ci-dessous.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il

lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet

bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image

reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification

dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués

exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

	12X		16X		202	(24X			28X		32X	
														V	
10X		14X		18X		_	22X			26×	(30×		
	item is filmed ocument est fi					15.									
	Commentair	•••		-	-										
	Additional c			Some pa	ges are	e cut	t off	•							
	1								Générique (périodiques) de la livraison						
	pas été filmées.							Mesthend/							
	lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont								Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison						
	been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées								Page de titre de la livraison						
	Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have							Title page of issue/							
	distorsion le	•	-							e de l'en-ti		-			
	La reliure ser	riée peut c			la				•	n header t		_			
\checkmark	Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/							Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index							
	Relié avec d'	autres doc	uments				L		Pagina 1	tion contin	Ue				
	/ Bound with (other mate	erial/				Г			uous pegin					
	Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur							/ 1	Qualité inégale de l'impression						
		•	•			•		,	•	of print v	aries/				
	Coloured ink Encre de cou	-						. / 1		hrough/ arence					
	Cartes géogra	chiques e	n couleur				L] P	ages d	létachées					
	Coloured ma	ps/					Г		-	letached/					
	Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque						Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées								
	Couverture r		tion betticm				-	1	•						
	Covers restor			1 6 0			Γ		-	estored and estaurées e					
	Couverture e	ndommag	ie -				L] P	ages e	ndom magi	ies				
	Covers dama	ged/					Г		-	amaged/	_				
	Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur						L	Pages de couleur							
	Coloured cor	are/					Г	1 C	olour	ed pages/					



Vol. XIII.]

SEAGULLS.

As one of the great ocean steamers was rushing along on her way across the broad Atlantic Ocean and was already the dreds of already some hun dreds of already some hun dreds of miles out at sea, a little boy ran up to his mother and cried: "O mother, get me some biscuits too." "Why, Freddie," replied his mother, "what do you want the biscuits for ?" "To throw out to the

want the biscuits for ?" "To throw out to the pretty birds," Freddie said. "Oh, come, mother dear, and see the pretty white birds flying after us. See how they dip down and pick up the biscuits on the water. What kind of birds are they, mother, and where do they mother, and where do they sleep sleep away out here so far from land ?"

from land ?" "They are seagulls, my child," replied the mother. "They just sleep floating on rough it is. They sometimes follow ships hundreds of miles, picking up anything board. They are found on all large bodies of water—on the big fresh-water lakes as the big fresh-water lakes as well as on the ocean—but they are thickest around the they are thickest around the fishing banks. They gather in hundreds about the ves-sels where the fish are being sels where the fish are being cleaned. As the waste parts of the fish are thrown over-board the seagulls dash down with hoarse cries and great the pieces and fighting over them, but the fishermen pay no attention to them cleaned.

them, but the fishermen pay no attention to them. We show one of these fish-ing schooners that has been disabled in a storm and is left to her fate. The sea-gulls can be seen flocking around by hundreds, darting down upon the pieces of fish down upon the pieces of fish that have been washed out of

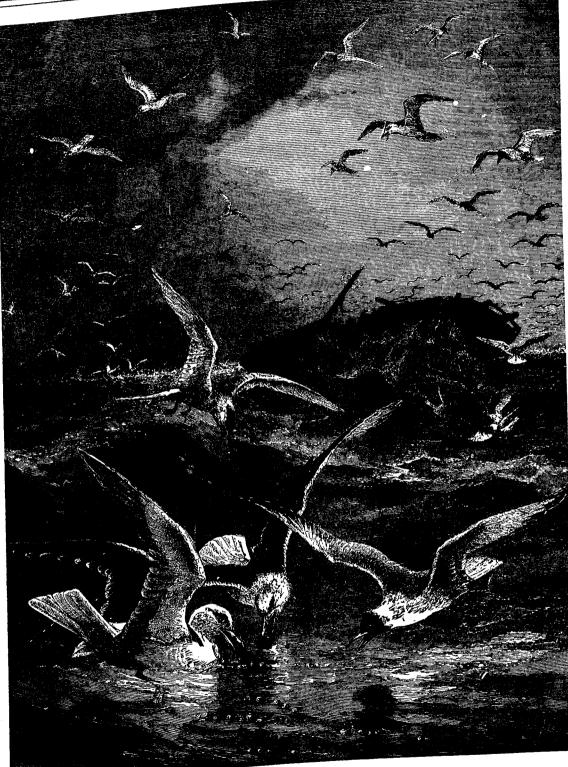
the sinking vessel. If our picture could make You hear them as well as you can see them, you would want to close your ears and run away

OVSTERS ON TREES.

THE other day I heard somebody speak of "oysters hanging upon the branches of trees on the borders of the Chesapeake Bay."

