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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 10, 1895.

[No. 32.]

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

THE Mohammedans are, in their way, a deeply religious people. They have frequent hours of prayer which they devoutly observe, no matter where they may be—on sea or shore—in the desert or in the city. It is very impressive in the early hours of the morning to hear the muezzins cry from the lofty minaret, "Rise to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep. There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

Though a very corrupt form of religion, Mohammedanism is a great improvement on the degrading worship of idols which it superseded, and it may be a preparation of vast portions of the race for the purer religion of Jesus.

JAPANESE POLITENESS.

A VISITOR to Japan furnishes a lively description of what he calls the native "custom of everlasting bowing." One cannot help wondering what our American shopkeepers would say if they were expected to waste time in such nonsense. A golden mean is best, no doubt, in this as in other matters, but some Yankees might do well to take a hint from their celestial brethren.

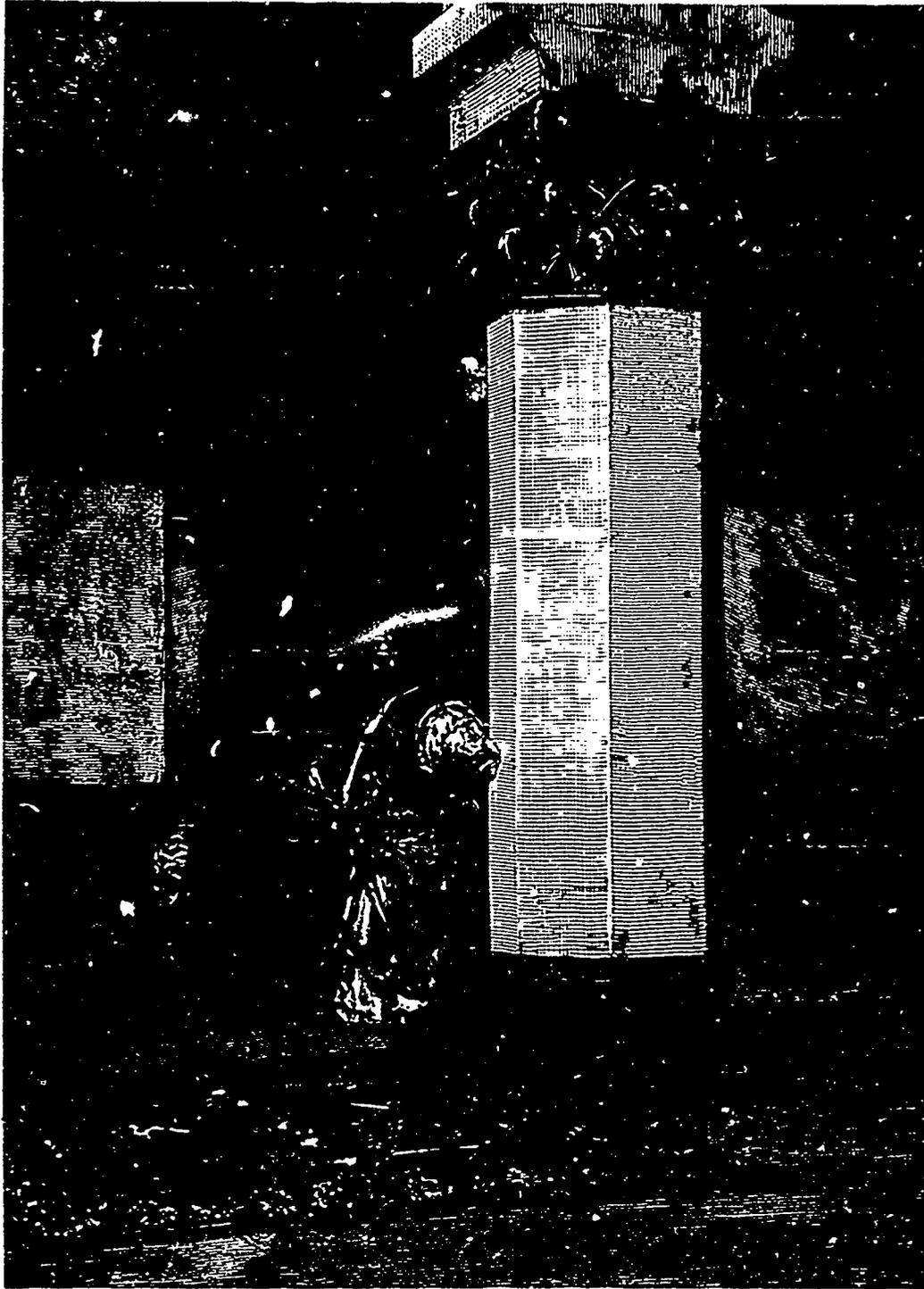
"The petty tradesman whose shop you enter carries on the process for about two minutes before he can be induced to begin business; the rickshaw coolie to which you pay a mere trifle for a toilsome drive stands at the railway station, dripping from heat, mopping and bowing, until, if you be a new comer, you rush away in convulsions of laughter.

