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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1900.

No. 31.

## Conceit.

A little dog barked at the big round moon,  
That smiled in the evening sky;  
And the neighbours smote him with rocks and shoon—  
But still he continued his rageful tune,  
And he barked till his throat was dry.

The little dog bounced like a rubber ball,  
For his anger quite drove him wild;  
And he said: "I'm a terror, although I'm small,  
And I dare you, you impudent fellow, to fall."  
But the moon only smiled and smiled.

Then the little dog barked at a terrible rate,  
But he challenged the moon in vain,  
For as calmly and slow as the workings of fate,  
The moon moved along in a manner sedate,  
And smiled at the dog in disdain.

But soon, 'neath a hill that obstructed the west,  
The moon sank out of sight,  
And it smiled as it slowly dropped under the crest,  
But the little dog said, as he lay down to rest:  
"Well! I scared it away all right!"

## OFF FOR A ROW.

It is a fine thing in summer to live near some large pond, river, or lake, and to be able to go out in a boat of your own when you please. Not only is it great enjoyment to sail over the calm blue waters with the sweet, pure air blowing on your face, but if it be a row-boat you own, the exercise of rowing is one of the most beneficial you can take. It strengthens and broadens the chest, and makes the muscles of the arm stronger. Thus in many gymnasiums boys and girls who cannot go out rowing upon the water are made to go through all the motions of rowing in the large gymnasium room. But those who can go out in their little row-boat have the additional benefit of the open air. The young man and young lady seen in our picture are fortunate enough to own this very commodious boat; and they are not selfish, for their little brothers and sisters are to enjoy the day on the water also. The young lady and the young gentleman can both row well, and the little ones have already learned to sit very still in the boat, so that they will not upset it. If you are fortunate enough to have a boat of your own, I hope you are no less unselfish than this young man and his sister, for it is from sharing one's good things with others that the greatest happiness is derived from them.



OFF FOR A ROW.

## ONE OF THE "WHOSOEVERS."

BY J. F. COWAN.

He was an umbrella mender, grizzled and grimy. He had finished putting a new rib in mamma's brown silk umbrella, and replaced the ferrule on the end of Aunt Mag's Henrietta, under the watchful scrutiny of two pairs of brown eyes that had peered through the window-pane. The man had lain the work down, after two or three approving openings and shuttings, and was gathering up his tools, with a glance now and then at the window, as a sign that he was ready for his money.

"Let me," said May, as mamma put her hand in her dress pocket and started to call Bridget.

"Y-e-s," was the half-reluctant answer,

and the next minute a tiny, white band was holding the money close to the tanned and sooty palm that opened to receive it.

"That's ever and ever so much to make in such a little while, isn't it? We watched you, Tony and I, and Tony says he means to be a scissors grinder and umbrella mender when he is a man; he says it is better than being just a book-keeper, like papa, and bending like a figure two over a desk."

The man looked hard from under his shaggy eyebrows to see if the little one was poking fun at him, and then growled something about "'twasn't much when you had no one to care for you and no place to call home."

"Did a fire burn you out?" was the quick, sympathetic question, and the brown eyes looked tender. "Aunt Eunice

Eunice's stable boy, and God wouldn't love you if you—oh, dear, what am I saying? Mamma says he loves us no matter what we do, but he doesn't love our bad ways. Of course, he'd have to love us, because he did once, and he's always alike. Did the fire burn much?" she continued.

"A pretty home like yours, and a wife and little girl," answered the man; "but he can't love me after that, after making the wreck of myself that I have. No, he can't love such a sunken old wretch as I am. The fire I built was with whiskey I drank until all I had was gone, and my wife and child both in their graves, and here I am, an old wreck, and no one to care for me. Who told you to say that about him loving forever?" His lips

up something to eat" and she ran into the house to tell of the talk she had had with the funny, dark man.

But when mamma came to the window he had gone. He had hurried off muttering to himself: "It used to be there; it used to be there; but I had forgotten it, and I never got hold of it that way before, nohow. I must see!"

"Gone to get rid of the quarter in the nearest saloon," said Katy, when asked if she noticed which way the umbrella man had gone.

But Katy was mistaken for once, though it would have been a safe prediction any other day for the last ten years of his life. He had gone straight to a book-store, and, in an unsteady voice, as though uncertain whether the name had been changed or the stores still kept what he wanted, asked for a cheap Bible.

"I've got the money," he growled, as the clerk stared in surprise, and the next minute he hurried off with his prize.

No one knows how it happened—the papers said it was a tramp stealing a ride—but next morning, when a mangled form was found beside the railroad track, face unrecognizable and nothing about the clothing to identify him, lying half wrapped in some tattered shreds of clothing was a new, five-cent Testament, and the corners of the leaves were turned down in the beginning of John's Gospel, and there were smutty finger-marks around the verse near the middle of the page in the third chapter, and the underscoring made with the finger-nail to the words "world" and "whosoever." They buried it with him in the potter's field. Who knows the rest? Only God!

## HIS FIRST MONEY.

BY G. H. DORRIS.

