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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Sir Walter's Honour

Margaret Doone



I.

"O, mother, cast thy fears away,
Fling sadness from thy brow,
My father's ships, the sailors say,
Are in the offing now."

"Nay, lad!—full oft before, to me,
Hath come the self-same tale;
A thousand times I've scanned the sea,
And never seen his sail."

"But hark, sweet mother! In the street
The folk make wild uproar;
Haste! let us be the first to greet
His step upon the shore."

"Ah, boy!—how dare my heart believe?
How dare I crave, good lack!
While foes so plot, and friends deceive,
To have thy father back?"

"They watch to seize and search his
ship,
And O! mine eyes grow dim,
And terror palsies heart and lip,
—They lay their snares for him."

"My noble lord!—who weighed no pain,
Nor toll, nor cost, I ween,
Nor ruth of savage lands, to gain
New kingdoms for his queen."

"Bermoothes' rocks that gulfed his
masts,
And tempest-wrack and foam,
Are kinder than the king who blasts
The joy of coming home!"

II.

With drooping sail and shattered mast,
Sir Walter's galleons lay
Beyond the bar, but soon they cast
Anchor in Plymouth Bay.

He leaped to shore with bated breath,
For there, right full in view,
Stood his fair wife, Elizabeth,
And his fair son, Carew.

O Mother, Dry thy Tears away

"My Bess!" he cried, "my Bess! my
boy!"
As through the throng he pressed,
And caught her, in his weary joy,
Dead-swooning, to his breast.

And while he soothed her pale alarms,
With words all passion-sweet,
He heard a troop of men-at-arms
Come clattering down the street.

He turned to see, as on they rode,
All dight in gallant gear;
Then out spake he right merrily,
With voice of sudden cheer:

"Ha, my good cousin! Scarce I thought
Such welcomings to win,
As thy fair courtesy hath brought
To greet thy kith and kin!"

"Gramercy! I am fain to vow
I nevvmore will roam,
Since with such knightly guiso as now,
Ye hail the wanderer home!"

Sir Lewis * quickly drew his blade,
As from his steed he sprang,
And on his kinsman's shoulder laid
Its weight, with sudden clang.

* Sir Lewis Stukely, who arrested Sir Walter on his return from his last voyage, was his cousin.

He gave no greet; but on the ear
His words did sharply ring—
"Sir Walter, I arrest thee here,
By mandate of the king!"

"What hath he done?"—the boy Carew
Flashed forth with angry frown;
And from his father's shoulder drew
The naked weapon down.

"What hath he done? Why, treason's
taint**
Hung o'er his head of old;
And he hath failed, though thrice he
sailed,
To find the mine of gold.

"And sheer against the king's com-
mands,
Who craves all grace of Spain,
He left on Orinoco's sands
Full fifty Spaniards, slain.

"Nay! peace!—what if they were the
first
To fall upon thy crew?
The scant pretence of such defence
Is weak to bear thee through!"

** Sir Walter was accused of aiding with the party who wanted to put Arabella Stuart on the throne instead of James.

They drew the linked iron
out,
And clasped it on his
wrist.

"Have off with him. Be-
shrew me, how
Young malapert doth
frown!
But minding of his mother
now,
Will cool his courage
down!"

"Sir Lewis!"—and the boy
Carew
Fast clenched his fist—
"thy son
Will blush with shame, some
day, to name
The deed which thou hast
done!"
(To be continued.)

A CHINESE BOY'S FORTUNE.

Very strange notions
abound among the Chinese,
and we study their singular
ways and habits with a
great deal of surprise. In
nearly all things they are

"Would God I were
a man! I trow
My hand a thrust
should deal,
(Out spake Carew),
and thou
shouldst know
The temper of my
steel!"

"Tush, boy!"—Sir
Lewis jeered in
wrath.

"Let go thy puny
wrest!
—I wot the fledgeling
eaglet hath
The daring of the
nest!"

"Ho, forward! sturdy
musketeers!
Aside the stripling
fling!
—Bold lad be he who
interferes
With orders from
the king!"

(And ere Sir Walter
turned about,
And ere the truth
he wist,

in their place of life, being on the exact
opposite side of the earth from us.
Among the strange habits of this strange
people, the following facts will be read
with interest:

No sooner is a Chinese boy born into
the world than his father proceeds to
write down eight characters or words,
each set of two representing respectively
the exact hour, day, month and year of
his birth. These are handed by his
father to a fortune-teller, whose business
is to draw up from them a certain book
of fate, generally spoken of as the boy's
pat-tsz, or "eight characters." Herein
the fortune-teller describes the good and
evil which the boy is likely to meet with
in after life, and the means to be adopted
in order to secure the one and avert the
other.

In order to understand the value of
this document we must glance at the
Chinese method of reckoning time. There
are only twelve hours to our twenty-
four. Beginning with 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.,
which is their first hour, their names are
rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake,
horse, sheep, monkey, cock, dog and pig.
As everybody is supposed to partake
more or less of the nature of the animal at
whose hour he is born, it is obvious that
it would never do to send a rabbit boy
to the school of a tiger school-master.



