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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1893.

[No. 24.]

Vol. XIII.]

SUMMER IN SWEDEN.

The farm-folk of Sweden in the summer send their cattle to the upland pastures, and send with them their sons and daughters to care for them and perform the dairy work. These live in little thatched houses called "saeters," the sleeping rooms being generally small apartments under the roof over the cattle byres. Their summer life in the mountains is varied by midsummer and saint's day festivals, when the lads and lasses get out their holiday attire and have a rustic holiday. The costumes of the girls are often very picturesque and beautiful, with embroidered sleeves and jackets and a profusion of inexpensive jewellery. I do not know whether the young girl in the engraving knows what a pretty picture she makes framed in the little window. I have no doubt that she does. Many of these Swedish girls in country parsonages and farm-houses are remarkably well educated and speak two or three languages, and are, perhaps, more familiar with the best English literature than many young people of their own age in either Great Britain or Canada.

BEFORE YOU ARE FIFTEEN.

STRAWS show the way the wind blows, and a little straw blowing the way of the wind before you are fifteen, may collect another straw, or two or three, after you are fifteen, and then, it will not be a little thing but a large one, blowing the way of the wind.

To illustrate: When a girl I know was a little thing, she said about some temptation, "I can't do that; I can't explain, but it doesn't seem fair." And she didn't do it. That straw showed that the wind her way blew fair and honest.

Years afterwards she told me a comical happening, showing that the wind, her way, still blew fair and honest.

Perhaps this was only a straw also. "It's hardly worth telling," she began, with a laugh: "Opening an envelope several weeks ago I found that it contained advertisements of something I didn't care for in the least and would never think of buying; but there was an envelope with printed address and two-cent stamp.

"Now it would take my time to reply, and my time was precious, and my refusal to buy his wares would take the advertiser's time to open and read; the only use in taking the time, or in wasting the time of both, would be the courtesy of the thing and the honesty. But had he any right to demand a return of the stamp? He would not gain the stamp. And, wasn't it my stamp, after all? Couldn't I carefully remove it and use it? It would pay the postage on that bundle of papers I had rolled up to send to the invalid child eagerly watching for it. And I hadn't a two-cent stamp in the world. In my pocketbook was exactly enough to pay that bill. (There usually is a bill to pay.) But, was it honest? It was his stamp, to be used for his purpose, and he had trusted me with it. (I might have written while I was thinking, but I was busy about something else at the same time.) It was quite a new thing to be trusted with, some-

body's two-cent stamp, and a very new question this question of honesty about two cents. I confess I looked at it and desired it for that little package.

Could I be dishonest about such a little thing? What nonsense! What did I get twisted up about it for?

"I hated to waste it; but I did, and it blazed. Diving down deeper, I exclaimed.

"There was the sealed, addressed, and stamped letter I was sure had been mailed, and gone to the Dead Letter Office, for I had received no reply.

"A letter answers itself in time,"



SUMMER IN SWEDEN.

"I dropped it into my scrap-basket, resolving not to use it until I could do it with a clear conscience. (The papers had to wait over a mail or two.)

"Not long after, in making the parlour fire, I drew upon the resources of the scrap-basket—there was the freshly printed envelope and fascinating stamp. (A two-cent stamp is always worth more than two cents.)

said Napoleon. And this had answered itself. I could remove this stamp and be honest.

"The two were in the same scrap-basket; and would I not have felt mean if I had stolen a stamp, when my own was waiting for me?"

Was she too particular? What would you do?" But she began to be "particular" so long ago, and like all other habits

(good and bad) it grows upon her. The beauty of it is that we can begin right things so young, that doing them will become a second nature, and we shall forget that we ever had a first nature to be trained.

The straws are constantly blowing—watch and see which way your wind blows.

PERSEVERING.

The following story is one of the traditions of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland. Thirty years ago a barefoot, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner and asked for work as errand boy.

"There's a deal o' rinning to be done here," said Mr. Blank, jestingly, affecting a very broad Scotch accent. "Your first qualification wud be a pair o' shoon."

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes; then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning and held out a package.

"I hae the shoon, sir," he said quietly. "Oh,"—Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstance—"you want a place? not in those rags, my lad; you would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food for months in order to buy these clothes. The manufacturer now questioned the boy closely, and found to his regret that he could neither read nor write.

"It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country and found work near to a night school. At the end of a year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

"I can read and write," he said briefly.

"I gave him the place," the employer said years afterward, "with the conviction that in process of time he would take mine if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is now our chief foreman."

Thoreau says to a young man, "Be not simply good; be good for something."

"God," says Benjamin Franklin, translating the *Magian* into English, "helps the man who helps himself."—*Youth's Companion*.

The Mohomedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the child.

A Boy's Hymn.

Just as I am, thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light;
I would work ever for the right;
I would serve thee with all my might,
Therefore to thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth and righteousness and thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life I come.

And for thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1893.