"On leaving the hotel I distributed backsheesh through the landlord to the various employees. One after another they came trotting up, smiling and flopping down on the floor, thumping their heads repeatedly against the ground, mumbling their gratitude; while as for beggars—who, by the way are not numerous—they sprawl on the earth, and in an extremity of self-abasement literally rub their heads in the dirt.

"Again, on arriving at a tea-house, the landlady first brings in tea, which she delivers crouching on the floor, and then the entire family come in succession, and kneeling at your feet, go through the process of bumping their foreheads.

"Nor is the bowing restricted to inferiors or to the lower classes. Many a time have I watched the ceremonial of two friends, from among the upper orders, parting in the street. Backward and forward they sway their bodies at right angles, as if they worked on pivots, until one wonders when they will cease. Over at last, I think. Not a bit of it. They separate for a few paces, and then, as if a sudden omission had struck them, they rush back and go through the whole ridiculous business again, and really seem to enjoy it."

It is the saloon that is the greatest obstacle to all public reforms.



MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

CAUGHT BY A LION.

THERE is a firm in Hamburg, Germany, which supplies menageries in all parts of the world with captured animals. In order to do this the Hamburg house sends out the most brave and skilful hunters to be found, and in the business of capturing these animals alive the hunters often meet with adventures and perils more startling than those of the wildest romance. A man who has been in this business for many years relates as follows some of his experiences with lions:

While trapping lions in the Hottentot country for the Hamburg animal house I had opportunities for seeing the king of beasts at his best, and for making close observations of his character.

No two lions are alike, except in a few leading traits, any more than two men are alike. Every lion is supposed to roar at night when abroad after prey, but not half

of them do so. When you read of one charging into a camp you praise his courage, but for every one such case I can show you ten where the lion skulked about like a dog. You never find him twice alike.

There are plenty of instances where men have been seized by lions and lived to relate the particulars, though no two agree as to sensations. I had been out one afternoon with some of the natives to prepare a bait in a rocky ravine. The sun was nearly down as we started for camp, and no one had the least suspicion of the presence of danger until a lion which had been crouched beside a bush sprang out and knocked me down. In springing upon his prey the lion or tiger strikes as he seizes. This blow of the paw, if it falls on the right spot, disables the victim at once. I was so near this fellow that he simply reared up, seized me by the shoulder, and pulled me down, and I was flat on the earth before I realized

what happened. I was on my back, and he stood with both paws on my waist, facing the natives and growling savagely.

The men ran off about three hundred feet and then halted, which was doubtless the reason why I was not carried off at once.

I can say without conceit that I was fairly cool. It had come so suddenly that I had not had time to get "rattled." I had been told by an old Boer hunter, if I ever found myself in this fix, to appeal to the lion's fears. Had I moved my arm to get my pistol the beast would have lowered his head and seized my throat. So long as I lay quiet he would reason that I was dead and give his attention to the natives. All of a sudden I barked out like a dog, followed by a growl, and that beast jumped twenty feet in his surprise. He came down between me and the natives, and I turned enough to see that his tail was down and he was scared. I uttered more barks and growls, but without moving a hand, and, after making a circle clear around me, the lion suddenly bolted and went off with a scare which would last him a week. If you had picked up a stick and discovered it to be a snake you would do just as the lion did. He supposed he had pulled down a man. The man turned into a dog. He could not understand it and it frightened him.

A SPIDER'S SKILL.

A VERY curious and interesting spectacle was to be seen on a recent afternoon in the office of a livery-stable in the city. Against the wall of the room stands a tolerably tall desk, and under this a small spider, not larger than a common pea, had constructed an extensive web reaching to the floor. About half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon it was observed that the spider had ensnared a young mouse by passing filaments of her web around its tail. When first seen the mouse had its fore feet on the floor, and could barely touch the floor with its hind feet. The spider was full of business, running up and down the line and occasionally biting the mouse's tail, making it struggle desperately. Its efforts to escape were all unavailing, as the slender filaments about its tail were too strong for it to break. In a short time it was seen that the spider was slowly hoisting its victim into the air. By two o'clock in the afternoon the mouse could barely touch the floor with its fore feet; by dark its nose was an inch above the floor. At nine o'clock at night the mouse was still alive, but made no sign, except when the spider descended and bit its tail. At this time it was an inch and a half from the floor. The next morning the mouse was dead, and hung three inches from the floor. The news of the novel sight soon became circulated, and hundreds of people visited the stable to witness it. The mouse was a small one, measuring about an inch and a half from the point of its nose to the root of its tail.—*The Popular Science Monthly.*

Three Ships.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

THREE ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the sea and sky:
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By-and-Bye.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing,
Nights where dreams like stars are growing,
Take them, sweet, or they'll be going!
For they every one have wings.