And While He Soothed Her
Pale Alarms

Hence the necessity of withdrawing the part of both parties before entering upon any kind of agreement. It is a fact that it is thus referred to on every important occasion. The Quaker

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Quaker', 'The Wesleyan Herald', 'The Christian Guardian', etc., with their respective frequencies and prices.

WILLIAM BRIDGES, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COOPER, S. F. HERRICK, 2110 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1899.

We give in this and following number a true story of stirring interest from the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the noblest characters of English history. We hope our young readers will turn up the story of his life in their history books and read the account of his heroic death by being beheaded after a long imprisonment in the Tower of London. His martyr-like choice of death rather than dishonour reminds us of the brave saying of another Elizabethan hero "I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honour more."

"BARBARA HECK"

A young girl of fourteen, Miss May Deacon, of Chateau, Ont., writes as follows: In The Glob., of this book. "I have just read a very nice book, by Rev. Dr. Withrow, entitled, 'Barbara Heck'."

In the spring of 1760 a party of emigrants sailed from Ireland and settled in New York, intending to make this their future home. Among them was Barbara Heck, a devout, Christian woman, and who had been a Quaker.

"Our friends lived in peace and contentment until the Revolutionary War broke out, in 1776. The author hero describes very clearly the causes that led up to the war, and on account of this the chief characters of the story, Paul and Barbara Heck, Mary Embury, John Lawrence and others embarked again, this time for the king's loyal province of Canada, and here they found a more settled life in quiet homes in Montreal. John Lawrence now entered the Canadian militia, while Barbara Heck and Mary Embury spent their time in nursing the sick, and in preparing for the wounded, and scraping lint for the wounded.

cornwallis, and his sons as volunteers in the royalist army. He brought with him a large amount of money and valuable jewels, including a necklace, a present from the king's mother. Through the earnest efforts of Barbara Heck, a religious society was kept up in the new colony, which was held in her own house, her husband usually conducting the services. After a few years later a Methodist missionary was sent to them he found indeed that the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places. The author now gives an interesting account of the interesting family, but my story is getting very long I cannot mention them Barbara Heck died at the age of seventy greatly beloved by all her friends and her inseparable companion in all their wanderings, is now found in the library of Victoria University.

The author describes Barbara Heck's grave in some charming poetry, of which I will give a paragraph. 'I stood beside the lowly grave where she lay, I saw the flowers that grew there. The ashes of Dame Barbara Heck, whose hand Planted the vital seed wherefrom this land Hath sprung and wide from steep to deep The golden harvest which the angels reap And glad to home the harvest to heaven's land.' I like this book very much, because it gives us an idea of the early settlers, and hardships endured by them to gain for us this happy land. The book has many striking illustrations of Canadian life. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, 75 cents.

BOYS' PRAYER MEETING.

We have received from a correspondent in Newfoundland, the following true story of what some young lads, recently brought into the kingdom of God, are doing for their playmates and young companions. God bless the dear boys, and direct the loving hands of the servants of their divine Master. We hope that many of the boys throughout Canada will imitate this practical Christian work.—Ed.)

A Methodist minister, on one of the circuits in Newfoundland, one day this spring, heard a knock at the parsonage door. When it was opened, a letter was handed in by a small boy, about twelve years of age, who said, "Dear Mr. —, A few of us boys who have been saved wish to start a little prayer-meeting, which will be held, if you will, in your stable loft, which will be prepared for that purpose. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, after the school, in the evenings. At the request of the boys, please accept of it. Yours truly, Joseph —, Leaders. Arthur —, Joseph —."

The minister gave his hearty consent. The loft was at once fitted up. About forty boys met for prayer, singing, reading, etc. Soon the number increased to ten or twelve. The meetings were conducted on good Methodist lines. There was a life and a vigour which would credit to larger and more pretentious gatherings. Soon some of the boys began to cry for mercy. The juvenile leaders, who are about twelve or thirteen years of age, pointed them to Jesus, the blood-red cross, and in the fashion of the Psalmist, when he said, Leap for joy, all ye that are upright in heart. These meetings are still increasing in interest. They sing, pray, exhort, and sing to the accompaniment of a guitar in the Sunday-school papers, the letter being fresh to most of them, as they are too poor to attend any Sunday-school.

As some of them can't go to church, they get into a boat on the beach on Sunday afternoon and have a rattling good time. They are happy, and full of love to each other. One of them emptied a glass of brandy to the others, and never to use it again. They say more of the little boys in the cove have been saved, and are wanting to have meetings every evening. In one of their meetings, one of the little boys lost his cap among the hay. They sought it, it was the woman did for the lost piece of silver, but found it not. It was the only one the poor little fellow had. When he had gone home the minister's little boy came into the house and told what had happened. The father asked his little son if he had not one he could give him. With great gloom one was soon found, and with much pleasure the unfortunate boy put it on. Arthur rather slyly said, "When the cap was lost, all the boys got on their

knees and prayed that it might be found, or that the Lord would provide another for him." The prayer was answered. The minister, in his kind way, took the cap, and the boy cleared away from one place, an old chair, an extemporized bench, a box for a table, with a cloth over it, and a Bible and a prayer book. The boy then took a slip of paper fastened with a pin, and a notice written in a good large hand for all to see, "No chewing allowed in this service."