Chesapeake Bay." "That sounds like a fairy tale," thought I to make a fairy tale, " thought

"That sounds like a fairy tale," thousands to myself. I determined to investigate. So I said: "I always supposed oysters grew under clusters on tree branches like apples. Unious sort of oysters those must be which grow on trees along the Chesa-"Chesapeake Bay has the best kind of oyster," said the Talking Man. "The rea-



SEAGULLS.

son they are sometimes found growing on tree branches is this: The spawn of the oyster floats about in the water, tossed by wind and waves. It has the quality of at-taching itself firmly to any solid substance it touches. Sometimes it might be the bottom of a ship, a rock, or a tree branch. You know the bottom of a ship often needs scraping on account of the shell-fish adher-ing to it.

ing to it. Now, the branches of trees often droop into the water. They do it along the bor-

ders of the Chesapeake the same as on the banks of any other river or bay. At high tide such branches will be covered with water, and when the tide goes back, the branches come to the surface again. "The spawn sticks to those boughs when they are beneath the waves. In a few days the tiny oysters begin to develop, and be-fore long, at every low tide, the branches can be seen hanging out, with little oysters growing all over them. "Sometimes a branch which is often un-

Sometimes a branch which is often un-

der water will be nearly covered with small oysters. It looks very odd, of course, but it's a common enough sight

down there. "Grow? They don't grow very large, to be sure. To attain perfection an oyster must be always under water,

must be always under water, and these hang half the time out of it. When they are exposed too long to the hot sun, they die. Their weight often causes them to fall off. "Little oysters are some-times transplanted. Not off tree branches, but from the beds at the bottom of the bay. They are planted in oyster beds in other places, where, in a couple of years, they grow to maturity. "It sounds funny to talk of picking oysters off trees,"

"It sounds funny to talk of picking oysters off trees," said I, "or even seeing them grow there." "Funny enough. But they do grow there. I've seen it lots of times," said the Talk-ing Man. "That's the way ing Man. "That's the way queer stories get about. Somebody hears of a thing and doesn't understand the sense of it. And most peo-ple never stop to ask what it means. They either repeat the story for a marvel, or say they don't believe it."—Har-per's Young People.

A WORD TO BOYS.

IF we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to are to come from the boys to whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to be-come one of them? No, of course you don't! Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fact as the gun is to rise to fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it never will fail, and it is

never will fail, and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan and it is worth putting into prac-tice. I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come. if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come this way. You will find yourself sometime with a number of companions and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don t indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me!" or will you take the glass with your common

"No, no! none of that stuff for me!" or will you take the glass with your common sense protesting, and your conscience mak-ing the whole draught bitter, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing so all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

PLEASANT HOURS.



90

A BURDEN BEARER.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR-POSTAGE FREE The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the lost popular.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto C. W. COATES, 8 Bleury Street, Montreal.

S. F. HUKSTIS, Weslevan Book Roc Halifax, N.S

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1893.

AN OPEN LETTER TO BOYS.

BY META LANDER.

II.

THERE is another point to which I want to call your attention, for some of you will by and-bye desire to get situations as bookto call your attention, for some of you will by-and-bye desire to get situations as book-keepers, or to become art students. Pro-fessor Oliver, of the Naval Academy, says he can invariably recognize the user of tobacco "from his tremulous hand and ab-solute inability to draw a clean, straight line." I know of a merchant, who used to test the handwriting of every boy who applied to him for a situation, and in this way always detected tobacco users and sent them away. Now, I want to say some things about cigarettes, which are becoming more and more the delight of boys, and which, according to tobacconists who ought to know, "are coming to overshadow all other branches of the business." Do you care to know how they are made ? I think I can enlighten you. An Italian boy only eight years old was brought before a justice in New York City as a vagrant, or, in other words, a young tramp. But what did the officer charge him with doing?

or, in other words, a young tramp. But what did the officer charge him with doing? what did the officer charge him with doing to Only with picking up cigar-stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this, he showed the boy's basket, half full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud.

mud. "What do you do with these?" asked his Honour. What do you think was his answer? "I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound, to be used in making cigarettes." Not a particularly agreeable piece of information, is it, boys? In our large cities there are a great many cigar-but grubbers, as they are called. It certainly is not a pretty name, though very

appropriate; for it is applied to boys and girls who scour the streets in search of half-burnt cigars and stumps, which are dried and then sold to be used in making cigarettes. But this isn't all, nor even the worst of it. These cigarettes have been analyzed; and physicians and chemists were surprised to find how much opium is put into them. A tobacconist himself says that "the extent to which drugs are used in cigarettes is appalling." "Havana flavouring" for this same purpose is sold everywhere by the thousand barrels. This flavouring is made from the tonka-bean, which con-tains a deadly poison. The wrap-pers, warranted to be rice paper, are sometimes made of common tains a deadly poison. The wrap-pers, warranted to be rice paper,

pers, warranted to be rice paper, are sometimes made of common paper, and sometimes of the filthy scrapings of rag-pickers bleached white with arsenic. What a cheat to be practised on people! Think of it, boys, the next time you take up a cigarette, and drop it—as you would a coal of fire. The latter would simply burn your fingers; but this burns up good health, good resolutions, good manners, good memories, good faculties, and often honesty and truthfulness as well. A bright boy of thirteen came under the

A bright boy of thirteen came under the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid and subject to nervous twitchings, till finally he was obliged to give up his studies. When asked why he didn't throw away his minorable aigmentes, the near hey realid miserable cigarettes, the poor boy replied, with tears, that he had often tried to do so, but could not.

