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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

[No. 30.]

Cradle Song.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches the sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a sweet little dream on thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The larger stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the fair moon is their shepherdess;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
—From the German.

WHAT A TREE CAN DO.

There is a tree in Madagascar of which the natives make their houses. What of that? Well, it is not anything extraordinary, is it? We have several kinds of trees in this country, any one of which can be used for making houses, too.

But then it is principally of the leaves of this Madagascar tree that the houses are built, and that is odd. Indeed, before we have told all about this tree it will be seen that there are few trees in the world half so wonderful as it is.

When it is growing it looks like a gigantic palm-leaf fan. The trunk is bare to the top, from which the enormous leaves all spring. These leaves do not branch out in every direction, but stand up side by side, so that they form a half circle, and give the fan-like appearance.

It is the middle rib of the great leaf which is used for making walls and partitions. The ribs are twined together very much as willow is with us in basket-making. The part of the leaf which is left after taking the rib out is used for thatching the roof. Of course, such a house is not a very grand one.

The good tree has not done all it can yet, however. The native of Madagascar likes to have his house carpeted, and so he applies to this tree. He strips off the bark in one great piece, stretches it out, beats it with round stones, and dries it, and behold, a thick, soft carpet, as wide as four breadths of Brussels carpet, from twenty to thirty feet long! Still the good work of the tree is not exhausted. There comes a long, hot, and very dry season every year in that part of the world, and the wells refuse to give any water. Then the tree is ready, and the thankful man goes to it. With his spear he makes a hole at the base of one of the great leaves, and out spouts a stream of fresh, pure, and almost ice-cold water. Each leaf has about a quart of water to yield up, and no matter how hot or dry the weather, it never fails.

But even yet the good tree has a service to perform. When the dry season comes around, the houses naturally become dry too, and then they take fire very easily. Of course, there are no fire-engines there, nor any pumps even, and so a fire might easily spread and burn down a whole village, if there were not always at hand an extinguisher of some sort. There stands the tree, with its leaves charged with water; and when a fire occurs the men run and tear off the leaves, and beat the burning house. The water runs out, and the fire yields.

There, then, is a tree which gives to

man his house, his carpet, his fountain of pure water, and his fire extinguisher. The botanical name of this friend is *L'rontia speciosa*; the common name is "Traveller's tree"—and a foolish name it is, too, for it is more a tree for the native than for the traveller.

The Chinese are commencing to get rid of their dread of the surgeon's knife. Many who have had friends treated in the hospital come to the physician with great ideas of the foreign doctor's skill. They seem to think that an operation will relieve any disorder which the human body is heir to. They often ask to be operated on for bronchitis or asthma, and go away feeling disappointed because of failure in giving them the desired relief of the knife.

CHINESE ANCESTRAL TABLETS.

Ancestral worship is one of the oldest forms of idolatry known in China. The ancestral tablets are about three inches wide and a foot high. They are usually made of wood and are often carved with a great deal of care. The Chinese believe that the souls of their dead relatives and friends enter into these tablets of wood and live in them for a long while. Chinese children are taught to bow before the ancestral tablets, and hold up their hands as if worshipping them.

On a Chinese boy's first birthday, a large sieve is placed on a table under the ancestral tablets. On the sieve are put some silver ornaments, scissors, pen and ink, books, a pair of money-scales, a boat, some tools, and so on. Then the

left the body cannot find the way. The incense is meant as a token of worship, for now the spirit has power to reward or punish those left behind.

One reason why the Chinese are so attentive to the spirits is because they believe that the dead have the same wants as the living. If the children offer food, and burn candles, incense and paper money, before the tablets of their parents, then, they are taught, the parents will be happy and well cared for in the spirit-world, and will bless their faithful sons and daughters in return. But if a family neglect the ancestral tablets, and make no prayer or offering to the dead, the unhappy spirits will be deserted, hated and made outcasts in the spirit-world; for since no one honours or cares for them on earth, they lose all respect and honour in their new home.

All that they will be able to do, in such an uncomfortable position, will be to bring trouble upon their negligent kindred, and this, it is supposed, they will certainly do, sending one misfortune after another upon the household. So you see, an ancestral tablet is a very important thing in a Chinese home, for all its ugliness.

ALGERNON BRETT'S "EYE."

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

Algernon Brett was English, and was always talking about the power of the human eye. But I must go back a little.

One bright morning we were all out on the veranda enjoying the sweetness of the Cherokee roses, when we were astonished to see old Alcide running—old Alcide who was usually as deliberate as the king of the snails. "Get a boat quick, somebody!" he panted. "Mr. Brett are sartin' in a nos' o' reeds, wid de 'gators round' him like he war makin' 'em a speech, an' he boat a-scatin' way off."

No time was lost in questioning. Our two best oarsmen pushed off to Algernon Brett's rescue. He sat, just as Alcide had said, in a nest of silver reeds. He had somehow upset his boat. "I didn't have much time," he admitted. "The minute I struck the water those vicious beggars were after me. I had only bird-shot, and my powder was wet. Once among the reeds, however, I held the reptiles at bay with my eye."

"Papa, don't you think the 'gators would have eaten him spite of his 'eye' if you and Mr. Tompkins had not got there just as you did?" asked our Nelly that evening.

"Possibly," admitted papa. "Our American alligator is not so savage a creature as the Asiatic and African crocodile, but in numbers they are not at all afraid of man."

"Aren't the 'gators in the bayou like the crocodiles of India?"

"No, dear. It is said that a few specimens of a species of crocodile have been found in Louisiana, and here in Southern Florida, but the alligator proper is another animal. Like the crocodile his nostrils, eyes, and ears have valves or lids he can close at will, but unlike the crocodile his canine teeth fit into pits in the upper jaw. He always has teeth growing, and sheds them once a year. Like the crocodile his chief weapon is his tail, and with it he strikes or drives his prey, be it fish, snake, or fowl, or Alcide's little pigs, into reach of his jaws. He differs from the crocodile in the shape and size of his head, and in having less webbing on his feet. Ugly as he is, his body is wonderfully adapted to its uses, and it is said that the destruction of this great reptile is being followed by an increase in venomous serpents, in Florida notably the red-headed moccasin and lig 'ack rattler. Crocodiles and alligators were among the first comers upon the earth. Job knew the creature and described him perfectly, for he says, 'His teeth are terrible round about.' And of his eyes he says, 'His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.'"

"His eyes are beautiful," admitted Nelly. "I guess God gave a little beauty to every creature."



SCENE AT THE RUINS OF LUXOR, EGYPT.

SCENE IN EGYPT.

This picture, with its large number of scantily clothed children, reminds us of the rhyme about the old woman who lived in a shoe, "who had so many children that she didn't know what to do." It does not cost much for housekeeping in Egypt. The climate is so fine that they do not need much shelter, and food grows so plentifully—several crops in a year—that living is very cheap. And it is well that it is so, for the people are very poor. The children are crowded into an old earthen oven. Beside it stands another ready for use. The ruins in the background are the most ancient in the world. They are situated on an island in the Nile where are also the ancient temples of Karnak and Thebes—"Hundred-gated Thebes," of which Homer sings. They are the most ancient and most famous and grandest ruins in the world.

A German optician has discovered that glass can be drilled as easily as wood if the drills are kept in mercury before use.

child, dressed in a new suit of clothes, is placed in the sieve among these various articles, and the Chinese believe that whatever he grasps first will show the business he will follow when he becomes a man.

The Chinese call these tablets "houses of the spirits." They believe that each person has three spirits. At death one of these goes into the eternal world, another goes to the grave with the body, and the third enters and lives in the tablet prepared for it. The characters written upon the tablet record the name and title of the deceased and the hour of birth and death. The spirit that lives in the tablet, they think, is able to do much for his living relatives. Indeed, the Chinese worship these spirits of the dead somewhat as they do idols, only they treat the spirits with much more respect than they do their gods, and seem to love and fear them more.

When a person dies in China, candles and incense-sticks are lighted by the mourners, and placed beside the body. The Chinese believe that the spirit-world is dark, and that, without the light of these candles, the spirit that has just

Dropped Stitches.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

I dropped a stitch in my knitting
As I sat at work one day,
And it seemed such a little matter,
I sang as I worked away.
But, lo, when my work was finished,
I saw with infinite pain
The stitch I had missed in the morning
Had rendered it all in vain!
That all of my perfect stitches
Were useless because of one.
That one little flaw had cost me,
The loss of my heart's "Well done!"

Just so it is in our lives, dear,
But the stitches dropped, ah, me!
Are part of the soul's own garment
We weave for eternity
The stitch of unbridled passions,
Of an evil bitter thought,
The stitch of neglected duties,
Are into the pattern wrought!
The stitch of the first cigar, lad,
The stitch of your first strong drink,
And the work of your life is ruined—
Does it pay, dear do you think?
Alas! for the stitch unheeded,
Ah, me, for the mischief done,
For the glad hopes of the morning,
For heartache at set of sun!

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.
STEALING.

(Ex. 20. 15; Rom. 13. 9.)

It is an old saying, "It is a sin to steal a pin." The crime consists not in the amount of the theft, but in the theft itself. "Provide things honest in the sight of men," is the command of Scripture. In the rush and hurry to get rich, men sometimes think—if they don't say it—I am determined to get on, honestly if I can, if not, well, anyway I can. But in the long run, and often in the short run, too, honesty is the best policy. All fraud and treachery, and deceit are utterly forbidden by God's word. They undermine character, and make a man ashamed of himself, or if he is not it is all the worse for him. President Garfield used to say there was a man he had to live with, to eat with, and sleep with, and he must have his good opinion, and that was himself. Only these can have the favour and smile of God. It is bad enough to steal from one another, but it is worse to steal from God. Yet this we do when we break the Sabbath, or withhold what we should give to God's cause or God's poor. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, where-in have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings."

It was said, "These are the three commandments of John Lawrence, Governor-General of India. Thou shalt not slay thy daughters, thou shalt not burn thy widows, and thou shalt not bury (alive) thy lepers."

THE WAY BEES LIVE.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

If you want to see an example of the usefulness of unselfishness, you could not do better than to look into a glass beehive—such as scientists have made sometimes for studying the habits of these wonderful little insects—and notice how each bee lives for other bees, rather than for itself, and how happy and cheerful and prosperous the whole community is in consequence.

Did you ever notice, for instance, the humming sound that comes from a beehive on very warm days? If you will watch the door of an ordinary hive on a July day, you will see a number of bees near it, continually moving their wings rapidly, as in flying. By doing this, a current of air is sent backward into the hive, keeping it cool and well ventilated, even if the thermometer is very high.

If the bees did not do this, some of those inside would be suffocated, for there is only a small opening in each hive, and the crowds of bees coming and going, and working at the honey-making and the cell-building, would soon make the air as bad as that in the Black Hole of Calcutta. But the untiring, unselfish little farmers at the entrance keep the air pouring in so that everything is kept comfortable.

Another set of bees, called the "nurses," spend their lives in taking care of the little grubs that will one day develop into bees. They feed them, watch over them, and never seem to tire of their helpless charges. Other bees still are "workers," provisioning the hive, collecting honey and wax, making the cells, and defending the hive from any attack.

No bee seems to have a selfish thought. Each works for the hive; each is at peace with his fellows; and the result is that the honeycombs fill with honey, and the hive is crowded with busy, happy swarms.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

Very early in the history of the world people saw the use and beauty of gardens. As far back, indeed, as we have any trace of men, we find that they were in the habit of cultivating flowers and shrubs, and so decorating and arranging nature as to supply a pleasant spot whither they could retreat and enjoy bright colours, rich, shady foliage, and sweet perfumes.

In all the oldest nations of which we read—in Egypt and Assyria, in China, in India, in Greece—the art of gardening was carried to a high state of cultivation. To natural beauties were added the graces of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect. Temples were built in the centre of the lovely gardens; frescoes adorned the walls of stone summer-houses and lofty towers; nestled amid the shrubbery, rising from flower-beds, placed at the crossing of paths, were to be seen statues of gods and heroes, of cupids, muses and graces.

Among the most famous of the ancient gardens, the ruins of which still remain to give an idea of their vastness and grandeur, were "The Hanging Gardens of Babylon." These have a special interest for those who are familiar with the Bible, in which Babylon, the mighty city over which the warlike kings of Assyria ruled, is referred to.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were one of the seven wonders of the world; and truly, if we can judge anything by the remains of them which still exist, they well deserved a place among the marvels of the olden time.

The story of their origin is an interesting one. It is said that there once lived a great Assyrian king, of vast wealth and power, who was devotedly attached to his wife. Everything that she asked of him he was wont to grant. The moment that she formed a wish, it was gratified.

Now this fair queen came from one of the most beautiful valleys of Persia, in which she was born and reared. She had been accustomed to live amid the most romantic scenery, to delight in avenues of trees and banks of flowers.

But Babylon was a dull place, and around it were nothing but bare fields and dreary heaths.

So the queen, though she had every luxury which money could bring, tired of the uninteresting views from her palace windows; and remembering the lovely scenes of her girlhood, she plied for them and begged the king to make for her a garden which should remind her of her native valley.

The king hastened to gratify her; and setting on a number of labourers, some of whom he called from Persia to work, in the course of time the wilderness

about Babylon was converted into the magnificent Hanging Gardens.

They were constructed on the sides of some sloping hills not far from the royal palace. Of course, as they were intended for the pleasure of the queen, they must be made on the most splendid scale. Vastness was the ancient idea of magnificence. Not long ago, the royal palace at Nineveh was explored, and found to cover a space larger than that covered by Boston Common and the Public Garden put together.

So the Hanging Gardens were made to cover a very large expanse. They were adorned with noble edifices and the most skilfully carved statues and pillars. In form, the gardens were a vast square. From the bottom of the hills on which they rose, they were reached by broad flights of stone steps leading from terrace to terrace, the terraces rising one above another in a series. At the foot of the hills were noble archways, with paved roads, and sculptured figures of great size lining the walls on either side; and beneath these archways the Assyrians might pass with ease on the backs of their largest elephants.

At the end of each terrace, just before the next stairway, was either an arch or a pavilion supported by massive pillars, while at the tops of the staircases were to be seen immense vases filled with flowers, and vines which hung down their sides, and carved figures of lions and tigers.

It was upon the broad terraces, which rested on gigantic columns, that the gardens were laid out with tasteful and lavish hand.

HIS WORK.

One time a man came to one of the men who worked for him, and gave him a big stone, and said:

"Now you cut in this stone the leaves just like the ones in this picture."

The stone did not look very pretty, and the man said:

"I will do just the very best I can, but I wish I could cut in this beautiful marble here." So he toiled away with his sharp tools, and after much work he finished the leaves according to the pattern.

When he finished this the master brought him another just like it, and told him to cut a branch in it. And so for weeks he worked on these big rough stones; and he did not know what they were for.

One day, when he was walking down town, in the large city, he saw a beautiful building. He went over to look at it, and there, in front of that large building were all those big rough stones upon which he had been working for so long. But they were all put together now to form a most beautiful picture. The man looked at it a long time, and then said:

"Oh! how glad I am I did it well. Now I see what the master meant."

And so it should be with us. No matter what work is given you to do, be sure you do it well.—Olive Pianta.

A POLITE GUIDE.

I heard a pretty story the other day, says W. E. Curtis, of two American girls who visited the palace at Potsdam. The imperial palace is open to visitors only when the emperor and his family are absent; but, without knowing this fact, the two American ladies made the journey out there, and were repulsed by the usher at the door. They understood very little German, and he could talk no English, but, with the usual persistency of the American tourist, they were trying to induce him to admit them. While they were in the midst of the controversy a gentleman in the uniform of a soldier came rapidly up the steps, much to the confusion of the doorkeeper, and, addressing the ladies in English, asked if he could be of any service to them. They explained that they had come from Berlin to see the palace, and were very much disappointed because they were not allowed to enter it.

"I think I can let you in," he answered, "and will show you around myself."

So he escorted them through the various rooms and corridors, and explained everything in a most entertaining manner. Then he followed them out to the portico, where one of them, who had a kodak, asked permission to take his photograph. He gracefully consented, and posed for three snapshots. Then he bade them good-morning, hoped they would enjoy their visit to Germany, saluted them in the German way, and re-entered the palace.

The young ladies were delighted, and related their experience with great gusto when they returned to their board-

ing-house. That afternoon they took their kodak to a photographer to have the films developed, and when they brought home the first prints of the handsome officer their German landlady exclaimed, "Der Kaiser!" with her eyes as big as saucers at their presumption.

The young ladies, being sovereigns in their own country, were not abashed at the discovery. They had a print of each film handsomely mounted, and sent them to the emperor, with their compliments and the explanation that they were not aware of the identity of their guide or they would have made a more formal acknowledgment of the honour conferred upon them.

"I Wish" and "I Will."

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

"I Wish" and "I Will," so my grandmother says,

Were two little boys in the long ago.
And "I Wish" used to sigh while "I Will" used to try

For the things he desired; at least that's what my
Grandma tells me, and she ought to know.

"I Wish" was so weak, so my grandmother says,

That he longed to have some one to help him about,

And while he'd stand still and look up at the hill,

And sigh to be there to go coasting,
"I Will"

Would glide past him with many a shout.

They grew to be men, so my grandmother says,

And all that "I Wish" ever did was to dream,

To dream and to sigh that life's hill was so high,

While "I Will" went to work and soon learned, if we try,

Hills are never so steep as they seem.

"I Wish" lived in want, so my grandmother says,

But "I Will" had enough and a portion to spare;

Whatever he thought was worth winning he sought

With an earnest and patient endeavour that brought

Of blessings a bountiful share.

And whenever my grandma hears anyone "wish,"

A method she seeks in his mind to instil

For increasing his joys, and she straight-way employs

The lesson she learned from the two little boys

Whose name were "I Wish" and "I Will."

PIONICKING BY THE SEASHORE.

Most of our readers have heard of clambakes, but doubtless few of them know exactly what a clambake is. A Long Island boy writes to St. Nicholas a description of one that fairly makes one's mouth water. He says:

"Two men went to the beach and laid a bed of stones and gathered some dry wood; and the next day sixteen of us, some in a waggon, and some in a boat, went to the place. The men built a fire on the stones and kept it burning four hours, until the stones were very hot; then they raked the embers off, and swept the stones very clean. When this was done they put on a layer of clams, then crabs, then four large fish sewed in cloth; after this, corn wrapped in its own husks, and sweet and white potatoes, with their jackets on; last of all, spring chickens, wrapped in cloth to keep them clean. Then a large piece of canvas was thrown over all, and a waggon-load of seaweed on top, to keep the steam in. This was all cooked by the steam of the clam-juice. In one hour it was ready, and we all sat down to a rough table; and an hour and a half later we all declared it was the best feast we ever had eaten.