Billy Barlow went home with "a bee in his bonnet" a kindly bee which kept saying to him: "Billy boy, you ought to start out gathering honey after such a sermon as you heard this morning."

Doctor Gordon's words had fallen into at least one pair of hearing ears and his thought into one honest little heart; for the very next day, after school, Billy rang the bell of their nearest neighbour's house. The lady of the house, who had seen Billy coming up the steps, opened the door herself.

"Why, how do you do, Billy?" she said.

"I am pretty well, thank you," answered Billy. "And, please, Mrs. Jeffers," he continued eagerly, "have you any work for me to do?"

"Work? For you?" questioned the astonished Mrs. Jeffers. "Has your father failed?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Jeffers!"

"Then why do you want to earn money? Do not your people give you all you ought to have?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jeffers. But—but—"

"But what, Billy? Come in and tell me. Pardon me for not inviting you in before."

"Yesterday," faltered Billy, with red cheeks and downcast eyes, "Doctor Gordon talked missionary to us. And I want to earn some money for that cause. I've got money, but it's none that I earned."

"Oh, I see," replied Mrs. Jeffers. "I see. And you are doing just right. Come out in the kitchen, and we will see what Bridget has to offer. Bridget," she asked, when they had entered the good-natured cook's domain, "have you any work this little friend could do?"

"Nothin'," laughed Bridget, who was one of Billy's best friends. "Unless he be after scroobin' me floor, an' Oi was jist a-goin' to do that meself."

was burned out last week. Couldn't the firemen put it out?"

"Not that kind of a fire," muttered the man, in a low, thick tone, with a queer, half-ashamed look in his eyes.

Aunt Eunice's stable boy set her house on fire because he was angry and drunk. Did any s't yours?" asked May.

Again the man seemed as if struggling with some sudden, awakened emotion. "Suppose I set fire to it myself, little girl," he muttered; "but you don't know anything about it," and he was about to take himself away, but something in her look stopped him.

"I don't mean that I set a house afire on purpose, little girl," he was moved to explain; "but you can't understand."

"Oh, yes, I can; I know you wouldn't do that. You don't look bad, like Aunt

trembled and his eyes lighted with an intense look.

"My mamma did," answered May, "and she knows."

"Are you sure—but I s'pose, of course, she does, though, such a fine lady as she is—"

"Why, of course my mamma knows, and it's right there in the Bible, in the 'whosoever' place, you know, and it says the 'world,' an' that's all around, and I guess you are part of the world, aren't you?"

"A purty small part, missy. But just wait a minit: I had a little girl like you once, an' I dreamt of her last night, an' it made me kind of hungry for—"

"Then you must come right round to the kitchen door, and Katy will fix you

"Could you do that, Billy?" asked Mrs Jeffers

"Yes, ma'am, I think so. I play sometimes at scrubbing floor for our Nora."

"Well, Billy, I will give you fifty cents to scrub the kitchen floor; and mind you make a good job of it," laughed Mrs Jeffers

"Yes'm," answered Billy, "and I thank you, Mrs Jeffers"

A moment later the telephone in Billy's home rang, and Mrs Jeffers called over the wire

"O Mrs Barlow, come over right away I've got somebody in my kitchen doing something, to show you"

And in a little while the astonished Mrs Barlow was peeping through the door of Mrs Jeffers' kitchen

"Now come into the parlour while I tell you about it," whispered Mrs Jeffers. "Do you know," she continued, when they were comfortably seated side by side, "that never have I had such a missionary sermon preached to me as the one I just received from little Billy. I had thought that we were doing nobly by that cause, but now I feel ashamed of myself."

A half-hour later, while the ladies were still talking, the little floor-washer again entered the parlour.

Mrs Barlow, advancing to meet him, received the blushing, faltering lad with open arms. Pressing him close to her heart and kissing him, she whispered

"My precious little missionary boy! Your first work, and the first money you have ever earned for the Master. God bless you, Billy!"

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## Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1900.

### A WATER-MUSEUM.

A water-museum consists of glass vessels containing fish, mollusks, larvae, and such other creatures as will live in the small quantity of water these vessels hold. The great advantage that the water-museum has over an aquarium is, that while the latter is bulky and has many dark corners in which you can see only with difficulty, if at all, the jars of the museum can be easily carried about and held to the light, so that you can readily observe the smallest movements of your specimens. Besides, in an aquarium you can have but one kind of water at a time either salt or fresh, and you can keep only those specimens that will live together peaceably; but in a water-museum one may have both sorts of water (in different vessels), and both marine and fresh-water specimens. This museum, or water-cabinet, too, costs very little, while an aquarium is not only expensive but troublesome.