Another boy of eleven was made crazy Another boy of eleven was made crazy by cigarette smoking, and was taken to an insane asylum in Orange County, N.Y. He was regarded as a violent and dangerous maniac, exhibiting some of the symptoms peculiar to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and inside the cheeks, called snoker's patches, are thought by Sir Morell Mackenzie to be more common with users of cigarettes than with other spokers with other smokers.

with other smokers. "Does cigarette-smoking injure the lungs?" asked some one of a leading New York physician. For his answer, the doctor lighted a cigarette, and inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through a corner of his handkorchief which he held tightly

mouthful of smoke, blew it through a corner of his handkerchief which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark-brown stain was distinctly visible. "Just such a stain," said the doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If you ever smoke another cigarette, think of the stains you are making. There is a disease called the cigarette eye, which is regarded as dangerous. A film comes over the eye, appearing and dis-appearing at intervals. And did you know that boys had been made blind by smoking cigarettes ? How would you like to part with your sight, and never again behold the light of day or the faces of your friends ? Shall I give you two or three pictures ? Shall I give you two or three pictures?

Shall I give you two or three pictures ? A writer greatly interested in young people —Josiah Leeds—describes a pitiful spec-tacle which he saw— a pale, woe-begone boy, seemingly less than ten years old, standing at the entrance of an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated trousers very ragged at the knees, his hands in his pockets, shivering with cold, yet whiffing away at a cigarette. cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: "I saw, in Wash-ington, a wretched-looking child, scarcely five years old, smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke from his nostrils. His pale, pinched face was twitching convul-sively, his little shoulders were bent, and his whole appearance was that of an old man."

Cases of epilepsy, insanity, and death are frequently reported as the result of smoking cigarettes, while such physicians as Dr. Lewis Sayre, Dr. Hammond, and Sir Morell Mackenzie, of England, name heart-trouble, blindness, cancer, and other discasses as coarsinged by it

neart-trouble, blindness, cancer, and other diseases as occasioned by it. We also learn that several leading physi-cians in Philadelphia unanimously con-demn cigarette-smoking as "one of the vilest and most destructive evils that ever befell the youth of any country," declaring that "its direct tendency is a deterioration of the race." of the race."

of the race." What can we do, dear boys, to protect you against this dreadful foe? How can I adequately set forth the perils of this tobacco-habit, to which you are drawn, not only by the example and the persuasions and sometimes the ridicule of other boys,

but by various snares set for your unwary feet? Would that I

you not even to glance at the temp-tation which comes in offers of in offers of pic-tures—if only you comply with cer-tain miserable conditions. "IF!"

Will you not settle that "if"

settle that "if" now and forever with an emphatic No? Will you not deliberately resolve: "I will never touch another cigarette; I will never use tobacco in any form"? This will will never touch another cigarette; 1 will never use tobacco in any form"? This will be your best gift to a loving mother and sister. And it would give me greater pleasure than 1 can express to receive such a pledge from you. I would put your names down in a book and keep it always as a precious memorial.

FARMING IN CHINA. I.

[We have pleasure in printing herewith, [WE have pleasure in printing herewith, a number of interesting articles on "Farm-ing in West China," by one of our devoted missionaries in that country. They will be followed with great interest by our readers—ED.] West China

missionaries in that country. They will be followed with great interest by our readers—En.] West China produces in her more fertile regions four crops in a year. Sze-Chuan is considered the most fertile province in China, and the amount of produce she is capable of putting upon the market to feed her millions is simply marvellous. In Central China, along the great water highway, home impressions of the fertility of the soil and the occupations of every possible inch for production receives a severe shock. Long stretches of territory visible in low water as well as higher tracts are unused or indifferently cultivated. The west however fulfils the highest ex-pectation. So anxious are the Westerners to produce that they scrape the rocks and make beds of earth of various sizes in the hollows. Thus green patches of vegetables often greet the eve. high up and make beds of earth of various sizes in the hollows. Thus green patches of vegetables often greet the eye, high up barren hillsides, forming pleasant contrasts with the dark, frowning rocks. Three things characterize the Western Chinese farmers. They thoroughly work the soil, keep their farms clean and tidy; and carefully transform everything into fertilizers.

The plains for miles resemble a well-kept vegetable garden. A weed has but to show its head to lose it. Two instruments show its nead to lose it. I wo hist difference are used in working the soil, the plough and the ubiquitous hoe.