SAVED BY TELEGRAPH.

A young man was once employed as a clerk in a telegraph office in a town in England. In some way or other God led him to see that he was a sinner, and this caused him great distress of mind. Like a poor lamb on the mountains, he felt that he had wandered from God's fold and was a lost sheep. But he could not tell where to find the Shepherd, or how to get back to his fold. But Jesus "the Good Shepherd" took a singular way to find him and bring him back.

The young man went to the office one morning in great distress of mind from the burden of his sins. He was lifting up his heart in secret, and saying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," when the click of the telegraph machine before him told him that a message was coming. He looked up and saw that it came from Windermere, up among the beautiful lakes and mountains. There was first the name and residence of the person for whom the telegram was sent, and then followed these words from the Bible: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." And then followed the name of the person sending it. This was a strange message to send by telegraph. The explanation of it was this: the telegram was sent to a servant girl living in that town. She was in distress about her sins, and trying to find Jesus. She

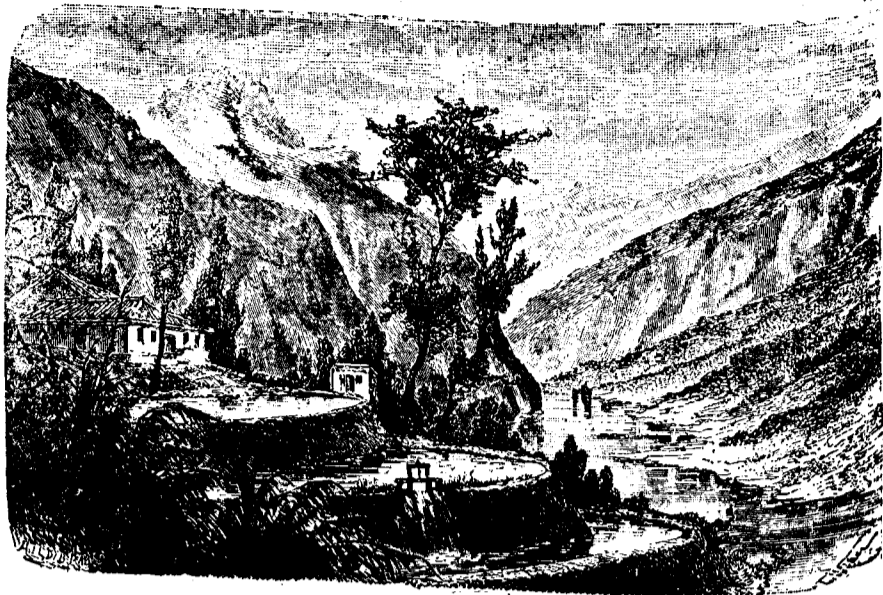
had a brother who was a Christian; he was a servant in the family of a gentleman who was spending his summer at the lakes. This poor girl had written to her brother telling him about the trouble she was in, and asking him the great question, "What must I do to be saved?" Her brother had no time to write to her just then, so he sent her this telegram. The poor girl found her way to Jesus through those sweet words from her brother, and so did that young man in the telegraph office. This was a telegram from heaven to him. Those precious words—"the Lamb of God," "sin taken away," "redemption through his blood" and "riches of his grace"—brought him to Jesus, and he found peace in him. The Good Shepherd made use of the telegraph wire to bring one of his lost sheep to himself.

TEMPERANCE BOYS AND GIRLS.

I wish to give three reasons why all boys and girls ought to be on the side of temperance. First, because they know enough about the evils of rum and the meaning of the pledge. Some one who thought boys and girls ought not to sign the pledge asked a little boy, "What does the word 'drunk' mean?" He answered, "Getting crazy on purpose." Then he was asked, "What does 'pledge' mean?" "To promise something, and then to stick to it." The man saw the boy understood it, and so let him sign the pledge and work for temperance. The second reason that I want the boys and girls on the side of temperance is because men by-and-by will be in character what we get the boys to be now. Bad boys will most likely be bad men, and good boys, good men. In France when the wicked tyrants were kings, some of the boys had a band of hope, and when they marched they had on their flags the words, "Tremble, tyrants, we shall grow up." They intended to drive the wicked rulers out of the country when they were men. So temperance boys can say, "Tremble, intemperance and rumselling, we shall grow up and put a stop to it." The third reason is because everybody can do something to help the cause of temperance, even the boys and girls. If there were only two temperance people in the world to-day, and each of them should get one more every year to be for temperance, and each of them should get one more every year, it would be but thirty years before all the people in the world would be on the side of temperance. Let us all sign the pledge and keep it, and get everybody else we can to let rum entirely alone.

AFRAID OF A CHAIR.

