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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.



PIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VOLCANO AND VOLCANELLO; OR, PRIMARY AND SECONDARY VOLCANO.

ABOUT SOME FIRE MOUNTAINS.

BY C. E. BRUCE.

What is a volcano? "A mountain," says the geography, "that sends forth fire and smoke from the top." A volcano is not of necessity a mountain. In the beginning of a volcano it is usually an aperture in the earth's crust. This opening has sometimes been made beneath the ocean, and in this case the volcano is not only not a mountain, but is below the level of the earth until enough matter is ejected from the opening to raise it to the level of the ocean. Some volcanoes on islands are but a few hundred feet above the general level of the island, and are by no means mountains. The height of a volcano depends on the material thrown out of the opening. If the ejected matter is lava in a very fine state, the height of the volcano will not be great. The volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands are illustrations of this class of volcano. If, on the other hand, the lava is very thick and viscous and great quantity of ashes and stone are thrown out with it, the volcanic cone will be of great height; such as Vesuvius, Cotopaxi, etc.

Again, a volcano is not a

"BURNING MOUNTAIN"

as some of the text books say. The violent action seen in a volcano is in no sense combustion, though it looks much like it. Of the six hundred volcanoes, said to be found on the surface of the

globe, more than one-half are extinct, or have exhibited no signs of fire or smoke, or anything like them, since the dawn of authentic history. Neither does the eruption always occur at the top, but quite as often from its side or base. The present crater of Stromboli is some distance below its top, and one can look down into it from points higher up on the mountain.

Neither do smoke or flame issue from the volcanic crater as is popularly supposed. That which seems to be smoke is really condensing steam, or watery vapour, and what looks like flame is merely the reflected glow from the molten lava beneath. If the vapour were not there to reflect the light we should see no "flame" or anything suggestive of it. When Vesuvius is not in a state of eruption, or is inactive, as when we visited it a few years ago, it is easy to see that the apparent flame only exists where there is vapour to reflect it. In great eruptions, however, enormous volumes of steam are poured forth, sometimes rising to the height of 20,000 feet, or about four miles, and when these are illuminated by the intense light of immense lava streams, overflowing the crater in all directions, and rolling down the sides of the mountain, it seems as if the world were on fire.

THE TREMENDOUS NATURE OF VOLCANIC ENERGY.

and its mountain-building work were both strikingly illustrated in the formation of Monte Nuovo, on the shores of the Bay of Naples, a few miles north of the city, in the year 1538. From a spot of level ground, we are told, water, at first cold but afterwards warm, began to issue; then the earth cracked open, showing incandescent matter within the fissure. Soon masses of stone, with vast quantities of pumice and mud began to be thrown up to a great height, and this continued for two days and nights, forming a hill more than four hundred feet high. Less violent eruptions followed at intervals during the next five or six days, when the volcanic action ceased, and the place has been undisturbed ever since. Monte Nuovo is now a smoothly rounded hill, covered with a dense growth of pines



EXTINCT CRATERS IN AUVERGNE.

to its summit; and as one rides past it on an excursion to Lake Avernus (itself no doubt the crater of a volcano, but now converted into a quiet and lovely lake with nothing to suggest its ancient terrors), you would never suspect that instead of being one of the

"EVERLASTING HILLS"

which fill the landscape, it was the sudden product of volcanic forces, acting only some three and a half centuries ago.

Many theories of volcanic action have been framed, but none of them are entirely satisfactory. Prof. Judd, in summing up the results of the latest investigations on this subject, says: "We do not at present appear to have the means of framing a complete and consistent theory of volcanic action."

It is a curious fact that volcanoes, with scarcely an exception, are contiguous to large bodies of water. All oceanic islands that are not coral are of volcanic origin, and many of them are still the scene of volcanic activity. There are two belts of volcanoes extending entirely around the globe, and nearly at right angles to one another. Where these cross or intersect each other is the region of greatest volcanic activity.

The proximity of volcanoes to the ocean has led to the theory that their action is due to the penetration of sea water through fissures or cracks in the rocky crust of the earth to the molten matter within. The chemical change that would follow, together with the expansive force of the enormous quantities of steam that would be formed in the confined space, are sufficient, we think, to account for all the phenomena. It is true there are difficulties with this