Leaders Arthur —, Joseph —, Sec Thomas —, Sec

THE ORIGIN OF SOME POPULAR PHRASES.

BY WILLIAM MATTHEW, LL.D.

One of the most interesting and profitable studies is that of words, and especially those popular phrases the great deal of curious recondite history is crammed up in them, but, unfortunately, the metamorphosis which they undergo in the lapse of time is such that the most cunning word-master is often puzzled to trace their origin.

"In spite of one's teeth," is said to date back to the time of King John. Early in his reign he got a worthy Jew into his clutches, and drew one of his teeth daily until, after a fortnight of torture, he yielded to the tyrant's demands for money. Similarly, the phrase, "Hauling over the coals," refers to a period in the twelfth century when feudal barons extracted money from the Jews by flogging them above slow fires till they paid a ransom or died.

The political term, "To rat," originated in the time of George I. His enemies reviled the adherents of the court as "Hanover rats." Not long after the accession of the house of Hanover to the English throne, a young boy, a native of the German or Norwegian rats, were brought over to England, and, being much stronger than the black or common rats, they in many places quite exterminated the latter. At first, the word, both the noun and the verb, "to rat," was levelled at the converts to the government of George I., but gradually it obtained a wider meaning, and came to denote any sudden and mercenary change in politics.

The expression, "To smell a rat," meaning to conceive a suspicion, is said to come from the German phrase, "Unrats wahn," which means something objectionable. The German proverb, "A rat has passed into the English alphabet," and this and a perverted translation have given us the phrase in question. In the phrase, "Dowse the gim," put out the gim, the gim being the name of the dialect verb, "dout," i.e., to do, or put out; and "gim" is a modification of "glimmer," an uncertain light. To sleep like a top, seems a very absurd phrase, but it is a corruption of the French proverb, "dormir comme une taupe," to sleep like a mole.

"Just the cheese," is an Oriental phrase. The word, "cheese," from "cheese," Hindustani, means to cheat. In England, persons who fawn upon the aristocracy are called "tuff-hunters," a phrase which refers to the fact that at the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, a student who is a nobleman's son wears, or at one time wore, a tuff or tassel on the square cap worn by undergraduates at the university.

The bitter end refers to the end of a firm's or a man's rope. It is the end of a frame of two strong pieces of timber fixed perpendicularly in the fore part of the ship, for the purpose of holding the cables. The other end is fastened to another timber, and the rope is called "the bitter end," it is all out the extremity has come.

A "toad-eater" is one who does the most nauseous thing to please his patrons, as a mountebank's boy in the olden time ate toads in order to show his master's skill in expelling poison. "Stealing another man's thunder," dates back to Queen Anne's time, in the person of John Dennis, a corrupt politician whom Pope satirized, wrote tragedy, entitled, "Appius and Virginia." The piece is now recited only on the circumstance that the author invented some new thunder for the performance, and by his piteous complaint against the actors for afterwards "stealing his thunder," an expression which became proverbial. The phrase, "To toll a bell," has a very curious history. It is an incorrect way of saying "to toll a knell on a bell." When an inhabitant of an English parish died, it was once customary to sound a bell for two reasons. First, because it was supposed that the agitation of the atmosphere caused by

the sound from consecrated bells tended to prevent evil spirits molesting the deceased soul in the flight toward heaven, and, second, to invite neighbours and friends to join in supplication for the person about to depart. At the end of the knell proper it was usual to indicate by a tolling of the bell the beginning of the sex and age of the deceased. This was done by a certain number of strokes sounded apart, usually three for a child, six for a woman, and nine for a man. The tolling was continued until the knell at the conclusion was said to be told, that is counted—as in the phrase, "untold gold," or, "here is the sum twice told." Gradually this idea was lost, and the participle toll was referred to a supposed infinitive, to toll instead of its natural infinitive, to toll, or count. Again, the strokes told, or counted at the end of a knell, were called tollers, and this term was corrupted into tallors, from their sounding at the end or tail of the knell; and as nine of these were given to announce the death of an adult male, this fact gave birth to the phrase, "to toll a man," which was referred to a supposed infinitive, to toll instead of its natural infinitive, to toll, or count. Again, the strokes told, or counted at the end of a knell, were called tollers, and this term was corrupted into tallors, from their sounding at the end or tail of the knell; and as nine of these were given to announce the death of an adult male, this fact gave birth to the phrase, "to toll a man," which was referred to a supposed infinitive, to toll instead of its natural infinitive, to toll, or count.

