Your Gifts.

BY RMMA C. DOWD.

If you have the gift-of seeing, ever look for beauty; Noting fautis in all your friends is plainly not your duty

It-you-have-the-gift of hearing, list-to-what is meet; Shut your ears-to everything that is not good and sweet.

If you have the gat of pleasant words;
Let your speech be glad and cheery as the songs of birds,
—Youth's Companion. If you have the gift of talking, use but

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1899.

HE STOPPED THE TRAIN

Train No. 20 on the Indianapolis and Train No. 39 on the incissions and vincennes Railroad, in charge of Conductor F. W. Russe, of Indianapolis, was tearing along toward Indianapolis at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The train rate of fifty miles an hour. The train was loaded with passengers and was behind time. East of Edwardsport Engineer Dorsey saw on the track far abade a dog that was jumping about and acting in a poculiar manner. The dogs actions looked suspicious, and, as a measure of caution, Dorsey shut off the steam, so as to have the train undercontrol. When the train reached a nearer point, the dog stood and barked at it, and then, with: a yelp, started for the woods.

Then it was that Dorsey saw there was something red between the rails, and he threw on emergency brakes and

was something red between the rails, and he threw on emergency brakes and opened the sand-box. The train came to a standstill within ten feet of a pretty flaxen-baired baby in a red frock. The child was about two years old and had been playing to the child within the log and the been playing to the child, which laughed and crowed and patted his face in glee. in glee.

About eight hundred yards distant was About eight hundred yards distant was a farm-house, and toward it Franklin started with the baby, to meet a man running toward him like an insane person. It was the child's father, who had missed the baby just as the train stoped, and supposed that the little one had been killed. How the toward from home and mine and are group place no one could understand.

MINING A MILE UNDER THE SEA. RY R. H. SHERARD.

BY B. H. AHERARD.

The entrance to the shaft is in the side of the cellfi, and by the time three perpendicular ladders have been "walked down," one is on a level with the sea. Then each step downwards takes one lower-beneath the coean. It is said by some, and by others dended, that at the forty-fathom level in St. Just mine one can hear the boulders' rolling overhead; and the roar of the waters. For my part, after spending hours in the mine, I must say that, though I hearkened eggetly, I could detect no sound of the come everhead. In Boulland mine, hard by, which is now abandoused, the

noise, they say, was most perceptible, and the roaring, when the Atlantic was in one of its wilder moods, was the horror of the wokers. There is a point in Lovant mine, a point reached after-climbing down 2000 feet and walking for an hour down winding galleties, where the state. But between you and the bottom of the sea, which is here many hundred feet in depth of solid grantie. What will perhaps fill the mind of one who stands here, is the thought that England does not end there where the map denotes, because, a mile west, beneath the sea, there are Englishmen in yellow rags, advancing westward inch yinch, cutting their way, by the flickering, afterning with the solid and hardest grantic. flighting, streaming with every sing hymns to tood a pratis out there under the sea in the night.

THE STREET ARAB'S TRUST.

The following pathetic story is told by John B. Gough.

John B. Gough.

Astry is rold of a street boy in London who had had both legs broken by a dray passing over him. He was laid away in one of the beds of a hospital to dle, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up with famine fever The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him, and sald:

i said : Bobby, did you never hear about

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus".

"Bobby, Leever heard of him."

"No by, Leever heard of him."

"No by the heard of heard o

"How can I sak him if I don't know where he lives, and how can I get there when both of my legs are broken?"
"Bobby, they told me at mission-school as how Jesus passed by; teacher says as he goes round. How do you know but what he might come round to this hos-pital this yery night? You'd know him if you was to see him."
"But! Can't keep: my eyes open My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes

They got the hand up; it-dropped.
They got the hand up; it-dropped.
They tried again; it slowly fell back.
Three times he raised the little band, only to let it fall.
Bursting into tears,
it slive it rai.

biny to the triangular business with the said.

"I gill it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand," said the own puller! calles without it."

no my giller! call was propped up. And when hey came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still propped up to Jesus. You may search the world; and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to mission; chool but once. who had been to mission-school but one

STORY OF A PARROT.

Bayard Taylor relates the following about a parrot once owned by a lady in

about a parrot once owned by a lady in Chicago:

When the great fire was raging, an owner saw that she could reacue nothing except what she had only considered the same saw that she could take but one. After a mament of hestiation she seized the Bible, and was hastenling way; when the parrot cried out in a noud and solemn the same saw that she was the same saw that she was chief with the property of the same saw that saw the saw that saw the saw that saw the saw the

A Suggestion -" What is the-what is A Suggestion — What is the water is the name of those things with wings on their heads?" asked Mr. Bopps, who couldn't think of the word "cherub" to

save him.
"Mules ?" suggested Mrs. Boppe, in all

The Birds in Church. BY E. S. DREHER.

God's happy children of the air On leafy boughs are swaying. While beings fair with forms divine-Are in the churches praying.

Cathedral grand with vaulted skies The songs of birds are filling; The wide extended plains of heaven Are with their rapture thrilling.

They chant the anthems of their God, And worship him with singing; Who listens to their songs may hear The chimes of heaven a-ringing.

a divers notes of sweetest tone Their lays to us come stealing; hey seem to draw us to the skies, While in our pews we're kneeling.

We how before the Lord in prayer. Our love to him expressing,
The prayer is said; we rise, and, lo!
We-see a sight distressing

From bough to bough, from tree to tree, The birds no longer flitting, All bruised and crushed and cold and dead

On-ladies' hats are sitting.

Their songs without now never heard, The minstrels dead or dying; Within the sinners, vain with pride, Their God to praise are trying

They sing aloud their hymns of praise, And think that God is hearing. While on their shapeless hats in truth Five million birds they're wearing.

And now no chirping music wild On airy wings is swelling, he voiceless birds to church have gone To find an alien dwelling.

Methinks could all these lifeless birds Our hearts with song he filling.
A plaintive voice to us would say,
"Why don't you stop this killing?"

An answer bold in haste is made, "What cares a bird for living?" Just this, dear friend, to live the life That God to it is giving.

No tearful voice, no whispered song, Can end without his knowing; Spare, then, the birds whose songs do set The world to music going.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

Iulia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER TY

WHAT THE BAND FINDETH TO DO-DO.

When "the minister" heard that He-man had forestalled his threatened summan had forestalled his threatened sum-mons and had come home, he quickly called him to come and take tea with him. A big dish of fruit stood on the study table, and with some cheery re-marks Heman was set at case and direct-ed to help himself. Then somehow ho marks Heman was set at ease and directed to help himself. Then somehow he began to talk-freely, and to tell-of-his show like experiences. Afterwards heman wondered that he had spoken so openly, and told his adventures se openly, and told his adventures so unrestrainedly; he feared the minister would think him presuming. He had no idea that quietly and thoroughly the hantster, with the trained judgment of a mature mind, was investigating the opinions and experiences of the boy. He wished to know if the innoceance, franks meas and roverence of the country borness and roverence of the country borness. wished to know if the innocence, frank-ness and roverence of the country bo-had suffered harm in his wanderings, Gently, inperceptibly the man won from the lad the frank expression of his thoughts, and he smiled his inward gratification to find that the child of his church had not morally detelerated. In church had not morally deteriorated fact the surly meanness of Dan Cripps had been a safeguard to Heman; it was had been a safeguard to Heman; it was pleasanter to dwell alone, or to consort with the horses and monkeys than to en-dure Dan. Heman had been driven in on his own company, his memory, his observations. The minister was well con-

"Your going," my boy, he said, "was a wrong move; you ran a tremendous, if k of moral ruin; when we have made a mistake in life we should gather what good we can from it, and I think degood we can from it, and I' think de-cency, simplicity, purity, integrity, home-jife will always shine; fairer to you, as you contrast it with the show. Some-times we don't know when we are well off until we are jill off. Your Uncle Sin-net is a good man; he has much of that child-hearteness which habstite the

hingdom of heaven He has a grea-fault, nurtured by the siratis of his earl-life. He sets far too high a value of money on the possession of property Not content with what comes from the daily pursuit of his proper occupation he has always been grasping after profits far beyond the value of an investment dreaming of much from little or

"Association with him and the losses "Association with him and the losses you have lately met, have roused. They on a similar greed-for gain. It led you as similar greed-for gain. It led you astray, as it has led Mr. Sinnet into continuous losses. Every indication or Providence seems to point: that Utlas is not called to wealth, but to a modest enough. He has the promise that he shall nover beg, that bread shall be given and water-shall be sure. God says to many, as to hig ancient servant, 'Seekest thou weat those you though the shall have feet threat seek them. many, as to his ancient servant. Seekeast thou great things for thyself, seek them not, said the Lord. The plain directions of Divine Providence see med to appoint Urlas his humble, happy home, safe, sufficient. Covetopsness has been his

sufficient. Covetopuness has been his

"Now, Henan, you have had a lessor
early, follow safe, honest, open ways of
making a living, carn honourably, spend
wisely. If God leads you late, wince
paths, follow them, only be sure it is lie
leading. If he keeps you in the simple
round, the common task, fulln!-! with
singleness of heart as unto God "Better the sight of the oyen than the wandering of the desire." Now, that's active, and a little private sermon Tell
me what you propose to do since you
are at home again."

"Uncle Rias and I mean to start on
building a shop right away. We've

are at home again."
"Uncie 'Rlas. and I mean to start on
building a shop right away. We've
money enough for lumber, doors, windows, and nails. We'll-have it on the money enough for lumber, doors, win-dows, and nails. We'll have it on the south-west, with one door going into the kitchen so we can get some heat that way I'm going to get every bit of day's work I can, and work at the shop when I've nothing else to do. I'll have work in the orchards, wood-lots and corn-fields preity soon."

"Lawyer Brace will want a boy to light his office fire and keep the office clean this winter after the first of No-vember; I can get you that place. Our creat time water after the BIS of November; I can get you that place. Our church will also want some one to build fire in the stoves Sunday, and on-Wednesday ovenings, and to sweep, dust, cut kindling, and clean the steps on Saturday. I think you could do that well, Hemain, you are thorough in what you undertake. Those two places would bring you three dollars a week. After November first I want you to take those two places, and what Saturday work you have time for beside, and go to school during the week. We shall have a very excellent teacher here, from November until June, Mr. George Renfrew; you need a winter more of study, Heman, you need to study history, grammar, and bookkeping."

bookkeeping."

bookkeeping."

hookkeeping."

hooke and booke skilled and the unskilled workman; the excellence of knowing something had excellence of know grown upon Heman.

"Book-keeping" had a pleasant busi-ness-like sound. Yes, he would like to know how to keep books; history he had heast-like sound. Yes, no would like to know how to keep books; history he had always liked well, and as for grammar he "ouid stand it," although he did not yearn after further knowledge of the total stand the and the stand the same that he and Uncle 'Rhas had been making hemselves rather feolich lately, and it behooved them to rehabilitate themselves and Dreys and Espey were highly delighted with the minister's plant, hey discussed it at the supper table. Uncle 'Rhas shook his head over school' and 'grammar,' but said nothing; Urias had made many mistakes altely, and was beginning to distrust himself as adviser and manager. Aunt Espey said, 'What the world wants, Heman, is honest men that will do some kind of honest work, in a thorough, hon-

Heman, is nonest men that will do some kind of honest work, in a thorough, hon-est way. It doesn't so much matter what the work is. Good, faithful handwhat the work is. Good, faithful hand-work is what is needed, and the better it is done the more valuable the man is. The more he knows the more good he can do. It's pose-nobody can know all the learning there is in the world, added simple Aunt Esper, "so I think a man had bette pick into the kind he can use best, and get all he can of it."
"Yes," and Heman, slowly; "but—you see—I do know a good deal about horses,