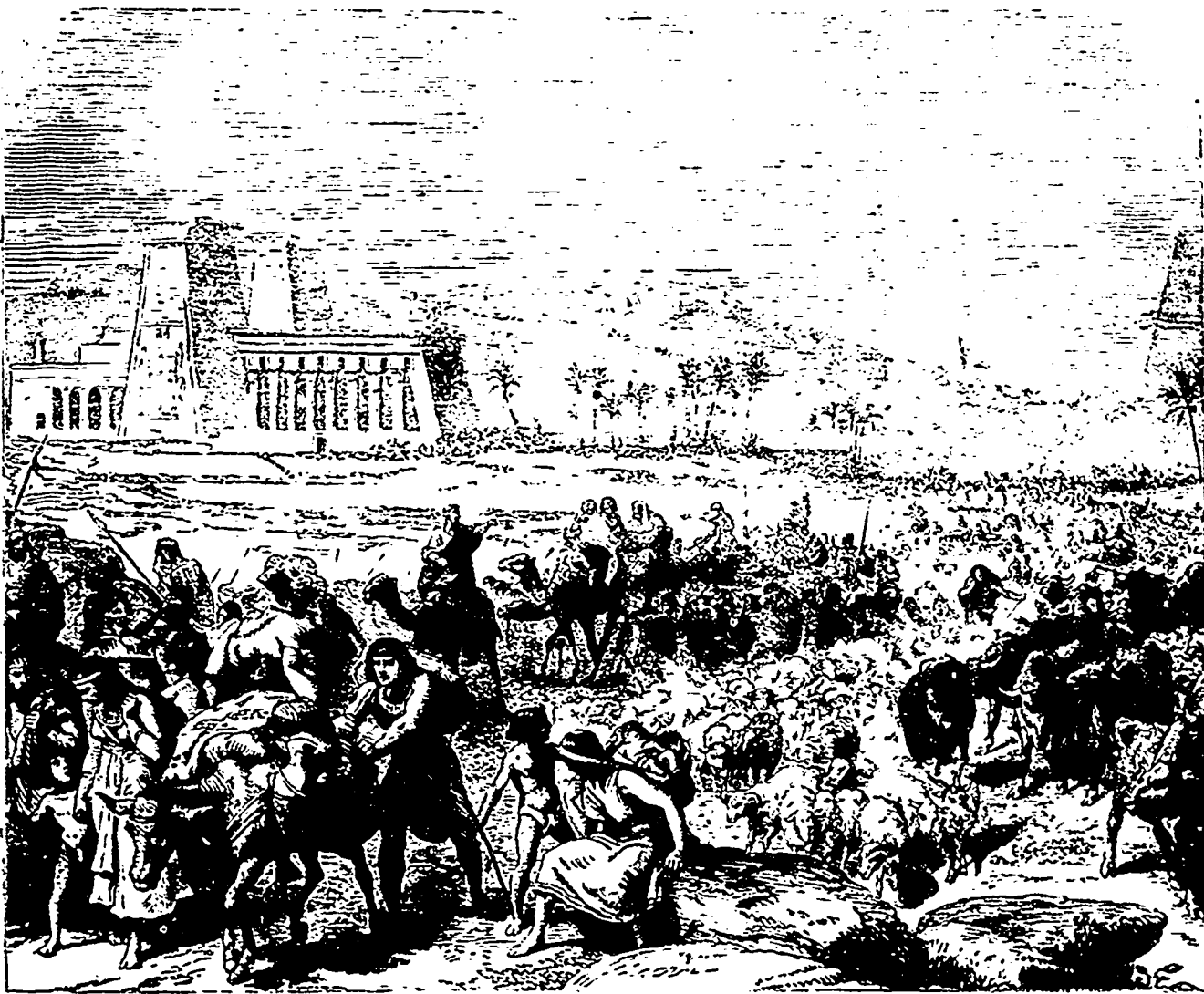
"Found what out?"

But Emily Morton had dashed away, leaving her friend, half perplexed, half opened. Upstairs she ran and peeped into the little room that she shared with Bella Seymour; but Bella was out, and Emily could lock her door and have a quiet think. Hear what she says to herself "I know now what believing in Jesus means. It means to trust in him; to believe he is true to his promise and his friends; to put all my confidence in what he has done and said. Why, how simple it is! and how foolish I have been! I have been puzzling over it so long so long! Then Emily buried her face in her hands, and knelt down to tell the Lord Jesus how thankful she was that Minnie Jackson's chance words about the new teacher had gone right home to her heart, clearing away all her doubts and difficulties, and showing her just what "believing" in him meant.