and the ubiquitous hoe. Chinese ploughs are very primitive, such as might have been used in Abraham's time. It consists of a handle, a beam and a slightly curved iron ploughshare nailed to a shank. The whole outfit stands thus— A Chinaman with one hand holds the plough, with the other flourishes a whip, while from his mouth a hissing sound pro-ceeds which answers to our chirp. The plough is attached to a cross-bar which in turn is fastened by rope traces to a wooden hame around the neck of a power-ful-looking creature called the Water Buffalo, whose long soraggy horns lie par-allel with his back, giving him a wild look, and whose nose snifts the air as soon as a foreigner comes within smelling distance. The peculiar odow that amount of the source of the source. and whose nose sniffs the air as soon as a foreigner comes within smelling distance. The peculiar odour that emanates from a foreigner—this is not intended to reflect upon the cleanliness of foreigners—is quite repulsive to these animals, who take their bath regularly, and one of two impulses fills their breasts—either to rush at the stranger or hasten from his presence. A Chinese plough makes a furrow about six inches deep and five wide. The hoe is the most conspicuous farming implement in Western China. Men usually work in companies. A dozen men stand in a row and their hoes keep time as they dash them into the soil. Women are not exempt from this labour, especially if they have large feet.

teet. The grain is cut with a large, slightly curved knife, bound up into sheaves and placed in stooks. The threshing machine is a very simple arrangement. A heavy her two fact high is corried into the field box two feet high is carried into the field.



FARMING SCENE IN CHINA.

The threshers take up a small bundle of grain and dash it against the inside of the box. This is repeated until all the grain is loosened from the stalks. One cannot help but contrast the advancement of civilized nations in time and labour-saving machines, with the primitive style of the Chinese. Standing on the plains near Brandon, Manitoba, the writer saw a steam thresher pouring forth a bag of wheat a minute. On the Chen-tu Plains two mea would scarcely thresh a bag in half a day the grain is cleaned in the old-fashioned the breezes to carry off the chaff. It was through some districts to find that some had constructed a few as nearly like it to begin improvements, but that there is a movement in her stagnart waters is quite as memory would permit. China is sur-to begin improvements, but that there is a movement in her stagnant waters is quite evident from the many foreign things that are yearly being introduced and utilized. GEO. E. HARTWELL

A Modern Prodigal,

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER V.

ACHILLES STILL MOURNS PATROCLUS.

SLOWLY went the days with the prisoner. The seasons changed and he scarcely knew it. Sometimes from the prison-yard he lifted his eves to a sky of standart summer The seasons changed and he scarcely knew lifted his eyes to a sky of steadfast summer newly mown. The violets of April were June, or caught a waft of air from meadows forgotten in the splendour of the roses of regal pomp of the dahlias; ripened grain which had sung the pæans of their return, clear, and in the slow monotony of his munion with nature in those changeful own heart, and with the past. Penitence soul; in its deeper shadows lies that in-of the world without hope. So, marked of meals, by the hours of going to bed and there so hours of going to bed and then solve which is the penitence soul; in its deeper shadows lies that in-of the world without hope. So, marked of meals, by the hours of going to bed and Thomas Stanhope. As he worked, what happiness and fortune squandered, rose to plenty of friends, a modest little compe-tence, a home, a fair, kind wife, children of all these, O Moloch of alcohol! How he gnashed his teeth, remembering what had been, and what might have been. Love. all these, O Moloch of alcohol! How he gnashed his teeth, remembering what had been, and what might have been. Love. honour, fortune, home, all ended in—a ten years' sentence. However, there are some of our perverse human race who will have none of a door of hope, except in the valley of Achor, and when youth is past. Meanwhile, this being the fortune of the prisoner, what was the fortune of his home? Mercy in her sorrow and apathy of misery

prisoner, what was the fortune of his home' Mercy in her sorrow and apathy of misery found herself seized and carried along by the strong currents of her children's hope-ful energy. These children had tho vigorous nature of old Deacon Stanhope full of indomitable zeal, fond of work, of trimpphing by main strength over adverse full of indomitable zeal, fond of work, or triumphing by main strength over adverse fate. They were in the rebound of the first freedom, the first possibilities of their lives. All the want and mortification and loss of their past stung them to acquire something for themselves, to have, and to

do what other people did. All their instincts were the hereditary instincts of a line of decent home-builders. Why, now that their father was gone, should they not have a home, and clothing, and comfort,

like other people ? Achilles was an unusually sturdy, shrewd lad. He had from early childhood worked for the neighbouring farmers, from the time, indeed, when at five years old he could only gather stones in a little home-made cast. made cart. From such labours no secured food for himself, and often for his mother. Thus the habit of labour was formed in him, and better than other boys of his age he knew the methods of labour.

Letitia had never had opportunity to be a child ; she had been her mother's friend, nurse, solace. Thanks to a good constitution, and the pure mountain air, her pre-mature cares had not injured her growth or health. She was at an age when native pride and decent instinct begins to stir in favour of respectable clothes and tidy sur-founding. roundings. She planned as enthusiastically as Achilles, and the two aroused and in-spired their mother. At first Mercy had agreed to whatever was proposed, and had taken hold of the work merely to escape from the back of the secape are achilles lest from thought and to please Achilles, lest from thought and to please Achilles, lest in despair he should desert his unhome-like home. But as day after day drifted by in safety and peace, quiet and kindness and good food began to tell upon Mercy, bring-ing back health to mind and body. She caught some of the enthusiasm of her children; her house-keeper's instincts, which had not been quite destroyed, re-vived again. It seemed good to her to sit vived again. It seemed good to her to sit down in a clean room, with no terror of a rum maniac's return; it was a new experience seeing affairs improve and not retrograde, and finding that household belong-ings increased instead of diminishing. The house well cleaned, all the bedding Washed and ain the bedding