THOMAS D. BESOLOW, a native African, is relating in the *Golden Rule* some of the experiences of his boyhood. Of his introduction to life at a mission school he says: "You cannot imagine my astonishment at my first sight of the furnishings of a civilized home. I wondered whether the chairs, the tables, and the little adornments were made by human or by divine hands, and I decided that they had been made by the latter. Mrs. Roberts motioned me to a chair. I hardly dared to sit on it as I saw her doing on another; but, afraid of the consequences that might follow disobedience, I did sit gingerly on the chair's very edge. Then the breakfast was served. Some half-dozen African boys came in and took their seats at the table. I was astonished again when they took up their knives and forks and began to ply them. They gave me a knife and a fork, and directed me to use them as I saw the others do. My attempts to handle these inventions of men must have been funny enough; for, try as hard as I could, I was not able to manage them properly. How in the world, thought I, could a man ever get enough to eat at such a meal as this one was? Why did they have the food scattered about on so many different dishes? Why did they not put it all together and eat out of a common bowl? How was it that a woman was allowed to sit with us while we were eating? Among my people women are not allowed to eat with the guests unless they are queens or of some high caste. My fear of the white people was being rapidly alleviated, but I did think them very childish and silly.



TERRACES FOR THE GROWTH OF RICE.

FARMING IN CHINA.

TOBACCO AND LONG LIFE.

II.

BY C. H. S.

CULTIVATION OF RICE.

The cultivation of rice, so different from any branch of farming at home, is very interesting. A rice field must be so prepared that water can be kept standing upon it five or six months in the year. This is accomplished by constructing mud dykes a foot high around small plots of ground. These dykes are wide enough for a footpath and, since there are no fences in China are used as cross-roads. In the mountainous district considerable ingenuity is displayed in making rice fields. The hillsides are utilized by cutting the earth downwards several feet from the summit until a field three or four feet wide can be dyked. This process is continued until the base is reached. If the hill has a considerable slope the fields become wider and wider as they approach the valley, and may number ten or more. It has already been observed that the Chinese farmers are very particular about the appearance of their farms, and hence these fields are regular and neat as the surroundings will permit. To stand upon the summit of a hill thus artificially arranged is truly a great privilege.

The reader has perhaps asked where does all the water come from to supply the thousands of acres of rice lands. This is indeed an important question when we consider that in China rice is the staff of life, and a famine would mean great suffering. Different sections have different methods of flooding according to their natural or dependent resources.

The district in which Canadian Methodism has established her first work in China has the most simple and most effective system. To the west are a range of hills which roll backwards to the borders of Thibet. These hills are almost constantly shrouded in clouds. From their ravines surging streams are ever flowing, gathering strength and volume as they meet, to pass through beautiful gorges into the plains. No sooner does the water leave its mountain home than it loses its freedom. Huge breakwater dams are constructed so as to drive the main river into several large streams, which run in different directions and naturally go rushing through the mighty plains that surround Chen-tu. These smaller streams are utilized by driving larger poles nearly across their surface in order to back up the water sufficiently to fill canals, which in turn supply large ditches. The latter intersect the country in every direction. To flood a field a clod of earth is removed from the dyke and the nearest ditch dammed until the water pours through the opening. By removing a clod at the lower end—the water flows away. It is indeed refreshing to the eye, but not to the parched lips of the traveller, when journeying in the scorching sun, to see rushing along on both sides of the road clear mountain water. The weary feet can be bathed, but too many evil germs lie concealed in each sparkling drop to drink with safety. Like the pleasures of sin they are fair in appearance but poisonous.

Was the life of the great poet and good man, John G. Whittier, lengthened to the age of eighty-five years by his total abstinence principles from the use of tobacco, and then passed away like the going to sleep of a tired child in the arms of his mother, a sweet grand old man?

Was the life of the wonderful specimen of manhood, physically and mentally, of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, shortened by the use of tobacco, whose death was so sudden and unexpected, dying with heart disease at the age of fifty-eight years, giving universal grief that a life so genial, so beneficent should have closed so soon?

A Modern Prodigal,

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PIPING DAYS OF PEACE.

WHEN the second summer of Thomas Stanhope's imprisonment brought the first day of July, great changes had been wrought in the Stanhope home.

The first day of July was an important date on the mountain, as it marked the close of the school term, and the teacher always made it a festivity, with music, speeches, and decorations. Achilles, in his rôle of father of the family, attended the examination with his mother. With pride veiled under an appearance of stern criticism, he listened to Samuel "speaking a piece," and Letitia reading her crude composition. No parent present took a more sedate and intense interest than this burly boy in his sixteenth year, on whom the cares of the household rested. He observed to his mother as they walked home that "the children did as well as anybody." He gave his mother his arm, and held up his head, and was proud of being by an inch the tallest person in the family.

Achilles himself had no intellectual or scholastic longings. During the winter he had gone to school for three months, and put all his energy into arithmetic and writing. As for reading, he read the newspapers, all that he could borrow. He read solely with an eye to the main chance, his one object being to learn how to make the most and best of his little house and plot of ground.

