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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1895.

[No. 31.]

SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

THE word saunter is said by the philologists to come from the phrase *Sainte Terre*—the Holy Land—and derives its significance from the leisurely way in which the pilgrims to Palestine wended their way from place to place through Europe on their wandering journey to its sacred scenes. The word admirably describes the easy-going way in which we propose to ramble and loiter through some of the most picturesque portions of England and Wales.

We first visit some of the south coast of England. The white chalk cliffs lift their gleaming front from the sea like castellated walls. It was these that gave to Britain its ancient name of Albion. On every side, far as eye can reach, roll in majesty "those ancient and unsubsidized allies, the waves that guard her coast." Sheltered in a quiet bay, and enjoying an almost Mediterranean climate, lies the lovely Isle of Wight, the favourite home of our beloved Queen, and rich in historic memories and poetic associations. The many "chines" or ravines, with their tinkling rivulets and waterfalls, the breezy chalk downs, the romantic undercliff that runs for miles along the sea—all these are potent memories to those who have visited this charming spot, of which old Drayton thus has written:

Of all the Southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the greatest in Britain's grace;
Not one of all her nymphs her sovereign favoureth thus,
Embraced in the arms of old Oceanus.

One of the most interesting aspects of the scenery of the south coast is that presented by the Needles, which are the terminating western cliffs of the Isle of Wight. They are wedge-like masses of hard chalk running out to sea. They do not now much resemble their name, but among them in earlier years there was a conspicuous pinnacle, a veritable needle, 120 feet high, that fell in 1764. The headland is crowned by an old fort several hundred feet above the sea. The contrast between the white cliffs, the green turf with which they are covered, and the sapphire sea that laves their base, presents a symphony of colour that will delight an artist's eye.

Another of the remarkable rocky headlands of Great Britain is that at the extreme south-west of England known



LAND'S END, CORNWALL.

as Land's End. It consists of stern granite crags, against which the ceaseless surges of the broad Atlantic have been dashing for ages. Some idea of their gigantic size may be inferred from the diminutive appearance of the figures on the sea-shore, and in the little boat, as shown in our engraving. The clouds of seabirds which make these lonely rocks their home will be observed. Near by is an inn bearing the inscription, "The First and Last Inn in England." A deep poetic interest is given to this scene from the fact that here it was, far out on the precipitous crags, with the surges or the ocean breaking at their base on either side, that Charles Wesley composed that noble hymn containing the lines:

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, my inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

WHY I LOVE THE JUNIOR SOCIETY.

1. Because it teaches us to love our Bible more, and to love to read it. Thus we are storing our minds with useful knowledge that is as lasting as eternity.

2. Because it teaches us to love Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and to strive to do what we think he would like to have us do.

3. Because it teaches us to work for the unsaved, and to have courage to talk with them about Christ, and show them how

very sinful they are, and that they are on their way to ruin. Try to get them to serve the Lord, our God.

4. Because it teaches us to love our Church more, and to attend its Sunday and mid-week services more regularly than we have ever done before.

5. Because it teaches us to love our pastor more, to visit the sick and afflicted, and to love one another more.

6. Because it teaches us to lead in prayer, so, if we are called upon, we can respond at once.

7. Because it has a pledge that will be more to us than we can tell, if we will follow it, as a help in leading good lives and working for Christ.



THE NEEDLES—ISLE OF WIGHT.

Heaven.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

THE lesson hour was nearly past, When I asked my scholars seven, "Now tell me, each one, please, in turn, What sort of a place is heaven?"

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal. S. F. HERSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1895.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

GEORGE SMITH had lived all his life in a narrow court in London, and had scarcely ever seen a garden or a field. When his father moved a little way out, there was a pretty little garden at the back of the house.

flowers. The boy was astonished. He could not tell how it was that those rotten seeds had turned to these beautiful flowers. His father told him it was the same with the corn-fields they had seen when they went into the country; that all seeds had to go through this process.