We must first make sure of a sunny window, where the museum will be out of the way, and where there is room for a small table. Then we must forage for the vessels in the glassware shops, or at the dealers in chemical apparatus. I have often been able to pick up confectionery jars which I got cheaply because their tops were broken, which, of course, made no difference to me. I consider these the best for our purpose, in size from four inches in diameter by six in height to seven inches in diameter and nine in height. The jars must be placed on the table in the sunny window,

so that they will all get plenty of light, as this is necessary to most forms of life. One or two of the larger jars had best be used for fish and to make their attractive their bottoms should be covered with clean river sand and pebbles, or fragments of rock in the shape of grottoes, as the fish like to rest on these and to eat the almost invisible weeds that grow upon them. Of course, all the vessels must be filled with water and sprigs of aquatic plants, such as watercress, Vallisneria, or duck-weed, placed in them to keep the water pure. Many kinds of water insects are carnivorous, or prey upon the weaker species. Of course, it won't do to keep these in the same jar with their victims. To find out which kinds agree, we can mix them in the clear shallow bell-glass, where we can easily observe the peculiarities of each.—St. Nicholas.

### WHOM JACK'S FATHER VOTED FOR.

BY JOHN F. COWAN.

There was to be an election the next day on the saloon question. For a long time there had been no liquor sold openly in the town, and it was the hope of many of the good people living there that they would always be able to keep it free from the curse of an open saloon. They wanted to bring up their children without having the example of drunken men reeling down their streets before their eyes.

But some men who were so greedy for money that they were willing to come and rob the women and children of the town of it by taking the wages of the husbands and fathers for that which would make them fools and brutes, were trying to get a vote which would permit them to set up a saloon in Rushton.

They had sent their agents around to talk with the voters, telling them how much revenue the town would derive from the saloons, how much business the whiskey traffic would bring in, and how much more wide-awake and up-to-date it would be with a saloon; and the arguments of reduced taxes, and of sidewalks, street-lamps, and other improvements which they would be able to make out of the revenue from the saloons, was beginning to tell on some of the men, among them Jack's father.

"Pshaw!" he said, carelessly, as he flung down his dinner-bucket on returning home that evening, "it's a pity that a town like this should be run by a lot of women and preachers! I say, let the men run it, and let the men have the liberty to drink or not drink as they please, and let's have the revenue from the saloons that the other towns have, and be somebody."

"Does that mean that you're going to vote for license to-morrow?" asked his wife.

"It means that I'm going to do as I please. I'm a man, and I'm not going to be dominated over by a lot of things in petticoats," he exclaimed, ill-naturedly.

Mrs. Camden belonged to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which was one of the most active agents in making the fight against the admission of the saloon.

Next morning when the polls were open and the voting began, the brave women of the town met in the church and submitted the matter to God, resolved to do everything they could in their homes and at the polls to influence their husbands and brothers to vote aright.

All day long they kept their prayer-meeting going, and received their reports from the polling places. Toward the middle of the afternoon, some of them began to lose faith and become discouraged. The reports were that the election was going against them; that when the workmen came out of the shops at half-past five, as they were to be permitted to do to vote, the majority would vote for license and thus settle the question.

The women were in despair, until at last Miss Fenton, the superintendent of the Loyal Temperance Legion, said, "I have a scheme that I am going to try. Will you all help me?"

They gladly consented, and she quickly handed around among them a number of squares of cardboard to be lettered like the ones she held in her hand:

"Vote for Me."

When they were done and strings attached to them, it was time for school to close, and the Legion was to meet in the church immediately after.

When the boys and girls came in, they saw something unusual in their leader's eye. Her face was tear-stained, but her look was bright and hopeful. She quickly explained the situation to them and asked for volunteers to wear about their necks to the polling places the placards which the other ladies had prepared.

There was a moment of hesitation. The children were timid about doing such a thing, but in an instant Jack Camden came up and said, "I'll wear one, Miss Fenton, and I'll go right down to the place where papa votes."

Gladly she tied the placard around his neck, and, the example having been set, the other children followed like sheep.

When Jack Camden's father came from the workshop that evening to the voting place, he was fully persuaded "to be a man," as he said, and "protect his liberty," and vote for the licensing of the liquor traffic. He did not mean to drink himself. He intended to be a sober man, but he wanted other men to have a chance to do as they pleased.

The first thing that struck his eye as he walked up toward the ballot distributors was a line of boys, marching down toward him, each one wearing around his neck a placard. Presently the line stopped, and presented front face. Mr. Camden looked, and there was his own boy, a manly little fellow, in the lead.

"What's that you have on?" he said.

"Read it, please, papa," answered Jack. And the man read:

"Vote for Me."

In an instant a picture seemed to rise before him of his dear little boy grown to manhood. He saw him walking down the street with a proud, manly step. He saw him passing one of the places which he was about to vote to license. Other young men gathered around him and enticed him to go within. It was late at night when he came out again. His clothing was disordered, his collar was burst open in front, his hat was missing, his hair was dishevelled, his face was flushed, and his step so unsteady that he had to be supported upon either side by his comrades. "They're going to take him home to his mother," he thought to himself, "in that beastly condition. It will send a death-bolt to her heart." He covered his face with his hands to shut out the picture. He opened his eyes and looked again. His boy stood there in all his boyish beauty, pleading with him to do as the placard asked.