washed and aired, the clothes mended, new clothes made, all the refuse rags and tatters washed, cut, and braided into mats, in which work she was helped by the nimble fingers of Samuel, Mercy began to find a

new confort in living. Nothing so revives a mother's heart as the thoughtful kindness of a child. How could Mercy but take comfort, when Achilles was so thoughtful for her? He came over the hills one evening, carrying on his head a comfortable splint-bottomed

on his head a control table spin-bottomed rocking-chair. "I bought it for you, mother," he said, "of Mrs. Canfield. I bought it by work. I'm going over to churn for her evenings, all summer, and she gave me this, and all summer, the same other things; she has she'll give me some other things; she has a let of things up in her attic. There's a a lot of things up in her attic. good lounge up there I can have if I work for it; it will look nice in this room, and Patty can sleep on it when she comes back

Seated in this chair which Achilles had worked for, and Letitia had cushioned with patchwork, how could Mercy, with her feet resting on a mat braided by Samuel, fail to take her best and the samuel of the samuel for the samuel take hope and see more sunshine in life?

The garden had been Achilles' first care, and when the brown, well-worked beds lay in the spring sunlight; when beans, potatoes, and onions, cabbage and tomato plants, began to shine in green rows above the fresh earth, Achilles was busy mending the fresh territor down the mending the front fence, tearing down the stile and putting in a gate, repairing the barn-yard fence in readiness for Letitia's famous calf, making a place for the coming towls. The dollar, hidden under the water trough, and which had been laboriously earned in cents and nickels, went for lumber, and more lumber was obtained by November, What sweat of honest labour poured over little

over little Samuel's angelic countenance, as his indefatigable brother kept him busy Wreck of a barn, raking and sweeping the yard, and then raking in grass-seed and

"The oats," said Achilles, "will spring first, and be something green, and help the grass to set, and the chickens can pick up what virgent and the chickens can pick up grass to set, and the chickens can pice of what ripens; in a year or two we'll have a green yard. Don't grumble at your work, Samuel, it is not half as hard as this tree-planting I'm doing," and Achilles looked with pride at four trees which he had set out. "But I ain't half so big as you," puffed

the tired Samuel.

"Work won't hurt you," said Achilles. "If you sit in school all day you can work hard at home, and you'll sleep the better nard at nome, and you'll sleep the better for it. A boy that gets good bread and bacon and potatoes to eat, needn't growl at work. Did you get reg'lar good meals and quiet nights last year this time?" To a child of six it is an effort to summon up the circumstances and emotions of a

up the circumstances and emotions of a previous year. Samuel, having accomplished the task, admitted that "Las' year he didn't have nothin'."

he didn't have nothin. "You had a drunken dad," said his brother, "and now he has gone you've no but to grupple at nothing. You pile all call to grumble at nothing. You pile all those stones into a real pretty border about those stones into a real pretty border about that round bed I dug up there. Tish is going to bring over some flowers to plant out for mother. Mother's going to have a posy bed now, same as other people. I'm going to have this place worth something, and I've heard Mr. Lyman say that trees flower-beds made a place worth a

hundred or so dollars more any day." And so Achilles worked and kept Samuel at work, and the stars had twinkled out in the pink west before Samuel was allowed to wash himself and tumble into the bed which he shared with his brother.

The first three Sabbaths of this new life the family worked the same as on other days. The boys hammered at the fence, and cut wood, and sawed and pounded at the barn, trying to straighten up the door, and nail back some loose boards; and Mercy was beguiled out to plant the asters and pinks and geraniums and seeds Lotitia had collected.

But toward sundown of the third Sabbut toward sundown of the third Sab-bath Friend Amos Lowell rode up on Bay Betty, and in his arms he had Patty—a very different little Patty from the one he had taken away on the day of the trial. "It is not my babit Margy Staphore"

nad taken away on the day of the trial. "It is not my habit, Mercy Stanhope," said the Quaker, "to make visits on First Day. That is a day the good Lord has reserved for himself, and has he not said that in it we are not to do one provide that in it we are not to do our own work or think our own thoughts ?'

"Why, what are we to do then?" de-manded Samuel, whose mind was ever on

the alert. "Thee must worship God, read his holy book, praise his name, examine thy con-duct, think of the good land where the righteous dead live in the light of God's

face." "There now, Kill ! What did you make "There now, Kill ! Samuel, while Achilles me work for?" cried Samuel, while Achilles

looked perplexed. "Mercy, thee has wandered far from the teachings of thy youth. Thee has not done as well for the children as thee might have done," said Friend Amos sadly. "Thee was reared to hallow the holy day, seconding to the commandment." looked perplexed.

according to the commandment." "I know it," said Mercy. "But in these years when we had no clothes and no way of getting to church or to Sabbath school, and when the poor things were safest out of the way and I dared not even get out my Bible, I have fallen into a way of letting them go just as on other days. I know it

"Then thee must right the wrong Whose confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy. I feared thee was not keeping the day of rest, and so I came up to testify to thee and to thy house.

