

Old-Time Haying

BY HELEN HINSDALE RICE.

Oh! the haying, sweetest haying!
With swinging scythes a-gleam;
The merry-makers all afield
With morning's rosy beam.

When wheeling up the purple east
The gorgeous sun has lit
The yellow bee to flowery feast;
The grass-green minaret—

When flashing 'mid the grass, lush green,
The gleaming fork and scythe,
And eyes as keenly bright, I ween,
As any orbs alive;

The haying time! so beautiful
With labour's romance fine,
When hearts embrace the dutiful,
And water flows for wine;

A monarch of the blessed soil,
A knight of high degree!
Who only owes to happy toil,
Tribute and fealty,

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1893

ROBIE STREET JUNIOR LEAGUE, HALIFAX.

This Junior E. L. of C. E. numbers 44, half of which are boys. Nine have united themselves with the Church, and we hope that soon we will be able to report some more.

missionary from Japan. At our missionary meetings we have sand maps; a certain country is shaped in sand; the rivers are represented by blue yarn, and the seas and lakes by pieces of glass.

In addition to the committees in our report last summer we have the birthday committee. This committee is supposed to find out the birthdays of the various members, and special prayer is offered for each member on his or her birthday.

HALF-A-DOZEN SWITZERLANDS.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, in his description of his journey through Canada, goes into raptures over the scenery of British Columbia. He gives up in despair the attempt to do justice to the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

BY MARY LOUISA BUTLER.

JUST the very name of Edison suggests electricity. Instead of Mr. Edison, however, sometimes people call him "the wizard," "because he has made electricity do what would have been called magic in olden times."

As he is only forty-four years old, and always hard at work, it is impossible to even imagine what his busy brain will produce in these coming years. As a boy Thomas Edison was poor, and began very young to earn his own living; and, except his two months at school, never had any teacher but his mother.

Soon after this he learned telegraphy, but as operator never held a position very

long, for his rapidly increasing knowledge and many experiments were a constant annoyance to his employers. All his spare money being used in experiments he was never well dressed, and at one time was so reduced that on a winter trip to Memphis his only coat was a linen duster.

And now, at the suggestion of a teacher of the blind, Mr. Edison is conducting experiments to reduce the size of the phonograph's cylinder and increase its capacity, so that it may be used for instructing the blind.

With the increased capacity which Mr. Edison is positive of gaining, entire books can be read into the phonograph, and the blind will be no longer dependent on raised letters or paid readers for instruction.

A LAND OF QUEER CUSTOMS.

ALL things are reversed in Holland. The main entrance to the finest public building in the country, The Palace, or late town hall, of Amsterdam, is its back door. Bashful maidens hire beaux to escort them to the Kermis, or fair, on festival days.

Sometimes, instead of either pincushion or shingle, you will see a large placard hung outside of the front door. Then you may know that somebody in the house is ill, and his or her present condition is described on the placard for the benefit of inquiring friends; and sometimes, when such a placard has been taken down, you may meet a grim-looking man on the street dressed in black tights, a short cloak, and high hat from which a long, black streamer is flying.

A Modern Prodigal

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE LAURELS BLOOMED AGAIN.

It was the fourth May since Thomas Stanhope received his sentence, and the mountain was flushed from foot to crown with the laurel bloom.

Oh, what a world of bloom and song was this from which the prisoner had vanished! The wife thought of it as she stood in the garden of her little home, and looked on the banks of laurel rising in vivid pink on every side.

Letitia had come up on Friday evening to stay at home until Monday. The return of Letitia was always a festivity. She stood now in the garden with her mother, growing as tall as Mercy, and fair as Mercy had been in her girlhood, but with the Stanhope's hopefulness in her face.

"Samuel will not get a chance to run away to Uncle Barum's this year," said Mercy. "Do you know, Letitia, I mean more than half thought Uncle Barum might come here after that visit. He was so kind to Samuel. I wish I could be friends with him again, he was very good to me—better than I realized. I repaid him poorly. He is getting to be an old man now. He must be lonely."

"I almost think," said Letitia, that Uncle Barum has visited our school. There came an old man to visit us one day. He did not say anything, but he sat and listened, and looked about. The next time he came, I think the teacher called him Mr. True, and then it seemed to me that he looked as Samuel described Uncle Barum: met a very big man, red-faced and wrinkled, with gray hair over his coat-collar, and bushy white eyebrows.

"It must have been Uncle Barum! I wonder what he was there for. He did not speak to you, Letitia?"

"No, nor even look at me. But one of the girls, Madge Terhune, is a kind of relative of Uncle Barum, I think."

"That must be Sacy Terhune's daughter. Sacy is a cousin of Uncle Barum. Do you know Madge?"

"No, she don't go with me. Some of the girls don't, most of them do, and for the rest it does not make any difference. Some of them don't see me on account of my working for my board at Friend Sara's, and on account of father. But never you mind that, mother, I don't."

Mercy sighed. The father, it seems, must drag down his children in his fall, despite their best efforts. Great is this responsibility of parents, close indeed the solidarity of the family.

"Mother, what is that sound like a voice that I hear now and then?"

"That is Samuel on the knoll back of the barn. The child has been reciting pieces in school this year, and is quite wild about it. He practises his pieces all the time, and Achilles says he also invents speeches—preaching, he calls it. Last week Achilles found him standing on a stone in the upper pasture, preaching to Mr. Canfield's sheep. There were some thirty sheep and lambs, and the sound of the child's voice had brought them all together about him, and they were gazing at him while he preached and gesticulated. Achilles said it was a funny sight. He told Achilles that he was having church and the sheep were his congregation."

Presently Achilles came home from his work at Mr. Gardiner's, and then Samuel, running from behind the barn, spied Letitia and came forward, shouting with joy.