"Yes, Jack," he said, dashing a tear from his eye, "that's just what I'm going to do. They may argue and coax all they please, I'm going to vote for you, and that's what every man in the crowd who is a man and a father will do, too."

And the placard turned the day, and Rushton was saved from the saloon, because the fathers who voted, voted for their boys, realizing, perhaps for the first time in their lives, their whole duty to them.

### ENGLAND IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The relations of the English with the Dutch in South Africa are touched upon in an article in the June St. Nicholas, by Klyda R. Steege. The Cape settlement remained in the possession of the Dutch until 1795, when, the French Revolutionists occupying Holland, the colonists hoisted a flag of independence, and appealed to Great Britain for protection. The British accordingly took possession in the name of the Prince of Orange, who was at that time a refugee in London. You must freshen your memory of European history of that period, in case you have forgotten it, to understand how matters stood between the different countries. Then you will see how it was that when peace was restored after the Napoleonic wars, and Holland had been annexed by France, the latter country ceded to England the "Batavian Republic," which included, among other territory, the Cape Colony.

Under English rule matters improved for the colonists, and the administration was, on the whole, satisfactory, until the Government ordered the slaves to be freed. The Boers, indignant at the loss of "property," for which they did not consider themselves sufficiently recompensed, resolved to go beyond the reach of law and government, and what you hear spoken of as the "Great Trek" took place in the year 1835. Trek comes from the Dutch verb "trekken," to draw or drag, and this journey was so termed because the people who left the colony to seek another home farther inland travelled in huge ox-carts or waggons.

The first two hundred who left wandered on until they came to a country far from the sea, where, after many fights with the Matabele tribes, they held their own sufficiently to found the Orange Free State.

The second trekking party, among whom was the present President Kruger, then ten years of age, went over into the colony of Natal. There they failed in finding a resting-place, because they attempted to take land already in British possession. They, too, had their struggles with natives and many hardships to encounter, but finally they crossed the

Vaal River, and soon after, all the different settlers united themselves, for mutual protection, into a republic, under a man named Pretorius as president, and with Paul Kruger as commandant-general of the army.

It was not long before they found themselves unable to prevent trouble with the natives, and they appealed to England for protection. They were also heavily burdened with a debt, which they saw no chance of repaying. So Great Britain took them in charge, kept off the natives, and paid their debts, and at last, at the request of many of the settlers, the country was declared to be the possession of the British Empire.

It probably would not interest you to hear of all the political changes and discussions which have taken place in the country. It is enough to say that the Boers were not satisfied to be under English administration, and finally rebelled against it, with the result that, after a short war, their country was given back to them on certain conditions. These conditions not having been adhered to as England expected, the present war broke out. Let us hope for its early termination.

### "I PRAY THE LORD MY CLOTHES TO KEEP."

The child was a boy, scarcely more than four or five years old. His parents had evidently been sent to prison, or had drifted away somewhere. When found by the Slum Sisters in New York, crouching in the corner of a hallway, one chilly night in March, he was but half-clad and numbed with exposure to the cold.

Taken to the barracks, the wail was washed, and dressed in clean clothes warmed and fed. He was delighted with the attention that he received, and particularly with his garments; so much so that when one of the sisters attempted to undress him for bed he cried, under the belief that he was about to be prematurely deprived of his new apparel.

This was very apparent when the sister attempted to teach him the words of simple prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Peeping between his fingers the little fellow lisped, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," continued the sister.

"I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," whispered the boy.

"No, not 'clothes to keep,' 'soul to keep,'" corrected the sister.

"Soul to keep," said the boy.

"Now, say it from the beginning to end," urged the worker in the slums.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

But the poor little fellow was too intent upon his treasures. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," he said, making the same mistake as before.

"No, no; that is not right," said the painstaking sister. "You pray to God to take care of your soul, not your clothes. I'll take care of those."

"And won't you pawn them?" replied the astonished lad to the astonishment of the sister, "and buy rum with them? That's what they always did at home when I had new clothes."

Tears filled the eyes of the Slum Sister, but she brushed them aside as she kissed the child. His few words of precocious knowledge had revealed to her the story of his brief life, and she needed no more to tell her of the misery of his home. Although he finally mastered his little prayer, it was with the words, "I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," on his lips that he fell asleep.

### A BRAVE CRIPPLE.

Carl Sprengel, the crippled son of a signalman near a bridge called Devil's Gulph, in South Germany, was in the habit of taking his father's supper to the signal box. One very stormy and windy night, when he arrived at the place, nobody was there, and on going to the mouth of the bridge he found that it was blown down. He called out to his father, but there was no answer, for the father had gone down with the bridge. Then Carl remembered that the night train was due; but how was he to stop it, for he did not understand the management of the signals? Throwing away his crutches, he ran his father's wagon on to the line, and climbed on to it, that he might signal to the driver as best he could. The train, with two hundred passengers, was stopped just in time before it came to the broken bridge, but not before it had crashed into the wagon and killed little Carl. On a rock near the place were afterward inscribed the words, "Carl Sprengel, aged 16, died a hero and a martyr."