I wonder if any young reader has

been puzzling over Emily Morton's question. "What is it to believe in Jesus?" You can understand what believing in your mother, your friend, your teacher, means. Now just apply that power of believing in them to believing in Jesus. He never breaks a promise, never deserts, nor forsakes any who trust in him. He is worthy of all your heart's trust, your soul's confidence. He is the most precious and perfect friend anyone can have, and all that he has done is perfect, and all that he says is true. Can you not trust him? Only trust him.

—A little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child, why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way there he won't stay long, I was thinking."



THE EXODUS FROM EGYPT.

from Egypt, leaving the queer buildings and the gigantic pyramids, which their people had helped to build, far behind.

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

ONE night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of a night keeps the day empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More crime and sin is committed in one night than all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay coloured transparencies are ablaze with attractions, the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated, music sends forth its enchantments; the gay company begins to gather to the haunts and houses of sinful pleasure, the gambling places are ablaze with palatial splendour; the theatres

be: "Watchman, what of the night? Policeman, pacing the beat, what of the night? What are young men of this city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do they come out? Policemen, would the night life of young men commend them to their employers? Would it be to their credit?"

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning papers the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business, some would not return home at night, some would leave the city, some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All-seeing eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.

Turn It Down, Boys!

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

If urged to lift the glass that tempts,
In city grand or humble town,
Be he that tempts the king or czar.
Quick, turn your glass, and set it down!

If those that ask you vex and tease,
Perhaps condemn you with a frown,
Be firm—mind not the laugh and sneer—
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If health you crave and strength of arm,
Would keep your hardy hue of brown,
Nor have the scarlet flush of sin,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If in your trouble others say,
"In sea of drink your sorrows drown,"
Look out, lest drowned the drinker be!
Quick, turn your glass, and set it down!

Cold water, boys! Hurrah, hurrah,
Will help to health, wealth, and renown,
If urged to give these treasures up,
Quick! turn your glass and set it down!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1894.

GOD WANTS CLEAN HEARTS, AS WELL AS CLEAN HANDS.

BY THE REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

(Mark 7: 1-23.)

WHEN Jesus was living with men on the earth, there were many people who had so little understanding of religion, that they thought it was more important to have clean hands than clean hearts.

These men washed their hands before each meal, which was very proper; and they washed their pots and cups and brazen vessels and platters very many times, which was all right; only they made the mistake of thinking that this would take the place of having their hearts washed from sin. God had taught these Jews that it was their duty to cleanse their bodies and also to cleanse their hearts, and they forgot the most important part about the heart cleansing. Jesus said to them: "From within, out of the heart of men, evil thoughts proceed."

Mothers sometimes wash out the mouths of their children with soap-suds, when they have been saying vulgar or profane or lying words; but the mouth isn't so much to blame as the heart, for a child always thinks a bad thing in his heart before he speaks it with his mouth. Mother can't reach down the throat and wash the bad thoughts out of your heart, and so you must ask God to do that.

Now I want to tell you a story about a boy who made the same kind of a mistake as those old Jews, about being clean.

"I say, Harry, what has made you take this wonderfully clean fit all of a sudden?" asked John Shelford of his little brother, who was drying his hands after a vigorous

pumping. "This is the seventh time I have seen you go to the pump and wash your hands to-day."

"Because I want to be strong," replied Harry.

"Well, but washing your hands won't make you strong."

"Yes, it will. The Bible says so."

"I don't believe it does," said John.

"I'm sure it does, though," returned Harry, positively. "Papa read it at prayers this morning: 'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger;' and Harry waved his arms in the air, and went through sundry gymnastic exercises, as if to see whether his numerous washings during the day had increased his strength.

"Well, you don't suppose that means really clean hands! You are a silly boy. You have had all your trouble for nothing."

"No, I haven't! I'll ask papa to-night if the Bible doesn't really mean what it says."

So, in the evening, when Mr. Shelford had come home from business, as soon as he had finished his tea, Harry began:

"Papa, doesn't the Bible say that if you have 'clean hands' you'll be strong?"

"Certainly, my boy," said Mr. Shelford, smiling. "I see you remember what we read this morning, how Job said: 'The righteous also shall hold on his way; and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'"

"There," cried Harry, "I knew I was right! And washing your hands will make you strong, won't it?"

"It is very good for little boys to wash themselves, and it helps to make them strong and healthy if they keep clean; but there are some stains that we can't get out with soap and water, and it was freedom from these stains that the Bible meant. The other day I saw a little boy lift his hand to strike his sister. That made it far dirtier than if he had been making mud-pies for a whole day."

Harry blushed, and his papa went on:

"When I was a little boy I was taught it was my duty to keep my hands from picking and stealing. Picking, you know, means taking little things that don't belong to you; like stealing lumps of sugar out of mamma's cupboard, or picking fruit off the young trees that I tell you not touch."