The second ship it is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea
And out across the twilight gray.
What it brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing—
Was too dear for my possessing.
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship riding fair and high
Upon the sea, is By-and-Bye.
O Wind be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither,
When she turns, sweet, you'll go with her—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither—
To what port I may not know.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 10, 1895.

LAST DAYS OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY BENJAMIN BOBBIN.

WESLEY did not take to being old. There was something in him, that, till long after he was turned eighty, made him young. I dare say, if the truth was known, he had a large heart in his small frame. I have heard of a greyhound—I forget what it was called—that won all before it; when it died, they found that it had a big, powerful heart, which made it easy to go on when others were tired out; and it is so with some little men, they have hearts big enough for six feet, and so they live easier than tall men do.

He kept his good looks till the very last; nice rosy cheeks, that fairly shone again; and lovely white hair, and a smile that an angel might have wished for.

Then, as he got older, the world got tired of abusing him; and churches that had been closed against him were open on every hand. Popularity begged for a kiss, and so the man who was so bitterly persecuted was loved even more than he had been hated. Mind you, it was a long time in coming; but he was fairly flooded with love before he went to heaven.

Eh, but it did please me to read that the last time he preached it wasn't in either church or chapel, but in a house at a place called Leatherhead, eighteen miles from London, and what do you think his text was? "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." He was at his work, you see, till the very last! I am told that during the

last year or so, his voice failed him, so that the people didn't catch all he said, but you see, his face was a *Te Deum*; so that folks thought themselves lucky that looked at him once more.

The last letter he wrote was to that champion of liberty, William Willberforce. It was sent to encourage him in fighting for the slave. He had a pen, had Wesley. I should think the devil used to swear whenever he bought a bottle of ink, and in this last letter the old soldier calls slavery the "scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature." What do you call that for writing, eh?

I read the story of his end to our folks, and we cried! We couldn't help it! I don't know that we wanted to, for wasn't he our father, as well as of the people of that day?

He didn't take to his bed till just before the wheels stopped. Bed wasn't much in his line. He sat in his chair, and his niece and Miss Ritchie prayed with him; and every now and then he sang hymns.

"All glory to God in the sky,"

was one; and "I'll praise my Maker," was another. I wonder what tunes he sung them to? He prayed for the Church and the King, with his dying breath. His last word was "Farewell," that was after he had lifted that poor old hand that had pointed so many to the cross, and said, "The best of all is, God is with us!" "Farewell," said he, and went to his coronation.

If Elisha had been there to pray, "Lord, open their eyes," the preachers at Wesley's bedside would have seen a rare lot of shining angels waiting to take their friend up home. Is it any wonder that his friends sung, as he passed away:

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Show us the purchase of his merit,
Rejoice out the crown of love!"

"BONES."

BY LILLIAN GREY.

He was a dog. And surely there was never a name more fitted to its owner. He ought to have looked sleek and well-fed, for he belonged to a thrifty and kind farmer, and all the other animals on the place, from the bantam chickens up to the high-stepping horses, showed the effect of good living, and all were a credit to their master except Bones.

Yet not one of them all was as much petted as he, or more profoundly introduced to visitors. But strangers passing by often bestowed on him glances of mingled pity and scorn, which did not hinder him from assuring them that his lungs were sound and strong as he pranced after their carriage-wheels.

"Is that dog sick, Mr. Lee?" asked a new neighbour one day.

"Sick? Oh, no; he's sound as a dollar."

"Then what ails him? He looks fit for a museum attraction."

"Nothing ails him, only he never would fat up on any kind of food."

"Well, I wouldn't keep a dog like that. He does his owner discredit by looking such an example of starvation. I'd give him one good meal with some long-sleep powder in it."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, my friend—not if you had a little torn dress bearing the marks of his teeth put away among your choicest treasures; a dress belonging to your only little girl whose life he had saved."

"Oh! he is a hero, is he? I most humbly beg your pardon, and his."