The phrase, "Mind your P's and Q's," is generally, but erroneously supposed to have originated in the score of P's and Q's (pints and quarts) chalked down in the accounts of a tavern or counting-house, did not pay down for their drinks. The phrase comes from the printing-office, and is due to the similarity in form of the lower case or small "p" and "q" in the olden times, the printers being obliged to mix them when distributing type into the cases.

"Turning the tables" on an opponent is an expression derived from the game of backgammon. In the game of backgammon (the game of gammon) is the game (gammon) of the wrong (too), but in early times it was called the game of tables. "To turn the tables," or backgammon board, is to reverse the relative position of two antagonists; and hence they are said to be turned upon the jaws whose fortune has been adverse.

In Cornwall, smoked pilchards are called "Fair Maids" a singular name, which Professor Max Müller gives the following explanation: "These smoked pilchards are largely exported to Genoa, and are there eaten during Lent. They are called in Italian (umada), smoked pilchards, which is a malapropos that word, naturalized it, gave it an intelligent meaning, and thus became, according to their own confession, exporters of fair maids. You see the Odyssey and the adventures of Ulysses are nothing compared with the adventures of our words."—Golden Rule.

Wanted.

Wanted a young fete to follow a young man, who is ready to go, into the country, to work for me. It is riding day by day. Now, while the breath of morning, Seents all the dewy air; Now, in the fresh-sweet-dawning, Oh, how the flowers are waking, Wanted a young hands to labour; To be a field, and to be a man; The harvest waits the reaper Around on every side; None are too poor or lowly, None are too weak or small; If in this case you have any notice The Master needs them all.

CHINESE CARPENTERS AND THE SPIRITS.

Beside the ordinary labour of building a house, the Chinese carpenter, like the muckon with the spirits, and propitiate them, if he would succeed in his work. A writer in Lippincott's Monthly says: "If a house is to be repaired, wonderful precautions are taken to drive the spirits which are supposed to occupy each dwelling that mortals have inhabited, cause the carpenter no end of trouble and no trifling expense. First, an astrologer must be consulted with regard to the most lucky day for beginning the work; then a square suspended from the ridge-beam is notification to the spirits of darkness that their dwelling is to be disturbed, wherefore the square is hung from them to do is to move out quietly and peacefully. Next the carpenters make offerings to these unseen residents. These gifts are said to be 'your share, spirits of darkness, accept this bribe, and speedily take your flight.' Next, the neighbours must be warned that these evil influences are about to be turned, and the spirits seek better ripon, neighbouring 'cool.' Every house on that street receives a notice that upon a certain day and hour repairs are to be done on the dwelling of Ah Sin. Each neighbour is then to pay the impost on to enter its doorway, but to go to the next neighbour.

A Vote of Thanks to the Honoured Voters for Prohibition.

BY REBECCA M. SMITH,

and of Hope Superintendent, Guelph, on Behalf of the Children.

Canada's young children, of the prohibition ranks,
the voters, good and true, tender our grateful thanks,
know you strove to guard us from a life of want and care,
save our precious souls from liquor's awful snare.
country's loyal children never shall be grovelling slaves,
trust you will keep voting till the flag of freedom waves.
When we kneel to say, "Our Father," by our mother's knee at night,
shall pray the "King of kings" to keep you in the fight,
And though the blighting traffic invades our country yet,
The One who "marks the sparrow's fall" your cause cannot forget.
Do you hear the women praying for emancipation day?
Your voters seek to bring it, and a cruel tyrant slay.
We children pledge ourselves to help the cause of right,
We may only hold a "standard," but we shall hold it with our might,
We will print these words upon it, in letters of shining gold,
"For God, and Home, and Native Land," the bravest votes were polled.
It may be some of us children, soon, will join "the heavenly throng,"
And will tell the tidings yonder how you fought against the wrong.
There are little children starving, and have only rags to wear,
They live in homes where "father drinks," their frames are weak and spare.
Some die from cold and hunger, and are laid beneath the sod,
they dwell in happy safety in the palace of our God.
We, the helpless children, are looking for the day,
When the thought how weak ones suffer every voter's heart shall sway.
We are only little children, yet our eyes are filled with tears,
When we think how some are suffering, their dear hearts filled with fears,
Because when "father drinks" he may meet them with a blow.
Bless those who try to save them from this life of fear and woe.
And now all noble voters, accept our thanks once more,
May God upon your efforts his richest blessings pour.
Guelph, Ont.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

