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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

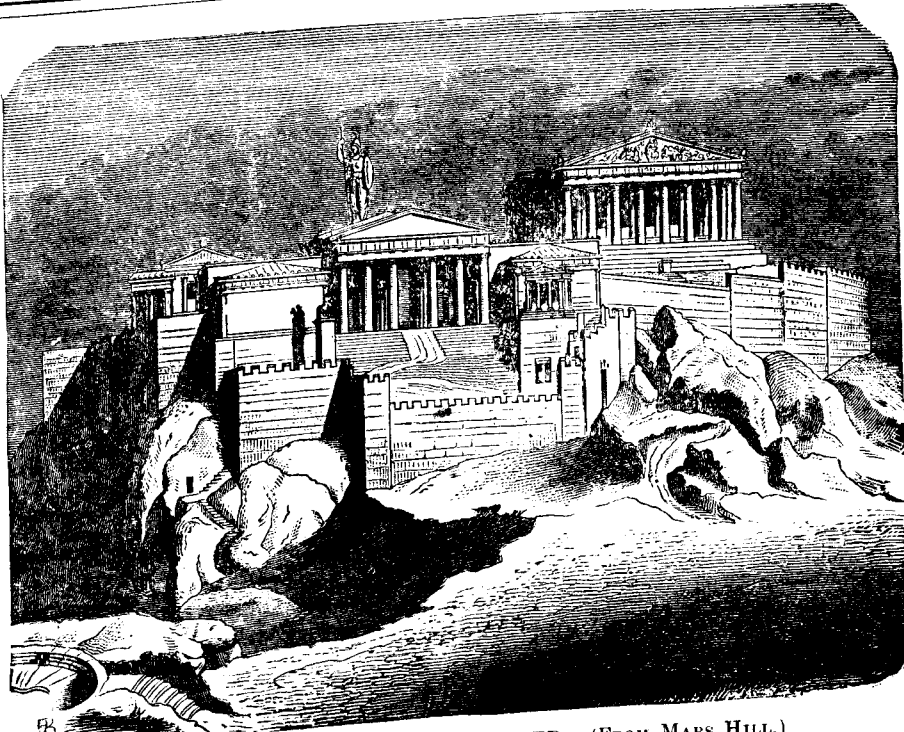
ROLPH, SMITH & CO.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1893.

Vol. XIII.]

## PAUL AT ATHENS.

THE lesson for July 25th, describes Paul's wonderful sermon on Mars Hill, in Athens. We therefore give a picture of the remarkable scene which must have met the apostle's eye as he stood on that famous place. As he lifted his eyes, before him stood the wonderful group of buildings shown in our first cut, the great temple of Minerva with the gold and ivory statue whose reflections from the sun greeted the mariner far out upon the sea. This wonderful group of buildings, taken together, formed the Acropolis, whose very ruins command the admiration of mankind, and were then in their pride and glory. The larger picture shows us the port of Athens with its sumptuous buildings, galleys, and its harbour, and in the distance the famous city, and rising behind it another view of the Acropolis. Amid the splendid pomp and pageantry of idol worship, Paul declared the worship of the true God who dwelleth not in temples made with hands.



ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS, RESTORED.—(FROM MARS HILL.)

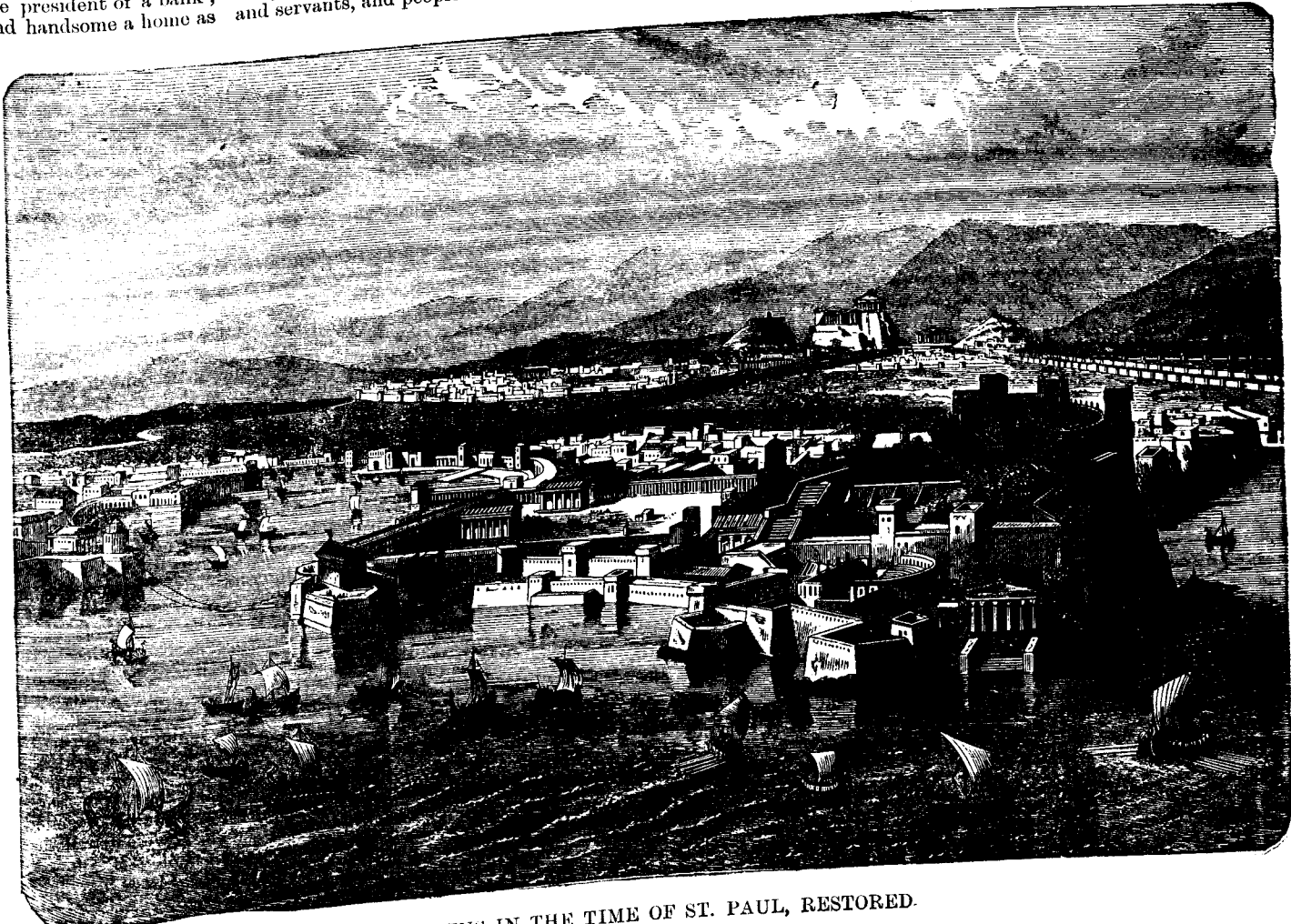
## A TRAMP'S THINKING.

A TRAMP had been doing some thinking. "Thinkin' don't seem to agree with yer," said one who saw him. "Naw! it don't—it's like this, d'ye see. I'm a tramp. Now, my old school-mate, Bill, is just what I'm not!" "How's that?" "Well, Bill is the president of a bank; he's got as pretty and handsome a home as

yer'd like to see; there's music in that home; there's flowers there, and there's a pretty wife and some blooming, happy, curly-headed children; there is a carriage and servants, and people call him 'Mister.'

He's twice been elected mayor, and every-thing is coming his way all the time, and then look at me—different, ain't it?" "How'd he strike it rich like that?" "I can't think of any other name for it

now but good sense. We were boys to-gether and while I was foolin' around, havin' a good time, Bill, he sorter seemed to look ahead. He didn't care for style and it cost me to put it on that same money that he saved. He was fond of reading, and I'd rather play cards and have fun with the rest of the boys. When I was loafing on the street corners, Bill was putting in his time at school. I blew in my money on cards. Bill saved his, an' I remember now how I used ter guy Bill an' call him goody-goody, and tell him how he was a-foolin' of his life away without having any fun—but say! I was a-colouring my nose, I was getting to play a good game of cards, I was cultivating a fine stock of bad habits—among 'em love of budge; ter make it short, pard, I was giving myself a fine education for this here business, and ain't I succeeded at it pretty well?" "I should say!" "Well! now look at Bill. Who's having the good time now? He doesn't have dogs set on him; he ain't pulled in every once in a while for being a tramp; he dosen't have to go hungry and have ter saw a big pile of wood to get a meal, and sleep under haystacks; and mor'n all, he hasn't got the awful, awful thirst I've got, and doesn't live in hell, as I do, because he can't get liquor. He's got manhood; wot have I got? He's got character: wot have I got? He's got friends; who's mine? Not one since I broke my dear old mother's heart, which laid her in her grave. Ain't that a record? Why shouldn't I do some thinkin'!"



ATHENS IN THE TIME OF ST. PAUL, RESTORED.

Old-Time Haying

BY HELEN HINSDALE RICE.

Oh! the haying, sweetest haying!
With swinging scythes a-gleam;
The merry-makers all afield
With morning's rosy beam.

When wheeling up the purple east
The gorgeous sun has lit
The yellow bee to flowery feast;

When flashing 'mid the grass, lush green,
The gleaming fork and scythe,
And eyes as keenly bright, I ween,

The haying time! so beautiful
With labour's romance fine,
When hearts embrace the dutiful
And water flows for wine;

A monarch of the blessed soil,
A knight of high degree!
Who only owes to happy toil,
Tribute and fealty,

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1893

ROBIE STREET JUNIOR LEAGUE, HALIFAX.

This Junior E. L. of C. E. numbers 44, half of which are boys. Nine have united themselves with the Church, and we hope that soon we will be able to report some more.

missionary from Japan. At our missionary meetings we have sand maps; a certain country is shaped in sand; the rivers are represented by blue yarn, and the seas and lakes by pieces of glass.

In addition to the committees in our report last summer we have the birthday committee. This committee is supposed to find out the birthdays of the various members, and special prayer is offered for each member on his or her birthday.

HALF-A-DOZEN SWITZERLANDS.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, in his description of his journey through Canada, goes into raptures over the scenery of British Columbia. He gives up in despair the attempt to do justice to the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

BY MARY LOUISA BUTLER.

JUST the very name of Edison suggests electricity. Instead of Mr. Edison, however, sometimes people call him "the wizard," "because he has made electricity do what would have been called magic in olden times."

As he is only forty-four years old, and always hard at work, it is impossible to even imagine what his busy brain will produce in these coming years. As a boy Thomas Edison was poor, and began very young to earn his own living; and, except his two months at school, never had any teacher but his mother.

Soon after this he learned telegraphy, but as operator never held a position very

long, for his rapidly increasing knowledge and many experiments were a constant annoyance to his employers. All his spare money being used in experiments he was never well dressed, and at one time was so reduced that on a winter trip to Memphis his only coat was a linen duster.

And now, at the suggestion of a teacher of the blind, Mr. Edison is conducting experiments to reduce the size of the phonograph's cylinder and increase its capacity, so that it may be used for instructing the blind.

With the increased capacity which Mr. Edison is positive of gaining, entire books can be read into the phonograph, and the blind will be no longer dependent on raised letters or paid readers for instruction.

A LAND OF QUEER CUSTOMS.

ALL things are reversed in Holland. The main entrance to the finest public building in the country, The Palace, or late town hall, of Amsterdam, is its back door. Bashful maidens hire beaux to escort them to the Kermis, or fair, on festival days.

Sometimes, instead of either pincushion or shingle, you will see a large placard hung outside of the front door. Then you may know that somebody in the house is ill, and his or her present condition is described on the placard for the benefit of inquiring friends; and sometimes, when such a placard has been taken down, you may meet a grim-looking man on the street dressed in black tights, a short cloak, and high hat from which a long, black streamer is flying.

A Modern Prodigal

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE LAURELS BLOOMED AGAIN.

It was the fourth May since Thomas Stanhope received his sentence, and the mountain was flushed from foot to crown with the laurel bloom.

Oh, what a world of bloom and song was this from which the prisoner had vanished! The wife thought of it as she stood in the garden of her little home, and looked on the banks of laurel rising in vivid pink on every side.

Letitia had come up on Friday evening to stay at home until Monday. The return of Letitia was always a festivity. She stood now in the garden with her mother, growing as tall as Mercy, and fair as Mercy had been in her girlhood, but with the Stanhope's hopefulness in her face.

"Samuel will not get a chance to run away to Uncle Barum's this year," said Mercy. "Do you know, Letitia, I mean more than half thought Uncle Barum might come here after that visit. He was so kind to Samuel. I wish I could be friends with him again, he was very good to me—better than I realized. I repaid him poorly. He is getting to be an old man now. He must be lonely."

"I almost think," said Letitia, that Uncle Barum has visited our school. There came an old man to visit us one day. He did not say anything, but he sat and listened, and looked about. The next time he came, I think the teacher called him Mr. True, and then it seemed to me that he looked as Samuel described Uncle Barum: met a very big man, red-faced and wrinkled, with gray hair over his coat-collar, and bushy white eyebrows.

"It must have been Uncle Barum! I wonder what he was there for. He did not speak to you, Letitia?"

"No, nor even look at me. But one of the girls, Madge Terhune, is a kind of relative of Uncle Barum, I think."

"That must be Sacy Terhune's daughter. Sacy is a cousin of Uncle Barum. Do you know Madge?"

"No, she don't go with me. Some of the girls don't, most of them do, and for the rest it does not make any difference. Some of them don't see me on account of my working for my board at Friend Sara's, and on account of father. But never you mind that, mother, I don't."

Mercy sighed. The father, it seems, must drag down his children in his fall, despite their best efforts. Great is this responsibility of parents, close indeed the solidarity of the family.

"Mother, what is that sound like a voice that I hear now and then?"

"That is Samuel on the knoll back of the barn. The child has been reciting pieces in school this year, and is quite wild about it. He practises his pieces all the time, and Achilles says he also invents speeches—preaching, he calls it. Last week Achilles found him standing on a stone in the upper pasture, preaching to Mr. Canfield's sheep. There were some thirty sheep and lambs, and the sound of the child's voice had brought them all together about him, and they were gazing at him while he preached and gesticulated. Achilles said it was a funny sight. He told Achilles that he was having church and the sheep were his congregation."

Presently Achilles came home from his work at Mr. Gardiner's, and then Samuel, running from behind the barn, spied Letitia and came forward, shouting with joy.

Up the road moved a little blue sun-bonnet—that was Patience. She had been spending an hour or two at Mrs. Gardiner's, playing with the baby. Mrs. Gardiner had promised her a sheep if she would amuse the baby for awhile every day all summer. The baby was pretty cross, but Patience had to the full the quality of her name, and she beguiled the infant Gardiner to forget the vexations of teething. Patty began to dance with joy when she saw her sister, but while dancing and skipping she carefully carried a little basket.

"It has a hot loaf of gingerbread in it," she cried, handing it to her mother. "Won't that be nice for supper, now Tish is home?"

"Tishia," said Achilles, "I thought perhaps I'd have the new porch up before you came home. It is going up next week, sure. Won't the house look nice then? Do you see how large the grape-vines are I set out last year to grow at the porch corners? I shall turn barrels over them, so they will not be hurt while the men are working. Mr. Canfield told me to-day that this place would not have been worth five hundred four years ago, and now he thinks when the porch is up and the barn repaired, it would fetch a good fifteen hundred. But of course selling is not a question. It couldn't be sold before Patty was twenty-one, and we won't want to sell it then. I say, Tish, if we keep on, won't it be a dandy place in fourteen years? I hope before then to buy as much as ten acres more of land. Mother, you'll have as good a home as anybody has to end your days in."

Mercy gave her little, quiet smile, and went into the house to make ready the supper. It was to be a nice supper in honour of Letitia. She saw through the open door of the kitchen her four children looking at the bees, the flower-bed, and the vegetable garden, while she made ready the supper. Tall and broad-shouldered Achilles looked older than his years; Letitia in her neat print dress and smoothly braided hair, was in the early bloom of girlhood; Patience, swinging her sun-bonnet, was rosy and healthy; and Samuel with his big, brown, far-seeing eyes, and with his largely developed brow, was a child to attract curiosity and attention; grave, thoughtful, and unchildlike in his moods, and thoroughly childish in his simplicity and docility. How good they all were! How beautiful she thought them, her compensation for the many woes that had been hers. Was it true that she should end her days among them, in this little home, or in six years more must she part from them? Certainly it should not be a parting for long or for far. These children were hers, in them was her comfort and happiness.

Patience came dancing in to set the table. "Tish says we are a selfish set to leave you alone to get supper," she cried, "only we all told Tish she must play company, so I came."

Mercy wanted Letitia to be with Achilles every moment that she could. She knew well what a sister's loving influence could be to a boy.

Sometimes, in hours when he had come to himself and to penitence, in his evil days, Thomas had said: "Oh, if I had had a sister to make my home pleasant to me, if my mother had not died so early, I think I should not have been led off as I was."

Still, common sense told Mercy that Thomas had not been bound to go astray merely because he had had no mother and no sister. Other boys had been left in the same condition, and had borne themselves nobly. The cords of a mother's or a sister's influence might have been to Thomas as weak as the wife's had proved.

What beaming faces surrounded that supper-table! Letitia's three miles' walk up the mountain after school, and the hard work of the rest of the family, had provided sharp-set appetites to welcome Mercy's ham and eggs, and good brown bread, and Mrs. Gardiner's loaf of fresh ginger-cake. After supper, when the two girls had cleared away the dishes and they all sat by the open door and window chatting, Mercy could not but remember other days, when this house was a bare wreck, and she and her four children had listened for the steps of the returning husband and father, ready to fly to the barn or the laurel shelter on the mountain, if he came up the road swearing and quarrelling with the demon that had taken him in possession.

"What a difference whiskey or no whiskey makes in a home!" said Mercy to herself. Just then she caught part of the talk between Achilles and Letitia.

"Jim Ladley is beginning to stay down-town nights, and his folks are worrying over it," said Achilles. "Mrs. Ladley says if Jim falls into bad ways and takes to drink it will break her heart. He has always stayed home nights till this spring. She says she could never go through what mother did. I told her mother's troubles were behind her, she had them out with father. Samuel and I have had our lesson, and we'd as soon eat coals of fire as drink whiskey. We know that the door of the saloon is the door of the penitentiary."

"Why don't Mrs. Ladley talk to Jim instead of talking about him?" said Letitia. "She is his mother, and she has a right. Besides, if she talked it over, she'd find she needn't fret. I have heard that Jim spends every evening with Susan Grant. Susan is as nice a girl as there is in town, but Jim is shy of telling his mother, because he is afraid she won't like it. Susan works at Mrs. Spence's. I heard Friend Amos tell Jim he had better make an honest confession to his folks that he liked Susan. Friend Amos said they ought to be glad of it."

"There! I'm glad you told me, Tish. I'll tell that to Mrs. Ladley to-morrow, when I go over there to my work. I reckon she has been so scared about the saloon notion, that she'll jump for joy when she finds it is a nice girl like Susan that is taking Jim off."

Mercy listened. How the years flew by, and how her children were growing up! It was the sterner cares of life that occupied them now. Once their chatter had been of wild rabbits in the wood, of little play-houses, made of stones. Then it had been of the garden and the fowls, the pigs, the calves, and now all weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and truth engrossed their tongues. Love and marriage for others were now their theme. How soon would the whirling years make the subject more personal!

Was she not safer and happier for this maturing thought of her children? She was no longer lonely, she had her friends in her own household, to whom it was no treason to speak her thoughts.

That night, after they had gone to bed, Mercy and Letitia had a long talk about the imprisoned husband and father. Friend Amos had been away on a journey, and had stopped to see Thomas. He had not told Thomas the particulars of the improved fortunes of his family, but he had told him they were well and doing well, working hard, lacking none of the necessities of life, esteemed by all. Thomas had sent ardent messages to them all. The chaplain had told Friend Amos that he believed that Thomas was a truly penitent and converted man; he was doing good in the prison, and his conduct was unexceptionable.

"I have not told Achilles yet," said Letitia, "but I shall to-morrow morning, when he goes out to the barn to do the milking. I want to tell it to him just right, so as to help him around toward feeling better toward father. And I shall tell Samuel too, as we work in the garden. Mother, I believe we shall see some good of father yet."

Then Mercy unfolded to Letitia that plan about having a little separate home for the prisoner and herself when he should be free.

"O mother!" cried Letitia, "we could never let you go. We could not give you up! That would just destroy our home, and fairly break the boys' hearts. Why, father could come here, there is room enough. I see Achilles has begun finishing up that other room in the attic."

"The trouble would not be with the size of the house," said Mercy, but with Achilles. Achilles will never forgive his father. I cannot so much blame the boy; he remembers only all that was evil in him. He had nothing good to remember. After Achilles was two years old your poor father did so badly. There was a great election that year, and it seemed as if excitement that year, and it seemed as if each party made whiskey run like water, treating all day, crowding the saloons with men, and talking to them, and getting the promise of their votes. Your father was one of the busiest; he was a good, bright talker—Samuel gets his speaking ability

from him—always ready to tell a joke or give a quick answer. They kept it up from August till November, and your father was never any good after. Achilles can't remember how fond he was of him, and how proud when he was a little baby. Achilles says his father shall never live under this roof again, and you know how set Achilles is. Our minister talked with him; he didn't tell me what he said, or what Achilles said, but he told me to leave him to time and to Providence."

"Perhaps," said Letitia, "by the time ten years are over, Achilles will have come round a little." She did not say that Friend Amos, greatly touched by the prisoner's penitence, and by the report of the chaplain, had suggested that perhaps the Governor could be persuaded to remit part of the sentence. If Achilles would not receive his father, would it not be better to have him stay where he was?

Next morning she went out with Achilles when he went to milk the cow. She leaned against Spotty's smooth, clean red flank, and patted her silky back, and talked with Achilles as he milked. She told of Friend Amos Lowel's visit, and of what their father had said:

"I'm glad I was sent here; I deserved it, and it gave the children their only chance. I've been a disgrace to them, but they can be a credit to themselves," and she gave the message to Achilles: "Tell Achilles to be a good son to his mother, and to take warning by me."

"Sounds well for him to tell me to be good to mother," said Achilles, giving Spotty's pink udder a needlessly hard squeeze, so that she stepped sideways. "He'll never hear tell of the day when I chase mother and the kids out into a storm."

"Don't be so hard, Kill," pleaded Letitia, "remember it is forgive, if we would be forgiven."

"I see clearly," said Achilles, "that there is likely to be too much of that forgiving done in this family. Some one has to keep a level head and a stiff upper lip, and set their foot down for the sake of the rest. Never your mind, Tish, I'll forgive him just as long as he's locked up safe."

"And then?" queried Letitia. "And then—just as long as he minds his p's and q's, and keeps out of sight of this house."

"Well, never mind, Kill," said Letitia, soothingly. "Six years will be a long, long time."

"Not so very," said Achilles, "when people are as busy as we are; four years have gone like a day. See that nice lot of milk! I reckon you're going to churn to-day, Tish. I'll be glad when it's vacation, and you are here all the time. I say, Tish, you are sixteen past, six years will make you twenty-two. I want you to get married by then, Tish, to some real, well-to-do, first-class, good-looking man. A sober, Christian man that will do well by you, Tish."

"Nonsense, Kill!" cried Letitia, flushing. "Yes, I mean it. Then you'll be safe from father, and I'll have one less to worry for, and a brother-in-law to stand by me in looking after mother."

"Such a fellow to plan and look ahead!" cried Letitia.

When Letitia told Samuel about Friend Lowel's visit to the prison, and what the father had said, her words met with a different reception.

"I knew how it would be!" cried Samuel, stopping his reading. "O Tish, I've prayed God so many times to make father good. God waits a long while, you know the Bible says a thousand years is only a little day to him, but he does it after a while. I've prayed God to bless him, and let him come home and live here with us, and be a real good man. O Tish! then we'd be just like other folks, wouldn't we? It will be so, don't you think it will, after a while?"

"Not quite that way, Samuel," said Letitia. "I think that father is truly sorry, and may come back and do his best, but he never can be quite like other people. This will be always remembered and laid up against him."

"Why, Tishia, God forgives out and out, don't he? My teacher at Sunday-school said so."

"Yes, God forgives fully, and says he remembers our sins and iniquities no more."

But people, Samuel, are not that way; they forgive—and remembre."

"It's very queer," said Samuel, "that God who always does right can forgive out and out, and folks who often do bad themselves can't forgive all, but must keep laying it up."

(To be continued.)

### Shared.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

I SAID it in the meadow path,  
I say it on the mountain stairs—  
The best things any mortal hath  
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,  
The light without us and within,  
Life with its unlocked treasures,  
God's riches are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread,  
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;  
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,  
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness  
Ye welcome me, O solemn peaks!  
And me in every guest, you bless  
Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way  
That opens into worlds unknown  
It will be life's delight to say,  
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich by my brethren's poverty!  
Such wealth were hideous! I am blest  
Only in what they share with me,  
In what I share with all the rest.

### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WHEN Emma, second daughter of Gen. Booth, was thirteen years of age, she was out for her usual walk with the governess, when a donkey-cart drove past, and she noticed the boy belabouring the donkey with a stick. She called out to him to desist, but he only laughed and hit the harder. Snatching herself away from her governess, Emma ran after the cart, and after a long chase at length overtook it and caught the reins. The boy leaped down and tried to pull the donkey away. But he found his match for once. Snatching the stick from his hand, Emma showered her blows upon his head and shoulders, saying, "There, now! how do you like it?" The boy was a strong young fellow, and could no doubt have easily turned the tables upon his assailant. But her tears and pleadings proved more powerful than her blows. He was surprised and touched, and surrendered unconditionally, promising never to repeat his cruelty, and kneeling at her request beside the donkey in the dusty road to ask God to pardon his sin. As they arose from their knees, the conquered ruffian apologized for having brought her so far out of her way, and offered to drive her back. Seated beside him in the donkey-cart, she rode home in triumph, admiring the little steed and exhorting the lad to feed it and treat it with kindness. In the meantime the governess had returned to complain of Emma's rashness, but the delighted mother of the Salvation Army listened with undiagnosed pleasure to the tale and clasped with joy her daughter to her heart.

### A RAT STORY.

BRAMWELL, son of General Booth, was only twelve when he led his first service in a children's meeting in a small room at Bethnal Green. He was in the middle of his juvenile sermon when an incident occurred which would have disconcerted many a more practised hand. A large rat came and stood in the doorway, which was behind the audience, and coolly surveyed the scene. Bramwell knew instinctively that if the little urchins present caught sight of the intruder there would be a general scamper. He therefore went on steadily with his address, gesticulating with all his might in hopes of frightening the visitor. But the rat held its ground without flinching. The speaker waxed warmer and warmer in his efforts to dislodge the enemy, until at length even the nerves of the East End rat could resist no longer, and it beat a rapid and welcome retreat, leaving young Bramwell Booth in full possession of the field.



### THE KINGFISHER.

ALL the different kinds of kingfishers can be known by their very long and ample beaks, their rounded wings and short tails. The common kingfisher is plentiful in all parts of our country, wherever it can find a stream at some little distance from human habitations. There it sits motionless on a stone or anything that will serve for its watch-tower and wait patiently for a fish to come within reach. Suddenly it drops into the water, a great splashing follows, and the kingfisher flies back to its perch, holding the fish in its beak. The prey is then banged against a stone, killed, flung into the air, caught with its head downwards and swallowed. The nest of the kingfisher is always made in a hole in a bank, preferably that of the stream in which it fishes, where it deposits its eggs, mostly eight in number.

"To ruin."

The poor staggering man stared at him wildly for a moment, and then murmured, with a groan, "That's so."

"Come with me," said the other kindly, "and I'll take you home."

The next day came. The effect of the drink had passed away, but those two words, so tenderly and lovingly spoken, did not pass away. "To ruin! to ruin!" he kept whispering to himself. "It is true I am going to ruin. O God, help me, and save me!"

Thus he was stopped on his way to ruin. By earnest prayer to God he sought the grace which made him a true Christian. It was a rock broad enough to reach that poor, miserable drunkard, and it lifted him up from his wretchedness, and made a useful, happy man of him.

### The Highland Shepherd Boy.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THROUGH a tangle of purple heather,  
Where a wimpling burn ran deep,  
A lad in his highland bonnet,  
Came driving a flock of sheep.

But ere they had reached its border,  
Half hidden in shining moss,  
Where the sheep-walk sloped to the shallows,  
At which they were used to cross—

The flock, in their silly shyness,  
Turned suddenly startled back,  
Because, in the path before them,  
Right over the beaten track,

A sketcher sat with her easel,  
So busy she had not stirred;  
And the noise of the hoofs that pattered  
Behind her, she had not heard.

"Haud out o' my gait!" the shepherd  
Bawled lustily from the steep—  
"Haud out o' my gait! Ye scatter  
And frighten awa' the sheep!"

From the coppice a liveried gillie  
Stepped suddenly to his side—  
"To whom do you speak sae rudely?"  
With a tone of rebuke, he cried.

"Why, sure, to the leddy yonder,  
Who has na' the sense to know  
She's blockin' the sheep-walk sairly—  
An', sir, ye maun tell her so."

"I tell her! Why, lad, you lady  
Is the grandest you've ever seen;  
Her home is Balmoral Castle,  
And she is the English Queen!"

"Weel, how could I ken her?" queried  
The boy, with a captious frown:  
"Why dinna she hold her sceptre?  
Why couldna' she wear her crown?"

### ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON THE DRINK CURSE.

ARCHDEACON Farrar, writing of the awful drink sacrifice says: "At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising Fellows, ruined through strong drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old school-fellow, a clergyman, who, after a long and arduous labour, was in want of clothes, and almost of food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink. When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of delirium tremens, through drink. When I was at King's College, I use to sit next to a handsome youth who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim to drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew that it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happenings? Is it through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which scripture so often warns? It is because drink is one of the surest of "the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil."

### BISHOP RYLE AND THE BLIND CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun, nor moon, nor stars, grass, nor flowers, nor trees, nor birds, nor any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her father or mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her, not a friend nor relative to take care of her; yet, though totally blind, she was quite happy and content.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people are there in this car. I am quite blind and can see nothing." And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied; "I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the bishop, "why you are so happy?"

"I love Jesus, and he loves me; I sought Jesus and I found him," was the reply.

The bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like the best?" asked the bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the Gospels," she said; but what I like best of all is the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him the bishop read to her, as the train dashed along, Rev. 20, 21, and 22.

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## LESSON NOTES.

### THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A.D. 53.] LESSON IV. [July 23.

PAUL AT CORINTH.

Acts 18. 1-11.] [Memory verses, 9-11.

### GOLDEN TEXT.

The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God.—1 Cor. 1. 18.

### OUTLINE.

1. Not Slothful in Business, v. 1-3.
2. Fervent in Spirit, v. 4-6.
3. Serving the Lord, v. 7-11.

PLACE.—Corinth, one of the most beautiful and licentious cities in the ancient world.

### CONNECTING LINKS.

Paul made few converts in Athens, and did not remain there long. Corinth was his next stopping-place.

### EXPLANATIONS.

"Craft"—Trade. "Abode with them"—Mechanics of the same trade usually dwelt together. "Wrought"—Worked at his trade. "Tent makers"—Probably weaving the cloth of which tents were made. Tents were in large demand in ancient times. They were used by travellers and soldiers. "Reasoned"—Held discussions and arguments. "Come from Macedonia"—Where they had remained after Paul's departure. "Pressed in the spirit"—Was made intensely earnest by his sense of duty. "Blasphemed"—The Jews opposed the truth, not with arguments, but with curses. "Shook his raiment"—As a token of separation. Shaking them off. "I am clean"—Innocent. Having done his duty. "Entered into"—For the purpose of preaching. "Joined hard"—Was near to. "Chief ruler"—The officer in control of the synagogue. "I am with thee"—God's presence is a comfort when men are enemies. "I have much people"—God knew that there were many there who would receive the truth.

### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How does this lesson show—

1. That we can serve the Lord by diligent attention to business?
2. That labour in temporal things is no hindrance to usefulness in spiritual things?
3. That the consolations of Christ come to those who are earnestly at work?

### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Paul go from Athens? "To Corinth." 2. What did Paul testify to the Jews? "That Jesus was Christ." 3. What did the Lord say to Paul in the night by a vision? "Be not afraid, but speak." 4. What did Paul afterward write to the Corinthians? Golden Text: "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish," etc. 5. How long did Paul stay at Corinth? "A year and six months."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Messiahship of Jesus. Verse 5.

### CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is meant by saying that God is all-wise?

That God does everything in the best and most perfect way, for the accomplishment of his purpose.

### "WHERE AM I GOING?"

As the sun was going down one fine summer evening, a man was seen trying to make his way through the lanes and cross roads that led to his village home. His unsteady, staggering way of walking showed that he had been drinking, and though he had lived in that village more than thirty years, he was now so drunk that it was impossible for him to find his way home.

Quite unable to tell where he was, at last he uttered a dreadful oath, and said to a person going by, "I've lost my way. Where am I going?"

The man thus addressed was an earnest Christian. He knew the poor drunkard very well, and pitied him greatly. When he heard the inquiry, "Where am I going?" in a quiet, sad, solemn way he answered—