When his newspaper advocated the growing of cucumbers in barrels, he promptly prepared barrels for cucumbers; and to force the cucumbers by turning the tops of the barrels into hot-beds, he took out both sashes from the window of his attic room, and used them to glass the barrels. His mother felt sure that he and Samuel would get their death of cold, but it seemed that the more air they had in their sleeping room the better they thrived.

When the newspapers informed Achilles that Mrs. Stanhope and her mother made

was nearly as durable and preservative as paint, he went valiantly to work when the spring rains were over, and put a good coat of pale yellow over the house and fence. The window-frames, eaves, and doors he touched up with Venetian red, and proud indeed he was of the result. The porch and the rebuilt barn were yet affairs for the future; but hop and honeysuckle vines threw finely, the trees Achilles had planted grew apace, the round flower-bed was gay with bloom, the two long benches placed one on each side the front door gave pleasant suggestions of evening rest. Thomas Stanhope would not have known his old home, so different is the work of the upbuilder from that of the destroyer.

Achilles was wont to whistle lustily as he worked, but music he voted a bore; poetry, in which Samuel revelled, being lifted as into Paradise by the sound of a few rhymes, Achilles boldly denominated "fool stuff"; he preferred to get history and geography at second-hand from Letitia, and his Bible from Samuel, except when, as a respectable and exemplary head of a family, he read it on Sundays. On such occasions, also, Achilles preferred to read sitting out of doors, that he might be seen of men. This was not so much a puerile vanity as a desire that all should know by these presents that the Stanhopes had turned over a new leaf, and were on the up-grade toward the standing of the ancestral deacon.

Achilles made one exception in favour of a kind of knowledge which did not immediately tend toward the betterment of his fortunes. During the winter his teacher had announced that there would be a course of lectures in the town, on the effects of alcohol on the human system; these would be illustrated with diagrams and stereoscopic views. They were to be given under the auspices of the Temperance Society, and all were invited.

Achilles went; he listened with interest to the description of human anatomy, the human stomach and its lining, the delicate texture of the human brain, the physiology of the human blood. He stared, with eyes extended to their widest, at pictures of a clean and healthy stomach, and a stomach diseased and inflamed by the use of alcohol; he could discourse learnedly about red corpuscles and their abnormal arrangement under the influence of strong drink. Oddly enough, these lectures gave him more toleration and pity for his father. He expressed this privately to Letitia.

"A man that poured in whiskey as father did must have been in an awful case. His blood must have hurt him all the time, and his stomach must have been all knobs and knots, and sores, enough to set him crazy. It did set him crazy, so he didn't know what to do, and that made him cut up so. Now for me, if I'm the least little bit sick, I'm as cross as a mad dog, and if father felt that dreadful way the man told about, I don't wonder he cut up rough. Of course it was all his own fault, going into it at first; but once he got into it, there was that awful gnawing and burning, and exciting and craving all the time. Now I know enough not to get into any such fix. You don't catch me using up the inside of me like that. But I fairly don't wonder father threw things round loose, and tore about. Only don't you tell mother I say so."

"Why not?" demanded Letitia.
"Oh, because—because she'll think I'm getting over the way he acted. But I'm not, and I won't. Mother writes to him, she thinks about him, she thinks too much of him; next thing she'll be wanting him back, and he shan't come back. I won't have him!"

"But, now he is shut up, and can't get any drink, you see, he'll get well, as folks do of any other disease, maybe, and then he'll be all right, and nice and kind."

"No he won't. I wouldn't risk him. No use to trust a man that's been a drunkard. There's nothing left in him to trust. Don't you hanker after him, Tish, and don't you let mother do it. We're well off as we are. I heard two men riding by last night say, 'Beats all how those Stanhopes are picking up, you wouldn't know the place.'"

During some of the time Achilles had been working in the town with the builders, he had overheard them also talking about him and his family. Achilles was a quick boy at any manual labour, and faithful in

doing exactly as he was told. A very little practice made him expert in lathing, and he could make a dollar and a quarter a day at it. As he lathed he could hear the carpenters in the next room talking about him; their words came in snatches, as he untied bundles, and fitted lath in little niches and corners.

"The boy's a real old-fashioned Stanhope. He's a regular worker. One of the kind to make and to save, and to spend sensibly. He's done wonders for that place, he runs it like a man. Rents out the big pasture, boards a couple of colts from town, and gets a dollar a week for each of them. Planning to put on a porch, and have a new barn; heard him asking and what a bay-window would cost, so his mother could have winter flowers. Ah, mother could have a very bad husband, but she's got a good son."

"She's well rid of Thomas."
"Why doesn't she get rid of him, sure enough! The law will give her a divorce from him, as he's gone to the penitentiary. The law doesn't keep a woman tied to a convict."

"I reckon she thinks there's no need of it. He's gone, and she's safe and prospering. She is one of the kind that are wrapped up in their children. She won't want to marry again."

"I reckon not. She's had enough of marrying."