LEGEND OF THE HOOPOE.

SOLOMON was once on a journey, his ivory throne resting upon an enchanted carpet, whose corners were held by four genii. The sun was intolerably hot, and the king became faint and ill.

Desiring to recompense them for their kindness, Solomon sent for the chief of the hoopoes, and asked him to prefer for his people whatsoever request he liked, and it should be granted.

The chief flew away with his golden crown. All his people were decked with golden crowns. They became vain. They spoke to none of their old acquaintances. They strutted before pools of water constantly admiring their reflection.

A STREET INCIDENT.

STANDING near the City Hall, the other day, a reporter called to a little bootblack to give him a shine. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's foot.

"Oh! dat's all right, boss," was the reply. "I'm only going to do it fur him. You see, he's been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet; so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can."

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean." "I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep of it?"

"Wanted—A Boy."

"WANTED—a boy." How often we These very common words may see. Wanted—a boy to errands run, Wanted for everything under the sun.

The world is anxious to employ Not just one, but every boy Whose heart and brain will ever be true



Epworth League JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC. August 11, 1895.

WATER SACREDLY USED.—Acts 22. 16.

The conversion of Saul of Tarsus is one of the grandest proofs in favour of the supernatural character of the Gospel. He, a persecutor, who thought he was doing his duty bracing the Gospel.

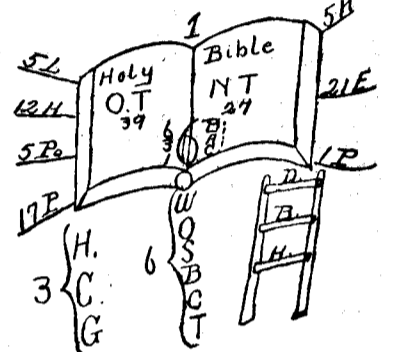
water itself is of any value, but as it has always been used for purposes of cleansing, so here we are to regard it as a symbol of the cleansing of the soul from sin.

"To him that in thy name believes, Eternal life to him is given Into himself he all receives Pardon, and holiness, and heaven."

A HALF-HOUR WITH THE JUNIORS.

BY W. F. STEVENS.

THE following chalk-talk is designed to give to the little ones a few fundamental facts about the Bible in a manner that will fasten the points in their minds, not only through the ear, but through the eye as well.



"Now, Juniors, how many of you can count? Hands up. How many can count ten? How many fifty? How many a hundred? How many five hundred? How many a thousand?"

"All right,—you need not count all these amounts; but I want to know how well you can remember numbers. Let me see how many can remember this group of numbers: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 12, 16.

"Only a few can repeat them. Now, try it again all together, again and again. Now just see how quickly you will forget them while we all learn the next and last group: 17, 21, 27, 36, 39, 66."

Drill the same as above, and then have both repeated again. Now draw the design or disclose the same, having had it covered. They will immediately recognize the numbers. Hold the Bible up and explain the meaning of the word "Bible," and why it is called "holy." Then explain "O.T.," Old Testament, "N.T.," New Testament, and how they are "2" grand divisions of "1" book.

Then speak of the number of books in the two Testaments, mentioning the names of some so that they will see that the Bible is composed of many books,—39 in the "O.T." and 27 in the "N.T.," and 66 in all. These 66 books are written by 36 authors in 16 centuries.

Review, beginning with "1" book. Mention the different kinds of books in the Old Testament: "5 L."—five books of law, and whom the law was to govern; and "12. H."—twelve books of history, and whom the history is about; "5 Po."—five books of poetry. Ask if they ever knew the Psalms were poetry. "17 P."—seventeen prophecies, telling what prophets were.

Review from "5 L." Explain the New Testament in the same manner, and review. Next tell them the Bible was written in "3" languages: Hebrew, Chaldee, and Greek; and that this book is known by "6" different names: Word, Oracles, Scriptures, The Book, Covenant, and Testament.

