

opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honoured the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterwards indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honoured with the hands of the milkmaids. Then, as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

THE SCHOOL DAYS OF GREAT MEN.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

ISAAC NEWTON, the world-famous natural philosopher, was the son of a farmer, and was born at Woolsthorpe, England, in the year 1642. He was a puny, sickly, delicate little child. Soon after his birth it was not thought he would live many hours, and his nurse—who went for some medicine—was surprised to find him alive when she returned. His father had died before little Isaac was born. Not a great while after, his mother married again, and Isaac was taken by his maternal grandmother to be brought up by her.

During his early school-days he was not a particularly attentive scholar, though not from any lack of intelligence. You will smile when you learn how he was "spurred up" to attend to his education. It happened that one day a mean, bad boy, who stood next to him in the class, kicked him in the stomach. Most boys would have kicked back. Isaac didn't. He thought of a sweeter revenge, or punishment, than personal violence. He put his mind to his books, and determined to get ahead of this boy, which he did in a very short time, and finally became the first scholar in the class.

When he was twelve years of age he was sent to the public school at Grantham, where he was remembered as a "sober, silent, thinking lad," who loved to be much by himself. From his very earliest childhood he had been fond of using tools, and loved to construct all sorts of curious pieces of mechanism. Some men were building a windmill in his neighbourhood. He watched them to see how it was put together, and then set to work to build a little one on the same plan. After he got tired of seeing it put in motion by the action of the wind, he so changed it that it could be run by animal power. He contrived it so that a mouse would run over a tread-wheel, and thus keep the machine going.

His water-clock was a still more wonderful piece of work. It was about four feet high, and looked somewhat like a common house clock. The index of the dial-plate

was turned by a piece of wood, which was made to rise or fall by the action of dropping water. This clock was used for many years by an old resident of the village.

Isaac Newton was the inventor of a sort of velocipede, or, as he called it, a "mechanical carriage." This vehicle had four wheels, and was put in motion by a handle worked by the person who sat in it. It could only be used on the smooth surface of the floor. Doubtless it could be used on such sidewalks as we have at the present day, though it would look rather awkward beside the well-made, natty three-wheeled velocipedes in use by our modern boys and girls.

It may surprise you to learn that the grave philosopher Newton was the inventor of the improved kite. After experimenting on the proper shaped to be used, and the best method of tying the string, he one day astonished his companions by introducing the new plaything to the school-ground. After this he made paper-lanterns, which he used on dark, winter mornings, when going to school. Then he conceived the idea of tying a lantern to the tail of a kite, and putting the kite up by night. Many country people thought the light was a falling meteor, or a comet, descending from infinite space.

Besides this genius for mechanism, Newton was a good draughtsman, and adorned his room with many little pictures, drawn and framed by himself. He wrote some poetry, too; but the less we say about that the better.

At the age of fifteen he was taken from school and put on the farm where he was born, it being the intention of his mother to make him a farmer. You know what care—what thrift and industry—are required to cultivate the soil; and how a man must take a real interest in his work—or in any work, for that matter—if he would be successful. Newton was a born mechanical genius, but as an agriculturist—a cultivator—he would never have made a success. On the farm he spent most of the time studying scientific books, or working at his inventions. As for the oats, the beans, and the barley, they looked after themselves.

On Saturday night he would have to go to town to sell his produce. Sometimes Newton would send his man; and even if he went himself the man would have to attend to the business, for Newton's mind was so much occupied with astronomical or other studies, that he had no more idea of the prices he ought to get for his produce than the man in the moon. Sometimes he would leave the wagon before he got to town, and, sitting down by the roadside, under the shade of a big tree, he would pore over a book, or study out some new invention. Once his uncle—a clergyman—caught him in this position, so wrapped up in his thoughts that he did not notice the presence of his reverend relative.

Newton was studying a mathematical problem. The uncle saw at once that a boy like Newton would never make a farmer, and advised his mother to send him back to school. She did so; and after a time, Newton entered Trinity College, where he was a close student, and had time and opportunity to study scientific works to his heart's content. He mastered *Descartes' Geometry* by himself, without any preliminary study.

One notable thing about Newton was his modesty. He was the man who said, in speaking of his studies, that he was only "a child gathering pebbles on the seashore." He made use of every little fact that came in his way.

An old writer has expressed the thought that they who would

"To greatness rise,
ought not small beginnings to despise,
Nor strive to runne before they learn to
creepe.

By many single cares together brought
The hand is filled; by handfulls we may
gaine

A sheafe; with many sheaves a barne is
fraught;

Thus oft by little we do muche obtaine.

WILL'S LOST UMBRELLA.

"O MOTHER, I've done a dreadful thing!" said Elsie, coming to her mother with tears in her eyes.

"What have you done, Elsie?"

"I've lost Will's silk umbrella."

"Why, Elsie, how came you to do it?"

"I took it down town with me this morning—it sprinkled a little, you know—and I must have left it somewhere, for when I was coming home I missed it."

"And did you go back?"

"Yes; I went to every store I had been in, but I couldn't find it."

"Did Will say you might take it?"

"No; he never would let me, because he always said I would lose it. I wanted to carry it just once, it was so nice. But, O dear, I wish I hadn't."

"I am very sorry," said mother gravely.

"It is the first nice one Will has ever had, and I don't know when he will have another."

"No," said Elsie, in great distress, "I'd do anything to give him another if I could. But I can't, and he'll be terribly angry with me."