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

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

'Rias was inconsolable; he had good reason to be; he had a great sin against poor D'rexy lying heavy on his heart. Had he been less iron of constitution, had less childish buoyancy of spirit, no doubt his accumulated misfortunes would have killed him; but the last strata of ruin fell, and Urias lived to endure it. Joy Clump's father brought the news this time, appearing in the character of a man on New Year's night. "Terrible pitiful this 'bout Tom Ansel—bad beginnin' for the New Year; he's all broke up, gone into bankruptcy; his mill's closed down. Great shame he ever went into that wood-fibre work. He didn't understand it, and he hadn't capital enough to get well a-going. There's money in wood-fibre work, they do say, but it's for them as has the knowledge and the capital. Tom Ansel went ahead too fast; he ought to be content with a back seat for a while longer. He can't take up a bit of his paper. Pitiful hard on his security men; sure they'll have to make it good. I'm glad I ain't on his paper. He asked me, and, my! he talked so slick, it seemed as safe as the church sceptor, but I spoke to Hanner about it, an' she says, 'Don't you do it, Clump; ain't Scripture to go security; the Bible's plumb against it,' she says, an' she dealt me out the texts. 'That settles it,' says I, an' I'm mighty glad it did."
'Rias was silent; he had fallen into a Gulf of blackness; he was on Tom Ansel's paper for all the mortgaged farm and stock were worth. When Clump was gone Urias reached out a white shaking hand. "Mebbe God and you can forgive me, D'rexy, but I can't never forgive myself. Clump asked Hanner, an' he ain't on that Ansel paper; but I didn't

ask you, and I am on, D'rexy. We're old, an' homeless, an' poor. God help us! The farm's got to go, an' all the chattels too!"

So the New Year came in with weeping and abundant sorrow. "You see, Aunt Espey," said D'rexy privately to her aunt next day, "the law don't take as good care for women as you thought it did. 'Rias couldn't buy or mortgage without my signing; but he could put his name to a note that carries off all there is."

The neighbourhood was greatly sympathetic when the catastrophe became known. Farmer Sloane, living on the edge of Windle, the town and railroad station, held Tom Ansel's notes. Sloane was a breeder of fine stock, a successful man, and the model man of the township. Close, accurate, scrupulously honest in dealing, just, but never generous, what was his own he claimed, and gave every man his dues. "It was a great pity," he said, "that 'Rias Slnnet had allowed himself to be bamboozled into signing notes. It was a bad business; no man ought ever to do it; 'Rias had had mor'n enough trouble lately. Yes, he s'posed he'd have to take the Slnnet farm; he'd rather have money, and if 'Rias had been able-bodied and wanted to rent it, why, maybe he'd have rented it to him. No one else would keep it up quite so well as D'rexy; but Bob Adams would rent it, and he'd do mighty well by it."

Farmer Sloane even strained a point and presented D'rexy with all her fowls. The neighbours clubbed their money and bought the best cow and pig and gave them to D'rexy; and all the cord-wood which had been cut during the winter was reserved to Urias, and he was to have the use of the gray horse and the wood-cart to haul it. There would be fuel for two years.

On the edge of Windle, in sight of Farmer Sloane's, near the railroad, lay a low flat acre, in which stood a three-roomed house with a lean-to, also one room in the attic; a tumble-down something represented barn and other out-buildings. No one wanted to buy it. It was the sole property of Aunt Espey, and had rented for forty dollars a year. There the family must go. The church people, headed by the minister, took the matter in hand. The little house was painted outside and in, and the rooms papered; blinds were put on, and a party of young people sodded the front yard and planted some shrubs and flowers. Farmer Sloane donated some second-hand lumber, and under 'Rias' direction Heman made over the shed into a barn, a pig-pen and a hen-yard.

The hour of the hegra came; the hens, the bees, the furniture had gone. "I've ruined you all!" groaned Urias. D'rexy's kind hand stroked his gray hair and furrowed face. "We've got God and each other, 'Rias. Keep up heart."

Thus Heman spent his fifteenth birthday feeling from that good sheltering home where he, a baby, had been brought by the drummer.

Urias had reserved for himself all his tools, and D'rexy all her household goods. Urias never expected to use again the tools he had handled to such good purpose, but he said, "The boy might want 'em."

D'rexy, having selected enough goods for the small house to which they were going, left the remainder with Mrs. Clump, who provided a room for storage, and gave assurance that neither moths, mice, nor dust should harm them. "And who knows, D'rexy, the day may come when you'll have the farm back again, and put the things back just where they stood always," said Mrs. Clump, trying to be cheerful.

D'rexy and Urias had known nothing of the work done on their new home by the church people with whom they had lovingly and generously laboured for so many years. When they found two stout fellows from Aunt Espey's Bible-class waiting to put down carpets, hang curtains, and carry in goods; when D'rexy saw the lately forlorn place made clean and fresh, she began to take heart again; while Aunt Espey, not one wait surprised, said, "Now, 'Rias and D'rexy, didn't I tell you the dear Lord wouldn't try us a mite beyond what we're able to bear, but would bring bits of comfort here and there to help us along."

When Aunt D'rexy's stout rag carpets were spread on the floors, the shades put up and the cheese-cloth curtains draped over them, the long-used stove, table, cupboard and chairs placed in the kitchen, and D'rexy had prepared supper from the bountiful supplies sent as farewell gifts by her country neighbours, her heart and her steps were lighter than they had been for weeks. The worst had come and passed.