The Two Villages.

Over the river, on the hill,  
Leth a village white and still;  
A. round it the forest trees  
Saver and whisper in the breeze.  
Over it sailing shadows go  
O' soaring hawk and screaming crow,  
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,  
Flow in the middle of the street.

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

In that village on the hill  
Never a sound of smithy or mill;  
The houses are thatched with grass and  
flowers,  
Never a clock to toll the hours;  
The marble doors are always shut,  
You cannot enter in hall or hut,  
And the villagers lie asleep;  
Never a grain to sow or reap;  
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,  
Silent and idle and low they lie.

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

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER V.

A LITTLE WAIF.

"Ah, there's Phoebe!" cried Tom, looking to the beach, on which the bold outline of one woman was visible. "Every thin' will be ready fur us when we git there ef she's the boss. Beats all how that woman keeps up her spunk and works fur others."

"Ay, ay, sir, yer right!" said an old salt by his side. "There's only one Phoebe Dow in Fairport-by-the-Sea, and she's wuth her weight in gold."

Yes, Phoebe was on the beach that dark, stormy morning, anxious to render what service she could. All through the night she had heard the howling of the tempest and the roar of the heaving billows as they dashed against the rocks. Her thoughts and her prayers went forth to the sailor lad of whom she had heard nothing since that terrible night five years ago. Oh, pity the fisherman's wife, ye who are reared in the lap of luxury! God alone knows what an anxious life she leads.

At last Phoebe arose and went out upon the beach. The sound of a gun attracted her attention, and told her that a ship was in distress. She was not the only one on the beach. Several young men were standing about, and among the number was one who was evidently the worse off for liquor. Phoebe listened for a moment to his coarse jests and oaths, then stepping to his side, she said: "You had better stop your cursing, and pray for those poor fellows. It would seem far more fitting."

The young man looked up insolently at the speaker. Meeting a pair of keen black eyes, and recognizing the commanding presence of the woman with the white hair, as Mrs. Dow was familiarly called, he made no reply.

"Young man," pursued Phoebe, laying her hand kindly upon his shoulder, "you are a stranger to me, but I surmise you are no stranger to the Maypole tavern. If you were sober you would not be cursing the only One who can save that frail craft yonder. Be warned in time. The dragon has you in his clutches. Turn about face and slay him, or he will slay you. I know all about him. Look at my white hair! It would be raven black now had it not been for the dragon's curse.

The young man turned away with a shamefaced look. It was seldom that any one took offence at Phoebe's words, for her manner was calculated to disarm. The news of the shipwreck had spread like wildfire through the little village of Fairport-by-the-Sea, and a crowd of men and boys had collected on the beach, some prompted by curiosity or a love of excitement, and some eager to help the brave men who had ventured on the rough sea at the peril of their lives.

Foremost in the latter class was Arnold Strong, the village clergyman. He had been settled in Fairport only three months, yet in that time he had made many warm friends. An earnest, consecrated Christian is a tower of strength in any community. Arnold Strong was of this type. He was a man of strong convictions, and he also had the courage of his convictions. Positive, vigorous, yet withal charitable and sympathetic, he was a born leader. At this moment his voice was heard above the tumult of the waves, giving directions for helping the approaching boat to effect a landing. Under his leadership, the boat with the rescuers and the rescued was pulled high on the beach.

"Thank God," he exclaimed, lifting his hat reverently. As he stood there, the wind tossing the dark hair from the noble forehead, his form towering above his fellows, he looked the picture of manly strength and vigour. The crowd felt instinctively the superiority of the man, and for a moment were awed in silence. Curiosity soon got the better of most of them, however, and they surrounded the captain and his crew, and began to ply them with questions.

"Stand off, ye heathin!" said Kinmon. "Give the poor fellers a chance to get rested. 'Taint likely they want to talk on an empty stomach. The parson says he's goin' to take the cap'n down to his house, an' jest ye spruce up an' divide the crew amongst ye, an' treat them handsomely. As fur me an' Phoebe, we've got these two to care fur," pointing to the still figure which was muffled in a fisherman's coat. "'Tis a poor drowned woman an' her little 'un," said Tom, answering the inquiring look of the gaping crowd. "Both dead, I'm thinkin'." Help me, some of ye, to carry them to my house. There may be life yet."

The little procession moved slowly along the shore to the fisherman's cottage, where Janet was anxiously awaiting them.

"What have ye here, Tom?" she cried, holding up her hands in horror.

"'Tis a poor drowned woman and her child. Both dead, I'm thinkin'. But we'll do all we can for them, before we give them up fur gone."

They laid the woman and child on the bed, and commenced rubbing and chafing the cold bodies. While they were engaged in this work, Dr. Slocum came in to examine the patients.

"You are doing all right, all right!" he said to the woman. "No hot water or flannels about. Just right! Good common sense shown. These things will be needed later, but not now. Stand aside, Tom, and allow the currents of air to circulate freely over the bodies. A pair of bellows, if you please, Mrs. Kinmon. Artificial respiration often proves beneficial."