"Then Eve made her hands dirty when she took the forbidden fruit," put in John, who feared the conversation was getting personal.

"Yes, indeed, she did; and no one can tell the number of soiled hands that have been the result of that action. Now, John, can you remember the name of a man who 'stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church?' That made his hands very dirty, indeed."

"That was Herod, papa, when he killed James and put Peter into prison."

"Yes; and do you know who it was who tried to clear himself from the blame of a very terrible act, by washing his hands?"

Both boys were silent, and Mr. Shelford asked again:

"Who took water and washed his hands, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person?'"

"Oh, that was Pilate, papa," said Harry, "when he let the people crucify Jesus."

"Yes; but the stain of sin was just as much on his soul after he had washed his hands as before; and it is the same with our sins, whether we call them little or great; we cannot get rid of them, or of their consequences, however we try to clear ourselves. No washing of our own will do it. So what must we do, Harry? When you make your hands dirty with doing wrong things, how can they be made clean?"

"God can wash them, papa. That is what you mean, isn't it? Because David said: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

"And Peter," added John, "asked the Lord Jesus to wash not only his feet, but his hands and his head; but Jesus said he need only have his feet washed."

"Yes; because, as the Lord said, he was washed already by faith in Christ's cleansing word. It was the same cleansing that David meant when he prayed: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God!' and I want my dear boys to pray too."

'Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.'

Then you will have the blessing that is promised to him that 'hath clean hands and a pure heart; and you will every day grow 'stronger and stronger' in the best kind of strength, till you are like those to whom St. John said: 'I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong.'

WHAT TO DO WITH ONE'S BIBLE.

BY REV. J. H. JAMES.

THE Bible of your own is not to be kept on a shelf merely to show as one of your treasures, but to be used every day. Many seem to think it is enough to be able to say, "I have read so many chapters in the Bible." The question in regard to all reading is not how much the eye has passed over, but how much has remained in the memory.

If you were far away from home, and your father were to write to you about coming home, telling you what railroads you were to travel on, and what trains to take, cautioning you about wrong trains, and telling you all you needed to know of your journey, it would be wise to have that letter with you and read all its directions very carefully, over and over again. This is just what our Heavenly Father has done in this book. He has pointed out the way to heaven, giving us many counsels to keep us from getting astray, and particular directions as to our course each day. Yet he knows that in order to get the full benefit of his instructions, we must be really interested in the book. So he has taught us many things by pleasing stories which help us to see how he wants his children to live. Now it is not best for one to go picking out here and there a story, and neglecting other things; yet I think most children will find more interest in the blessed Book if they learn first about Jesus and his life on earth from the parts of the New Testament that make these things plain. In reading the stories, however, we must be careful to get not merely the facts but the lesson they are meant to teach us.

The other day a boy, who is far from his parents at school, had a letter from home. He cannot read writing very well, so he took the letter to a friend to read to him that he might know exactly what his mother said to him. So you should get your friend to help you to understand this wonderful letter from heaven. The object of Sunday-school teaching and of preaching is to help people understand the Bible. It is delightful to talk over its precious lessons with friends wiser than ourselves. But no human friend can give us such help as we get by asking for the Holy Spirit. There are two precious promises about this matter of helping us to understand and do our Father's will that you will do well to find for yourselves, to often think of, and to ask the Lord to fulfil to you. John 14: 26, and Ezekiel 36: 27.

ONE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

BY L. S.

NOT very long ago, in the northern part of Scotland, lived a little boy by the name of Charlie McNairn. He was a very thoughtful boy and had his own ideas about everything. One night he attended a temperance lecture in which total abstinence was very heartily encouraged, and he began to think it was not right to drink intoxicating liquors, even in small quantities. Having come to this conclusion, he made up his mind to sign the pledge, which he did very soon afterwards.

His father being a shopkeeper, kept a good deal of liquor for sale. He was therefore very much annoyed when he heard what Charlie had done; and, though the poor boy had promised not to drink, himself, he was obliged, for the sake of peace with his father, to sell out the stuff to others, very much against his will you may be sure.

One afternoon some of his playfellows came to see him. They were a good deal younger than Charlie, and after spending a very pleasant time, Mr. McNairn said:

"Charlie, you had better go home with the children, and see that no harm befalls them."

Charlie very gladly obeyed, for he was a favourite at the home of the children.

They reached home in good time, and Charlie went in to rest a few minutes, though he was not very tired. When he was about to leave, Mr. Paterson, the father of the children said:

"Bide a wee bit, laddie. Jeannie, bring something to warm the lad up before he goes. It's a cauld nicht, and he will be none the waur o' something warm."

Jeannie very gladly ran at her father's bidding and brought the toddy flask. Mr. Paterson poured out a glass, saying kindly, "Take that, my lad."