"I am afraid he will," said mother, really pitying the little girl for her dread of her brother's anger. "But I guess you deserve it, dear, for taking the umbrella without leave, so you must only bear it as well as you can. We will make a few more inquiries before we tell Will." The inquiries were made, but the umbrella had fallen into dishonest hands, and was nevermore heard of.

"You had better tell Will at once, Elsie," said mother.

"I wish you would tell him, mother."

And mother was quite willing to make the trouble as light as she could for Elsie, and began watching an opportunity for approaching Will on his best side.

"I don't think it was anything to make a great fuss over," said Will the same evening, flinging down a book he had been reading.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"This story about the boy who lost a great prize because of another boy having burned up some papers without knowing that they were the notes of his essay. It was a dreadful disappointment to him, of course; but when it was once done, and no help for it, what could he do but get over it the best way he could?"

"But if you try to put yourself in his place, you will see that it must have required a great deal of Christian fortitude to forgive at once the boy who had done the mischief."

"Ho! a boy who amounted to anything would never think of making a fuss over what couldn't be helped."

"And a really manly, true-hearted boy would take pleasure in trying to prevent his friend from suffering too keenly over the fact of having unintentionally injured him," said mother, more seriously.

"Of course," agreed Will.

"I am glad you think so, for I am going to give you a chance of showing how a boy of that kind, a real boy, not in a story-book, can bear a little injury unintentionally done him."

"What do you mean now, mother?"

"Poor little Elsie is feeling very bad because of something which she knows will vex you, and I wish, my dear boy, that you would strive to show a spirit of brotherly kindness in the matter."

"What has she done?" asked Will.

"She has lost your silk umbrella."

"A quick colour flew to Will's cheek."

"I know it is a very annoying thing," went on his mother. "Elsie thinks you will be very hard on her about it, and she has a great dread of your anger. Don't you think, dear, it would be a grand thing for you to surprise her by speaking kindly about it, by forgiving her fully and freely?"

"What business had she to take it?" said Will, evidently trying to overcome a desire to speak excitedly.

"She did wrong to take it without your knowledge, and she knows it."

Just then Elsie's voice was heard in the hall, and Will arose from the piazza steps, on which he had been sitting, walked quickly around the house and out of sight. He felt angry, as Elsie had said he would. He had a great liking for the small luxuries which were scarce in the family. The umbrella had been given by an aunt who had visited them, and he had taken great pride in the stylishness of its oxidized silver handle and its slender proportions when encased in its silken cover. It had been a small joke with his sisters that he only took it out when sure it was not go-

ing to rain. It was gone, and he knew it would be a great relief to his vexation to pour out his anger upon Elsie, who had no business to touch his highly-prized property. He could in fancy see exactly how she would shrink before him, and how the tears would come to her blue eyes—just as she deserved, he declared to himself. And then came a thought of the boy in the book who had won the victory over a sense of injury very like this which was possessing him. This was putting him in his place, sure enough. He walked for an hour under the trees in the old orchard. Better thoughts came to him through the gathering shadows of the twilight. What a short-lived satisfaction would be in the bitter words which would rankle like thorns in his little sister's heart! What a lasting sweetness in lifting her burden of the fear of his severe fault-finding! "I'll wait till some day I want it, and then I'll ask where it is, and when she tries to tell me, I'll kiss her and laugh," he said, as at length he turned toward the house. "But, no, I won't. She'll keep on fretting over it till she knows that I know. Elsie!" he called at the step.

"What is it, Will?"

Mother raised her head in anxious attention.

"Bring me my umbrella, please."

"O Will," came in a faltering little voice, as she walked slowly toward him.

He did not wait for her to go on, but threw his arms around her with a laugh. "Yes, you'd have a hard time bringing it, wouldn't you? I know all about it, you naughty little thing. If that's what you've been wearing such a doleful face about these few days, you'd better set your mind at rest."

"O Will, aren't you mad with me?"

"Not a bit."

"You dear, dear brother! I thought you'd never forgive me."

It was, as he knew it would be, a long time before he had another silk umbrella. But it will be far longer before he will forget the satisfaction growing out of the result of the hard-fought battle with himself, a satisfaction to be tasted with every remembrance of his victory.—*New York Observer.*

Epworth League.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

November 10, 1895.

HONESTY REQUIRED.—Exodus 20. 15.

"Deal justly"—that is, deal honestly is a command of high authority. It is a lamentable fact that many people are dishonest in dealing, they will use many words in buying and selling, and also disparage the article and beat down the tradesman in his price. This is not right. Live and let live should be the principle of business. The command contained in our lesson refers to dishonesty. If a man steals he is guilty of robbery, he is taking that which belongs to another. Young people and children are often trained to become criminals by stealing in the first instance things of little value, then they proceed to take those of greater value, and thus advance until they become adepts in crime. All persons should avoid every kind of theft. Young people especially should learn the habit of dealing justly in all things. Never run into debt in purchasing any article of clothing. Pay as you go, and in general you will thus purchase at a cheaper rate, and keep a quiet conscience. Business men who charge exorbitant rates of interest, or try to control markets by stratagem, or take advantage of the necessities of others would do well to remember the Eighth Commandment. Always remember that "Honesty is the best policy." Never buy what you do not need. Keep out of debt, or you will be miserable, and be sure never to do anything which is not strictly honest, and ever remember that "an honest man is the noblest work of God."

The white men in South Africa talk unblushingly of the day when the natives will all be killed off by rum and they can have the land. Men, women, children and babies can be seen lying along the roadsides drunk.