After prayers, 'Rias, who was hobbling about awkwardly on a new leg that was

very inferior to the lost one in point of comfort and usefulness, occupied some little time in studying how the young men had straightened and enlarged the bare front porch, adding to it some pillars made of young trees with their bark on. Vines had been set to clamber on these, and on each end of the porch stood a rocking-chair covered with turkey red cushions of D'rexy's manufacture. At first these things interested him, then he was overwhelmed by the contrast between the farm and this dismal bare acre, flat and uncultivated, without a growing thing upon it except the few trees and shrubs lately set out by their zealous friends. He stumbled into the house, doubled himself up in a chair in a dark corner, and groaned loudly.

"'Rias, have you hurt yourself?" cried D'rexy, running to him.

"I've ruined myself," moaned Urias, "and what's worse, I've ruined you. Look what I've brought you to, D'rexy!"

"Now, Uncle 'Rias," spoke up Heman, "this ain't what I call fair, to give way and break us all down. Oh, I say, let's all promise we won't do a thing of the kind; we'll work better if we're cheerful. You earned the farm once, Uncle 'Rias, and you and I will earn it back. . . . if we don't, unless we kill ourselves fretting first. Why, Uncle 'Rias, I've planned to earn money to get lumber to build us a little shop against the lean-to, and you can do work here, making and mending things, and I'll do work out. I'm going to start making garden here to-morrow, and I'll set a whole row or currant bushes by the fence, so's Aunt D'rexy can sell currant jelly. Look at me. I'm tall and strong. Don't I look as if I could earn back the farm, with you two to help me?"

"So you do," said Aunt D'rexy, proud of her boy. "I wouldn't be a particle surprised if you bought back the farm. 'Rias will find a plenty that he can do, and with such a bit of a house as this I'll have oceans of time to take in sewing, and make jelly and preserves for sale. Oh, we'll get on."

To have an object in life is exceedingly good for a lad; perhaps the greater the object the better it is for the boy. Heman now had something to work for, and at first it seemed as if the task of recovering the farm would be delightfully and easily performed in a few years. As long as Heman was intensely busy he was happy. Aided by Uncle 'Rias and D'rexy he made an excellent garden, planting a quarter of an acre in potatoes and more than that in corn, with an eye to food for the cow and pig. When the garden was made, the cord-wood from the wood-lot was to be hauled, and a long shapely woodpile built behind the kitchen. Then Heman had day's work to do hauling wood, making garden, planting corn and potatoes, picking strawberries and cherries for the former neighbours and the new ones. The day's work brought wages, but small ones. Money looks large to people when they are paying it out, and while Heman in his burly strength did as much work as most men, he was paid as a boy. The amount received looked disastrously small, especially when contrasted with the price of shoes and the rapidity with which they were worn out, and the manner in which he outgrew his clothes.

"It takes for ever," said Heman, "to earn enough money to lay up just three or four dollars. The hardest text in the whole Bible to practice is, 'Be content with your wages.'"

In fact, while Heman's intentions were excellent and his ambitions were right, he was in danger of becoming as restless and grasping after money as 'Rias had been, and so of falling into a snare of some kind. Heman, like Uncle 'Rias, needed his lessons.

As long as the pressure of business and the new cares lasted, and the periods of work in the old neighbourhood, Heman had no time to be homesick for the farm. Late July and all August brought him idle days. He had helped at haying and harvesting, and now, until the time of husking, apple picking, and other late autumn labours, he would find very little work. There was no school in session. Heman's time hung heavy on his hands. He sawed and split a deal of wood for Aunt D'rexy, but that brought no money. As he worked he dreamed of the shop he could build if he could get money for lumber, door, windows and chimney. If they had the shop Uncle 'Rias could make flower-stands, clothes-racks, little tab'les, baking-boards, and many things to sell, while Heman could learn carpentry.

A boy need not have fed his mind on the "Arabian Nights," "Tales of Chivalry," and "King Arthur's Round-Table," to be a dreamer. Heman dreamed as much as any one, though his dreams were of a practical nature. His heart clung to the boys he had known all his life; he did not care for the new boys in

the town, he wanted Joey and the rest, and souse Dolly with her rosy face, smooth hair, and clean fresh aprons! So all his longings and hopes turned towards shining piles of dollars, and work that should be the stages of success, all to reach as their objective "The Farm Regained." This was as dear an air castle as a Governor's mansion, or President's chair, or Professor's desk, or General's straps and stars, or ships and tournaments, and athletic successes are to other boys.

In August, just when Heman could find nothing to do, a travelling show came along through Windle. There were tents and vans, flaming advertisements, cages of monkeys, loudly playing drums, trumpets and violins. Heman had no money to spend on entrance fees, but he had time and curiosity, and he hung about the outside of the show and talked with the show folk. So did Uncle 'Rias; he and Heman were both boyish enough to invest the travelling show with a halo of glory.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF PET.

A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer gives an interesting account of the career of a mocking-bird (Pet), which was domesticated:

While Pet endured her master, she hated mankind, and despised birds in general. Especially did she despise poorly-dressed men.

A number of labouring men passed the house every night, going home from work. Pet would station herself in a tree until they were only a few feet away. Then she would fly to the sidewalk and run towards them, using the worst mocking-bird language possible; and if they attempted to catch her she would dart through a convenient hole in the fence.

There was a young man in the house, guilty of a love for whistling. Pet would begin to squall as soon as she saw him approaching the house.

Once she defended her mistress from a rat that fled from her outstretched wings and sharp beak.

In cool and damp weather she came into the house. Sometimes in pleasant weather she roosted in one of the big trees.

There were a great many birds at the house, and a curious catbird used to come daily to investigate the state of affairs and to steal anything he could conveniently pull out of the cages. He tried to make friends with Pet, and would bring such choice dainties as fat spiders and earthworms. Pet accepted the offerings, though she would not take them from his hook. He had to lay them down and step away, when she would gobble them up. But after treating her in the kindest manner for a couple of seasons, he gave up the courtship.

The third year she lost her bearings, and was compelled to stay in the cold all night. A boy found her in the morning, and took her into the house, but he did not know what to do for her sore throat and she soon died.

Afloat and Ashore.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

Afloat and ashore on far island and bay,
The men of our blood and our name stand to day,
With the one bit of home that their tired eyes see,
Their country's fair flag, waving gallant and free.

And it means to their hearts, with its clustering stars,
Not the symbol alone of our conquering Mars,
But the ruddy hearth-light in the old chimney-place!
And the mother's dear smile, and the father's worn face.

And far where the palms with their green fringes lift
In the hot alien land, where the yellow sands drift,
It tells of the bells of the sweet Sabbath morn,
It speaks of green wheat and of young springing corn;
The one bit of home that the soldier's eyes see,
His country's proud banner, the flag of the free.

Afloat and ashore, on far island and bay,
God bless them, our boys, in each slow creeping day!
The men of our blood and our name, hand to hand,
Who must cope with the foe in the lonely strange land.

—Harper's Weekly.



I Used to Kill Birds.

I used to kill birds in my boyhood,
Bluebirds and robins and wrens,
I hunted them up in the mountains,
I hunted them down in the glens,
I never thought it was sinful—
I did it only for fun—
And I had rare sport in the forest,
With the poor little birds and my gun.

But one beautiful day in the spring-time,
I spied a brown bird in a tree,
Merrily swinging and chirping,
As happy as bird could be,
And raising my gun in a twinkling,
I fired, and my aim was too true;
For a moment the little thing fluttered,
Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,
And there to my sorrow I found,
Right close to its nest full of young ones,
The little bird dead on the ground!
Poor birdies! For food they were call-
ing;
But now they could never be fed,
For the kind mother-bird who had loved
them,
Was lying there bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish,
I stroked the wee motherly thing,
That could never more feed its dear
young ones,
Nor dart through the air on swift wing,
And I made a firm vow in that moment,
When my heart with such sorrow was
stirred,
That never again in my lifetime
Would I shoot a poor innocent bird!

Pastor— " Ah, Miss Smartly, things are
not what they seem."
Miss Smartly—" No, that's true. No.,
for example, your sermons are not in
reality very long, and yet they seem in-
terminable."

WHY SHE TRUSTED HIM.

The lady of the house was standing in the vestibule, casting an anxious eye down the street.

"Are there no boys in sight?" asked a voice from within.

Yes, plenty of boys on the street, but you know how particular I am about. Pet, I should like to be sure that the boys who ride her will not be rough with her.

Just then a sturdy young fellow of ten came whizzing by on a bicycle. It was not his own, but one that its owner was generous enough to lend to the boys who had none; and he was taking his turn, while the other boys lay on the grass and played jackstones, wishing, as he rode along, "My! If I only had a wheel for my trip to the farm!"

Just then he suddenly straightened himself up "Ting-a-ling-ling!" rang out the bell of the bicycle, sharply, and, as he slowed up, the other boys half rose and looked wonderingly. They could see nothing to ring for.

"What was it, Dick?" they demanded.

"Oh, nothing but a sparrow! I was afraid I'd run over it, the little thing stood so still right in front of the wheel."

"Ho, ho! Rings his bell for a sparrow!" sneered the other boys, as Dick dismounted. "Mamma's itty, witty baby!"

"I don't care how much you make fun of me," he replied good naturedly, yet not without a red flush on his brow. "I guess I wouldn't run over a sparrow even, when I could help it by ringing, or stopping."

"Come here, please, Dick," called a voice from the doorstep of one of the handsomest houses on the avenue. "You are the very boy I want to drive a pony to the country and back. It is out on the Darlington Boulevard. Would you like to go?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," quickly answered Dick. "I have an errand out there, and was just dreading the walk."

"Then I am glad you may ride. I was wondering if I could trust one of those boys to be kind to Pet, when I overheard about the sparrow. That made me willing to trust you."— Junior Christian Endeavour World.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 6.

THE NEW HEART.

Ezek. 36. 25-36. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A new heart also will I give you.— Ezek. 36. 26.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's People, v. 25-32.
2. The Lord's Land, v. 33-36.

Time.—This prophecy was delivered probably about B.C. 587 or 585.

Place.—Ezekiel lived in the Euphrates valley, near the "river Chebar."

Introductory Note.—Ezekiel was one of the great Hebrew prophets. His style is poetical and abounds in imagery. He is an obscure writer, and his writings have given rise to a vast amount of controversy. He came from a priestly class. His lot was cast in evil times, and he spoke boldly against the sins of the nation. At first he warns of sorrows to come, because of prevailing idolatries. The government would be destroyed and the king would betake himself in flight. But a new vision comes in the fortieth chapter of brighter days. A new temple rises before his eyes, and a new and better people appear, and prosperity comes to the children of the covenant.

LESSON HELPS.

25. "Then"—That is, at the time of

restoration spoken of in verse 24.

24. Sprinkle clean water.—To cleanse from sin, especially that which is most common, idolatry. The people are to be purified, and that by an act divine. The sprinkling is effective—Ye shall be clean."

26. A new heart.—That is, new affections and holy feelings, for the heart was said to be the seat of the affections. A new spirit.—The renewal of the mind.—Stony heart . . . heart of flesh.—The heart cold and hard as stone will be changed into a human one, purified—that is, sanctified. This change can be wrought only by God himself.

27. "My Spirit within you"—The divine with the human. God dwells with men. "Walk in my statutes"—Obey my laws. God gives strength for obedience.

28. The promise of restoration. "In the land that I gave to your fathers"—The land of the patriarchs, of David, and after that, "the Lord's land"—Palestine. "My people"—Because given up to me in soul, body, and spirit. "Your God"—Yours because I save from sin and fill you with my presence.

29. "I will save you"—Not if you are passive but if you rouse to action and be willing to be saved. Man has some part in his spiritual prosperity. "From all"—Not from a few "uncleanesses." The salvation is complete. God is able and willing to complete this work he begins. His promises are sure. "No famine"—For that was ever dreaded in a land subject to heat and drought.

30. No more reproach of famine among the heathen, especially among those who dwell in countries naturally fertile, and productive like the valley of the Nile.

31. "Remember your own evil ways"—The memory of past sin is profitable, not to boast of, but to inspire humility and a turning of the soul to God in gratitude.

32. "Not for your sakes"—But for God's glory, which shines in the rays of mercy.

33. "The wastes shall be builded"—Waste places are those made so by fire and sword and plunder and the carrying of the people into slavery in distant lands.

35. "The garden of Eden"—With a nation so with the soul of man. Once desolate, yet God may make it as the garden of Eden.

36. "I will do it"—The promise is certain, for almighty strength is back of it.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The new heart.—Ezek. 36. 22-30.
- Tu. The new heart.—Ezek. 36. 31-38.
- W. The gift of God.—Ezek. 11. 14-21.
- Th. The new covenant.—Jer. 31. 31-34.
- F. A God-fearing heart.—Jer. 32. 30-44.
- S. Whole-hearted return.—Jer. 24. 1-7.
- Su. Regeneration.—Titus 3. 1-8.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Lord's People, v. 25-32.
What promise of cleansing does the Lord make?
What gift is promised to his people? Golden Text.
What help to obedience would they have?
In what land were they to dwell?
What assurance of plenty did they receive?
What would the people remember?
How then would they feel?
Why were they called to be ashamed of themselves?
For whose sake was this mercy shown? Verse 22.
2. The Lord's Land, v. 33-36.
Where would the Lord cause his people to dwell?
What would occur to the desolate land?
What would the people about them say?
What lesson would the heathen learn?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That we all need a new heart?
 2. That a new heart is God's gift?
 3. That a new heart is a source of blessedness?

We need a new heart. What is a new heart, and how shall we get it? Oh, it is so important to know! The lesson tells us. God says, "Ye shall be



clean." Sin soils. Jesus makes pure. He died that our sins might be forgiven, and even the stain taken away. Then God says, "I will put my Spirit within you." The Spirit cannot live in a sin-solled heart that holds fast the sin and loves it. If the heart is clean and the Spirit lives in it, what a happy heart it is! It won't want to be selfish and sinful. The new heart loves to please Jesus and to help others. When sin stains it, then it is quick to be sorry and to pray, "Lord, forgive me for Jesus' sake."

How shall we get a new heart? We must have it if we would be God's children. The lesson tells. Jesus said it over again in different words. It is written on our lesson shield—"Ask and receive." God gives; we ask and take.

DIVIDING HIS DINNER.

The following remarkable story is told in London Answers, and by a member of the Zoological Society:

I once had a cat which always sat up to the dinner table with me, and had his napkin round his neck and his plate and some fish. He used his paw, of course, but he was very particular, and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish I sometimes gave him a piece of mine. One day he was not to be found when the dinner-bell rang, so we began without him. Just as the plates were put around puss came rushing upstairs and sprang into his chair with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse on his own plate and then one on mine. He had divided his dinner with me, as I had often divided mine with him.

A man will make tools of his friends and then howl if they cut him.

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