to testify to the and so ally?" thee read the Scriptures daily?" "The nice story-book she had hidden?" cried Samuel. "Yes, Mr. Lowell, she cried Samuel.

cried Samuel. 105, 117, Lowen, she reads that always after supper." "That is well, but thee will remember to call me Friend Amos and to give me no

call me Friend Amos and to give me no vain appellations, such as are unseemly. Does thee pray, Mercy?" Mercy flushed and shook her head. "Thee must pray, Mercy, and teach the children to pray also. After thee reads the Holy Word, then pray with thy house, and hid the children to pray with thee. This bid the children to pray with thee. book, Samuel, is not merely a book of pleasing tales, it has in it the law of the Lord, and is able to make us wise unto salvation. Thy mother knows all that should be told and taught thee of God and thy duty, and she must instruct thee and the other children. I tell thee, Mercy Stanhope, he that builds on any other foundation than Jesus Christ and faith in him, as set forth in the Holy Word, builds on sand and shall fall away. If thee de-sires the good of thy household, and the sures the good of thy nousehold, and the blessing of God on thy labours, seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near."

The good man then took the Bible, read the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and advising the family to learn both by heart knelt down and made a fervent supplication. He then urged them to attend church and Sabbath-school regularly; they were able to walk, and the weather and roads were good. He said he was quite ready to have Mercy purchase at his store whatever she needed for a suitable outfit for church-going, and he would wait for the money until she was

able to pay it. When Friend Amos and the smiling Patty had ridden away on Bay Betty, Mercy began to tell Samuel and Achilles how she had been taught to spend Sabbath when she was young, and what she had learned on that day.

"Tish goes to church with Mrs. Lyman," said Achilles, "and Mrs. Canfield told me last night, when I was churning, that we ought to go to church and be good Chris-tians. I told her we had too much to do inst nor fiving the house but she lowed just now fixing the house, but she 'lowed she didn't know what good houses in this world was going to do us, if we didn't have houses not made with hands eternal in the nouses not made with names eternar in the heavens. I didn't say nothing, for I didn't know what she meant."

"Then I'd asked what she meant," said Samuel.

"I ain't so dead set on findin' out what things mean as you are," said Achilles, "but if going to church and saying prayers is respectable and going to make somebody of us we'll do it; and if you know anything else, mother, that is like folks for us to do, you let us know and we'll do it."

A number of the sufficed for Achilles and his coworkers to give the surroundings of their home a somewhat orderly and thrifty appearance. During the latter half of May, Achilles went to the village each morning, and working with the carpenter and glazier, who were busy on some new houses, he earned window-panes for the broken windows, a couple of door-sills to replace the worn-out ones, a pair of wooden benches, and two or three second-hand tools, as a hammer and saw. He took Samuel with him on the Saturdays, and had him pick up several pounds of nails, where a dwelling

had been burned down. With June, Achilles began to work for the farmers in his neighbourhood. He took his pay in meat, flour, vegetables, or pieces of furniture. The school closed for the summer about the first of July, and Samuel's life became a burden, what with weeding, and hunting for potato bugs-but he received some consolation from writing on a slate and reading in some small books with which his teacher had presented him. Mercy began to have ambition once more, as Samuel at her side con-"What does this spell?" Samuel at her side continually asked, "What does that mean?'

Achilles regarded Samuel with pride. Achilles regarded Samuel with price. "Some day he'll be a judge, maybe, or a doctor," he said. "He'll let folks see that father couldn't keep us all down. We shall do well enough, now he's gone for good."

Achilles never dreamed that this speech hurt his mother, and Letitia was not there to hint the fact to him. Letitia was still working for Mrs. Lyman, intent on learning how to keep house, and earning clothes so that she could begin school with the fall term.

Mercy was beginning to have dreams of future respectability. Letitia, perhaps, could fit herself for a school-teacher. She recalled her own girlhood, its neat dress,

recance ner own girmood, its neat dress, pleasant home—why could not Letitia have something of this kind also? Mercy herself was not idle. Not only was she busy at the house, but she went out to help her neighbours for a day at a time, or even as nurse for a week or two. boys could get on fairly well in her absence, as it was summer, and it was a matter of the first importance now to procure dishes, cooking utensils, and some warm bedding.

Friend Amos, wisely alert for the family he had received as his especial charge from Providence on the day when Thomas Providence on the day when Stanhope's earnest speech went to his heart, advised Mercy to look for sewing or knitting which she could do at home, so that the home could always be pleasant and homelike, and cheered by a mother's presence. "Thee knows, Mercy, if thee is not

there, the lads may begin to wander off for a bit, and as they stray around they may

fall into ill company and temptations, as

fall into ill company and temptations, as their father did before them. It is thy home, Mercy, that is to moor thy boys to virtue, and all good and prudent habits." "That is true," said Mercy, "and I only intend to try and earn a little money to fix up the house with, and then I shall try to get work from the ladies in town, or from the shops. I am a good hand with my needle, and some people like handwork best. Achilles is so fond of gay and nice things at home. Friend Amos, I hope you will not think I am wrong if I buy some window shades, and a red table cover, and window shades, and a red table cover, and a good lamp, and also some chintz to cover the lounge the boy earned from Mrs. Can-fold 2" field ?