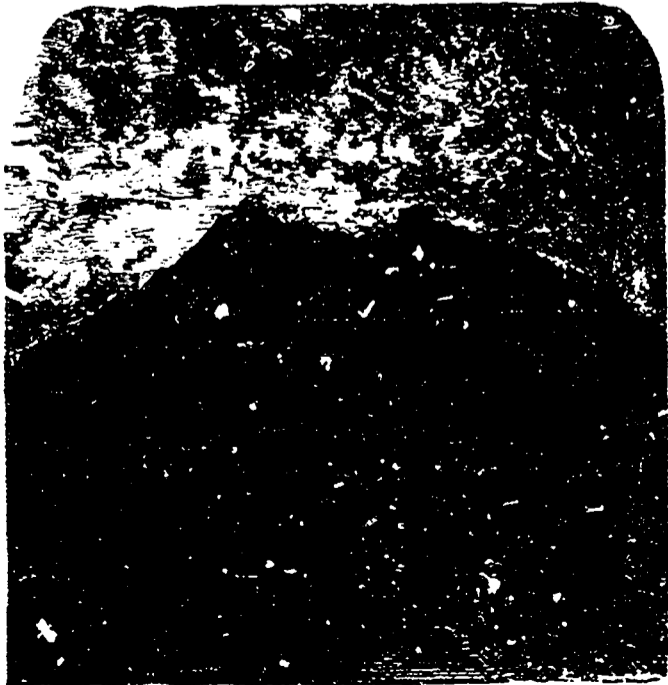
problem, but they are less than are found in any other of which we have any knowledge.

Stupendous as this action is when we look at some of its effects, still we should bear in mind that when compared with the vast bulk of the earth, it is of the slightest and most superficial character. A line the hundredth part of an inch thick, on a sixteen-inch globe, would bear about the same relation to the globe that the highest mountains on the earth do to its size.

FAMOUS VOLCANOES.

We give now a few particulars about some of the most remarkable volcanoes of the world. From A.D. 1600 to 1631 the crater of Vesuvius was as placid and pastoral as when Spartacus, the Roman Robin Hood, pranked it there gaily with his merry men in dolls dense and fragrant with hlex and myrtle.

In July, 1831, in the open sea off the harbour of Sciacca, on the south-western coast of Italy, the skipper of a Sicilian brig was astonished by the spectacle of a wave that swelled to the height of eighty feet, and when it subsided gave way to a dense column of smoke. This happened several times, at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes. Scoriae and dead fish floated ashore in great quantities. In twelve days an islet had been formed, crateriform in shape, and capped with a sheaf of smoke and ashes two thousand feet high. The greatest breadth of the mound was eight hundred feet. Its height was variable, but usually at the extreme point of sixty feet. The materials ejected were too light to build a solid substratum or resist the action of the waves. Hence the short-lived island had in November dis-



CRATER OF NEREABY.



WELLS CAUSED BY EARTHQUAKE.

appeared. On the 26th of December the sounding-line showed twenty-four fathoms. It was the first of our outlying colony was a failure.

The United States can claim but two active volcanoes—St. Helen's, a fellow-pilot, far removed from the coast of the Cordillera and its fire-crozier of Orizaba. The eastern and northern coasts of the Pacific are formed by a volcanic range, as every school-boy knows.

Uphavals and depressions on a great scale, and operating slowly over vast areas, have made broad gaps in these lands and obliterated other formerly prominent doubt quite as clearly marked. In none of these rows of chimneys is at any time continuous and synchronous in activity, but the effects supposed to underlie and are tapped by them reveal their continuity frequently by sympathetic movements involving points separated by thousands of miles. Paroxysms in Iceland, Vesuvius, and Actua have more than been synchronous coincident. In 1835, Coscagua in Nicaragua and Aconcagua burst into eruption on one and the same day. They are separated by an interval of thirty-two hundred miles. Why this sympathetic communication is at these intervals with such velocity? Sound would traverse that distance named in about five hours. It is on record that Vesuvius was heard at Bogota, eleven hundred miles from the crater. The atmosphere could not have accomplished this. The reverberation must have been conveyed along the crust of the earth through the secret speaking-tube of the fraternity. The mere concussion may have caused the explosions, by unsettling the equilibrium of the summing forces, much as the Stock is affected by the same means.

When the gases rising from the molten interior lake seek egress, they force their way in a broad sheet through the space between its surface and the underside of the overlying bed of granite. Even then, the vibration they cause before reaching the escape-valve is, even in extreme cases, relatively very slight. The most terrible earthquake does not occur when the steam is escaping upon the surface of which it acts, with the twitch of a horse's skin in shaking off a fly. It is imperceptible to the eyes of those who experience it in an open plain ten and six hundred miles from the soil. Their injuries are due to falling of walls, and less frequently to the sudden opening of crevices in the soil. These are accompanied by a tremor which dwindle down to an infinitely small discoloration as they sink toward the centre of disturbance. Usually, the shock lasts but a few moments, room for expansion being measured by the fact that the imprisoned vapour. Sometimes they are repeated during days, and even months.

LIBDON EARTHQUAKES.

Of numerous and equally disastrous earthquakes in modern years, that of Lisbon, November 1, 1755. The attack and instantaneous reduction of a European capital by a new and terrible invader made an impression which has long been lying in wait. The accounts of eye-witnesses are abundant and full. Even in our day, a hundred and twenty years later, new ones are discovered in private letters written to a friend and buried in desks and chests. Many English were in the city, or on vessels in the Tagus, who could describe the event in its two aspects, on land and water.

In this case there was no warning. At half-past nine in the morning a tremendous noise was followed by a shock which prostrated the most solid structures of Lisbon to a movement. Some minutes after the movement was renewed in a klan, likened to that of a chariot rolling with extreme violence over a rugged surface. First and last, the terrible blow occupied five minutes. The shock rose in several places to the level of its waters, and the great quay of the Prada was swallowed up with a crowd who had sought safety upon it. For brief space of time the harbour was left almost dry, but the water returned in a billow fifty feet high, which swept many walls left standing. Toward noon another shock more feeble than the previous one, and the tragedy was not confined to Lisbon. Oporto, Cadix, and Madrid felt the shock at the same time, almost to a minute. Other towns and some of the loftiest mountains of the Peninsula ex-

perienced it with more or less marked results, but it did not extend itself to the bounds of Spain and Portugal, nor was its severity by any means measured solely by distance from any supposed focus. The convulsion extended to the twelfth part of the surface of the globe, not only was all Europe shaken, but a part of America and North Africa. Vesuvius in eruption at the time, was suddenly silenced, and its column of smoke no longer absorbed into the crater. Churches in Rotterdam were shaken ten hours after the Lisbon shock. Lakes and springs in many parts of Germany, Norway, and Sweden were affected. Westward across the Atlantic the vast oscillation took its way. At Madeira the sea rose fifty feet. A billow, twenty feet high, is said to have entered the harbour of St. Martin in the West Indies. On the 13th November the impulse reached New England. In Boston, chimneys were blown down or cracked, and among the farms stone fences had the like mishaps. The effects were felt on Lake Ontario.

Are the forces, various in their manifestations, complex and distinct in their character? Are they all to be summarily ascribed to the molten interior? If so, does liquefaction by heat extend to the centre of the sphere? Has the contact with the earth from either pole and expansion at the equator, productive of a present difference in diameter five times greater than the height of the loftiest mountains, notwithstanding the great extent of the earth's surface, and the long ridges they stud, and of the broader and more gentle plateaus upon which they stand? May not the assigned fluctuation of heat be its extreme amount—in the inclination of the equator to the ecliptic, perpetually changing, as it does, the distance of each point on the earth's surface from the sun? Has the combustion with the former influence in affecting gradually or suddenly the distribution of land and water?

In September, 1891, in San Salvador, millions of acres of property, and human lives were destroyed by earthquake. Whole towns were wiped out and hardly a city in the country except those along the coast—escaped the awful effects of what is called the "great shock" which lasted the earth rose and fell in long waves, and strong men were unable to keep their feet. The panic-stricken people flocked to the open ground outside of the city.

A LOOK AT BOTH SIDES.

There are two sides to almost every question; sometimes there are three or four. The Rev Mr. Pugh tells the following story of a man who one day got a clear view of both sides of the drink question.

There was a man who was much given to strong drink, he was an excellent workman, and earned good pay, but none of it went home; it was all spent in the public-house, where he also spent most of his time. One morning he stayed longer than usual there, and while he was sitting on a bench as he was called, Mrs. Jones, the landlady, entered the room, and looking out of the window, she called his attention to a poor wretched woman who was picking up cinders at the back of the house. "No, do not go in there," pleaded his wife. "Oh, we will just go in for a minute. I will take care we get no harm," he replied.

Unwillingly Mrs. Jones followed him in, and he called "Mrs. Jones." She remembered the voice and was with them in a minute. "Mrs. Jones, what do you think of Mary?" "Isn't that a fine girl?" "Yes," answered she, "she is very neat."

"Isn't there a difference between when you saw her picking up cinders and now?" "Mrs. Jones admitted there was a difference.

"Well," said the happy husband, "it is because I give Mary the money I earn now instead of giving it to you here. Thousands of reckless husbands might

profit by taking a similar view of the condition of their wretched wives, whose rights are taken from them to fatten the greedy grog-sellers.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, SECOND QUARTER, 2, 1899.

A GIRL'S WORK.

Several years ago a young girl took a class of boys in a certain Sunday-school. She was very young, had never taught, and therefore shrank from the work, but with that instinctive sagacity which boys often show, they chose her, and she was not long to find that, very doubtfully, she began her work. There were ten boys in the class, and they lived in a village of four or five thousand inhabitants—a village that boasts of forty drinking saloons! They were not the good sort of boys—not at all!—teacher, and a strong class-spirit was soon developed, of which our slender girl did not fail to take advantage. She encouraged them to stand together, and she stood among them. They learned to tell her everything, and she was the hearty, sympathetic adviser and personal friend of each.

"Wise little woman!" She was laying the foundation deep and strong. For well she knew that by-and-by the floods would rise, and the winds would blow, and that they were formed of boys whose interests to her care! And so she dug deep into the solid confidence and affection of her boys. The trial days did not delay to come. The boys were learning tall and doctry, they were learning to smoke and to taste beer, and what more natural than that they should find themselves too large to go to Sunday-school?

She had a dreadful time with these boys for four years," said the teacher. "But I could not and would not let them go!" "But how did you retain them? Boys at that age are pretty strong-willed," she followed them. As soon as a boy absented himself from Sunday-school I went after him. I had their confidence, and they would tell me even when they did pretty bad things. They were wide-awake, active boys, and wanted to try about every new thing, and they did; but I tried to keep along with them all one time they formed themselves into a first-rate room, and grew old very fast. I used to tremble in those days, and I had reason to! But I did not give up."

"It would have taken a great deal of time to follow them up." "Well, yes, it did. There have been weeks in succession when I was out every evening looking for my boys. But I thought it would pay."

"And has it?" asked the curious listener. "I think so. Six of the ten remain, and I have no more difficulty in keeping them in Sunday-school. They have made away but I hear from them all but two are Christians, and these two are steady, and seem to be well satisfied in principle." "Yes, I have seen them now. Do you still teach them?" "But I cannot induce them to go into

a Bible-class, though I have often tried to do so. They seem to dislike that thought of a change."

And she had time to give to her class," some one says. Listen: During all those years she was a hard-working school-teacher, with but a slender stock of health and strength to draw upon! Yes, she had time to give to her boys, but where do you think she found it? Possibly some of the adornments and enjoyments of girlhood had to be given up. Did it pay?

Mysterious Guests. I had three friends. I asked one day "What they would dine with me; But when they came they found that they were six instead of three.

My good wife whispered, "Wo, at best, But five can hope to dine, Send one away." I did. The rest Remaining numbered nine.

"I too will go," the second cried, He left at once, and then, Although to count but eight I tried, There were remaining ten.

"Go call them back!" my wife implored: "I fear the third may go, And leave behind, to share our board, Perhaps a score or so."

The second one then straight returned. As might have been expected: He, with the ten, we quickly learned, Eleven made Dejected.

We saw the first returning; he, "What all the rest, turned round! And there, behold! were my friends three, Though six they still were found.

For those of you who yet may find My riddle too complex, I'll say the friends I had in mind Were "S" and "I" and "X."

TEMPERANCE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY W. F. CRAIGIE.

I wish to give three reasons why all these boys and girls ought to be on the temperance pledge. First, because you know enough about the evils of rum and the meaning of the pledge. Some one who thought boys and girls ought not to sign the pledge asked a little boy, "What does the boy mean?" He answered, "Getting crazy on purpose." Then he was asked, "What does 'pledge' mean?" He answered, "'To promise something, and then stick to it, and when they marched they had on their flags the words, 'Tremble tyrants, we shall grow up.' They intended to drive the wicked rulers out of the country then." "But, the boy under good it, and so he let him sign the pledge and work for temperance. The second reason that I want the boys and girls on the side-of temperance is because temperance people are more in character when we get the boys to be now. Bad boys will most likely be bad men, and good boys good men. In France, when wicked tyrants were kings, some of the boys had a hand of them, and when they marched they had on their flags the words, 'Tremble tyrants, we shall grow up.' They intended to drive the wicked rulers out of the country then." "But, the boy under good it, and so he let him sign the pledge and work for temperance. The third reason is because everybody can do something to help the cause of temperance, even the boys and girls. If there were only two temperance people in the world to-day, and each of them should get one more every year to be temperance, and each of these new boys and girls were to drive every year, it would be but thirty years before all the people in the world could be on the side of temperance. Let us all sign the pledge and keep it, and get everybody else we can to let rum entirely alone.

"I prepared that sermon," said a young sprig of divinity, "in half an hour, and preached it in an act, and thought nothing of it." "That," said an elder and wise clergyman, "is your theory and one with you for it. But also thought nothing of it."—C. H. Spurgeon.

Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with everything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
Who all troubles magnify!
Not the watchword of, "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whatever you have to do,
With a true and earnest zeal;
Send your sinews to the task—
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill,
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the school-room, on the farm,
At the desk, wherever you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

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

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE WAY OF INVESTMENT.

"It never rains but it pours," said Uncle 'Rias.

Aunt Espey, turning the heel of a stocking she was knitting, said, "That's so. I've noticed it. I've observed, 'Rias, that 'misfortunes never come singly.' Uncle Jabez made that remark when I was a girl, and it came so pat that I laid it up. Your father was drowned, and our cow died, and mother took worse, all in one month. Our meeting-house burned down, and Deacon Gray died, same year our minister resigned—the one you joined church under. Year our chimney blew down, Sam Jenks' little girl spilled carbolic acid all over my one good frock, and some boys shot three of my ducks, thinking they were wild ducks—city boys they were—ought never to have had a gun in their hands, and didn't know wild duck from tame. Not to speak also, 'Rias, of how you lost your leg, and your bank money, and the farm, all in the same year."

"Well," said Aunt D'rexy, cheerfully, "the longest lane has its turning, and I've always noticed that's so. My mother used to say 'It's always darkest just before daylight,' and my father, who was a partic'lar sensible man, had a saying, 'when the tide's full, then it has to turn.' That's true, too, and Uncle Andrew, whatever happened, used to say, calm like, 'the wind don't always blow in one direction,' and he allowed that reminded him of a Bible text, 'In the day of prosperity be joyful, and in the day of adversity consider.'

"Yes," said 'Rias, "I mind your Uncle Andrew; he was remarkably powerful in prayer. My, wouldn't he make that old school-house hum sometimes! seemed like he'd bring the walls of Jericho right down about sinners' ears. Another of his sayings was, 'When you've got down to the bottom there ain't no way to go but up.' And once, when a very movin' revival preacher was at our church, he read the Psalm beginning, 'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee,' and he stops short, with the observation, 'Brethren, there ain't no way out of the depths but up,' an' sez he, 'the heights of Zion overhang the deepest depths any of us can get into; so climb.' Oh, that took hold—it took hold tremendous!"

"Yes," said Aunt D'rexy, "I remember. I wonder if folks preach quite as powerful now as they used to them days."

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Espey; "the Gospel's the same, and the messengers are men all the same, and the preachin' is just as powerful; but, you see, we're older, and we've been through a good deal, and we're duller, and slower ourselves; we don't love less, but the stir of youth in us is gone."

Having thus given her version of "the fault, dear Cassius, is not in our stars, but in ourselves," Aunt Espey knitted, Aunt D'rexy sewed, and Uncle 'Rias splayed a pudding-stick. The click of the needles, the shirr of thread, and the soft fall of shavings on a newspaper providently spread on 'Rias' knees, could be heard in the profound silence of the May afternoon.

The primary occasion of these prob-

previous evening to Uncle 'Rias by a man named Simon Fletcher.

Uncle 'Rias had been sitting on the porch whittling pudding-sticks for sale. His stiff patent leg was stretched out awkwardly before him. Heman and Aunt D'rexy were busy in the garden. Aunt Espey and Uncle 'Rias had been talking of Heman, how he wanted to begin at once regular work at carpentry and had no more time to waste, but must find a skilled master, and wages, and constant work. "And what I ask 's where's he going to find them?" said 'Rias dolefully.

"The Lord will provide, 'Rias," said Aunt Espey, and at that minute the gate-latch clicked, and a big, tanned, kee-eyed man came in and helped himself to a seat beside 'Rias. "I lay you can't place me," he said cheerily.

Aunt Espey looked keenly through her glasses "You're Simon Fletcher. I know you by a twinkle in your eyes," she said.

"Simon Fletcher! Well, Sime; I am glad to see you," cried Uncle 'Rias, slapping his hand down on his guest's knee "I haven't seen you for ten years! But I ain't forgotten you, boy."

The "boy," a burly, bearded man, laughed loudly. "No more I ain't you. 'Rias, things ain't partic'lar chirk with you, are they? I'm terrible sorry," and Simon Fletcher looked about at the little house, the little shabby barn, the poor acre, and pitifully laid his hand on the "patent leg."

"They've gone bad," said 'Rias, sedately; "but they might have gone worse. How've they gone with you?"

"Nothing to complain of," said Simon Fletcher. "I've been blessed in basket and in store, coming out and going in. I've made money, and I haven't lost it."

"Well, I'm right glad of it," said Uncle 'Rias.

"I've always said," went on Simon Fletcher, "that if I did turn out any good, it was Uncle 'Rias Sinnet was the making of me. I had the beginning of a bad boy in me."

"Oh, well, you lost your folks early, Sime."

"Well, yes; so I did. Then Satan is always looking out for boys that are lying about loose, and he went for me. I haven't forgot, Uncle 'Rias, how you talked things over with me, and offered me work, and spurred me up, and kept me with you two whole years, and Aunt D'rexy was like a mother to me. You gave me a good start in my trade, and a good start in religion. We worked together, Uncle 'Rias, for five years, didn't we? and you gave me a set toward fair, honest, thorough-going work, and it told; yes, Uncle 'Rias, it told. I've done well."

"Won't D'rexy be proud to see you," said Uncle 'Rias. "Oh! D'rexy, some here; here's Simon Fletcher come to see us!"

Aunt D'rexy hurried in to wash her hands and put on her clean apron; then she came to sit on the porch and renew acquaintance with Simon Fletcher.

"Going to stop here long, Simon? We'd like very much to have you stay with us; if you could make out with Heman's room, he could sleep in the shop."

"Oh, thank you. I'll take more'n one meal with you, I guess; but I've put up at the hotel; I've a lot of people to see. I'm here after a home. I'm going to move here; I've taken contracts will keep one two years or better. I reckon you've heard what a jump the town's taken?"

"Well, yes; they do say old Windle's looking up. I haven't heard the rights of the matter. You tell us how you look at it, Sime, an' if you're comin' here to live!"

"Yes, the town's making a big jump. Hepburn, old Jim Hepburn, you know, that got rich up among the copper mines, he's left money for a library, and a Young Men's Christian Association building, and they are going right up; and Mr. Lind is going to build two houses, one to rent to the librarian and one to the secretary, and I've got the contract for those two houses."

"You don't say so!" cried 'Rias.

"Yes, and an architect I've been with in work for five years, he's got the contract for the library and the Association building, and of course I'm solid with him, and I'll have plenty of the work on them. Then the Kane firm, that was burned out last month, are going to put up their rope-walk here, and I've contracted for that. I'm going at it right away, and three small houses for workmen. Then Windle's more than sure to get the New Normal School building, the site offered here is far and away the best offer the State has, and to end off—for the present—the Dibbs-Canning and Jelly factory has bought land on the west side of the town, and

their buildings are to go up at once. Things will hum here, 'Rias, hum, I tell you!"

'Rias sat confounded. Oh, if he had not lost his leg, if he were the man he was formerly, he too might have shared in this splendid boom that had struck Windle! Sime Fletcher slapped him on the shoulder.

"'Rias, if I know myself, I'm bread cast upon the waters, and found after many days. I'm floating 'round your way. You picked me up and made a man of me when I was down, and there is no law, as I see, for to keep me from yoking along of you now, and giving you a pull forward! You can't be as spry as you could once, 'Rias, but there's plenty you can do, I'll be bound, and the folks tell me you've got a boy—a boy to brag on."

"I have," said Uncle 'Rias with conviction, "and here I sit, worriting and breaking my heart because the boy's bound to be a carpenter, and I didn't see how nor where was a chance to make a good workman of him. It's in him, if he has half an opportunity 'Sime; he's honest and obliging, quick, big, strong, industrious, and thorough. He begun with me, and I started him well, just as I did you, Sime."

"And I've found the benefit of it, and so will he. You set me up, and I'll set him up. Turn about's fair play, hey? If he wants to learn carpentry and building, in and out, from end to end and back again, I'm his man, and there's this same hand on it, Uncle 'Rias."

Whereupon the two men shook hands, and Aunts Espey and D'rexy wiped away some tears. Then Uncle 'Rias called,

"Ho, Heman! Come here, boy!"

Heman, seeing that there was "company" on the little porch, betook himself to the back kitchen to wash off the mould of the garden, brush his hair and clothes, slip on a jacket and a pair of carpet slippers. Folks said "Aunt D'rexy had brought up Heman terribly finniky for a farm-boy." Aunt D'rexy, however, held that "a farm-boy" had every bit as good a right to be nice as a lawyer's boy or a minister's.

Uncle 'Rias was in high spirits when Heman appeared.

"Here, boy, here, Heman," he cried, "here's Simon Fletcher, that used to work with me before ever you was born. I could tell you plenty of ditties about him. He's an A No. 1 first-class carpenter, if I do say so, and he's got more contracts in this blessed town of Windle than you an' keep tally of on all your fingers! The boom's struck Windle, and Sime Fletcher's got his suare of boom. That's it, Heman, I'm glad to see you shaking hands with him, you're shaking hands with an honest man and a prime carpenter. What's more he's come here to share work with old friends. There'll be work for me, and work for you, and here's the man who is going to put you through your paces, and turn you out as skillful as they make 'em. Ain't that so, Sime? Hey!"

"It's so," said Simon Fletcher, and he threw back his head and laughed. He was hearty and happy; he wanted to make other people happy, and evidently he had succeeded; Uncle 'Rias was nearly crazy with joy, and Heman bloomed and glowed like a big peony.

Uncle 'Rias stood up. "Come along here, will you, Sime? We've got a bit of a shop, me and the boy. I saved my workbench and my tools, not much else. You can see what work the boy can do. I've taught him thorough as far as he's gone. He won't have much to unlearn; it will be plain sailing with him. He mended up that old ramshackle barn, and he put up all that fence, and that's a pretty good job, when you consider the poor stuff he had to deal with. Now, that frame's a job of his, and I count it neat work. Oh, I'm sharp with Heman, just as I was with you, Sime!"

Thus Uncle 'Rias rattled on in the joy of his heart.

"Well, I must be going, got my hands full," said Simon Fletcher. "I count on beginning work next Monday—mean to start framing then. The foundations were finished a month ago. Yes, you and Heman be on hand, Uncle 'Rias. Don't seem quite natural for me to be master and you to be man, but I lay out rot to let you feel it."

Then Simon Fletcher went away, leaving very glad hearts behind him, and thus the next day Uncle 'Rias was quoting proverbs and commenting on old times, while for Heman all the world was bright as a June day or a peacock's tail.

While Uncle 'Rias whittled pudding-sticks and held discourse, Heman weeded the onion-bed, for these were every-day, commonplace people, and all that they did was plain, matter-of-fact work. While Heman

weeded he talked to his friend Fred, who was fourteen, and generally unoccupied in vacation. To Fred Heman had triumphantly told his golden expectations in the carpentry line. To Fred the prospect looked less magnificent.

"You'll have to work all day, from seven to six, with an hour's nooning, won't you—right hard work, too?"

"Oh, yes, of course, I'll have to jump about pretty lively, but every man who works at a trade has long hours and hard work, that's the way he makes his money."

"Yes," said Fred, "it makes some difference, of course, if you're working where you're paid for it, not like worrying for home folks and getting nothing for it."

"I don't see it that way," said Heman, "when we were at the farm we all worked, and we all got what we needed, clothes and living and a good time, you know, out of what we earned. Seemed to me I had as much as any of 'em. Now, here it keeps us all rustling round just to get a living, and I would be a pretty kid to growl at my share, with Uncle 'Rias working round on a patent leg, and poor old Aunt Espey knitting and washing laces for folks to earn a few dimes."

"Yes, I 'spose you have to," added Fred. "Pop says you're a born worker, and he holds you up for an example. Lawyer Brace says his Jim's so lazy he's going to ruin 'less he learns to be more industrious, and now you're gone, he's making Jim do the work you did, clean office, and cord, cut, and carry in the wood to home."

"Pooh! that ain't hard, and it ain't much," said Heman.

"But Jim's folks, you see, don't eat breakfast till eight, and Jim wants to lie abed till just a minute or so before breakfast. Mom wouldn't let me eat if I didn't get up early enough to make myself real neat, and then Jim's so ashamed of working!" urged Fred.

"Ashamed!" cried Heman, more than amazed. "What of?"

"Why, working, that's what he's ashamed of, Jim is. Say, he sneaked up into the office and locked the door and put down the window-shades, you know, for fear some one would see him in there working. Made it so dark he could not half see to get it clean. Then he's ashamed of cutting wood. When he had wood to cut, didn't he go carry every blessed stick in the barn, and saw and split it there, for fear some of the boys would see him doing it! Lawyer Brace said it was plumb wicked to be ashamed of honest work, an' not ashamed of being idle and lazy and not earning your salt. He says unless Jim gets more sense pretty soon he has to go apprentice some place, for folks that's ashamed to work is likely to land in the penitentiary."

Then Heman thought of the "Pilgrim's Progress," where it was written. "I met with Shame; but of all men I have met in pilgrimage, it seems to me that he bears the wrong name. Indeed, this Shame was a villain, I could hardly shake him out of my company. Yea, he would be haunting me, and continually whispering in my ear." So he laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Fred. "I guess Jim'll laugh out of the wrong side of his mouth if he gets sent out on a farm or made 'prentice. Why, Jim's old enough to have se se; he's nigh fifteen."

"Does a boy have to wait to be fifteen to have sense?" asked Heman.

"Some of 'em never has it," said Fred. "It's like the mumps and the measles, that some boys never catches. What are you going to do with your money, Heman, when you get it?"

Heman shook his head, that plan he would not tell.

"I know a fellow," said Fred, "that talks large of investments. He says if you invest one dollar you get ten, and your money grows while you sleep—mortgages and things, and so you get rich without hard work—without any work."

"Except earning the money in the first place."

"Oh, yes, I expect you have to earn it fore you invest it."

"I'm going to invest my time and my muscle in learning house-building, and when I make some money I'm going to be very careful what I invest it in, for Mr. Renfrew says there's plenty of glib talkers who live on coxing people to put money in bogus investments, and then they never see a cent of it again."

"Putting it into a bag with holes," the Bible calls that. I'm going to be real shy of investments till I know all about them."

(to be continued.)

"Be Ye Strong, Therefore."

Be ye strong, O Christian soldiers!
Who are going forth to stand
As the vanguard of Christ's army
In a distant heathen land.

Be ye strong, and do not waver,
Though the parting must be sore,
Christ has borne alone its anguish,
He is with you evermore.

Are you dreading for your loved ones,
More than for yourselves the pain?
Trust them with the tender Father,
He will turn their loss to gain.

Be ye strong to offer gladly
On the altar of your Lord,
Culture, ease, or brilliant prospects,
Ye shall reap a full reward.

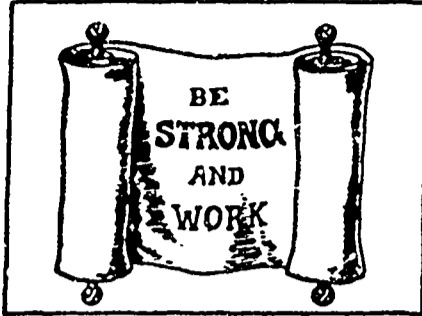
Be ye strong to face the blackness,
Coarse and vile, of heathen sin,
Christ shall shield you, Christ shall teach
you
How to pity, love and win.

Be ye strong to bear the hunger
For a well-known voice and face,
Parted "for a while," "in presence,"
Christ is still your meeting-place

Therefore be ye strong and patient,
Now his will to do and bear;
Privileged with Christ to suffer,
Soon ye shall his gladness share.

This was the sixteenth year of the return from Babylon.

3. "Who is left among you that saw 'his house in her first glory'—The temple in the days of Haggai was finished



in four years. The former temple, more glorious, was destroyed by war sixty-eight years before. Old men who saw in memory that building, with its sacred relics now gone, were saddened. Comp. Ezra 3. 12. The former house was the temple of Solomon, not great in size but in splendour "Is it not in your eyes . . . as nothing"—The Jews had not the men nor the wealth to now erect a building like Solomon's, but the prophet thought they ought to have the high resolve to do the best they could.

4. "Zerubbabel"—Governor of Judah (verse 2). "Be strong"—In the pur-

the Prince of Peace. The peace of God passeth all understanding.

HOME READINGS.

- M. God's call to build—Hag 1.
- Tu. Encouraging the builders.—Hag. 2. 1-9.
- W. The call obeyed.—Ezra 5. 1-5.
- Th. Opposition—Ezra 5. 6-17.
- F. Enemies defeated.—Ezra 6. 1-12.
- S. The temple completed.—Ezra 6. 13-22.
- Su. God's glory.—2 Chron. 5. 11-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Past Failure, v. 1-3.
Through what prophet did this word of the Lord come?
When did he receive the message?
To whom was the message sent?
What three questions were asked?
2. Present Duty, v. 4, 5.
What present duty did the Lord urge?
Golden Text.
What two men were especially exhorted?
What reason had they for strength and zeal?
What was the Lord's promise? Exod. 29. 45, 46.
What further promise was now made?
What security would God's people then have? Joel 3. 16.
3. Future Glory, v. 6-9.
What was God about to do?
What would happen to the house of the Lord?

A Lady.

BY HELEN A. WALKER.

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, s'iken toy,
For her to admire and enjoy?

This lady has on her parlour floor
A lovely rug from Syrian shore;
Its figures were woven with curious art—
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the Gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draft
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft.
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives—
Not one little thought—ah, no!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed,
The fabric soft was in India made,
Will she think of the country whence it came,
Will she make an offering in His name,
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor and sad and forlorn,
To those that know not that Christ is born?

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JERUSALEM RESTORED BY NEHEMIAH.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 10.

ENCOURAGING THE BUILDERS.

Hag. 2. 1-9. Memory verses, 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work! for I am with you.—Hag. 2. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. Past Failure, v. 1-3.
 2. Present Duty, v. 4, 5.
 3. Future Glory, v. 6-9.
- Time.—About B.C. 520
Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "By the prophet Haggai"—Of the parentage of 'his Hebrew prophet we know nothing. He was probably born in Babylon at the time of the seventy years' captivity. He was perhaps the first prophet sent to the Jews after their return to their own land. His aim was to stir up the Jews to proceed with the building of the temple. For about fourteen years the work had ceased. Cyrus, who had given permission to build, revoked his edict through evil advisers who were hostile to the Jews. Darius ascended the throne, and in the second year of his reign renewed permission.

pose to build; more lack of will than ability. "I am with you," therefore "be strong." The glory of a temple is not in its walls, relics, stained glass windows, splendid altar, but in the fulfilment of the promise, "I am with you." Salvation and sanctification are the glory of a church.

5. "When ye came out of Egypt"—The memory of the past is called up to inspire present trust in God.

6. "I will shake the heavens"—The Jews called to mind the giving the law on Sinai, when an earthquake shook the mountains. So great changes were coming to the nations.

7. "I will shake all nations"—Political and religious revolutions were at hand. The Persian monarchy fell under the military power of Alexander, and other changes took place within two centuries. "The desire of all nations shall come"—Various interpretations are given. There is an outer and inner meaning. Nations shall bring things of value to adorn the temple. But there is a hint of him who is the desire of nations, of Christ, whose presence in the church is more precious than gold and silver. "I will fill this house with glory"—As was the temple of Solomon on the day of its dedication.

8. "The gold is mine"—An eternal truth. What we have is to be held as a trust. How often this fact is forgotten!

9. "Greater than of the former"—Because in its clearer light of revelation growing into the full day when Christ came. "Will I give peace"—Christ is

To what treasure did the Lord lay claim?

What would the glory of this temple surpass?

What gift would the Lord there impart?

What message of peace did Christ's birth bring? Luke 2. 14.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—

 1. That we ought to listen to God's word?
 2. That we ought to obey God's command?
 3. That we ought to trust God's promises?

