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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1898.

[No. 30.]

A Lost Type.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy,
A boy with freckled face,
With forehead white, 'neath tangled hair,
And limbs devoid of grace.

Whose feet toe in, while his elbows
flare,
Whose knees are patched always,
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You give him a word of praise.

A boy who was born with an appetite,
Who seeks the pantry shelf,
To eat his "piece" with resounding
smack:
Who isn't gone on himself.

A Robinson Crusoe read-
ing boy,
Whose pockets bulge
with trash;
Who knows the use of
rod and gun,
And where the brook-
trout splash.

It's true he'll sit in the
easiest chair,
With hat on his tousled
head;
That his hands and feet
are everywhere:
For youth must have
room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his
father "Old man,"
Nor deny his mother's
call,
Nor ridicule what his
elders say,
Or think that he knows
it all.

A rough and wholesome,
natural boy,
Of a good old-fashioned
clay,
God bless him if he's
still on earth,
For he'll make a man
some day.

STORY OF A PITCHER.

BY LILA DUDLEY.

A lady friend of mine has a very handsome jug—or pitcher, some might call it—which I admire very much. It is a handsome shade of red, known as Indian red, I believe, decorated with dogwood blossoms. The white flowers painted on the red ground make a very pretty effect. I asked her one day where she bought it, resolving I would not be slow in purchasing one like it if there was such another in the city.

My friend's face had an amused look as she replied: "I am afraid you will have hard work watching this if you want to buy one, for such pitchers are not made nowadays." Her eyes twinkled as she said: "No doubt you'll be shocked when I tell you that it was once our cider pitcher."

Of course I looked surprised, for she is one of the staunchest temperance women—the truest of the true—and will not allow a drop of alcoholic liquor to come into her home either for cooking, drinking, or medicine. And here was this immense pitcher, capable of holding five or six quarts, which I had to try hard to imagine filled with cider, and in her house, too.

She laughed at my surprised look, and then went on: "It is very old; has been in our family a great many years, and my mother very likely bought it before I was born. She had a large family, and it took considerable food to feed the many hungry boys and girls who

gathered round the table at meal times. We were very fond of rice-pudding, and I remember what a dismayed look came to our milkman's face when mother used to take out to him this pitcher on a Saturday for the necessary milk for the pudding. Milk and cider was all it was ever used for. We used to drink cider, I am sorry to say, and always put it in our mince-pies. An ordinary pitcher was not large enough, so mother used this. It was a common red earthenware pitcher, but glazed.

"Since I have been converted to temperance, and do not use cider for my mince-pies, I have had no use for it, and it has lain useless down in the cellar. My granddaughter, who has an eye for beauty, brought it upstairs

REMEMBER!

We wonder what mother is saying to her little daughter as she holds her hand and gives her a last word of caution and advice. The little girl has been listening to a long list of things she has to do in the village, such as giving messages, making purchases, and perhaps getting medicine in that long necked bottle in the basket, and her mother is just now saying, "Remember this and remember that," and the child, with thoughtful face, is going over in her little head all she has been told. You may be quite sure she will forget nothing and will come back in a short time with a smiling face and tell her mother all the results of her little

Samuel in his. Pretty soon Samuel heard some one calling him; he supposed it was Eli, so he rose quickly and ran to him saying here am I, for thou calledst me. But . . . said, I called not, lie down again. And he went and lay down. And he heard the voice again calling Samuel, he rose again and went to Eli and said, Here am I, for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son, lie down again. And Samuel heard the voice again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli and said, Here am I, for thou didst call me. Then Eli told him that it was the Lord calling him, that he should go and lie down, and if he heard the voice again, he should say. Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place, and the Lord came and stood and called, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. Then the Lord talked with Samuel, and told him what he wanted him to do. After that Samuel always knew the voice of the Lord and obeyed him whenever he spake. He was a good boy and grew up a good man, and always worked for the Lord as long as he lived.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

I remember a young woman who came to me in great trouble; told me that her father was drunk two or three times a week, that he insisted on having a large part of her earnings to spend in drink; and that when he came home at night with drink in him, he often beat her. Life was becoming intolerable to her. She wanted to know whether it would be right for her to leave him. Her mother was dead, her father, if she left him, would be alone; was it her duty to stay? I told her that, in my judgment, his treatment of her had released her from the obligation; but I asked her whether it would be possible for her to be happy at night if she went elsewhere; whether she would not be always thinking that in his drunken fits her father might come to harm, and whether she could not regard the care of this unhappy man, with all the suffering and misery it brought upon her, as the special service to which Christ had appointed her. She looked up, hesitated a moment, and then said: "I will." I do not think she would have made a good model for an artist painting a saint, she did not live in a picturesque monastery, but in a back court in Birmingham, her dress was not picturesque, but the somewhat unlovely dress of a poor working girl. Yet that seems to me to be the true imitation of Christ. Let me finish the story. She came to me three months later, and told me, with the light of joy on her face, that her father had never come home drunk since that night she had resolved to care for him for Christ's sake.