"Yes. I'll tell you about it. When Ella was three years old—she's seven now—her mother missed her about the yard, and in looking for her went to the gate, and down there by that oak tree, in the very middle of the road, sat the child, picking up in her apron some playthings she had dropped; and Bones was right by her, looking most interested.

"Well, the next breath a carriage and horses came whirling around that sharp bend of the road. My wife was unable to reach the spot, and the driver had only time to slightly check and swerve the spirited team, but Bones in one instant

saw the danger, and comprehended just what ought to be done; and he took the child's clothes in his teeth and dragged her out of the way of harm.

"The ladies in the carriage got out and made a great fuss over them both, and after a week or so they sent Ella a silver cup and Bones a silver collar, but he seemed to think it didn't become him, for he howled so dreadfully with it on that we couldn't endure it, so we hung it up for an ornament, but Bones knows that it belongs to him all the same. He was about a year old then, and we had been feeling rather disgusted with him, and were very willing to give him away, for we began to realize he was no beauty, and never would be; but after that—well, Bones is one of the most respected members of our family, neighbour!"

"I don't wonder he is; and I shall be very glad to be his friend if he will allow it. And this is another lesson to me, not to judge worth by outside appearance."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SOME CLEVER CATCHES.

A young lady was once talking with a very young and very smart man, who was inclined to air his knowledge of the languages a little beyond what she thought modestly required. She therefore said to him with an air of deference to his superior attainments:

"You are a Latin scholar. I wish you would tell me how to pronounce the word 'so-met-i-mes.'"

The youth with a kindly air of patronage replied, "I have not met the word in my Latin reading, but I should have no hesitation in saying that it should be pronounced so-met-i-mes" (giving it four syllables, the accent on the second).

"Thank you for telling me," replied the girl, demurely. "I have always heard it pronounced sometimes; but if you say the other way, that must be right."

This is similar to the perhaps familiar catch of "bac-kac-he," which will often surprise the uninitiated by proving to be only backache. It also reminds one of a question printed some years since as to the way of spelling "need"—to need bread. The average person will reply, "K-n-e-e-d, of course;" but the answer will be, "That is the way to spell knead dough, but not to need bread."

A young lady recently misled a family in a most heartless way. She remarked, "I had a letter to-day, and how do you imagine the little preposition 'to' was spelled?"

"Too," suggested mamma.

"Two," suggested papa.

"Tew," "teu," "tu," ventured various voices.

Lily, who was much engaged in her French lessons just then, suggested "tout," and Tom in derision improved upon that with "tueue," declaring that must be right in order to rhyme with "queue."

"All wrong!" exclaimed the young lady, when the alphabet and their ingenuity were well exhausted.

Just then Teddy, who had been soberly absorbed in his bread-and-honey, and who was in his first term at school, and wrestling with the problem of words with two letters, raised his head, and with an air of decision and much importance gravely spelled, "T-o, to."

"Yes!" cried the young lady with a peal of laughter.

"Why," exclaimed the others, in a dismayed chorus, "that is the right way to spell it!"

"Exactly," she replied; "and that is the way my correspondent spelled it. You do not suppose I correspond with persons who can not even spell the word 'to' correctly, do you?"

A BORN GENTLEMAN.

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said; "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy, "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

The Red Breast of the Robin.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Of all the merry little birds, that live upon the tree,
And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me

Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.

It's cockit little robin!

And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.

Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;

For he sings so sweetly still,

Through his tiny, slender bill,

With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,

To other little birdies so bewilderin',

Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,

Singing Christmas stories to the children:

Of how two tender babes

Were left in woodland glades

By a cruel man who took 'em out to lose 'em;

But Bobby saw the crime,

(He was watching all the time!)

And he changed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,

And everything seems sorrowful and sad-

dening,

Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall

Singing what is solacing and gladdening—

And sure from what I've heard,

He's God's own little bird,

And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;

But once he sat forlorn

On a cruel Crown of Thorn,

And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.



Epworth League.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

August 18, 1895.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JESUS.—1 Corinthians II. 24, 25.

Jesus Christ appointed the institution of the Lord's Supper, as an ordinance to be observed by his followers in remembrance of himself. The elements to be used are of the simplest kind which can be easily obtained and readily understood, "bread and wine." Bread is the life of the body, nothing will strengthen physical life so efficiently as bread, hence it has been designated "the staff of life." Jesus said concerning himself, "I am the Bread of Life," as bread supports the body, so it sustains the soul. Wine is a luxury which was used by the Jews on festive occasions. Here it is intended to resemble the blood of the Lord Jesus, which alone maketh atonement for the soul.