John Morley, it is thought, will undertake the task of writing, or at any rate supervising, the biography of Gladstone. The material for such a work will be inexhaustible. Mr. Gladstone kept everything and always made copies of his own important letters. All were carefully sorted, arranged and docketed by himself and preserved in a fireproof-room at Hawarden. The letters from the Queen alone number 500. Mr. Gladstone himself, it seems, made some little progress, not with a full autobiography, but a history of his mental development in one particular phase—an intimation that excites lively interest.

Tubal Cain.

BY CHARLES MACFAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young,
By the fierce red light of his furnace
bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet
showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handi-
work!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield
them well!
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel
blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and
strong,
Till they shouted loud in glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal
Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the
fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!

But a sudden change came o'er his
heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood
they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind,
And he said: "Alas, that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men whose
joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for
work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handi-
work!"
And the red sparks lit the air—
"Not alone for the blade was the bright
steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plough-
share.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear
on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch old friend is he;
And, for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the
plough,
We'll not forget the sword."

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER V.

AGROUND.

It was a long time before Thomas
Hardy would be comforted, and then he
had additional cause for terror.
Because of the fog there had been no
twilight to announce the coming of
night; but the gray mist suddenly took
on a darker hue, and in a few moments
all was darkness.
"Now there's no chance anybody can
see us!" Master Seabury wailed; "and
before morning we may all be drowned!"
At this moment Samuel Abner awoke
with a cry of fear; and once more was
little Ellen forced to play the part of
nurse to both her companions.
With the baby in her arms, and
seated by the side of Thomas Hardy,
the brave little woman began to sing
once more; and again the sound of her
voice checked the loud evidences of
grief.
"We must go into the cabin," she
said in a whisper, as if fearing to speak
aloud. "Everything is wet out here,
and we shall be in no more danger
here. If you will take the baby, dear,
I'll try to light the lantern."
"I don't believe there is one on board
this vessel. There isn't anything here
we ought to have."

I saw the lantern when I was put-
ting the baby to sleep, and it won't seem
so lonely if the cabin is lighted."
"I don't see how that is going to
make any difference."
"If you had rather not have a light,
I had as soon do without one."
As a matter of fact, Thomas Hardy
would have been most wretched if
obliged to remain in the darkness dur-
ing all the long night, and he said un-
graciously,—
"Go ahead and do as you're a mind
to, what I want don't make any differ-
ence."
"Of course it does, dear. I shouldn't
have spoken of the lantern if I hadn't
thought you would rather have the
cabin lighted."
"Give me the baby, and don't make
so much talk about nothing," Thomas
Hardy replied petulantly, pushing his
sister toward the cuddy. "It does
seem as if we'd got trouble enough,
without your bringing this miserable
young one along to make more work."
"I will take care of him, so don't let
a little thing like that fret you. There
is really no need of the lantern."
"Of course there is!" Thomas Hardy
cried angrily. "It seems as if you was
bound not to do anything to please me."
Ellen made no reply; but, hurrying
into the cuddy, groped around until
she found Captain Hiram's store of
matches, after which the lantern was
quickly lighted.
It was not unpleasant, this little cabin,
now it was illuminated; and Master Sea-
bury so far recovered from his fears as
to be able to make a very hearty sup-
per, while his sister fed Samuel Abner.
But for the fact that they were adrift,
in danger of being run down by any
passing craft, this adventure might not
have been so very unpleasant; and
Thomas Hardy put from his mind for
the moment all disagreeable facts, as he
tried to imagine that he was simply
cruising in his own craft, with an able
and willing crew on deck.
"If the wind would come up now, I
could soon run her back to Oldhaven,"
he said confidently, after the meal was
concluded.
"Do you think you know where the
village is?"
"Of course I do. Anybody'd think to
hear you talk, Ellen Seabury, that I
never saw a vessel before."
"I am certain you have never been
in one."
"What difference does that make?
Boys know how to do such things with-
out being told. Didn't I steer this
vessel nearly all the way from Oldhaven
to Dollar Island?"
Ellen did not again remind her brother
that he had simply acted as helmsman
under Captain Hiram's directions. He
was in a reasonably cheerful frame of
mind; and to contradict him, or to make
any attempt at putting matters in their
proper light, would only result in bring-
ing about another disagreeable out-
burst; therefore she remained silent.
The sails are up, for I helped fix
them; and if the wind comes, I should
only have to keep the rudder right to
take her into the harbour. When it
does come I sha'n't bother about go-
ing back after Captain Hiram. He
has too much fault to suit me; and
most likely this is the last time I'll
ever go out in his old vessel."
"I am afraid it is, dear; for he will
be very angry because we have lost his
anchor and rope."
"That wasn't my fault. If he'd tied
the rope right it wouldn't have slipped
off the sticks."
"But you untied it, dear."
"So that's the story you're going to
tell, is it?" And now Thomas Hardy's
placid mood was gone, almost as soon
as it had come.
"Isn't it true?" Ellen asked, regret-
ting most heartily that she had men-
tioned such a subject.
"I put it back just as I found it.
Besides, wasn't it my business to see
if everything was fixed right?"
Ellen made no reply, but bent over
the baby as if he needed her immediate
attention, although the little Jones was
in a particularly contented frame of
mind, owing to the fact that he had a
bunch of oakum with which to play.
Now, Thomas Hardy knew beyond a
doubt that he was wholly and solely
responsible for the present condition of
affairs; yet he seemed disposed to shift
the blame to Captain Hiram's shoulders,
and continued to discuss the matter
aloud, without receiving any reply from
his sister, until a humming sound could
be heard from above, and the sloop
suddenly heeled over at such an angle
that he was thrown from the locker to
the floor.
"What did that?" he cried, as soon
as it was possible to rise to his feet.
And, placing the baby in what she

fancied was a secure position, Ellen
hurried on deck.
"O Thomas Hardy!" she cried in
delight, "the wind has come up just as
you wanted, and now we can sail back
to Oldhaven. Perhaps we shall get
there before it is time for mother to
go to bed!"
Master Seabury came on deck slowly;
but his bearing was no longer as con-
fident as when he had been explaining
what he intended to do under just such
circumstances.
There was no question as to the truth
of Ellen's statement. A breeze was
singing through the rigging, and the
sails were filled, causing the little craft
to slip through the water with the ac-
companiment of foaming waves under
her bow.
Thomas Hardy took his station at
the tiller, holding it exactly amidships,
but sorely at a loss to determine in
which direction he should steer in order
to reach the desired port; and at that
moment a most unaccountable (to
Thomas Hardy) change occurred.
The sails of the Island Queen sud-
denly lost the wind, and began to flap
severely; after which the heavy boom
swung swiftly from one rail to the
other, when the little craft was heeled
on the opposite side, throwing Samuel
Abner across the cuddy with a thud
that could be distinctly heard on deck.
As a matter of course the Jones
baby began to scream loudly; and Ellen
hastened to his assistance.
"What are you going down there
for?" Thomas Hardy cried in fear.
"Why don't you stay here and help
me?"
"What can I do, dear?" she asked,
halting irresolutely at the companion-
way, while the baby's cries were re-
doubled.
"I don't know; but it does seem as
if you could do something."
"What do you want done?"
"How can I tell?" and Thomas
Hardy pushed the tiller back and forth
wildly. "Something's the matter with
this old vessel, or she wouldn't act so
queer."
Ellen no longer hesitated. She un-
derstood that her brother was again
frightened into nervous anger, and
went at once to the cuddy, where poor
little Samuel Abner was rolling to and
fro on the floor, shrieking at the full
strength of his lungs as the Island
Queen pitched first this way and then
that in the most erratic manner.
That the baby had good cause for
tears was shown by a wound on his
cheek, which had been inflicted when
he was first thrown from the locker; and
Ellen had quite as much as she could
do in attending to him, without even
thinking of the petulant, ignorant boy
on deck, who had boasted so loudly of
what he would do when the wind
sprang up.
(To be continued.)

A PILLOW OF SNAKES.

In Egypt, an English traveller says,
you find snake-charmers everywhere.
Even children learn the secrets of this
strange business, and seem to have no
fear of their dangerous pets.
One morning a little dark-skinned
Egyptian boy came into the garden of
a big hotel in Cairo, where this Eng-
lishman was staying. The boy had in
his hand a bag which seemed heavy, and
the child himself looked weary and
hungry. He was in rags, but he had
a bright, intelligent face. He came up
to the traveller and said timidly, in
very broken English:
"Want see snakes?"
The traveller, not being at all anxious
to see snakes, tried to make the lad un-
derstand that he did not care to ex-
amine his stock in trade. But it was
too late. The string that held the neck
of the bag was already loosened, and
out tumbled a squirming, interlaced heap
of wriggling, excited reptiles, right at
the traveller's feet. No wonder he
jumped back quickly.
But the boy only smiled reassuringly,
murmured something deprecatingly in
his broken English, and began to take
up his ugly pets, one after another,
without the slightest fear, stroking them
caressingly, and making them twine
obediently around his neck, arms, legs
and body, till he was literally covered
with their scaly folds. It was really
an astonishing sight.
The Englishman, though he did not
enjoy the exhibition, gave him some
small change for his trouble, and the
lad untwined the snakes again, put them
in the bag, and went off, delighted; for
now he would be able to buy himself a
meal, which he very much needed.
Later on in the day, the traveller,
driving through the city, came upon the
same boy, lying asleep under the shade

of a friendly wall. He was taking a
nap, very comfortably, after his dinner,
and his pillow was—what do you sup-
pose?—why, his bag of snakes!

"The Bravest are the Tenderest."

BY MINNIE LEONA URTON.

Fiercely the battle was raging,
Thick flew the shot and shell.
Where the "Johannes" hasty earth-
works
The "Yanks" were storming well.
But in the midst of the tumult—
The fearful, leaden hail—
A bronzed and war-scarred Johannes
Heard a frightened little wail.
"Meow!" He peered for a moment
Over the breastworks low;
'Twas a little, wild-eyed kitten,
Wandering to and fro.
The folk from a neighbouring farm-
house
Had fled in wild affright,
Forgetting the helpless kitten
In their bewildered flight.
Then, scorning the awful peril,
Out from the breastworks safe,
Swift leaped the gallant soldier,
To rescue the little wail!
Back 'mid the whistling of bullets—
Ah! what a rousing cheer
Rose from the husky, dust-parched
throats,
Of his weary comrades near!
He won nor ribbon nor medal,
Yet 'twas as brave a thing,
As many that win the guerdon
Of emperor or king.
So ever the best and bravest,
For the helpless ones will care;
And ever the heart that is tender
Is the heart that will do and dare.

A FLOWER CLOCK.

Just think of a clock made all of
flowers! Such a novel timepiece, at the
country place of the Rockefellers, at
Tarrytown on the Hudson, promises, it
is said, to be one of the seven wonders
of the summer world. Mrs. Rockefeller,
who was a teacher of botany before her
marriage, has always been a student of
floriculture. In planning her floral
clock she has chosen the wild flowers of
the region. A landscape gardener has
carried out the plan with great success.
There are sixty-seven wild flowers ready
to contribute at different moments.
To one un instructed, the floral bed
will look like many another tangle, but
those who know will find that the dande-
lions, which will form the hands of the
floral clock, will waken and "go to
sleep" as a regular hour daily.
The yellow goat's-beard is a very
punctual blossom, and it is said that
country schools in Scotland are dismissed
by it.
The snow-thistle closes its petals at
one o'clock, the hawkweed at two
o'clock, and so on. It will be a fascinat-
ing sort of timepiece to watch.
Imagine guiding your summer occupa-
tion by such a clock! Think of being
summoned to breakfast "at snow-thistle
time." Starting off for a drive, you
would be told to return to dine "at
day-lily o'clock," and you would be in-
deed maternal if you rose for a dash
across country in the saddle at the
dandelion's hour for waking.

FRIGHTENING A GRIZZLY.

A veteran hunter tells of a bear which
backed out of a fight, frightened by a
man's acrobatic performances. He says:
"A remarkable instance I heard of
once, where a famous guide courageous-
ly advanced upon three grizzlies, an old
she-bear and two half-grown cubs, and
by a series of ridiculous monkey shins
and acrobatic manoeuvres on the ground
within a rod or two of the bears, filled
them with such astonishment and ap-
parent fear that the three hastily re-
treated into the woods.
"The guide's gun had snapped in both
barrels, he having drawn on the old
bear before the young ones appeared.
He afterward said that it was in a fit
of desperation that he tried the turning
of a handspring and jumping up and
down, stopping his hands and resorting
to other unhunter-like measures.
"He had heard of scaring panthers
in this way, and he found it worked to
perfection in the case of the bears,
though he did not encourage any one to
go hunting grizzlies armed with nothing
more than a capacity to turn somer-
saulls."

School is Out.

BY M. H. WINDSOR.

The clock has struck the hour of four,
And school-room duties now are o'er,
The books and slates in order laid,
And benediction has been said,
Now restless little ones in glee
Await the words which set them free,
Then chattering tongues and merry
shout
Do well betoken—"school is out."

What care they now for history's lore,
For conquests won in days long o'er,
No interest now in mood and case,
Nor e'en John Gilpin's famous race,
They homeward trip with dinner pail,
And butterfly and blue-bird hail,
No knotty sum to sigh about,
They're free from care, for "school is
out."

They frolic, laugh, and skip along,
Or listen to the robin's song,
They chase the noisy bumble-bee,
And shake the nuts from off the tree,
They pluck wild rose and columbine,
And garlands of the daisies twine,
The hills give back their merry
shout,
Nature seems glad—when "school is
out."

School days pass and soon are flown,
The child's to man or woman grown,
But still he learns in the school of
life,

Its pleasures or pains, its friendships or
strife,
On its shifting scenes there's a bright
ray cast,
O'er the heart as it turns to the happy
past,
When a thoughtless child, with no care
or doubt,
He gambolled or sauntered when "school
was out."

Rice Lake, Ont.

HOW JANGI USED THE DOLL.

A missionary in India reports an incident of his work, which would be comical were it not so sad to think of men and women so benighted as to bow down and worship a child's toy. A damaged doll-baby of the missionary's household was missing one day, and so was a native boy named Jangi, one of the servants. There was a great heathen mela, or camp-meeting, in the neighbourhood at a place where three temples were, and a learned man (pundit), who was also a native preacher, went from the mission to proclaim Christ there.

One of the first sights which struck the pundit's eye, so the narrative goes, was the fugitive Jangi, who had stationed himself where many must pass. Before him a white cloth was spread on the ground, and on this, sitting like a queen on her dais, was the missing doll, our English doll.

Jangi sat near holding in one hand an umbrella and in the other a bell, which he was ringing vigorously, and crying out: "Behold, here is an English goddess! Come and worship! Behold this Wilayati devi (English goddess); by worshipping her no sickness or trouble will ever come to your children!" And these poor, foolish, ignorant village people, believing him, threw down their offerings of cowrie shells, small coins, and grain, and then, folding their hands, they knelt and worshipped and went away.

In front of the so-called goddess at that time lay about twelve pounds of grain, some cowries, and money.

The pundit then said to Jangi: "If I ever find you doing like this again, I will take the doll away from you." Then Jangi solemnly promised that he would not do so again; but seven days after, the mela still continuing, the pundit was again in the neighbourhood of the temples, preaching, when in the distance he saw Jangi holding forth as before. Jangi saw him, too, for, quickly covering up his show, he ran away. Some time after the preacher passed by that way; Jangi had come



INDIANS AT HOME.

back and was offering the doll for worship and crying out to the people.

There was the white cloth spread; the doll now was tied to the end of a stick, the other end of which was fastened in the ground.

"Jangi, what are you doing?" said the pundit. "You promised me you would never do such a thing again. Enough. Give me the doll."

Jangi began to cry and to supplicate, saying, "Oh, forgive me. I will never do it again." But without any more ado the doll was taken away from the disobedient boy. A large crowd, had gathered, very curious to see and hear all that was going on, many of them having, perhaps, worshipped that very doll. Turning to them the pundit warned them of the folly of bowing down to a god made by man's fingers, and then preached to them Jesus, instead of the god they ignorantly worshipped.

There are no children's funerals and no infants' graves in China.

INDIANS AT HOME.

What a lazy lot of people these Indians look! and they are just what they look. A lazy, idle race of people, who never work if they can help it. All they care for is to hunt all day long and smoke all night by a great camp fire. They never take in their grain till Indian summer, a time which has been prepared for them by the Lord. These tents are their homes, and they dwell there all the time and never wish a better. They are a quarrelsome race and are always fighting among themselves. They are never happier than when dressed in their feathers and war paint.

COPYING.

It hardly needs the title to tell our young readers what this picture means. We hope, however, that it recalls to none of them a personal experience, at least not that of the disreputable actor in the scene. It is a sad piece of de-



COPYING.

ceit as well as dishonesty to thus seek to appropriate to one's self, or rather strive to appear to possess the knowledge which another has fairly earned. And in this case it is the one who does the stealing that is alone injured. He commits a dishonest act, in itself degrading, but still more hurtful to him, he hinders his teacher from forming a correct estimate of his actual knowledge and consequent needs. The result is that he is likely to be left without much instruction really necessary for his progress. It is said, and truly, that sin always brings its own punishment. Here is an instance where this punishment is very sure and likewise most severe.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 11.

SINFUL INDULGENCE.

Amos 6. 1-8. Memory verses, 3-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way.—Isa. 28. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Recklessness, v. 1, 2.
2. Luxury, v. 3-6.
3. Ruin, v. 7, 8.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Sinful indulgence.—Amos 6. 1-8.
Tu. Be wise!—Prov. 23. 15-23.
W. Walking wisely.—Eph. 5. 6-21.
Th. Punishment of sin.—Isa. 24. 1-12.
F. Given to pleasure.—Isa. 47. 5-11.
S. Sin of worldliness.—James 4. 1-10.
Su. Love it not!—1 John 2. 12-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Recklessness, v. 1, 2.
Who is the author of this lesson?
What was his business?
During the reign of what king of Israel did he write?
Upon what sort of people is the woe pronounced?
What two kingdoms are included in the woe?
To what places were the hearers of Amos invited to go?
What was the purpose of inspecting these great ruined cities?
What questions does Amos ask?
Is intemperance better than sobriety?
2. Luxury, v. 3-6.
What did these sinners put far away from them?
What five marks of luxurious ease are named?
What is meant by the "affliction of Joseph"?
3. Ruin, v. 7, 8.
What disaster is foretold?
What positive assurance of this evil was given?
Of what does God express his abhorrence?
What city was to be given up?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where are we taught the ruinous effect—

1. Of indifference to duty?
2. Of self-indulgence?
3. Of self-confidence?

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