GLADSTONE AT ETON.

He persisted while at Eton in being an unostentatiously pious and religious student. He would not join in or countenance any mockery or levity about things which he had been taught to regard as sacred. Yet there was nothing whatever of the "prig" about him, and his force of character even then was such that he compelled the most light-minded to respect him and his ways. Nor would he stand any frolicsome cruelty to dumb animals. "He stood forth," says Mr. Russell, "as the champion of some wretched pigs which it was the custom to torture at Eton Fair on Ash Wednesday and when bantered by his school fellows for his humanity offered to write his reply in good round hand upon their faces."

This boy was father to the man who gave up his much-needed vacation at Naples in 1850 in order to investigate the condition of political prisons "carried on for the purpose of violating every law, unwritten and eternal human and divine," and whose subsequent letters aflame with such hot indignation set Europe ablaze, and ended in the downfall of Bourbonism and the emancipation of Italy.



REMEMBER!

the other day, and, after a couple of hours' work with her paints and brushes, the result is, as you see, 'a thing of beauty.' It stood on a small stand, and held some tall peacock plumes, and really was a very pretty ornament to the room.

Oh, that all cider pitchers and jugs could be thus converted to a better use! Better lie dusty and mouldy in the cellar than filled with what I believe is "the devil's kindling-wood."

A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then he often regrets that he has found out.

journey. What a queer, old-fashioned dress the mother and child wear. They are probably Germans, as the carved wood and iron hinges seem to indicate

LITTLE SAMUEL.

Samuel's mother gave him to the Lord when he was a babe. When he was yet a very small child she brought him to the house of the Lord and left him there with Eli the priest. Whenever Eli wanted Samuel to do anything for him, he always obeyed immediately. One night Eli and Samuel had both laid down to sleep, Eli in his place and

Little Helpers.

We are little Christians,
To Jesus we belong;
We ourselves are very weak,
But he is very strong.

We are little soldiers,
For Jesus we will fight;
Against our greatest enemy,
We'll battle for the right.

We are little helpers,
Therefore help must we,
And in all our helping,
Must glorify thee.

We are little Christians,
Soldiers, helpers, too;
You may come and help as well,
There is much to do.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO JULY 23, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 31, 1898.

HINTS FOR DAILY LIVING: HOW TO BE TRUE.

(Prov. 12. 19; Zech. 8. 16; Eph. 4. 15.)

Truthfulness and transparency of character are the very first essentials of a manly life. We all respect the man or boy who tells the truth. The old Spartans used to teach their boys to be brave and bold and speak the truth. This is the special characteristic of the English race. King Alfred, who lived a thousand years ago, was known as the Truth-teller.

It is this that makes an Englishman's word as good as his bond, and makes English goods the most salable in all the markets in the world. There is nothing which so undermines character and degrades a man or boy, even in his own eyes, as the spirit of untruthfulness.

"The lip of truth shall be established forever," said Solomon, three thousand years ago, "but a lying tongue is but for a moment." People soon find it out and put no more confidence in what it says.

In speaking the truth we must do it gently, kindly, not harshly. There are some people who pride themselves upon their truthfulness, but they fling the truth at you in great clods and cultivate a kind of brutal frankness. St. Paul says we must speak the truth in love, in kindness, and gentleness, and thus win the affection while we convince the judgment.

MIGRATION EXTRAORDINARY.

At New York, in March, arrived from Arctic Lapland 537 reindeer and 113 human immigrants, who will not be compelled to be inspected as to their qualifications for entering the United States. The 113 consist of Laplanders, Finns, and Norwegians, whose business it is to take care of the reindeer. The steamer Manitoba, on which they came, also brought 518 reindeer sleds, 511 sets of harness, and 3,000 or 4,000 bags of moss to feed the reindeer. Among the immigrants were six bridal couples, married just before they came.