As he turned the body of the woman to one side, he gave a short, sharp whistle.

"What is it?" said Phoebe, coming to him.

He pushed the hair from the left temple, and pointed to a dark spot. "She struck her temple against some hard substance, and was killed instantly. This discoloration proves the fact beyond a doubt. You say the body was lashed to a spar, Tom?"

"Yes, and the cap'n said she hadn't been in the water more'n a minute, and he'd floated at that. So she couldn't hev been drowned, no way."

They ceased working upon the body of the woman, and turned their attention to the child, which Phoebe was rubbing vigorously.

"God be praised, its heart flutters!" cried she. A few moments after, the little chest began to heave, and the breathing soon became natural. The doctor went to his medicine chest and took out a flask. Pouring a few drops into a spoon, he came to the baby's side. The odour reached Phoebe's nostrils.

"What have you here, Doctor Slocum?" and the black eyes began to show fire.

"Don't be alarmed, madam. It's only a small dose of brandy to hasten matters a little."

"Is this dose essential to the child's recovery?"

"I can't quite say that, but it will save you an hour's rubbing, certain sure. At any rate, it won't hurt the child," and with this he attempted to administer the medicine. Phoebe was too quick for him.

"It shall not be," she said, as she turned the spoon away with such suddenness as to spill the contents. "I will labour a day over his helpless babe, if need be, but not a drop of the dragon's poison shall pass those innocent lips, when, as you admit, it is unnecessary."

The doctor's anger was roused immediately. "Fanatic!" he muttered, as he closed his chest, and seized his hat. "Take the case in your own hands,

madam. It is very evident that you think you are more competent than the profession," and with these words he left.

"Good fur ye," Phoebe," said Tom. "You've got spunk enough to stand by yer notions. 'Taint right to dose people with alcohol when they're sick, jest because 'twill hurry matters a leetle. Yet it's done lots of times. Seems to me, doctors hev got a good deal to answer fur, some time. How do they know how many appetites fur drink they hev helped to form? Many a man has tried to stop off drinkin', an' has hed his cravin' fur it come on by takin' some bitters that the doctor has ordered fur his tonin' up. Why, really, Phoebe, I hed as soon see the undertaker a-comin', as Dr. Slocum. He has helped many a man down to a drunkard's grave, by his doses."

"We need a temperance doctor in this place," said Phoebe. "I hope I shall live to see the day when the dragon will not have so many apprentices in Fairport as he now has."

"Amen," uttered a deep voice beside them.

"Why, w yo scared us," cried Janet, springing from her seat. "Take a chair, Mr. Strong. We're real glad to see ye."

"That's so," said Tom, grasping the minister's hand.

"My friends, I did not intend to play eavesdropper, but I entered just in time to catch a single sentence. Mrs. Dow, I heartily endorse your sentiment, and with God's help the next five years shall make a difference in the condition of things in Fairport. We temperance people must unite our energies and deal strong blows against this hydra-headed monster of intemperance. I stand on the total abstinence platform. But I came to inquire after your patients."

"The boy is doing nicely," replied Phoebe. "He seems to be sleeping naturally now. If nothing new sets in he will be all right in a few days. The mother is dead. Is she not a handsome woman?" turning back the sheet from the dead body.

Arnold Strong gazed long and earnestly at the small oval face and beautifully chiselled features of the stranger.

"She looks very young. I should hardly call her over eighteen. She must be of French descent. Poor thing! I wish we could know something of her history."

"What did the cap'n say of her?" asked Tom.

"He knows scarcely anything. He tells me that he sailed from Havre with a cargo of fruit and merchandise, and just before he sailed, this woman begged to be allowed to accompany them, as she was very anxious to come to America. The captain told her at first that it would be impossible, but she begged so hard, and said the case was so urgent, that he finally consented. There was only one other woman on board, a coloured cook. The woman seemed shy and reticent through the entire voyage, and said but little about herself. She did not even tell her name, but requested the crew to call her madam. She talked a great deal with her child, and seemed passionately fond of it. Spoke often to it of its grandma, whom it was to visit in America. This is all the captain was able to learn about the poor woman."

"Were there no papers about her person or the boy's, which will throw light on the matter?"

"Nothin' at all, sir," replied Janet. "We hunted for them, but none were to be found. Some of the child's clothes are marked 'Maurice, and on one piece are the letters, 'M. J. D.' That's all we've been able to find."

"I'm afraid the matter will always remain a mystery," said the minister.

"If that is so," exclaimed Phoebe, "and no one comes to claim the helpless lamb yonder, I will take the child to my desolate home and will care for him as though he were my own. God helping me I will keep the lad from the power of the cruel dragon. My heart goes out to the little motherless waif. I fought one battle for him against the tempter this morning," narrating the encounter with Doctor Slocum.

"I feel that God has sent this little waif to me," she said. "My lonely home will seem less lonely with this young life to care for. God has not forgotten me, and he never will, I believe."