It was a matter of the highest importance that the disciples of Christ to the end of the world should keep in remembrance the Saviour's death, and what better method can be instituted for that purpose, than that which the Master himself appointed. When a kind act has been done by one person for another, surely the person benefited will remember his friend. Christ has done that for us which no friend can do. He loved us with an everlasting love. He gave himself for us. And shall we not remember him? Yes, we should remember him in the manner which he has appointed. As we partake of the bread, we remember how Christ's body was broken for us. As we receive the wine we remember how his blood was shed for us. And we gratefully show forth his death.

JUNIOR METHODS.

CHRIST'S TITLES.

HAVE you tried teaching your Juniors the different titles of Christ, as the "Good Shepherd," "Physician," "Door," "Vine," "Lamb," etc.? If not, ask the Juniors to bring, each of them, to the meeting a verse containing one of these titles. Be prepared to add verses containing titles that they may not select. Get one of the boys to write the titles on a blackboard as the verses are repeated. It would be well for all the Juniors to learn as many of these verses as possible, as they all contain rich truths for their future living.

A Little Fellow.

Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller,
 With pop and ma'm a-readin' all the while,
 An' never sayin' anything to cheer ye,
 An' lookin' 'sif they didn't know how to
 smile;
 With book an' line a-hangin' in the woodshed,
 An' lots o' 'orms down by the outside
 cellar,
 An' Brown's creek just over by the milldam—
 Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.

Why, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller,
 Right on from sun-up when the day com-
 mences;
 For little fellers don't have much to think of
 'cept chasin' gophers 'long the cornfield
 fences,
 Or diggin' after moles down in the wood lot,
 Or chumbin' after apples what's got meller,
 Or fishin' down in Brown's creek an' mill
 pond;
 Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.

But Sunday's never lonesome fur a little
 feller,
 When he's stayin' down to Uncle Ora's;
 He took his book onst right out in the
 orchard,
 An' told us little chaps just lots o' stories;
 All truly true, that happened onst fur honest,
 An' one 'bout lions in a sort o' cellar,
 An' how some angels came and shut their
 mouths up,
 An' how they never teched that Dan' feller.

An' Sunday's pleasant down to Aunt
 Marilda's;
 She lets us take some books that someone
 gin her,
 An' takes us down to Sunday-school 't the
 schoolhouse;
 An' sometimes she has nice shortcake fur
 dinner.
 An' onst she had a puddin' full o' raisins,
 An' onst a frosted cake all white and yeller,
 I think, when I stay down to Aunt Marilda's,
 That Sunday's pleasant fur a little feller.

—Christian Advocate.

"I suppose you are afraid I might tip the boat over and drown you, either by accident or on purpose."
 "I am afraid of nothing of the kind," replied Jack, "but I have had so much to worry me lately that I could not enjoy a boat ride or anything else at present," and he walked away, leaving Bob Pierce to do as he pleased.

The shore was quite deserted now; there was not a person in sight—afterwards Jack had reason to remember this, but at the time he was scarcely conscious of it.

The day was very warm—almost sultry—and the cool, shady woods, not far away, looked so inviting, that Jack sauntered on until he reached them.

Down in a hollow about halfway through them, he knew there was a beautiful, secluded spot—a favourite resort of his. Thither he went that afternoon, and threw himself down on a mossy bank literally covered with flowers.

A gentle breeze stirred the branches of the trees above him; a tiny brook, wandering through the bottom of the ravine, murmured such a sweet song to his tired ears, that, before he had even thought of such a thing, he was in a sound slumber.

He had been up nearly all night for a number of nights with the sick Charlie, and now that the weary watch was over, and there was nothing more he could do, tired nature exerted her rights, and he slept.

When he awoke the sun had gone down; twilight was creeping in, and in a short time it would be dark.

He rubbed his eyes for a moment, dazed and confused, and could not think where he was. Then springing to his feet, he hurried out of the woods, and made his way to Miss Grey's as fast as possible.

"Jack, we have been so uneasy about you!" were her first words. "We could not imagine where you had gone, or what had happened."

"Where do you think I have been?" asked Jack, smiling for the first time since Charlie's death.

"I am sure I don't know," said Mildred.

"In the woods sound asleep," said Jack.

"The day was so warm, and they looked so cool and shady, that I lay down there to rest, and went sound asleep before I knew it, and slept right through until dark!"

"No wonder!" said Mildred, kindly.

"You have not had very much rest lately."