This importation is by the Government of the United States, which is carrying out the plans suggested by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the Presbyterian missionary in Alaska, and last Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The idea is to stock Alaska with reindeer. Before going on board the ship the reindeer were dehorned. Only one died during the journey of four thousand miles from Lapland, and that resulted from injuries received in fighting. If they had kept their horns, probably half of them would have been dead.

Among the caretakers is Balto, a Lapp, who crossed Greenland with Nansen, and proudly sports a silver medal conferred upon him by Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, in recognition of his services. Paulson, a Norwegian, has three prizes from King Oscar—two medals and a silver pitcher for skill in rifle shooting; and Staglogaro, a Finn, has the distinction of having been the northernmost mail carrier in the world. For eight years he carried the mail on his back to North Cape, Norway, travelling on skées—Norwegian snowshoes.

The government has a contract with lines of railway to take the reindeer to Seattle, reserving the right at any time to stop the train and rest the animals. From there they are to be taken to Yukon by steamer, and there put at once into active service transporting supplies to the hungry miners.

The reindeer to the Laplander is ox, cow, sheep, and horse in one animal. The milk is the chief support of the owner and his family, and as a draught animal the reindeer has speed and endurance, and can travel on snow better than any other animal that man can domesticate. The ordinary weight that the comparatively small creature can draw is about 240 pounds, and his speed reaches 18 or 20 miles an hour, and his endurance is amazing. The reindeer can go 150 miles in 19 hours. There is a portrait of one in Sweden which went 800 miles in 48 hours, carrying an officer with important despatches; and according to the story, which some authorities claim is credible, it dropped dead immediately after accomplishing the feat.

The clothing made of the skin of the reindeer is so impervious to the cold that, according to Dr. Richardson, one dressed in it and having a blanket of the same kind, can lie down on the snow in the most intense cold of an Arctic winter's night and be comfortable. The meat of the reindeer equals the venison of the best fallow deer of the English parks. Alaska has an abundance of the same kind of moss upon which the reindeer lives. We shall be much interested to know if these animals can hold their own against the Eskimo dogs in the northern parts. The dehorned ones will be protected, of course, by their attendants. Another ship has brought over 500 more for speculation. There is comparatively little doubt that the shores of North America and Asia were once nearer than they are now.

Take it all in all, this enterprise suggests many interesting reflections in natural science, history, and modern civilization.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD'S ADVENTURE.

"There was a young boy in Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck,
When they said, 'Are you friz?'
He replied, 'Yes, I is—
But we don't call this cold in Quebec!'"

So sings the poet of the burning jungle, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. His song is supposed to relate to an imaginary case; but meantime a young boy of Montreal has actually been buried in a snowdrift, quite over his head, so deep that he could not dig out, and remained buried from noon until quarter past seven in the evening.

The story of his adventure is thrilling, and affords a telling glimpse of winter life in Montreal. The boy's name is Leon Mahoney, and he is only seven years old. On the eleventh of February last he was engaged in the sport of "catching rides" on the public street. He hung on behind a big transport sleigh, whose driver did not notice him.

As the sleigh, with the boy behind, was passing along Ann Street, in which street little Leon lived, a great quantity of snow fell off a roof upon the sleigh. The avalanche not only knocked Leon off, but buried him. He tried to squirm out, but the snow was heavy, and the long fall from the roof had so packed it that the little fellow could not move.

No one saw the boy carried down by the snow. The driver, unaware that

he had lost a passenger, drove on. People passed and repassed, within two or three feet of the spot where Leon was vainly writhing, but no one could hear his smothered cries for help.

Hours passed. Leon still struggled, but vainly—vainly in the respect that he came no nearer to getting out; but probably his struggles saved his life, by preventing him from becoming benumbed with cold. Somehow he got air enough to save him from suffocation.

However, at last, he did become exhausted, and was unable to struggle any more. The end must have come soon. But when darkness fell, and little Leon had not come home, his parents began to look for him. No one seemed to have seen him in the neighbourhood. But at last some one reported that he had noticed the boy on the big transport sled, and he also remembered the sled well enough so that the driver of it was identified and found.

But the driver had seen nothing of a small boy on his sled. The inquirer was about to go away in discouragement when the driver exclaimed:

"There was a big snow-slide struck my sleigh this noon. I wonder if he could have been on it then?"

He remembered about where the avalanche had fallen, and with the little boy's parents he went to the place. As a sort of forlorn hope, they began to dig; and, lo! in a few moments, at the hour of quarter past seven, Leon was unearthed—or unsnowed. He was exhausted, benumbed, scarcely conscious, but alive. Doctors were called, and before long the boy was in his own bed at home and sleeping peacefully.

REMARKABLE CURRENCY.

One of the uses of glass has lasted, we are told, from its first making to the present day.

The Phoenicians, who were the great commercial people of early ages, scoured the known world in their trading vessels. The African coast was regularly visited, and for the use of the ignorant natives glass beads were made. Some of these beads, known to us as "aggrs" beads, have been found among the Ashantees and other natives of the gold coast of Africa. Similar beads for the same use are now made in Venice, and it is said that there are exported from that city every year thousands of pounds' worth of them of various sorts.

A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

BY ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

I do not mean a foreign-looking vessel, with a great spread of sails but a curious little ocean wanderer, which is often seen floating lightly upon the water, or cast upon the sands of an ocean beach. Many are stranded on the Florida coast, and occasionally one is seen as far north as the Long Island shore; and even the coast of New England.

But when the beautiful jelly-fish comes that far north it is a hardy voyager indeed, for it is a native of tropical seas and does not like bleak shores and the buffeting of cold waves. Learned men call it Physalia, which means "stinging bubble," and fishermen speak of it as a "sea bladder." But to sailors, and to the world generally, the intrepid voyager is a Portuguese man-of-war, stinging the hand that troubles it, and capable of withstanding, even in its frailty, the tempest which dashes the strong-ship to pieces.

Aside from its beauty, this intrepidity alone would lead us to examine the traveller more closely. The general shape is bladder-like, with the ends much protruded and sharpened, making the specimen about a foot in length. A top, or crest, surmounts the back, more or less ruffled and capable of being much extended, and thus converted into a kind of sail. Underneath hang a thick cluster of fleshy filaments, or organs, some of which are used in devouring food. From the middle of this mass of organs descend several spiral threads, often two or three yards in length, which, under close observation, are found to be tastefully strung with blue or purple beads. These minute fibres are in constant motion, and are immediately wrapped around any unfortunate victim that may come in contact with them, which is then borne to the probes or suckers near the mouth, where the poisoned sting is located.

In appearance, the Portuguese man-of-war is richly transparent and glassy, and of a faint pearly azure, passing into the brightest blue and purple, mingled with rays of green, violet, and crimson. The crest is veined with purple, pink, and blue. But rich as these colours are, every change of position gives a different combination.

As already stated, these beautiful

voyagers are natives of warm seas, where they often appear in immense fleets. They are quite rare on northern shores, and one is fortunate in obtaining a fine specimen.

DAWN ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST.

An interesting little missionary leaflet entitled, "Na-Na-Kwa; or, Dawn on the Northwest Coast," comes to us from Kitamaat, B.C., edited by the resident missionary, Rev. George H. Raley. It describes life at the Kitamaat Home. We reprint the following essays, with the note by Mr. Raley.

The essays are the first attempts by two of "our boys and girls." They are very crude, but we give them just as they were written, some might say "not much to boast of," however they give us much encouragement for the difficulties which have to be surmounted by the native children in the study of English are great.

Flora is an orphan, not very strong, but quite bright and intelligent. The "Home" has indeed been to her a "City of Refuge," protecting her helpless girlhood, and saving her from the most miserable of lives. An orphan's lot among the Coast tribes is not a happy one. Jeremiah is a nephew of the powerful chief Jessea, and will probably succeed him to the head-chieftainship of this tribe. This young chief wants to learn, and we are anxious to teach "his young ideas how to shoot."

BREAD-MAKING.

First thing when we make bread they get the flour out and put hot water in it and mix the flour with it and put spoon full of salt in it and then put three cups full of yeast and mix the flour with it we work it with our hands up and down and when they finished we wrap them up with two quilts and put it near the fire to come up and in the morning we get the tins ready and we put it in a tin to get ready for the oven and when they come up we put it in the oven and when they done we put it in the table to get the hot out when we get the hot out we put it in the bread box. Flora (Dahluks).

CANOE-MAKING.

A first thing of a make canoe to go where the big tree and cut down one and he cut put his inside of the canoe and he make his two sides and he make his stern and he make a fire in their camp and he get many stones and he put in the fire and he many pall water in canoe and when the stones warm and he put it in the inside of the canoe and the water boil and cook canoe and make canoe wide and when he finished and he put canoe in the water up in the river and he get some small fish and he put his net in the water and he get many fish. Jeremiah (Weyahkay).

A MUSICAL CANINE.

A writer in the Boston Gazette tells a wonderful story of a French musical critic, related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him, and who have seen him in attendance on musical performances. He was a dog, and his name in public was Parade. Whether he had a different name at home was never known.

At the beginning of the French Revolution, he went every day to the military parade in front of the Tuilleries palace. He marched with the musicians, halted with them, listened knowingly to their performances, and, after the parade, disappeared, to return promptly at parade-time the next day. Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener. They named him Parade, and one or another of them always invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitation, and was a pleasant guest.

It was discovered that after dinner he always attended a concert, where he seated himself calmly in the corner of the orchestra, and listened critically to the music. If a new piece was played, he noticed it instantly, and paid the strictest attention. If the piece had fine, melodious passages, he showed his joy to the best of his doggyish ability; but if the piece was ordinary and uninteresting, he yawned, stared at the house and unmistakably expressed his disapproval.

Science triumphs as greatly in preventing waste as in discovering new supplies. An iron-mill in Alabama is investing a million dollars in works for the utilization of bye products that formerly were thrown away as worthless. We are finding that there is nothing so mean and base as to be altogether worthless.

The Sweetest Songs.

BY CORA C. BASS.

The sweetest songs are left unstrung
The sweetest themes unread;
The sweetest chords are left unstrung,
The sweetest words unsaid.
How strange it is, and yet how true,
Surpassing mortal ken,
We still can catch a blessed view
Of thought and times and men.

Though brightest paths remain unknown,
And few the heights we tread;
Though we must struggle on alone,
With deepest tears unshed;
Although our hearts are anguish-wrung,
And every effort pain,
If we can keep another young,
We have not lived in vain.

'Tis said the fairest buds decay;
Perhaps they do, and yet,
Upon the darkest, duldest way,
How many flowers are met!
The happy hours so quickly flee,
We sigh to see them go,
When out upon life's troubled sea,
The moments move so slow.

Shall sweetest songs be left unstrung?
The sweetest themes unread?
The sweetest chords be left unstrung?
The sweetest words unsaid?
When we have but to do our best,
The very best we can,
To have the future richly blest
Of God and truth and man.

—New York Observer.

IN THE CUIRASS.

HOW GLADSTONE'S FIGHTING ANCESTORS
FIRST WENT TO WAR.

I.

"When I was a boy," said William Ewart Gladstone in one of his speeches, "I was particularly proud of a certain youthful ancestor of mine, who ran away from home to fight at the battle of Neville's Cross. The manner in which he eluded parental vigilance and escaped to the wars does as much credit to his ingenuity as to his courage." (Speech of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone to the pupils, Chester schools, 1886.)

The writer has been at some pains to discover who this particular ancestor was, and has finally succeeded in identifying him as William Gledstones (such was the ancient form of the Gladstone family name), who dwelt at Manitowe on the Scottish borders, where his father held lands from the first Earl of Douglas. No book has ever been published on the former William Gladstone, but through the courtesy of Miss Florence Gladstone and of Sir William Fraser, author of "The Douglas Book," enough family and local tradition has been gathered to make plain the story of this remarkable boy.

For Will Gledstones was only a boy when in 1346 his father, Gledstones of Manitowe, was called upon by their overlord, Earl Douglas, to march against the English.

Now little Will was very anxious to go forth by his father's side and fight in the Scottish army; but, as the boy was of small size and slender stature, the old laird of Manitowe decided that it was far better for him to wait a while before exposing himself to the English spears. Battle to a knight's son in those days meant very much the same as a successful entry into college does to a boy in our time. So Will Gledstones was bitterly disappointed when his rough but loving parent said that it was better for him to postpone his entry into the ranks of war.

But little Will, like his illustrious descendant, the ex-Premier of England, was not of the kind that can easily be turned aside. In his lonely little room, high up in one of the turrets of Manitowe Peel, he set about thinking of some way in which he could elude his father's vigilance and go to the wars in spite of all. But for a long time no idea occurred to him, and it seemed as though he must remain behind after all, when the Gledstones forces marched across the border.

II.

Now it happened that King David II. of Scotland, desiring to conciliate Earl Douglas, had commissioned Gledstones of Manitowe to present to that famous warrior a superb cuirass of polished Miknese armour. This gorgeous piece of ironwork arrived at Manitowe on the day before Gledstones' troop began its march.

Little Will Gledstones was eager to examine this cuirass, and during the night preceding the departure of his father he crept down the winding stair of the castle and stole on tiptoe into the

armoury. There in the moonlight lay the armour. It was an enormous cuirass—for the Douglas was a giant in size, so large indeed that a small boy like Will Gledstones would have no difficulty in bestowing himself comfortably in its leather-lined interior.

Hearing his father's steps on the stairs, Will hastily crawled into the cuirass to escape the parental displeasure. Hardly was he esconced in this novel hiding place when the old laird sounded his bugle, and bade his merry men make ready. Warned by a dream, he had resolved to set out under cover of darkness instead of waiting until morning.

Afraid to stir, Will Gledstones heard the men-at-arms bustling about the armoury, and presently a horse-hide was wrapped about the cuirass intended for Earl Douglas, and the king's gift (with the boy still crouched inside) was lifted from its place and deposited in one of the waggons which was to accompany the forces. Little Will, finding himself thus trapped, felt rather pleased than otherwise. To cry out at that juncture would brand him as a coward, and (so he argued) his father, while he might pardon him for disobedience in going to the wars, would never forgive him for crying craven.

Drawing his dagger from his belt, the boy succeeded in cutting a deep gash in the horse-hide. By this means he admitted sufficient air into the interior of the cuirass to save himself from suffocation.

III.

When the laird of Manitowe reached his over-lord's camp, near Hawick, he



"IN THIS GRACELESS BRAT YOU BEHOLD MY OWN SON."

ordered the horse-hide removed from King David's splendid present. What was the astonishment of Earl Douglas, the entire army, and of the laird in particular, when there stepped out of the armour a small boy—no other, indeed, than young Will Gledstones.

"My lord," cried Will's father to the Douglas, who stood smiling at this strange scene, "in this graceless brat you behold my own son. For weeks he has pestered me for leave to come to the wars, but I have ever said him nay."

"And now," put in the Earl, "he hath cleverly outwitted you and come in spite of your prohibition."

"But he shall instantly be sent back—"

"Nay, nay, old friend. You cannot send him back. Surely you forget that this cuirass and all its contents have just been presented to me in the king's name. I claim this lad as I claim the cuirass. Let him be my page and fight by my side."

The laird threw up his mailed hands in mock despair.

"Have your way, my lord," he exclaimed. "Let the young scamp fight the English, since he came in Douglas' cuirass to do so."

So Will Gledstones fought at Neville's Cross after all, and a stout little warrior he proved.

People who know the stout-hearted "grand old man" of England will find it easy to trace in this historic episode the source of the strength of character and purpose which has made William Ewart Gladstone a leader among men and a controlling power in the great nation of which he is so influential a member. But how much greater was the Grand Old Man, who never swung a sword, than his fighting ancestor!

THE FOURTH SWORD.

At the coronation of Edward VI. of England, when the three swords for the three kingdoms were brought to be borne before him, the king observed that one thing was yet wanting, and he called for the Bible. "That," he said, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought, in all right, to govern us, who use these for the people's safety by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing; we can do nothing. From that we are what we are to this day . . . we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of Divine strength."

GRACE, GRIT AND GUMPTION.

"I think he has grace," said a father concerning a son who was sitting for the ministry; "whether he has grit and gumption remains to be proved." That was a wise and witty father, at all events, whatever the son may prove to be, for he hit at once upon the three most important requisites of a successful minister, or, for that matter, the most important elements of success in any other walk in life.

That is about the order in which the triumvirate should stand. At least, grace should come first. That gives us the Christian gentleman, the honest man of business, the faithful friend. Then, if grit is added, we have persistence, "stick-to-itiveness," that will secure good scholarship, and, in time, success

in business and triumph over difficulties in the end, while, if "gumption," or, in other words, tact combined with good judgment, is added, little is left to be desired. Many a man fails for lack of grit and still more woefully for lack of gumption. The young man who has a fair share of all three is well equipped, even though genius and talent were both left out of his make-up. If it did not savour of current slang we should say of such a young man, "He's all right." With these three qualities of mind and heart he cannot fail of success.

BLACK BREAD.

"Sometimes my people, who are mostly from Western Russia," writes a Lutheran pastor, "tell me that they looked healthier, felt better, and were able to resist cold weather more readily and to work harder in Germany, where they had meat perhaps two or three times a week, than they can in this country, where they have meat in abundance. I tell them they had better bread."

"Better bread! Why, it was coarse and dark," they say.

"Yes," I answer, "that is why it was better. Life had not been rolled and bolted out of it."

The "black" or "rye" bread used by peasants in foreign countries, and of which we sometimes speak disparagingly, seems to be much more nourishing than our fine white flour, and hence the puffed peasant has rather the advantage of rich folks in palaces, who have to live on what Dr. Cutler, of Harvard University, calls "the white and foolishly fashionable flour," from which the

"life-sustaining value" has been almost entirely removed, for the sake of whiteness and powdery fineness, a "pretty complexion," as it were. Scientific investigation has demonstrated that life can be indefinitely sustained on the coarse, dark bread of the Italian peasantry, while a dog would starve in forty days on bread made of ordinary white flour.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

A private letter from a lady who is spending a year among the peasants of Tyrol says:

"The morning of our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down we found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

"The table was already covered with gifts brought by the young people, whose music we had heard. The whole neighbourhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, a basket of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was planned.

"Is there a bride in this house?" I asked of my landlord.

"Ach, nein!" he said. "We do not make such a pother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday."

"The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers."

The Solace, a beautiful boat of the Morgan line, has been fitted up with 500 spring beds and several hundred hammocks, medical and surgical stores, delicate food especially prepared for the sick and wounded, with a lot of surgeons and nurses on board, and will accompany the flying squadron as an angel of mercy. She is painted white and green, the most conspicuous colours, and stands high out of the water, so that she can be seen at a long distance, while at her mastheads float the flags of the Red Cross, which will protect her from all civilized enemies. This is a new idea in warfare. It was never adopted before. In the midst of a battle she will stand by out of danger, but within signalling distance, and when the fighting is over the other ships will deliver to her the wounded to be cared for and the dead to be prepared for burial. If a ship of the enemy is captured or sunk she will offer her merciful hospitality to its officers and crew. The steamer La Grande Duchesse, of the Plant line at Newport News, is to be equipped in a similar manner as rapidly as possible.

THE FARMER'S DOG.

A true story of a farmer's dog, which had been found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretences, was told recently. The animal is extremely fond of biscuits and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the chandler's shop, bringing his master's order, and by-and-bye the shopman became careless about reading the document.

Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more biscuits than he had ordered. The chandler was surprised, and the next time the dog came in with a slip of paper between his teeth he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigation showed that, whenever the dog felt a craving for a biscuit he looked around for a piece of paper and trotted off to the shop.

Any dishonest contractor, whose wealth accumulates while his work decays, ought to read, with a blush of shame, of a new bridge across the Danube. Pillars of a bridge built at the same place by the Emperor Trajan are to form a part of the structure. The engineers attest the strength of the Roman work under an emperor whose reign began exactly eighteen hundred years ago. To do as the Romans did may sometimes mean a descent to the lowest vices, but it may also signify a noble integrity in building as in being.



JEWISH FUNERAL.

"And Elisha died and they buried him."—See lesson for Sept. 4.

The Two Villages.

BY ROSK TERRY COOKE.

Over the river, on the hill,
Leth a village, white and still;
All around in the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze.
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village leth still,
There I see, in the cloudy night,
Twinkling stars of household light;
Fires that gleam from the smithy's
door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the woods no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In the village on the hill,
Never a sound of smith or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass
and flowers—
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You may not enter at hall or hut;
All in the village lie asleep,
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent, peaceful, and low they lie.

In the village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer,
Looks to the other village there;
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home, from this below—
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child;
And heareth praying the answer fall,
"Patience! That village shall hold
ye all!"

WHAT JIM DID.

A sultry summer day is apt to shrivel our generous impulses into selfishness. It is sometimes rather difficult to think of other people's comfort or convenience when the mercury is registering "ninety in the shade," but when unselfishness is really seen under such circumstances it is as refreshing as a cool spring in the desert. "Kind hearts are more than coronets," wrote Tennyson; and Jim Regan, newsboy, has proved himself worthy of our utmost respect and admiration.

A little newsboy in the street was moving along, not alert and bustling like the ideal newsboy; on the contrary, he moved along as if each step he took was painful to him. Meeting an acquaintance, he stopped to exchange greetings under the friendly shade of an awning.

"What's the matter, Jack? You get along 'bout as fast as a snail."

"So would you, Jim Regan, if your feet were full of blisters walking on the hot sidewalk. Every time I put my foot down it's like to set me a-crying," the other answered.

Jim looked down at the bare feet in question, and glanced at his own, encased in a pair of shoes which had certainly seen duty, but which still afforded protection from the heat of the dazzling pave-

ments. Quick as a flash, he dropped down on a step, and the next moment was holding out his shoes to Jack. "Here, you can wear them till to-morrow. My feet ain't blistered. Take 'em, Jack, it's all right." And away he went, crying, "Three o'clock edition of The Post!" at the top of his voice seemingly unconscious that he had just performed a praiseworthy deed.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON V.—JULY 31.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

1 Kings 21. 4-16. Memory verses, 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house.—Exod. 20. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. Ahab's Greed, v. 4-6.
2. Jezebel's Crime, v. 7-16.

Time.—About B.C. 900; four years before the death of Ahab.

Places.—Samaria, the capital of Israel; Jezreel, a royal residence twenty-five miles to the north of Samaria.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Naboth's vineyard.—1 Kings 21. 1-6.
 Tu. Naboth's vineyard.—1 Kings 21. 7-16.
 W. Law of inheritance.—Lev. 25. 18-28.
 Th. Vanity of wealth.—Eccles. 2. 1-11.
 F. Oppression condemned.—Micah 2. 1-10.
 S. Covetous Achan.—Josh. 7. 10-13; 19-26.
 Su. Sin of covetousness.—Luke 12. 13-21.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Ahab's Greed, v. 4-6.
 Of what was Ahab covetous?
 What commandment did he thereby break? Exod. 20. 17.
 To whom did the vineyard belong?
 For what purpose did Ahab want it?
 What did he offer to Naboth for it?
 What was Naboth's reply?
 How did this answer affect the king?

How did he show his displeasure?
 What question did Jezebel ask the king?
 What was Ahab's reply?
 2. Jezebel's Crime, v. 7-16.
 What did Jezebel then ask?
 What did she promise to do?
 To whom did she send letters?
 In whose name did she send them?
 How did she command them to honour Naboth?
 What wicked plot was then to be carried out?
 What is the ninth commandment?
 Exod. 20. 16.
 What did the elders and nobles do?
 What message was sent to Jezebel?
 What did Jezebel then say to Ahab?
 What did Ahab at once do?
 What is the sixth commandment?
 Exod. 20. 13.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
 1. That selfishness leads to sin?
 2. That one sin leads to another?
 3. That one sinner can do great harm?

MOURNING CUSTOMS IN THE EAST.

The marriage and the funeral customs in Palestine are marked by the same unchanged use and wont. In any Jewish village may still be verified the life-like portraiture of the Parable of the Ten Virgins, and of the Marriage Supper. So also the mourning customs of the people, expressing with Oriental fervour the sorrow of the soul for the loved and lost, old as humanity, yet ever new. Just such a procession as that shown may our Lord have met coming out of the streets of Nain, "and much people of the city with it." And just such a company of hired wallers, with its careful observance of prescribed ceremonial, "the minstrels and the people making a noise," may our Lord have put forth from the house of Jairus, before he raised the dead damsel to life. Such a company doubtless mourned over the death of Elisha.

HOW ANIMALS PLAY.

Everybody ought to play sometimes, no matter how old or busy or solemn he may be. Play, if it be innocent, is healthful; but there should not be too much of it, for then it becomes wasteful. Perhaps some of our readers should like to know how animals play.

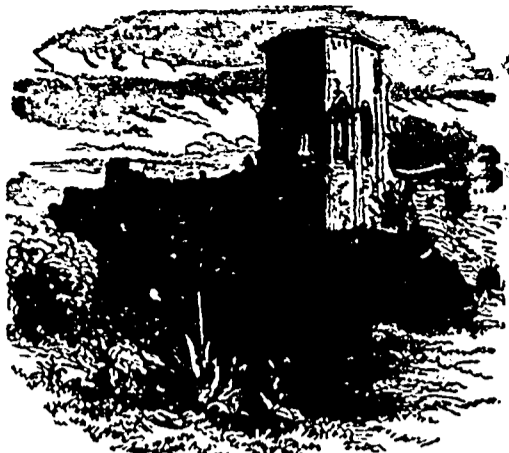
Small birds chase each other about in play. Perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpet is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad-bird, on account of these singularities.

Water-birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around.

Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it.

The dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him.

Some animals carry out in their play



RUINS OF SAMARIA.

the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object—even the leaves stirred by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw two young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens.

Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys—full of mischief, play, mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur-rack" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.—S. S. Advocate.

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MOURNING IN THE EAST AT A FUNERAL.