"There goes a Christian, if ever there was one," said Tom, as Phoebe walked away. "Beats all how her religion stands by her through thick an' thin. That's a mighty difference in professors, parson, a mighty difference. Should think the Lord wud be hard up to know jest how to separate the sheep from the goats."

(To be continued.)

The man who lives only for himself is engaged in very small business.

ABOUT SOME JAPANESE BOYS.

BY REV. C. T. COXING.

I have about twenty-five boys and young men who gather for an hour and a half, three evenings in the week, in the adjoining church for the purpose of studying the English language most of them are very intelligent, three are school teachers, about half of them come a fourth evening in the week for Bible instruction, which our indefatigable pastor gives them, and some half dozen of these come on Saturday afternoon to my study for a catechism lesson. I have never felt such joy in my life before as I have lately, it is a work that angels might well envy, and the fact that I speak so little of the language yet is a sore trial to me. But I must hasten to give you their compositions. Here is one:

"Religions are very important; but there are two kinds among them, that is bad and good. In our country there are two religions, Christianity and Buddhism, and both professors are now claiming their own causes to lead our brethren into their doctrines. Hence we shall compare them, and then we will take either of them that we believe."

Here is an extract from another entitled,

"The Lion"

"It has a large head comparative with body; and a long and curled neck hair; which is its particular form. Though it placed on its greatness under other beasts, on its fierceness overpowers them all. When it roars, it is solemnly as a thunder. And the beast lives on a meat. Therefore it will put the another beasts which met with into death and eats them fondly if it was at hunger. But if the case is not so; on the contrary it behaves a greatness, and loves his inferiors. This virtue have been esteemed so much by Englishmen that they fixed the figure as their own state's-sign on the standard."

Perhaps these two will be sufficient to this letter.

JAPAN LIFE IN BOATS.

In Poland some families are born and die in salt mines, without ever rising above ground, and in Japan some are born and die the same way on boats, without ever lying on shore.

"One of the most interesting features of Japanese life to me," says a recent traveller there, "was the manner of living in the boats and junks, thousand of which frequent every bay along the coast. The backward junks always belong to the members of one family, and usually every branch of the family, old and young, live on board."

"The smaller sailboats are made like narrow flatboat, and the sail (they never have but one) is placed very near the stern, and extends from the mast about the same distance in either direction, i.e., the mast runs in the middle of the sail when it is spread."

"In these little boats men are born and die, without ever having an abiding place on shore. Women and all are nearly naked, except in rains, when they put on layers of fringed straw mats, which gives them the appearance of being thatched. At night, if in harbour, they bend poles over the boat from side to side in the shape of a bow, and cover them with this straw, water tight straw, and go to sleep all together, like a lot of pigs."

"A child three years old can swim like a fish, and often children, who will not learn of their own accord, are repeatedly thrown overboard until they become expert swimmers. In the harbours children seem to be perpetually tumbling overboard, but the mothers deliberately pick them out of the water, and cussing them a little, go on with their work. It is really astonishing at what an age these boys and girls will learn to scull a boat."

"I have seen a boat twenty feet long most adroitly managed by three children, all under seven years of age. I am told that notwithstanding their aptness at swimming, many boatmen get drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid, nor will any boatman save another from drowning, because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way. Besides this, the saving of a boatman's life only keeps a chafing soul so much longer in purgatory, when it ought to be released by the death of the sailor which the gods, by fate, seem to have selected for the purpose."

Lady of the House—"Go on away from here. We have no old clothes, no old victuals, no— Hopeless Harry—"I didn't want nothin' to eat nor wear. I jist called to see if you had an old automobile to give away."

**The Secret of It.**

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

"Where does the clerk of the weather store  
The days that are sunny and fair?"  
"In your soul is a room with a shining door,  
And all of those days are there."

"Where does the clerk of the weather keep  
The days that are dreary and blue?"  
"In a second room in your soul they sleep,  
And you have the keys of the two."

"And why are my days so often, I pray,  
Filled full of clouds and of gloom?"  
"Because you forget at the break of day,  
And open the dreary room."  
—St. Nicholas.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

**LESSON VII.—AUGUST 12.  
THE FORGIVING SPIRIT.**

Matt. 18. 21-35. Memory verses, 21, 22.

pared with what this servant had owed his lord

29 "I will pay thee all"—There was greater reason to believe that this promise would be kept than that his own would be, for it was only about three months' wages that this man owed, while his own debt was beyond ordinary computation.

30 "Till he should pay the debt"—If this were not so cruel, it would be funny; but it is not more absurd than for modern society to shut up a young criminal among older criminals till he shall be reformed.

33. "Even as I had pity on thee"—So we pray, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

34. "The tormentors"—The torturers, or those who would subject him to rack and punishment till he should pay—an awful picture of retribution, since he could not pay.

35. "If ye from your hearts"—No rule of three times or seven times, but a hearty forgiveness should be shown.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The forgiving spirit.—Matt. 18. 21-35
- Tu. Joseph forgiving his brethren.—Gen. 50 14-21.
- W. David and Saul.—1 Sam. 24. 1-12.
- Th. Forgiving one another.—Col. 3. 9-17.
- F. Repeated forgiveness.—Luke 17. 1-10.

What might naturally be expected of one who had been himself forgiven?

Have we any right to expect forgiveness if we withhold it?

What was done with the wicked servant?

What warning did Christ add to the parable? Verse 35.

What does God teach in regard to forgiveness? Golden Text.

Can you give any other text that bears on this lesson?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That God has more patience with men than men have with each other?
2. That except we forgive we cannot be forgiven?
3. That there is no limit to Christian love?

**DRAWING IN THE NETS AT EARLY DAWN.**

The nets used for catching fish are about one hundred and twenty feet long and seven or eight feet broad. They are buoyed with pieces of light wood and weighted with stones, so as to remain upright when let down into the water.

They are set and allowed to remain in the water until morning, for as long as it is daylight the fish see the net, and avoid it, even though it be four hundred



CHILDREN OF NAZARETH.

**CHILDREN OF PALESTINE.**

BY THE EDITOR.

I was greatly impressed with the brightness and beauty of the children of Palestine. They have clear, olive complexions, bright black eyes, laughing features, and lovely white teeth. They have very pretty manners, and while they are not backward in asking donations from the travellers they have a pretty manner in thanking for them. I happened to be in Nazareth on Easter Sunday, when the children were all dressed in their bright Easter dresses of green, purple, crimson, or yellow silk. As they sat in a row on a stone wall outside the church, they made me think of a flock of bright-hued humming-birds, and afterwards as they sat on the white marble floor of the church, their bright dresses looked like a bed of many-coloured flowers. Indeed, the words used in describing the feeding of the five thousand where the multitude sat down "in companies on the green grass," are in the original "in flower beds."

I could not help thinking that just such a bright, beautiful child as these our Lord grew up in that village of Nazareth, subject to his parents, and growing in favour with God and man. And just such children were those whom he lovingly drew to his arms and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Young Mother—"I can't imagine what makes the baby cry so." Young Father—"I'll bet he heard me say I managed to get a little sleep last night."



DR WING IN THE NETS AT EARLY DAWN.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matt. 6. 12.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Forgiving, v. 21-27.
2. Unforgiving, v. 28-35

Time—Probably A.D. 29, perhaps six or eight months before the crucifixion.  
Place—Probably in Capernaum in Galilee.

**LESSON HELPS.**

21. "Till seven times"—Peter thought there must be some limit to forgiveness, and yet would be magnanimous. The number seven, as a symbolic number, might mean once for every day in the week.

22. Seventy times seven"—An indefinitely large number of times; not four hundred and ninety, simply, but that many in comparison with seven; always.

23. "Take account of his servants"—Make a reckoning with them. Count up the money he had intrusted to each and what they had done with it. So God will make a reckoning with us of mental talents, conscience, influence, the word of God, opportunities, and so forth.

24. "Ten thousand talents"—An expression intended to indicate the immeasurable debt incurred, which could never be discharged. The sum has been estimated from \$9,000,000 to \$15,000,000.

26. "Worshipped him"—Did him reverence; as an oriental suppliant would.

27. "Loosed him"—Set him free.

28. "A hundred pence"—About fifteen dollars; a very small sum when com-

- S. That ye may be forgiven.—Mark 11. 20-26.
- Su. Do as ye pray.—Matt. 6. 5-15.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Forgiving, v. 21-27.  
What question did Peter ask?  
How did Christ answer it?  
Who is here meant by "brother"?  
How many times did the rabbis teach that a man should be forgiven?  
Compare the human with the divine forgiveness.  
Is man ever beyond God's forgiveness?  
To what did Christ liken the kingdom of heaven?  
How did the king deal with his servant?  
What would have been the consequence of his debt?
2. Unforgiving, v. 28-35.  
How did he afterward deal with his debtor?  
Did this please the king?



feet deep, but at night, they rush blindly along and are caught in its meshes, from which there is no escape.

The picture shows the men at early dawn drawing in the nets. They first empty them into a sieve-like basket, so that the boat will be kept free from water, and the heavy fish are struck with an iron hook, as soon as brought to the surface, and flung into the boat, or else they would undoubtedly tear the meshes. The effect of the rising sun on the fleecy clouds and on the sail seen through the mist is very fine.

**SAFER.**

A poor Irishman came to his priest and asked permission to read his Bible.

"But the Bible is for the priest and not for the people," said the priest.

"Is that so?" he answered. "But I have read in the Bible, 'Thou shalt teach it to thy children,' and priests have no children."

"But, Michael," said the priest, "you cannot understand the Bible. It was not written for people like you."

"Ah, your Reverence, if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm, and what I understand of it does me a great deal of good."

"Listen, Michael," said the priest; "you must go to church, and the church will instruct you; the church will give you the pure milk of God's Word."

"But where does the church get this if not out of the Bible? Ah, your Reverence, pardon me, but I would rather have the cow myself."

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