Review "3" and "6." "Did you ever hear of Jacob's ladder? This picture of the ladder before us does not represent Jacob's ladder, but it is one by which we can all get to heaven.

"This Holy Bible—this Old and New Testament—that has so many books written by so many authors in so many languages, teaches us that we can obey our Lord and Master by taking three important steps. These three important steps are 'H.' 'B.' and 'D.'—Hearing, Believing, and Doing the will of God."

Blessing the Children.

"The Master has gone over Jordan,
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
'Is healing the people, who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say."

"And now I shall carry the children—
Little Rachel and Samuel and John;
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly;
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?"

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there."

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Father asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between.

"Among the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch or his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listen-
ing
She pressed to the feet of the Lord."

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the
Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning to evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me;"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee,

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth care above,
And he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with a tenderest love.

And he said of the babes on his bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

"You will do nothing of the kind," said
his stepmother, angrily. "I guess I can
look after him without any help from you."

Jack scarcely knew what to do about it;
so he put on his hat and walked down the
street, with head bent down, lost in gloomy
reflections.

It was Miss Grey's cheerful voice that
addressed him with the words:

"Well, Jack, sad-hearted again? Wasn't
the trouble at school cleared up satisfac-
torily?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack, his face brightening
as soon as he saw her; "that's all settled;
but," said he in a troubled tone, "I am so
anxious about Charlie. He just keeps getting
paler and weaker, although he never com-
plains. I am sure he will soon be very ill—
if he's not already. I told his mother that I
was going to get a doctor, but she opposed it,
and said she was quite capable of looking
after him herself. I have a few dollars left,
and I am determined he shall have some
medicine."

"If he were away from her altogether, it
would be much better for him, would it not?"
questioned Mildred, gently.

"Yes, indeed!" said Jack.

"Well," said Mildred, "if you can get him
away from her, bring him to my home and I
will take care of him gladly."

"Oh, Miss Grey, you are so very kind! I
fear I shall never be able to repay you!" said
Jack.

"I shall be amply repaid in knowing that
I am doing as Christ would have done were
he here on earth. He was over kind and ten-
der to the sick and suffering, and you know
he often healed them."

"I shall try and bring Charlie to-morrow,"
said Jack. "She will make a racket about
it at first, but it won't last long."

He did not then know that the difficulty in
his path in getting Charlie away from home
was to be removed in quite an unexpected
way.

After parting with Miss Grey, Jack walked
on down the street to the wharf, and saw a
boat about to pull out for Kingston and other
eastern ports, and great was his surprise to
see—or at least he fancied he saw—his step-
mother on board among the passengers, with
a tough-looking man—one of the sailors—
with her, talking to her. Could it be possible,
he wondered to himself. He must be mis-
taken! but no; that was her faded shawl,
and in her hand she carried a shabby valise.
She was talking and laughing in a boisterous
way, her whole manner plainly revealing her
lack of refinement and culture.

The truth all flashed over him at once—
she was going to run off with that man. Jack
remembered now seeing him hanging around
their street more than once, but he had not
thought anything of it before.

Jack hurried home as fast as his legs could
carry him, feeling very angry and indignant
that the woman—not worthy the title of
mother—had so degraded herself; and yet he
felt thankful that she had really gone, for he
could have no respect for her.

When he got home he found Charlie quite
alone, his eyes bright, his face flushed with
fever, as was usual in the latter part of the
day.

"Mother's gone!" said the child. "She
said she was going away with a real nice man,
and would never come back again. I'm glad,
for she wasn't nice, was she?"

"No, indeed! We can get along better
without her! I am going to take you to
Miss Grey's, where you will get well and
strong."

The child's eyes brightened as he said:
"You are always so good to me, Jack! I
love you even though I don't love mother!"

Jack made all haste in getting little Charlie
ready; then hiring a cheap conveyance—for
the child was too weak to walk far—they
were soon at Miss Grey's.

Leaving Charlie there, Jack went back to
his miserable home again, for the purpose of
telling his father, when he returned, all he
knew about the sudden leave-taking of his
stepmother.

After waiting up until a late hour, he con-
cluded to go to bed.

"He will be too drunk when he comes
home to understand what I tell him, anyway,
so I may as well wait until morning."

It was a wild night outside; the wind
moaned and sighed around the house, and
presently a terrific thunder-storm shook the
earth, and in a very short time an immense
quantity of water fell.

The next morning when Jack got up he was
surprised to find that his father had not yet
returned. He had never known him to stay
away quite all night before, and he wondered
what had happened. Opening the door he
looked down the street, and the first thing he
saw was a crowd collecting around a dark ob-
ject he could not make out what—down at
the corner of the street.

Hurrying down the street he reached the

corner just in time to see the lifeless form of
his father huddled from the gutter.

He had been staggering home from the
tavern, very drunk, at a late hour, and the
violent thunder-storm had overtaken him.
Missing his footing he had slipped off from
the crossing into the gutter, where the water
from the culvert above poured in torrents on
his upturned face. There was not sufficient
water to drown a sober man, but this mis-
erable creature was too drunk to get on his feet
again, so he perished.

Jack turned sick and faint, and would have
fallen had not a sympathetic bystander sup-
ported him.

Back to the dreary, miserable home they
carried the lifeless form, and the next day he
was buried in a pauper's grave.

Meanwhile at Miss Grey's, everything was
being done that could be done for the suffer-
ing Charlie; but of no avail. In a very few
days, his little hands were folded in their
long, last rest. Charlie had gone home to
the Celestial City, where there are no liquor
shops to destroy the lives of children, as his
had surely been destroyed.

(To be continued.)

BIRDS OF THE NORTH-LAND.

BY FRED. O. STEVENS.

I AM sure that many of our readers, who
think of this north-western country, think
of it only as a region of ice and snow.
Many of them will be surprised to find,
that even far up on Lake Winnipeg, many
of our feathered friends remain with us
during the depth of winter. This winter
as I walked through the spruce and poplar
woods and across the open muskegs, which
cover our country here, I have been almost
startled to see the birds so lively amid such
unfavourable surroundings.

I shall try and give an account of our
brave and hardy friends.

First I shall mention the owls. Of these
there is quite a variety.

The Arctic or snowy owl is a large bird
standing nearly two feet high, and its
broad, soft wings measure quite six feet
from tip to tip. In colour it rivals the
snow in whiteness.

The spotted owl is very little smaller in
size, is nearly white, having its back only
covered with irregular brown spots.

Then comes what is commonly known as
the cat owl, a large brown one with promi-
nent ears. From these there are smaller
ones grading down to the tiny screech owl
scarcely four inches high.

These all have the large yellow eyes
which are characteristic of the owl family.
The larger ones live on rabbits and mice,
and the smaller ones on mice and other
small vermin.

The next family of importance is that of
the grouse. First in these we notice the
prairie chicken. This bird lives in the
muskegs. It is a fine game bird, of good
size, and is excellent food. It is of such
an independent and lively disposition as to
make it a general favourite. Its dress is
plain brown and white, yet withal, the
markings are pretty indeed.

Next comes the common partridge, too
well known to need further description.

The black grouse or spruce partridge is a
beautiful bird. It lives in the evergreen
trees, and as it eats the leaves of those
trees its flesh is black and strong to taste.
In colour it is nearly black, with white
markings on the breast and throat.

The white ptarmigan also visits us in the
winter time. This bird is almost snowy
white. It has slight markings of black.
When running in the snow one can only
distinguish it by the black and shining eye.
All of these grouse live on the buds of
trees and on berries and seeds of wild
grasses. They have very thick coats of
feathers right down to their toes. When
they want to sleep they bury themselves in
the snow and there they are warm.