"But, in eight years and a half, back Thomas will come."

"Eight years is a long time. Like as not he'll die."

"Not much. He's hard to kill, or he'd have drunk himself under the ground long ago. He'll be back."

"Not till they're all grown up. I reckon Thomas won't want to show his face round here, and if he lives out a ten years' sentence, he will sneak off somewhere else when he gets free. He'd better; no one here wants him, and as long as he is gone his family hold their own respectability."

Over these words, and like words, Achilles brooded. He resolved to sound his mother's views on this subject. He said:

"Mother, did you know that you could get a divorce from father—because he is in the penitentiary?"

"Yes, my son, I know it," said Mercy gravely.

"And did you know if you got it, he could never come meddling round you or our house again?"

"Yes, Achilles, I know that."

"Well then, mother, why don't you do it?"

"Achilles, when I married your father it was for better or for worse."

"It has been all worse, and he made it all worse himself."

"I know it," said Mercy. "I have had much to forgive and I have forgiven it. I shall not take the divorce that the law allows me. I do not think divorce right."

"And do you mean to have him live with us again, and drag us down, and ruin us?" cried Achilles hotly.

"No, my son. When that long sentence is served out, you will be a man of twenty-three past, and Letitia will be twenty-two. You will be old enough to hold the home that you have made, and to protect Samuel and Patty. But if ever your poor father comes out from that long sentence, he shall find one friend, one to say a word of welcome, one to help him, and that one will be the wife who promised to love him, and be faithful to him until death."

There was something so noble and brave in Mercy as she said this, that all her son could do was to hang his head and mumble, "You're a thousand times too good for him."

"I can see," said Mercy quietly, "that I have been very wrong to sacrifice you children as I have to him. I should have taken the protection that the law allowed you. He was a man, and had made his choice; you were little and helpless, and no choice was allowed you. When I see you all well, happy, and improving, I feel how wrong I have been to allow you to be deprived of doing and being the best that you could. Your father and I were religiously brought up and well educated at the Academy here; your children should have had an equal chance. It is too late now to do more than repent over that. I wonder you were not all laid in early graves, like the little ones that are gone."

You must forgive my stupidity, Achilles. But when your father comes out of prison you will be all young, strong, full of hope, able to care for yourselves. He will be a broken-down, disgraced man, and I shall stand by him."

Achilles made no reply. He looked about the peaceful home which in fifteen months had been reconstituted by hard, united labour and scrupulous care. He registered a secret vow that that home should no more be defiled by the demon of drink; he was prepared to stand by his home against the world.

But the world was not against the home-making of Achilles, rather it seemed a sunshiny, helpful world, ready to lend him a hand in his endeavours. Work was always ready for Achilles among the farmers and in the town.

Spring brought planting and ploughing, and when the little home acres were planted, the hoeing and weeding fell to Samuel, while Achilles went to help the neighbours. During May he worked in the town for the carpenters, but in June and July he was haying and harvesting. August found him busy in the town, and the early part of September he devoted to his own place. Then came apple-picking, corn-husking, the fall ploughing, and after that work in the town again. In the winter evenings, with the aid of Letitia and his mother, Achilles succeeded in doing a little work at arithmetic and writing, and then he had his newspapers. He was busy as boy or man could be, and contented and happy because he was busy.

When his mother spoke of a possible coming time when he and Letitia could protect the younger children in their home, and she might go forth out of that comfortable shelter, to share his father's fallen fortunes, Achilles felt as if the glory and beauty faded out of life. Was not his mother more than half of his home? What incentive would he have to labour if she were not to be benefited? He noticed her on that second Thanksgiving Day, when they had kept their little family festa, and again a letter had come from the prisoner. Mercy was leaning back in her rocking-chair, her eyes fixed now on one child, now on the other, with motherly pride.

"Mother," said Achilles, with a little catch in his breath, "could you leave us? You said you might! Oh, could you?"

"You do not understand me, Achilles," said Mercy. "No, I could not leave you. I could not go where for even days at a time I should not see you all. I only meant that it might be that you would have to take care of your sisters and brother here, and I would take care of him—in the town perhaps."

"You speak as if it wasn't possible for him ever to take care of you. How old will he be when he comes out?"

"Forty-nine."

"There ought to be ten or fifteen years good work in him. You may make up your mind, mother, I'll never see you abused any more by him or any one. If he don't do right, I'll make him, if there is law in the land."

He went out to his usual refuge, the barn-yard fence. The sight of twenty-five fowls and three young turkeys, and two calves and three calf-hood, and nearly full-grown, now past calving, and the two colts which he boarded, gave him a feeling of comforting importance and independence. What was that strange thralldom of strong drink which could lure a man away from home, family, friends, fortune, from his own better self? How could any one exchange the pure, free air of the mountain for the smoke, heat, and fowl, heavy smells of a reeking bar-room? How could any one leave the amiable, gentle, decent society of pigs, chickens, colts, and calves, for the companionship of quarrelsome, swearing, filthy human creatures? What was there in a saloon to make up for the wide spread of green pasture land, the shining earth turning brown from the furrow as the share sped through it? What was this infinite madness of destroying instead of up-building and creating? He looked up to the clear blue of the late autumn sky, he felt the spicy breath of the juniper and pine woods, he heard the call of the last departing birds, the high clangor of a flock of wild geese migrating, and suddenly he seemed to realize the earth with all its growth and life and glory, lying in the hand of the All-Father; he realized that God's work is always of life.

up-building progress from higher to higher, good out of evil, much from little, something from nothing. He who up-builds works in the line of God's work, he thought. He who fosters and nurtures and produces, runs nearest to his work who alone creates; he who wastes, neglects, destroys, is a yoke-fellow of Satan, the great destroyer.

Letitia came and stood beside him. She did not say that her mother had sent her, fearing that her boy might be moody and brooding.

Letitia looked about with pride. "Every one says how nicely we are improving this place," she said. "Do you suppose we can have the new porch and the roof made pretty with a dormer window, next summer?"

"I don't know," said Achilles, "I'm a little in debt yet at the store. We had to get so much at first, and Friend Amos said I'd better get the things, and have the good of them. And then, you see, we go on eating and growing, and wearing out clothes. But I'll try for it, Tish. Perhaps I can get the carpenter and the lumber, and work it out. I'm glad you are going to stay home now. You've been at Mrs. Lyman's nineteen months, and you only went to stay one."

"Well, I learned a great many things there. I learned how to make good butter, and to take good care of a cow and fowls. I'll be fifteen the first of April, and you'll be sixteen the tenth of April. The tenth, that was the day father got his ten years' sentence!"

"A pretty way for a boy to keep his birthday, having his father sent to the penitentiary, and worst of all, to be glad he was sent! That's what whiskey does for families!"

"Let us try to forget it," said Letitia. "Let us plan. I plan to keep as many as forty fowls, and to sell eggs, and to have some butter to sell, and so to do almost all our store trading with eggs and butter. I plan to get through all they teach in our school here, next July; and Friend Sara Lowell says in the fall I am to come and stay with them, and go to the High School in the town. I plan to get through the High School when I am eighteen, and be a teacher. What do you plan?"

"I plan," said Achilles, "to send Samuel through this school, and perhaps through the High School, and even to college, if he shows good sense, and is not likely to play the fool as some of the men say the Jenks boys did at college. I plan to make this place the nicest place of its size in the county, and buy a few acres more. I plan to set out grape-vines and peach-trees next spring. I plan and plan—and then a great black shadow falls over all, that father may come home and put us to shame and drag mother off with him; what is the use of planning if mother isn't in it?"

"No use," said Letitia, "but let us plan, and let us pray to God not to let such trouble come. He may even make father good. I read a text Sunday, 'Rejoice not over me, oh mine enemy; when I fall then shall I rise!'"

(To be continued.)

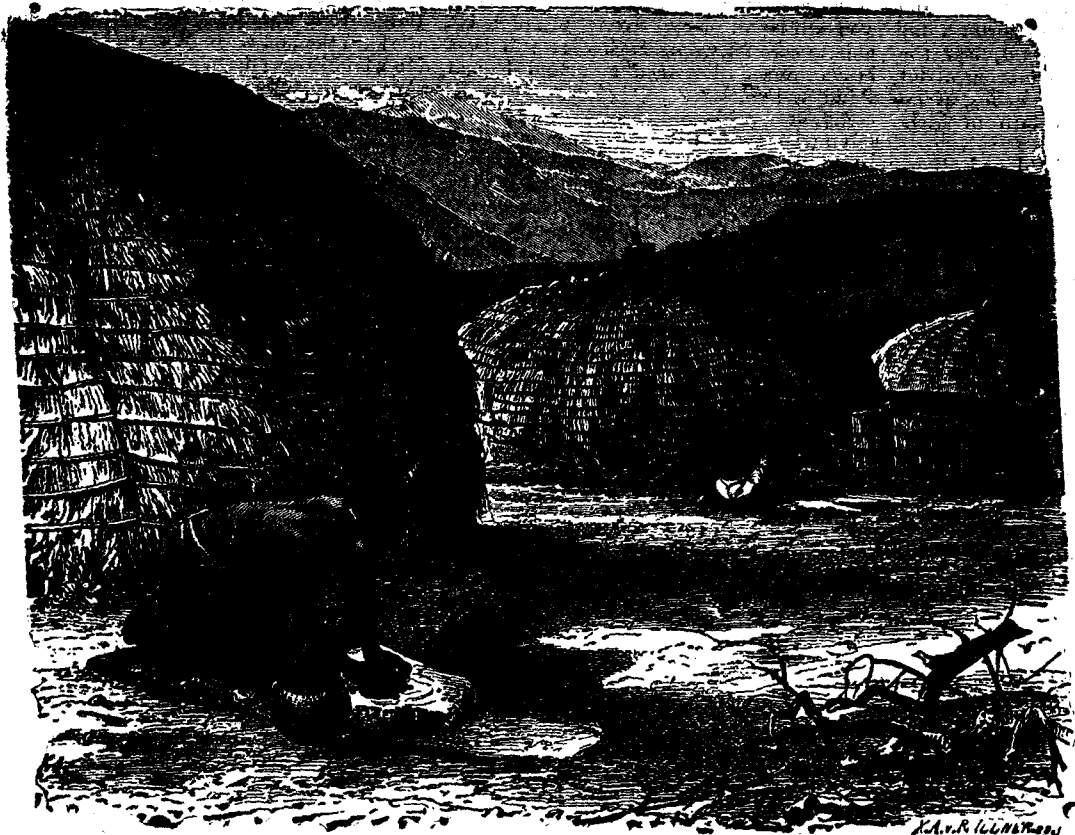
A BLIND INDIAN MISSIONARY.