"Thee is quite right to buy these things Mercy. Come to the store and thee shall have them at cost price."

And how glad a boy was Achilles, when in October, returning from an absence of four days, spent in corn-husking for a farmer, he found his home bright with his mother's earnings. The stove was blackmother's earnings. The stove was black-ened, a row of blue dishes ornamented the shelves he had put up, bright tins hung in the little closet, the lounge had a gailyflowered cover; on the table was a red cloth, and a lamp with a shade, and the two windows had Holland shades with fringe, and beautiful little gilt crescents to pull them down by. Little Patty had come home. Friend Amos had reluctantly resigned her. Letitia's fowls were going to roost in the barn. Letitia was feeding her calf, and also another calf which had a history. That second calf Achilles had found in Mr. Canfield's pasture, such a feeble creature that the good farmer said that to knock it on the head would be the

best solution of its life-problem. Then Achilles boldly begged to keep the creature. He worked to earn milk for it, fed it from a bottle, kept it warm in an old quilt behind the stove, and at last, by his indefatigable care, it became a thrifty, frisky exaction frisky creature.

On Thanksgiving Day after church, Mercy prepared for her household a dinner of roast fowl and apple-sauce, and there

was great rejoicing. Then some one, passing by, handed in that letter written to them by the prisoner. Mercy read it with tears, Sanuel sighed in sympathy, Letitia said it "sounded like a nice new father." Achilles was silent.

Then he and Letitia went out to look after the calves. Achilles caressed the head of his prolégé, which had a white spot, re-minding him of the beloved steer which

minding him of the beloved sceer which had been as his Patroclus. "I don't care what he writes about being sorry," he said to Letitia. "Let him be sorry, he ought to be. But he shall never come back here to raise Old Nick, and cell stream. Let him i He's out sell steers. I won't let him! He's out, and he'll stay out?"

(To be continued.)

RULES FOR USING BOOKS.

WHILE books are numerous and cheap, that does not justify their careless use. The length of time which school and other books last depends on the way they are used. Some people by care keep books neat and in good condition for years or even a life-time, while others seriously soil or destroy them in a very little time. Children s be early taught how to handle books. Children should The following rules are worthy of careful study; and their observance would, in a short time, greatly improve the appearance of books in many households : Never hold a book near a fire.

Never drop a book on the floor. Never turn the leaves with the thumb.

Never lean or rest upon an open book. Never turn down the corners of leaves.

Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands. Always turn leaves from the top with the

middle of forefinger. Always open large books from the mid-

dle, and never from the ends or cover. Never open a book farther than to bring

both sides of the cover into the same plane. Never cut the leaves of a book or magazine with a sharp knife, as the edge is sure to run into the print, nor with the finger, but with a paper-cutter, or table knife.

Never hold a small book with the thumb ressed into the binding at the lower back, but hold it with the thumb and little finger upon the back.



IN MISCHIEF.

IN MISOHIEF. "On, dear ! oh, dear ! what is this be thinking of gathering a bouquet. No be has no use for the pretty flowers ; it is needy in play, because it amuses him, that his was not so very bad for the playful, this was not so very bad for the playful, this way of the not such could be not such as the sum of the source of the needy in this way? Is not such could be while en either, will often be guilty of just be has not so wery had not very young this en either, will often be guilty of just be conduct, and when called to account be onduct, and when called to account be onduct. The source on the source on the source on the source on the best of the source on the source on the source on the source on the best of the source on the source on the source on the source on the best of the source on the source on the source on the source on the best of the source on the source on the source on the source on the best of the source on the declare they "meant no harm by it." But see, dear young friends, what an idle ex-cuse. We have reason and good sense to direct us, and it will not do to go stumbling through life doing things unintentionally, harming where we ought to help and making a nuisance of ourselves generally. Annoy-ing as puppy's antics are, we can afford to laugh at them, through he may be brought to grief for them by some one by and-bye. But when boys and girls perform such pranks, there is only one side to the pie-ture and that is a pretty serious one, which ahould be soriously held up to their view.

RUSSIAN PERSECUTION.

THE dreadful persecution of the Stun-The dreadful persecution of the Stun-dists, a body resembling the Methodists, continues in Russia. A Commission was appointed to consider the best means of checking the growth of Stundism, and the recommendations of that Commission, which have just been published, are of incredible and almost unparalleled atrocity. In addition to all the ferocious methods with which we are already painfully familiar, it is actually suggested that "those who have exhibited mental aberra-tion as the result of religious teaching" are to be placed in lunatic asylums, and dista

IN MISCHIEF.

that the ecclesiastical authorities are to compel those suffering "undue religious excitement" to enter a monastery until they are restored to a healthier and more normal state. So far as we are aware, there is nothing in the darkest records of the Romish Inquisition guide available. there is nothing in the darkest records of the Romish Inquisition quite equal to this. We cannot imagine how any Government which makes the least pretence to civiliza-tion can calmly and unblushingly sanction such atrocities. The Czar of Russia will not succeed where Pharaoh and Nebuchad-nezzar failed. We shudder when we think of the Divine wrath which the Czar and his of the Divine wrath which the Czar and his advisers are heaping up for themselves and the unhappy people of Russia. May God open their eyes before it is too late.