All through this ceremony, Charlie had been trembling with nervous excitement; for this was the first time he had been offered spirits, away from home, since he signed the pledge. Nevertheless he maintained his ground bravely, and stammered out the words, "No, thank you, sir, I'm temperate."

It required a great deal of strength and courage, but Charlie has never regretted making the sacrifice. Kind Mr. Paterson did not urge it, though he said he thought the lad had got some foolish notions into his head.

Charlie is now a very earnest temperance worker; but he says if he had not signed the pledge and kept it, he had little doubt about his now being a miserable drunkard his liking for drink was so strong.

Let all who read this bit of Charlie's experience take warning, so that our boys and girls may grow up to be noble and strong men and women!

THE LUCKIEST FELLOW.

"FRED DIXON is the luckiest fellow in town; everythings he wants he gets; everything he undertakes prospers. Did you hear he has the place at Kelly's that so many have been trying to get?"

"You don't say so! Why, he is a very young man to fill so responsible a position."

"Yes," added the first speaker, "he always would stand on the top of the ladder in school; though not the brightest scholar, he managed to carry off the honours upon quitting school, which he did at an earlier age than most of his classmates, because he had to help to support his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters. He only had to ask for a situation, and lo! all other applicants were ruled out, and Fred had the preference."

Boys, "Our Boys," do you know any Fred Dixon? If you do don't think it is luck that helps him along, gives him the laurels at school, aids him to obtain first-class situations, put him in places of trust and honour, where a good name or untarnished character is required. Look back in the pages of his life. See if he was not studious at school, fair and square in all his boyish games, gentlemanly and obliging, honest in all his dealings. Ask his friends if truthfulness, faithfulness to his duty, steadfastness of purpose are not his characteristics. Find out whether he has ever been known to frequent tippling shops, gambling dens and kindred places of vice; whether he spends his spare time in filling his mind with trashy literature, such as is thrown broadcast over our land, in the shape of dime novels. Depend upon it, boys, you will never be "the luckiest fellow in town," unless you earn it by honesty and integrity of character, and fidelity to all your undertakings.

"DUTY FIRST, PLEASURE AFTERWARD."

"A DISAGREEABLE old saw," did you say? Perhaps it does seem so when the pleasure is very inviting and the duty very irksome by contrast; and yet I doubt if anyone ever made a success of life who turned the "old saw" and tried to make "pleasure first" the rule. It is said that a rich man who was poor when a boy was asked how he became rich. He replied, "My father taught me never to play until my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had but one hour's work in the day, I must do that first; after that I was allowed to play. Then I could play with more pleasure than if I had an unfinished task. I formed the habit of doing everything in time. It soon became easy to do so."

Carpo Diem.

BY MARGARET K. SALE.

WHEN is the golden time? you ask—
The golden time for love;
The time when earth is green beneath,
And skies are blue above;
The time for sturdy health and strength,
The time for happy play.
When is the golden hour? you ask;
I answer you, "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand
Slips on the great world sea
As staunch as ever ship that launched
To sail eternally;
To-day, that waits to you and me
A breath of Eden's prime,
That greets us, glad and large and free—
It is our golden time.

For yesterday hath veiled her face
And gone as far away
As sands that sweep the pyramids
In Egypt's ancient day.
No man shall look on yesterday,
Or tryst with her again,
Forever gone her toils, her prayers,
Her conflicts and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold,
May never come to bless
Or blight our lives with weal or ill,
With gladness or distress;
No man shall clasp to-morrow's hand,
Nor catch her on the way;
For when we reach to-morrow's land,
She'll be, by then, to-day.

You ask me for the golden time—
I bid you "seize the hour,"
And fill it full of earnest work,
While yet we have the power.
To-day the golden time for joy
Beneath the household eaves;
To-day the royal time for work,
For "bringing in the sheaves."

To-day, the golden time for peace,
For righting olden feuds;
For sending forth from every heart
Whatever sin intrudes;
To-day, the time to consecrate
Your life to God above;
To-day the time to banish hate,
The golden time for love.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

BET the dreaded day came at last, when Euclid and Mrs. Linnett, and poor Bess herself, were compelled to appear at the sessions and give their evidence against David and Blackett. Mr Dudley had engaged counsel to defend David, that every fact in his favour might be made public, and his sentence, in consequence, be mitigated. There was not the shadow of a hope of an acquittal.

When Bess stood up in the witness-box, she saw only two faces clearly. There was David, pale, abject, frightened, with bent head, and dim, mournful eyes fastened upon her; and there was the judge opposite to her, calm and grave, with a searching keenness in his gaze. As she told her name, David's lips moved a little, as though he was repeating it to himself.