While Jack remained in that peaceful home many were the quiet, Christian talks Mildred and her father had with him. He was filled with an intense desire to be good, but he still hesitated about taking a decided stand for Christ.

"If I thought that I would not have any trouble," said Jack, "I would promise; but when things go wrong I am sure to do something desperate."

"But, Jack," said Mildred, "you will have trouble—everybody does—and it is unreasonable to expect it otherwise. The Bible says, 'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.' But we have the promise, that if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him! Christ will give you the strength when things go wrong to overcome evil with good, if you will only put your trust in him."

"Well, I'll think about it," said Jack, slowly. "I admire the Christian life so much; I feel that it is the only true life, and yet I am afraid to trust myself."

"Do not trust yourself at all—trust Christ," said Mildred, earnestly.

Jack pondered over her words much, and felt more and more deeply impressed that he ought to be a Christian.

Little did he know that he was about to encounter the fiercest trial he had yet passed through.

(To be continued.)

would dance. . . . My mother was obliged to accept them, but afterward quietly told me it was not right I should have them; and I never saw them again. . . .

"We seldom had company, even on week-days; and I was never allowed to come down to desert until much later in life, when I was able to crack other people's nuts for them, but never to have any myself, nor anything else of a dainty kind. Once at Hunter Street I recollect my mother giving me three raisins in the forenoon out of the store cabinet." Ruskin gives us this picture of the home garden: "The ground was absolutely beneficent with magical splendour of abundant fruit, fresh green, soft amber, and rough bristled crimson, bending the spinous branches, clustered pearl and pendent ruby, joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine. The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden and that of Eden, as I imagined it, were that in this one all the fruit was forbidden, and there were no companionable beasts. . . .

"My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learned, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; and in general, even when Latin grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least half an hour before the half-past-one dinner. . . .

"Truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, the maternal instillation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and on the whole the one essential, part of my life."

"Peace, Obedience, Faith," were the three great blessings of his early life, and "the habit of fixed attention."

he began to cry, and rose again and said: "Won't you pray for me?"

They did pray for him; and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins, and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God; and he always loved little Mary Vance for leading him—in her sweet, childish way—to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.

—S. S. Visitor.

THE DUKE AND THE CHAPLAIN.

In the Middle Ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself upon a neighbour who had offended him. It chanced that on the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of his plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said, "My lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?" The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the merciful warrior, "Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ himself taught to his disciples?"

"I will do it," replied the duke.

He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." There the duke was silent.

"My lord duke, you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, if you dare say so?—'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

"I cannot," replied the duke.

"Well, God cannot forgive you, for he has said so. He himself has given this prayer. Therefore you must either give up your revenge, or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you as you pardon others, is to ask him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment."

The iron will of the duke was broken.

"No," said he, "I will finish my prayer;—My God, my Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!"

"Amen," said the chaplain.

"Amen," repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's prayer better than he had ever done before since he learned to apply it to himself.

LITTLE MARY VANCE.

MR. JONES was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink, which is just like poison to those who take it; and, besides, he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, too, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once, as he was staggering along the village street, he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and had tripped along quite ahead of them. She was a dear, loving girl, and would not hurt anybody if she could help it; so, when she saw the drunken man coming, she crept up as close to the fence as she could, but did not run, lest he might think she was afraid of him. But as he came along, he spoke. "Well, now, my little dear," he said, in his thick, drunken speech, "how are you, and where are you going?"

"I'm going to meeting, up in the meeting-house," she answered. "Won't you go too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but I will, seeing it's you," said the man. "But where shall I sit?"

"Oh, you shall sit in our pew," said Mary, and she led the way; and when she had shown him into the pew she sat down beside him. "Surely he won't hurt me in church," thought the dear child.

The father and mother came in. The father took his place in the desk, but the mother, seeing their pew so strangely occupied, walked into one a little distance behind, where she could watch Mary, and see that no harm came to her.

After prayer and singing, the minister said: "Now, we shall be happy to hear from anyone who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said. "I wish you'd pray for me, I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and seeing he was half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing; and he began to move away from him—some this way and some that—until he and Mary sat almost alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I'm so wicked; and perhaps God will forsake me too! Oh, how dreadful!"

The thought took such hold of him that

he began to cry, and rose again and said: "Won't you pray for me?"

They did pray for him; and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins, and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God; and he always loved little Mary Vance for leading him—in her sweet, childish way—to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.

—S. S. Visitor.

The Worst Boy in the Town.
 A CANADIAN STORY,
 BY
 Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER VIII. ASLEEP IN THE WOODS.