LESSON NOTES. SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 397.] LESSON XII. June 18 MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

Mal. 3. 1-12.] [Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT. They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.— Mal. 4. 17.

OUTLINE.

The Messenger, v. 1-4.
The Witness, v. 5-9.
The Blessing, v. 10-12.

TIME.-Perhaps about B.C. 397.

PLACE. -Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Malachi lived in or after the time of Ezra and Nehemiah. He was the last of the pro-phets, and the last lesson of this quarter points us to the Messiah.

EXPLANATIONS.

<text>

PRACTICAL TRACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are taught-We

 The need of the natural heart?
The final doom of the wicked ?
That robbery of God brings a curse

4. That consecration to God brings a blessing ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

THE LESSON CATECHISM. 1. Who was Malachi? "The last of the Old Testament pro-phets," 2. What did he foretell? "The coming of the Saviour." 3. What did he say in the Golden Text? "They shall be mine," etc. 4. Who was the messenger sent before the face of the Lord? "John the Baptist." 5. By what other name did Malachi call the Messenger of the cove-nant, the coming Saviour? "The Sun of Righteousness."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. - The unchange-ableness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS. What do you call this mystery ?

The mystery of the Holy Trinity.

What do you mean by mystery?

A truth which man's reason could not dis-cover, and which God, by degrees, makes known.

POLICE MONKEYS.

In Hindostan, where three varieties of In Hindostan, where three varieties of sacred monkeys enjoy the freedom of every town, these four-handed pensioners often assist the police in enforcing the riot laws by charging en masse for the scene of every dog fight and schoolboy scuffle. They will rescue worried cats, and for greater security will deposit them on the next roof, or will suppress rowdyism in general. The stout Rhesus baboon, for instance, is physically as well as morally qualified to quell the aggressive disposition of the fiercest cur. On the platform of a public warehouse

aggressive disposition of the fiercest cur. On the platform of a public warehouse the British residents of Agra a few years ago witnessed a scene which put that char-acter trait in even a stronger light. A little street Arab had spread his pallet in the shade of a stack of country produce, and had just dropped asleep, when the proprie-tor of the Planter's Hotel strolled up with a pet leopard that had learned to accoma pet leopard that had learned to accompany him in all his rambles. A troop of tramp monkeys had taken post on the op-posite end of the shed, and, like the beggar boy, seemed to enjoy a comfortable siesta; but at sight of the speckled intruder the

whole gang charged upon the platform whole gang charged upon the platformin a squadron of *spahis*, and instantly formin a semi-circle about the little sleeper face the leopard with bristling manes, evident resolved to defeat, at all hazards, the sup pected purpose of his visit.

The Heart of a Tree.

The Heart of a Tree. WHAT does he plant who plants a tree? He plants a friend of sun and sky; He plants the flag of breezes free; The shaft of beauty towering high; He plants a home to heaven anigh for song and mother-croon of bird In hushed and happy twilight heart The treble of heaven's harmony— These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree ?

What does he plant who plants a tree! He plants cool shade and tender rain, And seed and bud of days to be, And years that fade and flush again; He plants the glory of the plain; He plants the forest's heritage; The harvest of a coming age; The soy that unborn eyes shall see – These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree? He plants in sap, and leaf, and wood, In love of home and loyalty And far-cast thought of civic good—

In love of home and loyalty And far-cast thought of civic good— His blessing on the neighbourhood Who in the hollow of his hand Holds all the growth of all our land— A nation's growth from sea to sea Stirs in his heart who plants a tree 1

A CINDERELLA COACH.

A CINDERELLA COACH. A RANCH owner in Goleta, Santa Bar bara Co., Cal., had growing upon his place some enormous squashes, one of which was so large that he had it hollowed out to make, as he said, a Cinderella coach for his little girl. He was expecting a visit from an eastern friend, and, after the guest came, accompanied by his little girl, was showing a sly look which she understood, she slip-ped away and ran and got into the squash-his friend, "You may not believe it, but some in this one." So saying he tapped the squash, the sides fell apart, and out from the eastern gentleman was so astonished that his hair turned white! Probably it was white before, but the rest of the story length and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds.—Congregationalist.

THELife-Line.

A New Gospel Song Book.

A choice collection of New and Standard Gospel Songs.

Adapted for use in-

Young People's Societies, **Revival Services.** Camp Meetings and all Social Services.

Edited by A. F. MEYERS. Single copy, postpaid Per dozen, not postpaid \$.20 2.00

This splendid collection of Gospel Songs has met with wonderful popularity. We are selling them in hundreds. Much of the music is new-all is good-and the people like it. The American publishers write us, "Orders are coming from all directions. We are not sure but what the mantle of 'Gospel Songs' has fallen upon it."

WilliamBriggs, Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, Montreal. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifat-