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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1900.

No. 19.

Good Intentions.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

The wonderful things we have planned,
Love,

The beautiful things we have done,
The fields we have tilled, the gifts we
have willed,

In the light of another year's sun—
When we think of it all we are baffled,
There's so much that never comes
true,

Because, Love, instead of our doing,
We're always just meaning to do.

The friends we are wanting to help,
Love,

They struggle alone and forlorn,
By trial and suffering vanquished,
Perchance by temptation o'erborne.

But the lift and the touch
and the greeting,

That well might have
aided them through
The perilous strait of ill-
fortune,

They miss—we're but
meaning to do.

We dream of a fountain of
knowledge,

We loiter along on its
brink,

And toy with the crystalline
waters,

Forever just meaning to
drink,

Night falls, and our tasks
are unfinished,

Too late our lost chances
we rue;

Dear Love, while our com-
rades were doing,

We only were meaning to
do.

ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

The land of Egypt is a strange blending of the present and the past. Overhead stretches the telegraph wire, along the river lies the railway, and on its bosom "walks the water like a thing of life" the well-equipped steamboat—the products of the latest civilization—while on either sides stand, in bold relief against the sky, ruins of ancient temples which date back many of them four thousand years. It is a land of wonderful interest, and has very striking illustrations of the fulfilment of Holy Scripture. I saw at Karnak an obelisk erected to the memory of Queen Hatsa by her father, which was 108 feet high, cut out of a single shaft. This Queen Hatsa was the daughter of Pharaoh, who drew Moses out of the bulrushes of the Nile.

No monuments in Egypt are more common or more striking than those of Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the Oppression. He is almost always represented sitting like the large figure on the upper right-hand side of the cut with his hands upon his knees, and with an expression of peace, yet of power and confidence, on his face.

The strange and fluffy-looking plants in the foreground are the famous papyrus plants from whose name comes our word "paper," because from its pith-like substance a sort of paper was manufactured. One of those papyrus rolls has been discovered, containing the oldest manuscript of the Book of Jeremiah that is known to exist. The strange-looking, long-legged, long-necked birds in the foreground are a characteristic feature of Egyptian landscape.

Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—Charles Dickens.

LITTLE GENERAL ANTOINE.

A small general was Antoine, with his short legs and round rosy cheeks! If you could see his picture, just as he looked when he drove the enemy from their hard-won position, you would say, "Oh, that is only a little boy! How could he be a general?"

Wait until you have heard my story. Antoine lived more than three hundred years ago. His home was in one of the lovely valleys of the Alps. It was a happy home, though Antoine lived in unhappy times, when men were very cruel, and thought nothing of killing one another.

Antoine's people were not like this. They were good and kind, for they read the Holy Bible, and tried to live accord-

force them to go to the mass like good Catholics, and to own the Pope of Rome as their lord and master. This they could not do, for they had to be true to their heavenly Lord and Master.

So all the old and sick, with the women and children, were taken to the safe places in the mountains—great dens and caves, which did not always prove safe places, to be sure, but which were safer than the pretty valley homes, when once the great army should appear.

The men all made ready to fight for their homes and families.

On came the army, climbing the steep mountain paths, up which the poor hunted people had gone. It was hard to see the fierce soldiers coming so near the hiding-places of the women and children; but what could the Waldenses do?

comes from one of the side valleys, and the frightened soldiers fancy that a band of men are ready to rush upon them from some hidden path on that side.

Quickly they seize their arms to meet the new foe. The Waldenses above heard the stir, and hastily seized their arms and rushed down the hill, thinking the soldiers were coming up to attack them. But these brave soldiers, too brave to pray to the God of battles, frightened by the noise of a single drum, throw away their arms and ran, chased by the Waldenses, and losing in a half-hour the good position it had cost them a whole day's fighting to gain.

But where was the little general all this time?

Antoine knew little of the horrors of war. But, just like any other boy, he did like a big noise. So when he saw a drum standing idle, he stole softly away, and, seizing the drumsticks, began to pound with all his might. It was Antoine's drum that the soldiers heard, and which sent them flying down the mountain side, so frightened that they left their arms behind for the Waldenses to use against them.

Ah! how the men and women praised and blessed little Antoine. But still more did they praise and bless the good God who used the child's hand to sound the note which drove the soldiers away.

"FLAG THE TRACK, BOYS!"

On one of the New England railroads there had been a heavy rain-storm for several days, and the water-courses were swollen and fierce, while "wash-outs" were frequent along the line.

Four miles from a station, and but fifty feet from a bridge that spanned a rapid river, the earth was washed away from the road-bed, leaving, however, the rails in place. It was just at dusk, and the engineer could not see the dangerous place before him, his first warning coming when the rails gave way beneath the engine and it was pitched into a deep hole.

The baggage and express cars were precipitated down a steep embankment, but fortunately the passenger-cars did not leave the track. There was no loss of life, although many were seriously injured.

The engineer was severely hurt, being crushed beneath the engine, and scalded by escaping steam. But not a groan or complaint escaped his lips when he was removed from the wreck. His first thought and words

were for others. "Boys," he said, "keep the doors and windows of the passenger-car shut. It'll be a cold night, and all the heat is cut off. Flag the tracks, boys!"

So down the track went the fireman, himself badly bruised and scalded, and crawled over the swaying bridge, flagging the track on the opposite side.

The brakeman, cut and bleeding as he was, ran back to the station already passed, to give warning lest the next train should meet the same fate, and to secure succour. He fainted from exhaustion on the track before the station, but was discovered in season to prevent another serious accident.

These are the brave deeds that are of frequent occurrence, yet that seldom receive praise or recognition. And the men themselves would be the last ones to lay claim to heroism.—C. E. World.



ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

ing to his teachings. And because they did this, wicked men hated them, and tried to drive them from the face of the earth.

They said—the wicked men—that these good men were heretics; that they did not believe and teach the right things about God and the church and holy things. And then they tried to show how good their own belief was by doing wicked and cruel deeds, such as God commands his children never to do.

Antoine's friends, who lived in these beautiful valleys, were all of the Church of the Waldenses, and they had to bear a great deal of sorrow and pain on this account. But they would bear anything sooner than deny the Lord Jesus whom they loved.

At the time our little general drove the enemy from the field the poor Waldenses were in great trouble. An army had been sent into the mountains to

They had no arms but the sling and cross-bow, and they were but few, while the soldiers were many.

But they had brave hearts, and fought nobly, going all the time higher and higher up among the lofty mountains.

Night came on, and, tired out, both armies stopped to rest, the Waldenses on the heights above their enemies.

All at once great shouts of laughter rose on the air. What could it mean?

The good Waldenses, on their knees, were praying to God to help them drive their enemies away. Looking up from below, the wicked soldiers saw and mocked them for their faith in God.

Does God hear, and will he help? Hark! the laughter dies away. Loud and clear on the still air sounds the rub-a-dub-dub of a drum! The soldiers look up. No; it is not from above, where the Waldenses are still on their knees, asking help from God. The sound

"Keep to the Right,"

BY CHARLES W. HODGKIN.

Keep to the right, is the law of the road... Make a law of your moral code... In whatsoever you determine to do, know the road of the Good and the True...

Keep to the right, in the Journey of life... There is crowding and jostling, trouble and strife... The weak will succumb to the bold and the strong...

"Keep to the right," and the Right will keep you... In fellowship and accord with the Good and the True... And Death has no terrors, when he comes in slight...

The Atlanta Constitution.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUTHFUL. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1900.

A CHAMPION OF THE CROSS.

It was in the year 1212, when the people of all Europe were sad and discouraged over the results of the many efforts which had been put forth to rescue the holy city of Jerusalem... The Lord and Saviour was slain by the hands of the Infidel Saracens...

cloak, announcing himself to be Jesus Christ, saying he had come to commission Stephen to preach a crusade among the children of men... He declared that the boys and girls should do what their elders had left undone, and that Stephen should be their prophet and leader...

The news spread like wildfire, and crowds gathered about the young crusader... Family after family gave up its quota to swell the ranks of the youthful army...

At last, after days and days of marching in the rain, they came in sight of the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea... They knocked at the gates of the city of Marcellus and asked for supper and shelter...

The gates of the city being opened, the youths were welcomed with a hearty and cordial welcome... Food was prepared for the hungry little soldiers and soft couches were made ready for the weary...

When morning dawned hundreds of the children of men were seen thronging close to the water's edge, waiting to catch the waves recede... The billows rolled and broke in curling foam at their feet, and no pathway appeared...

Against the rocks lay out a terrible gale arose, and two of the young crusaders on the shores of the Island of Falcons with such fury that they went to pieces and sank in the dark waters...

The other five passed the dangerous rocks in safety, but ere long the young crusaders discovered that they were victims of a vile plot, the "kind merchants" being really to be regarded as traitors...

The emir's youngest child, a beautiful, dark-eyed little girl of seven years, soon became the outcast friend of the young French maiden... During the day the two girls walked in the beautiful gardens...

One evening, as they sat together watching the fountain throwing up its wreaths of spray in the moonlight, Marguerite told of the beautiful story of the Babe in the Manger...

watching the fountain throwing up its wreaths of spray in the moonlight, Marguerite told of the beautiful story of the Babe in the Manger, and long before she came to the end, the older children and women of the harem gathered about her and stood listening to her sweet tale...

Five years passed, and then the Reaping Angel came and the overlying gates were opened and Marguerite de Bessenet was borne into the presence of the King of glory... Her illness was short. A faint fever seemed to seize her...

A BUNCH OF MAY-FLOWERS.

Miss Brown hurried towards the home still thinking of the strange boy she had been to see, who had such an aversion to preaching and praying that she would not let him touch his head...

She paused and looked into the child's basket. They were dainty, fragrant little beauties, which the April showers had awakened after their long winter sleep...

"Well, my boy, how is the sick ankle?" she asked, in a cheery voice. "Don't be a hop scotcher," said she. "You must be a good boy, or you can't do this."

"I am real glad you are better," said she. "And I have brought you some flowers to cheer you up a bit. Aren't they beauties?" and she held them up before him.

"I should say they are!" said he, and he reached his hand out eagerly for them. "You like flowers?" said she. "You just bet I do!" said he, with boyish enthusiasm...

"I indeed I do," she replied, heartily. "And I am so glad. A boy who loves flowers can never turn out to be a very bad boy, I am sure."

"I thought I was very bad, miss," said he, thoughtfully. "But you are good once, and then flowers make me think of that time when me and mother used to go into the woods and gather 'em."

"Indeed I would," said he, with a good-natured laugh. "I've tried to get work at some of the greenhouses, but they wouldn't have 'em. They thought I was like me taking care of flowers. They don't know how I like 'em."

"If they did, they would try you, I'm sure," said Miss Brown. "I heard a florist I know asking where he could get a boy to help him the other day. I shall see him at once, and recommend you."

"Oh, thank you!" said the boy—the first word of thanks that had yet fallen from his lips. "And now, before I go, won't you please listen while I read to you what the Bible says about flowers?"

"Does it say anything about flowers?" asked the boy, hesitatingly. "Yes," said she. "Well, then, I'd like first rate to hear it," said he, as he settled himself back comfortably in his place, with a very interesting lesson on the flowers which Miss Brown had placed in a glass of water near by...

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"Turning the leaves of her Bible quickly she found the beautiful lesson on the lilies, and read it to him, while he listened intently. "That's first rate," said he. "I didn't know the Bible had anything like that in it. I'll read my mother's Bible over her book on the table. Would you mind marking the place for me, and I'll read it again for myself? A feller gets lonely here all alone."

"I will gladly comply with his request. And she nodded, too, that the Bible was just the kind for him to read—it was well marked in many places, and one could almost fancy they could see the tender prey of the mother bird over it. "My mother was a good woman," said he, as he took her well-worn Bible in his hand almost reverently.

"I am sure she was," answered Miss Brown, as she felt sure that her boy will turn out to be a good man. What do you think about it?" "I am going to try," said he, in a low, earnest tone.

"I will gladly help you and bless you," said she, while her eyes filled with thankful tears. "Very soon after this Miss Brown went to see the florist, and he said, if the boy would give him a trial, they are the kind to give him a success of the work."

So, as soon as the lame ankle was well again, he found steady employment. "Miss Brown looked after him now and then, and always heard that he was giving satisfaction, and leading a steady life. As time wore on, she had so many other matters to look after that she forgot almost all about him."

One afternoon, a few years later, a gentleman called at the Deaconess Home and asked to see her. He was cultured and refined in his appearance, and she did not for a moment remember that she had ever seen him before.

"Don't you remember me?" he said, "I had with the lame ankle you were so kind to?" "Oh, yes, I do now," said she. "You have changed a good deal since then, but with a bright smile she held out her hand to him."

"Well," said he, "I came to tell you that that bunch of May-flowers you brought me that day was instrumental in saving my soul and making a man of me. I have been industrious, and I now have a great house of my own, and I can snug little home, and a dear little wife to keep it beautiful for me. And I have brought you this basket of flowers to use as a link to the past. I intend to bring you a basket of them every week, as it is now my privilege to help on the blessed Master's work in that way."

"And opening his basket he displayed a number of his present choice varieties of flowers, tastefully arranged. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto you after many days," said Miss Brown, as she reversed the leaf of her Bible, and she added, "I cannot begin to tell you how glad we are to get these, and how much good they do to these. They often touch people's hearts when all else fails."

"It was a bunch of flowers that saved me," said Port Stanley, Oct. "Oh, dear, I wish I didn't get angry so quickly, and say things I'm sorry for afterwards," wailed a boy with a quick temper. "Have you tried counting one hundred before you speak?" asked a friend. "Yes," said he, "but as it runs back backwards?" "Yes, there are a delusion and an snare. I can't think of anything so inanimate as an alphabet when I'm all here inside. Nothing can help me but the year. You see, as it runs back, him, he will." "It's queer I didn't think of that," said the boy, "I'll try it." He did try it and with success. "I wish I hadn't fooled round with the alphabet. I should have been a good deal more surer." Whereupon a body wonders why people are so foolish as to ask God's help only after they have tried everything else—Forward.

The Voice of the Women of England.
BY THE COUNTESS OF CORK.

We have lent to our country all
(Well knowing, well counting the cost),
By her colours to stand or fall,
The Treasures we held to the most.

In the sigh of our wak'ning breath,
In the sob of our nightly pray'r,
We know, to the portals of death,
Our brave ones will do or dare.

And the wires of fate have in charge
The tidings for which we sicken,
Whether terrors our hearts enlarge,
Or fond hopes our pulses quicken.

Oh! what shall be born of to-day,
Or what, then, brought forth to-morrow,
The care that has come to stay,
The anxious thought, kin to sorrow.

Is the link that in close-drawn band
A near brings us each unto each,
With helping hand held out to hand
In emotions too potent for speech.

If the lessons we're learning to-day
Were needed in truth and in deed,
To show us the Narrow Gateway,
And lead us therein to make speed.

Then grant us to lay it to heart,
Let, Father, thy chastening cease,
Make foul fiends of war to depart,
And send us white Angels of peace!
—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Dog That
Found a Fortune.

By Florence Yarwood Witty.

CHAPTER III.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN AT HOME.

It was Saturday evening, and the Rev. Mr. Long sat in his study finishing his Sunday sermon.

He had got it all in very good shape, and was just adding the concluding paragraph, when suddenly the piercing screams of a woman fell on his ear.

Shriek after shriek filled the still night air, and Mr. Long hastily dropped his pen, rushed down the stairs, and out into the street, following the direction of the screams. The Rev. Mr. Milestone, his assistant, also came to the rescue, and breathless and hatless they both arrived on the scene.

And what do you think they found? Only "old Betty Brown," as folks called her, lying face downward in the ditch in front of her house, so drunk that she could not get up, and screaming with all her might.

The two gentlemen helped the woman up on her feet, and conducted her to her house, and there in the kitchen sat her husband, also very drunk.

The two drunken creatures at once began quarrelling. He staggered out on the doorstep; she gave him a gentle push, and sent him backwards into a rain-barrel nearly full of water.

He presented rather an amusing spectacle—wedged down into the barrel of water with only his heels and his head sticking out. But just then the only thing for them to do was to pry him out as soon as possible, for he remained there, as if he had been glued in, quite powerless, and unable to help himself.

They got him out on his feet, and he, looking more like a drowned rat than anything else, staggered back into the house.

Then the ministers returned to the parsonage, and left him to the tender mercies of his wife, knowing that further interference on their part would be useless.

And where was poor Rose during all this time? When she heard her father and step-mother come home drunk she at once locked her door and remained in her room, as she always did, for she knew full well that cross words, and perhaps blows, would be her portion, if she were around in their way.

Ernest had not yet returned from the farm. There was always a lot of extra chores to be done on Saturday night, and he was generally late in getting home.

At length the last cow was milked, and the horses all turned out in the pasture-field. Then he set-out with rapid strides for home, for he expected his father and step-mother's home-coming, after their trip to the city, would not be a very agreeable one for poor Rose.

When he reached home, and entered the kitchen, he found his step-mother stretched out on the floor in a drunken slumber. His father sat by the stove, snarling and growling. His plunge in

the rain-barrel had sobered him up a little.

He had built up a fire, and was trying to dry his wet clothes, his affectionate wife having refused to give him any dry ones.

"Here, boy," said he to Ernest, as he entered, "I want you to take this money and go down to the store and get ten cents worth of butter, ten cents worth of tea, and twenty-five cents worth of tobacco."

"Ten cents worth of butter, ten cents worth of tea, and twenty-five cents worth of tobacco," said Ernest to himself, in a tone of disgust. "Oh, how I hope, if I am ever at the head of a home, that I will be able to provide something better for them than that!"

Sabbath morning dawned clear and beautiful; the sunshine crept into the little attic of a room where Ernest slept, tingling everything with gold.

He got up quickly and dressed. Then he opened his drawer, which contained his small pile of earnings, for the purpose of counting it over. Although he knew just how much he had there, it afforded him much pleasure to frequently count it over.

He was working and saving every cent he could for the purpose of some day sending Rose to the hospital, where she would get her poor little limbs straightened and come back well and strong.

Oh, how proud he would be when she could walk down the street with him straight and strong like other girls! He had thought of it during the day and often dreamed of it by night.

He had even taken a trip to the city one day to make inquiries about the cost; they had encouraged him at the hospital to bring Rose, telling him they thought she could be cured. And he was waiting, patiently waiting, until he had money enough saved up to pay them for it.

He took out the old pocket-book which he had kept his money in, and his heart almost stood still, for he was conscious, the moment he touched it, of how light it was. With trembling fingers he opened it; it was empty. Every cent of his hard-earned money was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WOUNDED BIRD.

"Ask God to give thee skill,
In comfort's art,
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters all need much
Of Christ-like touch."

For a moment he stood staring in amazement at his empty purse. Then suddenly the truth flashed over him—his step-mother had taken the money and spent it in drink the day before. With quick, angry steps he descended the stairs, and grasping the woman by the arm he held up the empty pocket-book before her, and said: "Did you take my money?"

With a jerk she freed herself from his grasp, and turned to the stove to stir the porridge, while she carelessly replied: "Well, what if I did? I'd like to know who had a better right to it!"

"You had no right to touch it!" said Ernest, angrily. "It was stealing, and you are nothing but a thief!"

The woman snatched the broom and was about to give him a blow with it, but Ernest coolly took it from her, and threw it across the room, then he walked out, shutting the door with a bang.

Rose was out in the yard looking at her flowers, so he walked down to her and said: "I simply can't stand it! That woman has taken every cent of my money."

"Oh, Ernest, I am so sorry!" replied Rose. "I wondered where she got the money to spend yesterday. I understand now."

"I believe strong drink is the greatest evil in the world," said Ernest. "Here I have worked and saved every cent, trying hard to get enough together to send you to the hospital, and now it's all gone—and used up for drink, too! If it had not been for the cursed liquor, you would not have been a cripple. How well I remember how straight and strong you used to be before that awful night when father came home so drunk that he did not know what he was doing and struck you."

"Mother worried so about it that it killed her. Her face was always so very white after that, and she just kept getting weaker every day, until at last she died."

Gently, soothingly Rose talked to Ernest, trying to comfort him, but he was not in a mood to be comforted just then, and turning round he walked with quick, angry strides down the road, as fast as his feet could carry him.

Reaching some cool shade-trees, he

throw himself down on a mossy bank, and gave himself up to his own miserable reflections.

With his head buried in his arms, he remained for a long time, and so absorbed was he that he did not hear a rattle drive by, or know that a gentleman alighted from it, until a kind hand was placed on his head.

He looked quickly up, to see the Rev. Mr. Long standing by him, while his kind voice asked: "What is wrong, Ernest?"

"Oh, Mr. Long," exclaimed Ernest, "I believe the devil will get me yet, sure! I can't do right while I have so much to try me!"

Then he told his pastor his trouble. Mr. Long listened in his kind, sympathetic way, for he was a true disciple of the Master's, always trying to alleviate suffering in every way he could.

"I'll tell you what to do, Ernest," said he, "after this, leave your money with us at the parsonage, and we will see that it is kept safely for you."

Ernest gladly agreed to this; then Mr. Long returned to his rig and hastened on his way, for he had an appointment in the country that morning.

Ernest sat up on a mossy bank, and looked off over the beautiful stretch of country before him. And just then he saw Dick White coming through the meadow. He watched him climb up on the fence on the opposite side of the road. He had not been seated there more than a minute before a handsome, red-breasted robin perched himself on a fence post near by, and began calling out cheery notes to his mate in a tree not far away.

In less time than it takes to tell it Dick took a stone out of his pocket and brought the bird to the ground. Hushed was his cheerful song, and he lay struggling on the ground.

"Oh, how could you!" exclaimed Ernest, as he sprang to his feet, and, dashing across the road, picked up the poor, wounded bird.

Dick laughed scornfully, as he replied, "You are as weak as a girl to make a fuss over a bird."

Ernest made no reply, but holding the bird carefully in his hand, he started for home. He knew there was a little girl there who would nurse it tenderly and do all she could for it.

"Guess what I got, Rose?" said he, as he entered his sister's room, hiding the bird carefully under his coat.

"Flowers?" said Rose.

"No."

"Strawberries?"

"No."

"Well, really I can't think," said she, raising herself up on her couch and leaning on her arm.

Then Ernest held up his treasure, and Rose gave a cry of joy when she saw it, for she dearly loved birds.

"But we will let the dear little creature go again," said she. "It would be too bad to make a prisoner of it."

"But it can't fly, Rose," said he, "its wing is hurt." Then he told her birdie's sad experience, and Rose's tears fell fast as she listened.

"I will make a cage for it," said he, "and we will keep it until it is quite well."

Accordingly a cage was made, and placed in Rose's window, and every day she fed it the ripe, red cherries Ernest brought for her; and after a while the wounded wing recovered, so that he could fly all around the room. Then Rose knew it was time for him to go, and opening her window she bade him good-bye, with smiles and tears.

"It's wrong to be sorry; I ought to be glad. But you're the best birdie that ever I had."

said she, as she smoothed down his glossy, brown feathers for the last time.

"Tell all the birdies flying above, Rose in the window sends them her love."

And the next moment he was gone. Speeding away, away o'er fields and meadows, to join his lonely mate once more.

Ernest had long been in the habit of spending his Sunday afternoons with an aged aunt. Rose went, too, when she was well enough; but her strength had failed her so rapidly of late that she was obliged to spend nearly all her time on her couch.

Accordingly Ernest set off alone to see Aunt Sarah. He never enjoyed these trips very much, for the old lady lived all alone, and was cranky and peculiar. It was known that she had lots of money, but she was so miserly that she scarcely provided herself with the bare necessities of life. Ernest sighed as he looked around the bare, cheerless room, and then at the peevish old lady in the rocking-chair—the one rocker that the house afforded, and a very aged, rickety one at that, and he said to himself that

if she were not his own mother's sister he certainly would not go near her.

"Why didn't Rose come, too?" asked the old lady, fretfully.

"She can't, Aunt Sarah. She is so lame she can hardly walk at all, and is getting weaker every day."

"Is she going to die?" asked the old woman bluntly.

Ernest felt the cold chills go over him as he replied, "She certainly can't stand it very long like this."

"Ain't had no doctor for her, have ye?" she asked.

"No," said Ernest. "I have been trying to save up enough money to send her to the hospital. They think they can cure her there."

"How much will it cost?" she asked, abruptly.

Ernest named the sum, and then Aunt Sarah sat for a long time with her head leaning on her hands, lost in thought.

After a while she got up and hobbled into another room (for she had had the rheumatism so much that she was quite lame), and when she returned she had a roll of bills in her hand, which she held out to Ernest.

He could not believe his eyes, and stood staring at her in blank amazement.

"Take it," said she, in much the same tone that we would address a dog when handing a bone to him.

He took the money, and tried to thank her, but she interrupted him.

"You need not thank me. That is the first bit of money I ever gave away in my life."

"But you have given me too much, Aunt Sarah," said Ernest, counting the money over. "Here is ten dollars more than what it will cost."

"Well, won't she need some new duds?" snapped back the old woman.

"Yes," said Ernest. "She is very much in need of some new clothes. And I can't begin to tell you how thankful we are to you."

Ernest sped down the road as fast as his feet could carry him. Stopping at the parsonage, he left his money there, where he knew it would be in safe keeping, then he hastened on home.

(To be continued.)

HOW ENGLISH SOLDIERS MAKE THEIR WILLS.

How does the soldier, killed in battle or fatally wounded, dispose of his property, provided he has any to leave behind him? asks the Chicago Tribune. The list of casualties reported regularly from South Africa and the Philippines lends pertinence to the inquiry. Every English soldier has served out to him when he enlists a little volume which contains, among other things, three blank forms of will which he is at



liberty to fill out at his leisure. In a majority of cases, however, he pays no attention to this pocket-book, and goes into battle with his will still unmade. After he has been hit by a bullet and begins to realize that his chances of getting home are small, the soldier begins to think more carefully of the loved ones left behind him, and of the provisions he has made for their comfort. As a result many queer and pathetic wills have been found upon the bodies of dead soldiers, and in every case the wishes of the testator

have been respected, and duly carried out. During the Soudan campaign of 1884 the body of one soldier was found upon the battlefield of El Teh, who, before death, had scrawled with the end of a lead bullet on the inside of his helmet, the words, "All to my wife."

When an English army invaded Afghanistan, one soldier was caught while doing scout duty and shot down when none of his comrades were in sight. Weeks afterward his body was found lying before a tall rock, on which he had written in letters of blood, "I want mother to have all." In both cases the war department held the wills to be valid and saw them properly carried out.



The Song of the Sower.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noonday, and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus—

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
By-and-bye the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves,
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 20.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Matt. 13. 1-8, 18-23. Memory verses, 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The seed is the word of God.—Luke 8. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Story, v. 1-8.
 2. Its Explanation, v. 18-23.
- Time 4 P. 28
- Place—By the side of the Sea of Galilee.

LESSON HELPS

1. "Out of the house"—Out of his own house in Capernaum. By the seaside—The Sea of Galilee, one of his favourite resorts for teaching.

2. "Into a ship"—A fishing vessel, pushed a little from the shore, so that he could be heard.

3. "In parables"—Illustrative truth. "A sower"—Literally, the sower. No sower was more familiar in Galilee. Some sower may have scattered his seed in the distance while Christ spoke. "Went forth"—The expression implies that the sower, in the days of our Saviour, lived in a hamlet or village, as all these farmers now do, that he did not sow near his own house or in the garden fenced or walled.—Thomson.

4. "Wayside"—The edge of the paths that crossed the unfenced Palestine fields, and that were used by horsemen and beasts of burden. "The fowls"—

"The pigeons and other birds that followed the sower reaped an immediate harvest."—Plumptre. "As in our own corn-fields, a flock of bold, hungry birds watch the sower, and as soon as his back is turned they are down with a swift-winged swoop, and away goes the exposed grain."—McLaren.

5. "Stony places"—Not gravelly soil, but rock slightly covered with soil.

7. "Among thorns"—Ground from which the thorns or brambles or wild brier had not been rooted out; such growth can be found about the edges of many fields nowadays; the ground is so covered that grain could not grow. "Sprang up"—"In rich soils and hot valleys like Gennesaret the growth of weeds and thorns is as rapid and luxuriant as that of good seed."—Farrar.



8. "Good ground"—"Through the care of the husbandmen."—Lange. "A hundredfold—Not an extraordinary yield. Herodotus mentions that two hundredfold was a common return on the plain of Babylon, and sometimes three; and Niebuhr mentions a species of maize that returns four hundredfold."—Trench.

19. "The word"—"Every form of revelation."—Plumptre. "The wicked one"—"Satan knows that God's word is the blessed means of conversion and salvation."—Quessal. "Catcheth away"—"It is done in a moment; by a smile at the end of a sermon; by a silly criticism at the church door; by foolish gossip on the way home. These are 'the fowls' whom the evil one uses in this task."—Farrar.

20. "With joy receiveth it"—"Those whose emotions are touched, but whose will and character are unchanged. They are moved by the winds of popular excitement or enthusiasm, but there is no new life."—Poloubot.

21. "Not root"—"Prosperous growth must go on at once upward and downward."—Van Oosterzee. "For a while"—Such enthusiasm is short-lived.

22. "Care," etc.—"The demands of household, society, business, encroach upon our seasons of private and family devotion, excuse us from the prayer-meeting and often from church services."—Clarke.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Parable of the sower.—Matt. 13. 1-9.
Tu. Speaking in parables.—Matt. 13. 10-17.
W. Parable of the sower.—Matt. 13. 18-23.
Th. Wayside hearers.—Acts 14. 8-20.
F. No root.—John 8. 59-66.
S. Good ground.—Acts 2. 37-47.
Su. Much fruit.—John 15. 1-8.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY

1. The Story, v. 1-8.
For what purpose did Jesus go to the seaside? Mark 4. 1.
What compelled him to enter a ship? Mark 4. 1.



ILLUSTRATION OF STONY, THORNY AND GOOD GROUND.

Where was his audience?
Where did the "great multitudes" come from? Luke 8. 4.

What form did Jesus' teaching assume?
What is a parable?
From what labourer did Jesus draw an illustration?

What became of the wayside seed?
What happened to that which had little earth?

What seed was choked in its growth?
What increase was there on good ground?

What demand was made on the hearers?
What did Jesus mean by the seed? Golden Text.

2. Its Explanation, v. 18-23.
Who received seed by the wayside?
Who was the stony ground hearer?
In whom was the seed choked?
What marked the good ground hearer?
To which class do you belong?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson may we learn—
1. How to teach?
 2. How we ought to hear?
 3. The profit of heeding the truth?

Precept freezes while example warms. Precept addresses us, example lays hold on us. Precept is a marble statue, example glows with life, a thing of flesh and blood.—W. E. Gladstone.

The Lesson Story in Song.

'Tis in the Bible that we read,
A sower went forth to sow his seed;
He flung it broadcast o'er the land,
With liberal heart and open hand.

As he sowed some fell by the way,
On hard, cold ground, and there it lay;
And it was trodden under feet,
And birds of the air the seed did eat.

Some seed upon a rock was flung,
And very soon it upward sprang;
So little earth was where it lay,
As the sun rose it withered away.

But other seed on good ground fell,
And sun and rain the seed did swell;
Firm root it took; first blade, then ear,—
An hundred fold for God did bear.

Now let us each one that hath an ear
Lend it to God and for him hear;
In each heart may God's Word take root,
Tongue, hands, and feet for him bear fruit.

Was there ever a boy who didn't have a hero? Some one character of whom he never tired of reading and thinking, and whom he longed to grow like? What is it in this hero that he admires? He was brave and led armies to victorious battle. But there is a bravery more admirable than that. It is the kind that suffers undeservedly for another's fault. Or, he was generous and kind, and helped those weaker than himself. There is One who spent his whole life in doing this, and who first taught other men to do it. Such high courage, such noble self-sacrifice, such tenderness, such heroism under suffering the world has never seen. All earth's greatest men since, who have tried to follow him, have succeeded only in being feeble imitations. Surely, there never was a greater hero than Jesus Christ, and there never was a greater mistake than the idea that to love and worship him is weak or unmanly.—Forward.

even this is hardly more foolish than it is to follow blindly the first impulse that comes into our heads. To act without stopping to think is the poorest economy in the world. Nobody wastes time so hopelessly as the person who decides without deliberation, who, because of this wrong beginning, follows the wrong path and finally is forced to retrace his steps and start again. A little hard thinking before we begin to act would save us not only much precious time but many a headache as well.

Be Careful.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken,
And the sun's 'no flash;
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in sun and in shade,
It will surely grow;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weed will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside nigh,
You must reap the harvest,
By-and-bye;
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seeds now!
And not the briars and weeds now!
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home;
For the seeds we sow in our life to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.

Work is only well done when it is done with a will.—John Ruskin.

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