"I heard the distant waters dash,
 I saw the current whirl and flash,
 And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
 The woods were bending with a silent reach."
 —H. W. Longfellow.

"You must stay here with us, Jack, for a time," said Mr. Grey. "You need rest and quiet, you have had so much to bear lately," and Jack gladly consented.

So much had happened in so short a time that he felt dazed and confused, and longed to be alone by himself for a time, so he wandered down to the shore and lay on the soft grass beneath the shade of a tree, watching the restless water. The sun was shining, birds were singing, and all nature seemed to rejoice, for it was one of June's perfect days, but Jack felt lonely and desolate.

Presently he was aware that he was not alone, and looking up he was surprised to see Bob Pierce leaning against the tree watching him.

"I say, Harding," said he, advancing a step or two, "you've had a heap of trouble lately, and I'm real sorry for you. Let's make up and be friends?"

The words were friendly enough, but Jack caught a look in his eyes which he did not exactly like, but he felt too low-spirited to take much interest in anything, so he let it pass, and gravely replied:

"Very well; I am sure I would rather be friends with anyone than not."

"Take a walk along the beach with me, won't you?" said Bob.

So Jack got up and complied, but he felt that he would much rather be alone.

They walked some distance down the beach, meeting a number of fishermen and others, who exchanged rather meaning and surprised looks at seeing these two together, for it was generally known throughout the town that they were enemies.

Presently they came to a small rowboat tied to the shore. Bob unfastened it and said:

"Jump in, Jack; I hired this boat on purpose to have a fine sail with you to-day."

But Jack firmly refused, and Bob sarcastically remarked:

RUSKIN'S MOTHER.

LOVING, devoted, inflexible, and sure she was right, Ruskin's mother paints her own picture against the background of his baby life. He himself gives us memories of that in his *Præterita*.

"My mother's general principles of the first treatment were to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger, and for the rest to let me amuse myself; but the law was I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed; and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendour of temptation, she bought the most radiant Punch and Judy she could find in all the Soho Bazaar, as big as a real Punch and Judy, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and that

IN LOVE WITH HIS MOTHER.

Or all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honourable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy to turn out bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife, but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her serene autumn as he did in the daisied springtime. —Woman's Signal.

The Warmth of a Word.

BY MARGARET J. PRENTON.

Twain a day in the dead of winter,
And the echo of hurried feet
Struck sharp from the icy pavement
Of the pitiless city street.

Each passer was loath to linger,
Though wrapped in fur clad fold;
For the air was a tingle with frost flakes,
And the sky was benumbed with cold.

The scimitar wind, in its fury,
Bore down like a sweeping foe;
The tempest was waiting the onset,
And abroad were its scouts of snow.

Yet, midst it all, with its tatters
A flap in the whirling blast,
A child who seemed born of the winter—
A creature of pouty—passed.

So tremulous were his accents,
As he shivered and coughed and sung,
That the names of the mumbled papers
Seemed frozen upon his tongue.

He paused for a bitter moment,
As a wondrously genial face
Arrested his voice and held him
With a pity that warmed the place.

"Have a paper?" The kind eye glistened
As the stranger took the sheet,
And glanced at the stiffened fingers,
And thought of the icy feet.

Then dropped in his hand the value
Of his fifty papers sold;
"Ah, poor little friend!" he faltered,
"Don't you shiver and ache with cold?"

The boy, with a gulp of gladness,
Sobbed out as he raised his eye
To the warmth of the face above him,
"I did, sir—till you passed by!"



GOING THROUGH A CANAL LOCK.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. To love God supremely?
2. To study his Word carefully?
3. To praise him for his mercies?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Moses say concerning Jehovah? "The Lord our God is one Lord." 2. How should we love the Lord? With all our heart and soul and might. 3. What are we to do with God's Word? Remember it, teach it, and continually talk about it. 4. What did the Hebrews do with sacred texts? Wore them on arm and brow, and fastened them on doors. 5. When we are prosperous what should we do? "Then beware lest thou forget the Lord." 6. What is the Golden Text? "Thou shalt bless," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The unity of the Godhead.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the inward and spiritual grace signified?

Our being cleansed from the guilt and defilement of sin, and receiving a new life from and in Christ Jesus.

Acts 22. 16. Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on His name.

Colossians 2. 12. Wherein ye were also raised with Him, through faith in the working of God.

GOING THROUGH A CANAL LOCK.

Most of you probably have seen a canal, but perhaps some of you have not. It is a sort of artificial river, a passage cut through a strip of land from one body of water to another, to connect the two. The men who have charge of the construction of a canal are called civil engineers, and they require to know a great deal and be very skilful. At regular intervals along the canal there are locks, or gates, which divide the different levels of water from each other. For instance, if you could stand on the bank and see all along the canal you would notice that the water lay in steps, that between the first and second locks being higher than between the second and third, and so on. When a boat comes along and reaches the first lock, it has to wait until the gates are slowly opened, which allows the water to rush down into the lower section until the two steps are level, when the boat can go on until it reaches the second lock, when it must wait again. You may be sure it is very slow, tiresome way of travelling, and passengers are generally glad when they are at last out of the canal.

THE REAL FOUNDATION.

It is a great gain when a man sees the real foundations of success in life with such clearness that he is no longer confused or led astray by illusions. Every conception of success which does not depend on honest work intelligently and faithfully done is an illusion—a conception, that is—which is essentially misleading, and which sooner or later involves disappointment or defeat. It is by no means uncommon to hear men explain the success of others by reference to personal

influence, claims of friendship, luck, or chance. That all these elements at times enter into a man's life is undeniable; but no man ever yet won a true success or kept it who depended on any of these things. Friendly influence sometimes opens the door to a fine position; a piece of what, for lack of fuller knowledge, we call pure luck sometimes brings a man a fine opportunity; but no man can hold the position or prove himself equal to the opportunity without discovering character and capacity. In the severe competition of life, sooner or later a man's claims are adjudicated on the basis of what he really is. The one thing upon which we must all depend for our success is the quality of our work. No man who holds his position by mere tact, by the good-will of others, by friendly influence, or by any of the numerous combinations which may be effected by a skilful tactician, has any real foothold in life; he may be swept away in a moment. There will come a time when tact will prove unequal to the strain of the situation, when friendly influence will be unavailing, when the fortunate combination cannot be made. He only is secure whose work has the quality which makes it essential to the success of an enterprise. A man whose work is stamped with honesty and competency depends for his position in life on something which is a part of himself, not upon extraneous combinations of circumstances. Put your strength into the doing of your work, and the question of stability and success will settle itself.—*Christian Union.*

A TEN YEAR-OLD HEROINE.

THE death of President Carnot recalled to the *Troy Times* that about a month before a medal bearing the insignia of the Legion of Honour was presented by the French Government to Jennie Creek, the little ten-year-old miss who saved a train-load of World's Fair passengers. While walking along the track she discovered that the trestle across a deep ravine was on fire, and the World's Fair express, with several hundred passengers on board, was nearly due. With remarkable presence of mind the little one tore off her red flannel petticoat, ran down the track until she came in sight of the approaching train, and waved her skirt as a danger signal.

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LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 18.

THE NEW HOME IN CANAAN.

Deut. 6. 3-15. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.—Deut. 8. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. Loving the Lord, v. 3-5.
2. Teaching his Word, v. 6-9.
3. Remembering his Mercies, v. 10-15.

TIME.—B.C. 1451: the conjectural date when these words were uttered.

PLACE.—Somewhere in the great peninsular wilderness north of Mount Sinai.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The new home in Canaan.—Deut. 6. 3-15.
Tu. "For our good."—Deut. 6. 16-25.
W. Remembering the way.—Deut. 8. 1-10.
Th. Beware of forgetfulness.—Deut. 8. 11-20.
F. The good resolve.—Josh. 24. 13-25.
S. Blessings in the new home.—Psalm 107. 31-43.
Su. The new heaven and earth.—Rev. 21. 1-7.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Loving the Lord*, v. 3-5.
Upon whom is a call made for obedience? What good had been promised to them? What is the Lord declared to be? How should he be loved? What proof of love does Christ require? John 14. 15.
2. *Teaching his Word*, v. 6-9.
Where were God's words to be hidden? To whom were they to be taught? When were they to be talked about? Where were they to be on one's person? Where were they to be written? What good hiding-place for God's Word can you name? Psalm 119. 11.
3. *Remembering his Mercies*, v. 10-15.
Into what land would the Lord bring his people? What four things would he give them? What were they warned not to forget? Whom were they to fear and serve? After what were they forbidden to go? What is said of God's character? What peril would disobedience invite? What was their duty to their Lord? (Golden Text.)

THE INHABITANTS OF A DROP OF WATER.

Our cut shows what a drop of stagnant water looks like when greatly magnified and its shadows thrown upon a screen. It looks as if it were filled with horrible dragons and beasts of prey. An old lady who saw such a representation for the first time at a public exhibition, jumped up and exclaimed, "Oh, let me go away! what if those horrible creatures should break loose and devour us!"



THE INHABITANTS OF A DROP OF WATER.