A BLIND Indian who had become a Christian went to a missionary and said: "I want a bell and a hymn book and a God-book."

When asked why he wished them, he said: "I live far away in a heathen village. If I can show the books to my friends they will, perhaps, believe what I tell them they contain, and I will ring the bell for them to listen to me."

He went away, and after a while the message came from his village asking for a missionary. The blind Christian was dead, but as long as he lived—a year and a half from the time of his visit—he kept tally of the Sundays, and when they came he would go through the village ringing his bell and singing his hymns and telling the "old, old story" as well he as could. Some of the hearers believed, and they wished to know more of Jesus.

ONE hundred and twenty-seven thousand and working women in New York support their husbands, presumably in drunken idleness.



ZULU WOMEN MAKING BREAD.

ZULU WOMEN MAKING BREAD.

WHAT strange houses we see in this picture, and what strange people! Such houses and such people can be found in the southeastern part of Africa. The houses are made of reeds and grasses woven together in a very ingenious way, to shed rain, and form a protection from the burning rays of the sun. The women are making bread. They do not have a flour barrel, bread pan and moulding board, as we have; but their flour must first be made, and then the bread prepared. They take the corn and place it on a large flat stone, and then with a smaller flat stone rub over it until it is ground. They content themselves with grinding a little, but it is not like our fine flour. It takes quite a while to grind enough for a meal, even for a small family. When the flour is made they mix it with water, place it on a stone or board, and bake it before the fire. All of this work is done by the women, and the men do but little excepting to provide the raw material. When you sit down to your breakfast, with nice light bread, just remember the poor Zulus with their coarse flour, and send up a prayer that God may send civilization and the Gospel to them.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JUNE 25.

REVIEW.

1. The lessons of the Quarter are found in four books of the Bible, each of which should be carefully considered in this review.

(a) What is the relative age (probably) of the Book of Job? What is its form—historic, prophetic, narrative, didactic, or prophetic? What is it designed to teach?

(b) Proverbs was mainly written by whom? When? In what form? With what aim?

(c) The purpose of Ecclesiastes is to show what? Who is generally spoken of as the author?

(d) What was the name (or possibly the title) of the last of the prophets? He lived during or after the career of two great men. Name them. His little book is notable for a rebuke and a proclamation. Who was rebuked? Who was proclaimed?

2. Who was the speaker of Lesson II. Tell what you know about him?

3. Who was the speaker of Lesson III.?

4. Who were the speakers of Lesson IV.?

5. The discussion between Job and his "friends" (which reaches from Chapter IV. to Chapter XXXIV.), consists of — circles of speeches, each circle comprising — speeches, one by each of the — friends in succession, with a reply to each from —.

6. State in your own words what problem these men discussed.

7. Who was the speaker of Lesson V. ? (Not the author, but the character in whose mouth the author puts the words of the lesson.)

8. What can you tell about Solomon's special fitness to estimate the value of wisdom, as he does in Lesson VI. ?

9. Did Solomon ever harvest the fruits of wisdom, and did he ever gather the fruits of folly? Both are described in Lesson VII.

10. Can you observe any difference in the effects of intemperance, as described by Solomon in Lesson VIII., and those you see about you to-day?

11. Who was the speaker of Lesson IX. ?

12. Mention some of the qualities of the excellent woman.

13. What experiments did the author of Ecclesiastes make in search of wisdom?

14. What two duties are emphasized in Lesson X. ?

15. Memorize the beautiful figurative description of old age found in Lesson XI.

16. What does the author of Ecclesiastes give as the "conclusion of the whole matter"?

17. Who was the speaker of Lesson XII. ? Tell what is known about him?

18. Whose coming does he prophesy?

19. By whose career was the prophecy of "my messenger" fulfilled?

20. By whose career was the prophecy of the "Messenger of the covenant" fulfilled?

21. In what sense had the Jews "robbed" God?

22. What is the Golden Text of the quarter?

23. How did Job's career illustrate this text?

24. How was it illustrated by Solomon's career?

25. How was it illustrated by the history of the later Jews?

26. Have you seen it illustrated in human life about you?

WHAT AN OLD SAILOR SAID.

"THE Lord bless you, sir, in your words," said an old sailor to a minister, who had just gone on board to see his son; "my poor father put a Bible into my chest when I first went to sea. I read but little for some time, and practised still less; but that was the book which led me to know that I was a great sinner, and Jesus Christ is the Saviour for such a sinner; and I hope at last to reach in safety the port of everlasting rest. I have a boy here, and also sons in other ships, and I cannot do better than to follow my poor old father's good example by putting into each of my boys' chests a copy of the Bible—the best of all books."

MOTHER NOT TO BLAME.

TOM had been an idle, careless, mischievous boy in school. He did not mean to be a bad boy, but he wanted to do about as he liked, without seeming to care how much he troubled others by it. He had a seatmate who was quite unlike him, in that he was careful to try to please his teachers.

One day Tom heard the teachers talking about some of their pupils; he heard his own name mentioned, and then that of his seatmate.

"Jamie must have a very lovely mother, I think," said one, "for he is always so polite and agreeable, and tries very hard to please all who are around him."

"I have heard that Tom Dunn's mother is a good woman," said another, "but I don't see how it is that she has such an unpleasant boy. I think he has a generous nature, and when he likes can show fine manners. It is my opinion his mother tries to teach him just what is right, but he will not listen to her teaching. You know there is many a boy that will go on to destruction in spite of his mother."

Tom had heard enough to make him a miserable boy for the rest of the day; and he had not put conscience away so far but that he could hear a whisper:

"You have been a mean boy, and they've laid it all to your mother."

Now, he did really love his mother, and could not bear the thought that he had brought discredit upon her. After school that night he lingered until the others had passed out, and going up to his teacher, he said slowly, and as if he hardly knew how to say it:

"I want to tell you—that—that mother isn't a bit to blame. Don't lay it to my mother—all my bad ways, I mean."

I don't think Tom thought at all what a brave thing he was doing; he did not think of anything but the wish to defend his mother; but when the teacher took his hand and said, "Your mother must be a brave lady, Tom, for her boy has shown himself brave to-night, and I shall expect good things from him in the future;" he thought, "I wonder if the other boys know that, good or bad, all they do is laid to their mothers."—Selected.

A COMPANY OF EPWORTH GUARDS.

WE were over in Michigan, last week, attending the Epworth State Convention. It was a splendid gathering, and all the young people seemed very happy indeed. At the morning session the president said we would stop all business for a little time, as the convention was about to be visited by a company of soldiers—Epworth guards. Pretty soon some one started to play a march on the piano, and the young soldiers began to file up the aisle, two by two. They presented a very pretty sight with their caps trimmed with red bands and a red sash thrown over their shoulders. Under their left arm each soldier carried—what do you suppose? A sword? Not the kind of a sword you are thinking of, but a real sword, for all that. It was a Bible, which you know is called "the sword of the Spirit."

Under the direction of the leader these Epworth guards gave us a short "sword drill," and one of the girls gave a recitation very nicely. Then the whole company sang a chorus. We made a little speech—about four minutes long—to the guards, after which they marched down the aisle again and disappeared. Everyone was very much pleased, and wished the little folks had remained longer. To show how glad they were at this visit the convention cheered the guards several times.—Epworth Herald.

A Lady.

I know a lady in this land Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand, But in her heart does she carry a thought Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought The dainty, delicate silken toy For her to admire and to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlour floor A lovely rug from Syrian shore; Its figures were woven with curious art. I wish that my lady had in her heart One thought of love for those foreign homes Where the light of the gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draft Is a Japanese screen of curious craft. She takes the comfort its presence gives, But in her heart not one thought lives, Not even one little thought—ah me!— For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed; The fabric soft was in India made. Will she think of the country whence it came?

Will she make an offering in His name To send the perfect heavenly dress, The mantle of Christ's own righteousness, To those who are poor and sad and forlorn, To those who know not that Christ is born?

WINGS AND HATS.

LAST year a good deal of talk was made about the barbarism of using the wings of birds for millinery adornments. I hope the generous feeling of compunction which made wing-wearing really unfashionable for a while will not die out. Here is a piece of news which should arouse every bird-loving girl to action:

"A professional bird catcher of Burlington, Iowa, is getting in his work in that city and vicinity, and has in the past few days captured and killed a large number of beautiful songsters. The red bird is a favourite prey; and he claims to be under contract to furnish 600 of these birds to eastern wholesale millinery houses in a short time. He says he has made as high \$2,800 in one year by trapping birds. That is only one man, counting only one species of bird, in one district. Think of the total slaughter in the United States! Girls, refuse to decorate your hats with the wings of birds."

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