Unconsciously, merely answering the questions put to her, Bess told the story of David's two first convictions, and the sorrow they had wrought.

"He was always a good boy to mother and me," she said, sobbing; "and he's good to me still. He'd never be told where I lived for fear he'd spoil my life. Oh Davy! Davy!"

She burst into tears, and stretched out her arms to him, as if she would throw them about his bowed-down head, and cling to him in face of them all, in spite of his deep disgrace. David laid his head on the bar at which he stood, and shook with the sobs he forced himself to control.

He did not look up again till Euclid was taking the oath. The old man appeared many years older than he had done before the murderous attack made upon him. His gray hair was quite white and his cheeks and temples had fallen in like those of a very aged man, but he smiled at David, and nodded affectionately. So far as the cruel assault upon himself went, he completely cleared him; it was Blackett alone that had maltreated him.

"David Fell never lifted up his hand against me, my lord and judge," said Euclid warmly and energetically. "He fought for me, and I'd ha' been a murdered man this minute but for him. Why, I've known David ever since

he was this high, and he'd ha' made a good man if he'd had a chance. He hadn't a chance after he'd been sent to jail, and his mother was as good a woman as ever you see."

At the mention of his mother, David's face grew as pale as death, and his lips quivered. He fancied he could hear her voice calling his name. For years past he had tried to deaden the memory of her; but now it seemed as if he could see her plainly, sitting by the dim, red light of a handful of embers, talking to him and Bess about their father. To work hard and honestly as his father had done had been his mother's religion,—the simple code of duty she had tried to teach him. Thank God, his mother was in her grave, and knew nothing of his guilt and shame!

His brain grew weary, and he ceased to take notice of what was going on after Euclid disappeared. Different men stood up and spoke,—some for a minute or two, others for longer; but he did not understand them: their speech was as a foreign tongue to him. His previous convictions had been very summary, and the proceedings now appeared complicated and perplexing. Why were they so long over this trial? Everybody knew he had broken into the house for the purpose of robbery. His first two trials, when he was a young lad, had not occupied five minutes each. Why were they so much more careful of him now when it was too late?

At last his wandering attention was caught by the utterance of his mother's name. He turned his eyes to the speaker, and never withdrew them from his face until he ceased to speak. It was the counsel whom Mr. Dudley had engaged for him.

"Elizabeth Fell was left a widow at the age of twenty-four, with a boy and a girl to provide for. What aid did we offer her? We told her she might take refuge in our workhouse, among the outcasts and profligates of her sex, where we would take from her her children, who were as dear to her as our children are to their mothers, and bring them up apart from her. If she refused such an offer, we would leave her to fight her battle alone. She chose drudgery and hunger—a terrible disease, and death itself—rather than take our aid on our terms.

"When she lay dying, gnawed by famine with a mere pittance of out-door relief, her son, a lad under fourteen years of age, ventured to go out and beg for his mother. He was ashamed to beg, willing, on the other hand, to work, having an ambition to tread in the steps of his father, the honest and skilful artisan. What did we do for Elizabeth Fell's child? We arrested him, dragged him before a hurried and over-worked magistrate, omitted to investigate his statements, and, after a brief trial of four or five minutes, sent him to jail for three months. This was in England!

"David Fell hastened home, when his first imprisonment was ended, to find his mother still alive, but on her death-bed. In her dire extremity she had parted with the most sacred treasure she possessed,—her wedding ring, and she and her young daughter had literally starved themselves to redeem this sacred symbol. It was redeemed the day after David Fell's release from jail; but the ring given back by the pawnbroker was not the familiar, precious relic, so perfectly known to them all. It had either been sweated by the dishonest pawnbroker, or exchanged for another and a thinner ring. The lad, in a passion of mingled grief and resentment, rushes away to secure his mother's own wedding-ring. The man assailed his dying mother's good fame; and, utterly reckless of all consequences, David Fell sprang upon him in a frenzy of hot resentment, and felled him to the ground. The pawnbroker was a householder and ratepayer. Once again there was no investigation made. No credence was given to the boy's angry and bewildered statements. We committed him a second time to jail for three months.

"These were the two first steps—two long stages—on the road to ruin,—the road which has led him to this bar to-day. Who is to blame?—the lad, willing to work, but untaught and awkward, with no training but that of the street, whom no man would hire for his want of skill and dexterity? or the magistrate, overworked with a pressure of serious business? or the police, with their legion of juvenile criminals, whose statements are mostly falsehoods? The magistrate cannot give the time, the police cannot give the trouble, to investigate cases like David Fell's.

"The boy was like other boys, our sons, with high spirits and heedless heads. Have we never known our sons beg—ay, and beg importunately—for what they want? Do they not fight at times on a tenth part of the provocation this boy had? I will go further. Have none of them ever been guilty of some small theft? Would you send those thoughtless, passionate lads of yours, who are to come after you in life as citizens standing in the places you win for them,—would you send them, for such crimes as David Fell committed,—begging for his dying mother,

and defending her good name,—to the black shadow of a jail, and the deep brand of imprisonment? Would you bind your boys hand and foot, and cast them into a gulf, and, if they crawled out of it, crush them down again, because they brought with them the mire and clay of the pit? Yet this is what we do with our juvenile criminals.

"The prisoner is guilty of burglary. He is not yet nineteen years of age, and he has been already four times in jail. I ask again, Whose fault is it?"

"He must be punished? True. But let the penalty—too well deserved this time—be tempered with mercy. We have tried severity. We have confounded his sense of right and wrong: it is we who have extinguished the feeble glimmer of light his poor mother had kindled in his conscience. I ask you to remember the prisoner's sad career, his devotion to his mother, his love for his young sister, his defence of the old man from the murderous attack made upon him. I ask you to remember, that whilst he was yet a child, in this Christian land of ours, we sent him once and again to jail as the fitting penalty for childish faults."

David heard no more, nor had he fully understood the words he had listened to. His throat was parched, and his sight was dim. The count seemed filled with mist, which blurred all the faces around him. He stood at the bar for a very long time yet before the policeman next to him nudged him roughly, and bade him attend to his lordship.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" asked the judge.

"Nothing; only I'd ha' drowned myself before I'd ha' hurt little Bess or old Euclid," he stammered.

In a few minutes after, he was led down a staircase into a room on the floor below the court, and policeman was sitting him with handcuffs.

"What are they going to do with Blackett and me?" he asked.

"Didn't you hear the sentence?" rejoined the policeman.

"No," he answered. "I can't see nor hear nothin' plain."

"Ten years for Blackett," was the reply. "and two for you. You're let off pretty easy."

(To be continued.)

EUPHRASIA.

A LEGEND connected with the Church of St. Sophia is recalled by "An Idle Woman in Constantinople, and as it contains a moral fragment of truth, it may well be held in perpetual remembrance. When the basilica was finished, the Emperor Justinian gave orders that an inscription in letters of gold should be placed about the dome, "Justinian dedicates this church to the glory of God." But on the day of the public opening the emperor looked up at the dome, and saw with amazement, that the inscription ran, "Euphrasia dedicates this church to the glory of God."

"What is the meaning of this mockery?" he asked, pointing upward; and turning to the Patriarch sitting beside the throne, he said, "Did I not command you to have my name engraven on the dome?"

"Who is Euphrasia?" called the Patriarch. "Who knows a woman bearing such a name? If anyone can answer, let him speak."

From the priests to the lowest of the assembled thousands the question, "Who is Euphrasia?" ran round the church. No one answered. At length, when the emperor sat mute and amazed, a miserable fellow who cleaned the marble floor stepped forth, and said:

"Imperial Caesar, to whom I am unworthy to raise my eyes, I know such a woman with such a name, but she is almost bedridden. She lives in a little house near one of the walls of the church."

"Bring her hither," commanded the emperor, and straightway pages and chamberlains rushed out and soon reappeared, carrying an aged woman who trembled in every limb.

"Is your name Euphrasia?" asked the emperor.

"Yes, mighty emperor, it is."

"What do you know of that inscription?" and he pointed aloft to the large letters on the vault.

"Nothing, my lord, nothing!"

"But see your name on the church. It stands there instead of mine. What have you done toward the building of the church?"

"Great king, nothing. My lord mocks his poor servant."

"Not at all," replied the emperor.

"They tell me you live near. Think! Have you done nothing, spoken nothing, thought nothing to give you this claim?"

"Majesty," she said, "there is a little act, but it is so small I am ashamed to trouble my lord with its mention."

"Speak, I command you," said Justinian. "Fear not! Tell me all."

Then she told how, as she lay on her bed in her little house, she heard with sorrow the travail of the oxen and mules, carrying the marble and brick and beams up the steep hill, and her heart was sore within her; and how, when she grew better, the thought struck her.

"Who knows if I cannot do something to ease their pain, the poor dumb beasts, so patient in their woes! At least I will try."

So she took her bed, and bore it into the road, and scattered the straw from it on the steep ascent. It was but a little, but to her as she worked, the straw seemed to grow and multiply and cover the whole road, and from that time the oxen passed pleasantly with their loads, and she heard no more distress.

The tears were in Justinian's eyes, and he said in a gentle voice:

"Let the name of Euphrasia stand, she is more worthy than I, for of her little she gave all she had."

BE KIND TO THE HORSE.

THE Arabians never beat their horses; they never cut their tails; they use them as friends; they never attempt to increase their speed by the whip, or spur them, but in cases of great necessity. They never fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitations; and they come running the moment they hear their master's voice. In consequence of such treatment these animals become docile and tractable in the highest degree. They resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without hurting them in the slightest manner. The little boys and girls are often seen upon the body or neck of the mare, while the beasts continue motionless and harmless, permitting them to play without injury.—*The Economist.*

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRACTICAL WORK.

THE methods in use in this department do not differ materially from those of temperance work. It is advisable, however, to make all the exercises of an instructive character. As in the Department of Temperance Work, the exercises may be either general or special. After opening exercises, consisting of missionary hymns, prayer, and responsive Scripture reading, divide the League into classes by bell taps and marching. A programme of readings, recitations, and singing, or a talk from an invited guest from month to month, is the order in some Leagues.

VACATION.

It may be well to repeat here that it is not wise to carry on the work of all the departments during the whole year. During June, July, and August let work be suspended in all but the Devotional Department. This department generally includes the Junior League prayer-meeting, usually held at some hour on Sunday; this should continue during the whole year.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Two or three times during the year a Junior League Social will be in order. Appoint the night two weeks in advance. Announce it in the Sunday-school and in the League. Arrange a programme of recitations and music by members of the League. Solicit cakes for refreshments from members of the League. Provide lemonade by a draft on the treasury or by a special collection; other expenses can be provided for in the same way. A committee from the Seniors will wait upon the tables. Let the children invite their parents as visitors. After the children have entertained those present announce a "social hour" begin and close early. Remember the sick members with flowers or cake. Socials of this simple character can be held in the Sunday-school room; they will help to sustain the interest of the League and recruit new members.

"Well, Johnny, did you have a good time Christmas?"

"A good time? Well, I should think I did. Ma had to sit up with me for the next three nights."



SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL O'ER EGYPT'S DARK SEA.

Miriam's Song.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free.
 Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid
 and brave,—
 How vain was their boast; for the Lord
 hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in
 the wave.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our
 sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
 pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from his
 pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed
 in the tide.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

R.C. 1491.] LESSON XI. [June 10.
 PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Exod. 14. 19-29. Memory verses, 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith they passed through the Red Sea.
 —Heb. 11. 29.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cloud, v. 19, 20.
2. The Sea, v. 21, 22.
3. The Foot, v. 23, 29.

PLACE.—The Red Sea, between Egypt and
 the wilderness.

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. The death of the
 firstborn (Exod. 12. 29, 30). 2. The departure
 of the Israelites from Egypt (Exod. 12.
 31-41). 3. The pursuit by Pharaoh (Exod.
 14. 8-18).

EXPLANATIONS.—“The Angel of God”—
 His presence in the cloudy pillar. “Went
 behind them”—The cloud, which was the

token of his presence, went from the front to
 the rear of the host, to protect them from
 the enemy which was pursuing them. “Dark-
 ness to them”—To the Egyptians. “Light
 by night”—To the Israelites. “Over the
 sea”—The Red Sea, at its north-western
 arm. “A strong east wind”—Blowing the
 waters apart. “Went into the midst”—They
 showed their faith in God. “A wall unto
 them”—The waters were a defence like a
 wall on each side. “Pharaoh's horses”—The
 horses leading the chariots. “Horsemen”
 Drivers of chariots are here meant. “Morn-
 ing watch”—Between two o'clock and sunrise.
 “Looked unto the host”—There was proba-
 bly a terrific storm, with lightning and thun-
 der. Such a storm is a very unusual event in
 Egypt; and in all storms the ancients recog-
 nized God's immediate presence. “Took off
 their chariot wheels”—By entangling them in
 the mire and sand. “The waters returned”
 The tide rolled in so rapidly that the
 Egyptians could not escape.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Passage of the Red Sea.—Exod. 14. 19-31.
 Tu. The pursuit.—Exod. 14. 5-12.
 W. A mightier than Pharaoh.—Exod. 14.
 13-18.
 Th. The song of deliverance.—Exod. 15. 1-10.
 F. The song continued.—Exod. 15. 11-19.
 S. Memory of mercy.—Psalm 106. 1-12.
 Sa. The arm of the Lord.—Isa. 51. 9-16.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. A lesson of faith?
2. A lesson of obedience?
3. A lesson of judgment?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. By what were the Israelites led out of
 Egypt? “By a pillar of cloud and of fire.”
2. Where were the Israelites led? “Through
 the Red Sea.”
3. How were they enabled to
 pass through the sea? “The waters were
 divided.”
4. What became of the Egyptians
 who pursued them? “They were drowned.”
5. What is the Golden Text? “By faith,” etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's presence
 with his people.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Why is this sometimes called justification?
 Because the forgiven penitent is justified,
 or treated for Christ's sake as if he were
 righteous.

Acts 13. 38, 39.—Through this Man is pro-
 claimed unto you remission of sins; and by
 him every one that believeth is justified from
 all things, from which ye could not be justified
 by the law of Moses.

AN OLD
MAN'S
WORD.

I MET him
 one day on his
 way to the place
 where prayer
 was wont to be
 said. He had
 just passed the
 milestone of life
 labelled “Sev-
 enty years.”
 His back was
 bent, his limbs
 trembled beside
 his staff; his
 clothes were
 old, his voice
 was husky, his
 hair was white,
 his eyes were
 dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he
 seemed still fond of life and full of gladness,
 not at all put out with his lot. He hummed
 the lines of a familiar hymn, as his legs
 and cane carried him along.

“Aged friend,” said I, “why should an
 old man be merry?”

“All are not,” said he.

“Well, why, then, should you be merry?”

“Because I belong to the Lord.”

“Are none others happy at your time of
 life?”

“No, not one, my friendly questioner,”
 said he, and as he said more, his form
 straightened into the stature of his younger
 days, and something of inspiration set a
 beautiful glow upon his countenance.
 “Listen, please, to the truth from one who
 knows, then wing it round the world, and
 no man of my threescore years and ten
 shall be found to gainsay my words—The
 devil has no happy old men.”

PUSS IN THE ELEVATOR.

THE *Tribune* elevator car had started on
 its upward trip last evening, and the ele-
 vator boy was gazing upwards into its far-
 thest corner, evidently lost in reverie.
 Presently there came a distinct call in the
 form of a plaintive “Miaouw!”

The elevator-boy checked his car forth-
 with on a level with the floor whence the
 sound came. There was no one to be seen,
 and the smallest boy would have been
 visible.

“Going up!” asked the elevator boy.

“Miaouw! miaouw!” was repeated.

The elevator boy slid open the door and
 a gray cat walked demurely in, sprang
 upon the seat and began licking her
 paws until two floors had been passed,
 when she uttered another cry, and sprang
 down before the doorway. The car stopped,
 the door was opened, and tabby passed out.

“Is she a regular passenger?” was
 asked.

“Is she?” said the elevator boy. “Of
 course she is. She lives in the building,
 she does. She never walks up or down
 stairs ‘cept on Sundays when the elevator
 ain't running in front. If it's evening she
 uses the back elevator.”

“Where is she going now?”

“She's just dropping in to see a friend
 of hers. He's a lawyer, and he often stays
 late to write, and she goes in and sits on
 the table and watches him, and he gives
 her a bit of something to eat. In 'bout an
 hour before my time's up she'll come back
 to go to the top floor. Maybe she'll stop
 a little in the editorial rooms; she goes up
 to the restaurant. She always gets there
 about twelve o'clock, when the printers
 get their lunch; they all know her.”

“Sometimes,” he added, “she sits down
 in the car and gives me company for
 awhile. She ain't any bother. She knows
 how to behave herself a great deal better
 than some of them lawyers and she 'p chaps
 who are always asking a fellow whether he's
 going to get married. She goes all around
 down town by herself, she does. The other
 morning one of the fellows saw her down
 in the Fulton Market. She know him and
 came up and rubbed against his legs. Top
 floor here, sir, if you want to get out.”

MANY of the Psalms begin mournfully
 and end triumphantly, to show us the pre-
 vailing power of devotion, and convince us
 of the certain return of prayer.



SPRING BLOSSOMS

IN QUARANTINE.

BY MRS. WILLING.

It must be dreary, waiting on a pest ship,
 in sight of the land towards which one's heart
 has strained for months and years. Needled
 at home, business suffering, children ill,
 friends half dead with anxiety and no
 such thing as getting ashore.

No, we cannot let them come on shore.
 They would carry death and horror to every
 town in the land. We must not abate one
 iota of our quarantine stringency. The
 country must be protected from cholera at
 all personal cost.

And we need other quarantines. There
 are worse things than pestilence. That
 grog shop on the corner will be the death
 of more people than any pest ship which
 ever sailed. Our saloons will kill, directly
 and indirectly, 100,000 this year. The
 cholera can hardly come up to that figure.
 They will beggar hundreds of other
 thousands, and disgrace their victims, mul-
 titudes of whom crawl around, ghastly un-
 buried corpses, years before the breath
 leaves the body. The cholera merely kills.
 Death by strong drink damns eternally.
 They who die of cholera may go straight to
 heaven. Drunkards mortgage their chil-
 dren's children to the evil one. Cholera is
 innocent of that crime against the future.

I WOULD rather leave my children in the
 hope of Christ than leave them millions of
 money.—Moody.

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