Then occasionally we hear the voice of
the raven, or see him soaring aloft looking
for something to eat. Black as a crow and
of larger build, but of exactly the same
shape and habits, he is generally regarded
as a bird of ill-omen.

Of the woodpecker family there are three
kinds that remain with us. The largest is
a bright-looking fellow about four inches
long. In colour he is black and white, with
a tuft of bright scarlet on the back of his
head. There is another one, smaller, and
lacking the red marking and having less
white to relieve his sombre dress. The

smallest of these is black as a coal on the
back and dark gray underneath. It re-
sembles a ball of feathers. These cover
him down to the very toes as he scratches
around on the trees. I have been sur-
prised to hear him scratching and hammer-
ing around looking for his dinner and the
thermometer down to forty below zero.

All these woodpeckers live on worms
and ants which they find in dead trees.

The grosbeak is a beautiful bird, brown
yellow and scarlet in colour. Its peculiarly
shaped beak gives it its name. It inhabits
the far north, but visits us in the winter.
It feeds on the seeds of trees and wild
grasses. In the evening its low whistling
song is very pleasant to the ear, as it
breaks upon the almost awful stillness of
the cold, frosty air.

The blue jay is also with us through the
entire year. His beautiful blue and white
plumage is very pleasant to the eye when
seen amid the snow. During the very cold
weather he is seldom seen, but when a soft
day comes you will see him coming to the
edge of the woods. He lives principally
on nuts and seeds which he stores up in
some hole or hollow tree.

The whiskey Jack or pork bird is the
most amusing of our winter birds. His
colour is gray and white, and he has an
extra thick coat of feathers. He is very
bold and saucy. He lives principally on
seeds of evergreen trees, but is fond of
scraps such as he finds about dooryards,
and especially fond of fat pork.

The pretty little waxwing remains
during even the coldest weather. In size
it is about two inches long. Its colour is
gray and white with irregular dashes of
dark red on breast and neck. In song it
greatly resembles the wild canary, and it
feeds on seeds of wild grasses.

The lively little chickadee stays with us
also. This bird is a general favourite all
over Canada. It feeds on worms such as it
finds on trees and in rotten wood. When
wood is being cut it comes around to see if
any worms have been uncovered in the
wood. In this way they get many a good
meal and cheer many a lonely chopper's
heart.

The snowbirds were here in thousands
in the late fall, but left us for warmer
climes further south. Many of them will
winter in Central and Southern Manitoba.

Fisher River, Man.

NOTHING UNCOMMON.

An English author once fell in with a
man who professed to be able to read
character by means of handwriting. By
way of testing the matter, the author took
from his pocket a letter, and holding his
thumb over the signature, inquired what
sort of a man the writer was.

"Was he a man of genius?"

"Most certainly not."

"A scholar?"

"By no means."

"A gentleman?"

"No." There was nothing remarkable
about the writing; it was an ordinary and
unfavourable hand.

"Now, then, my friend," said the
author, "will you oblige me by looking at
the signature?"

The man looked, and was a little dumb-
founded when he read the name—"T. B.
Macaulay."

THE MAN WHO WAS WANTED.

WHEN General Grant was in command
of the army before Vicksburg, a number of
officers were gathered at his headquarters.
One of them invited the party to join in a
social glass. All but one accepted; he
asked to be excused, saying he never drank.
A few days after this the officer who
declined to drink received a note from
General Grant to report at headquarters.
He obeyed the order, and Grant said to
him, "You are the officer, I believe, who
remarked the other day that you never
drank. You are the man I have been
looking for to take charge of the commissary
department, and I order that you be
detailed to that duty."

He served all through the war in that
responsible department; and afterward,
when General Grant became President,
the officer who never drank was again in
request.

The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,

BY

Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER VII.

RUN'S WORK.

Found dead in a gutter along the street
Just as the night and the morning meet—
An elderly man, with scant gray hair,
And all that said what had brought him
there
Was a bottle of brandy or gin at his side,
That said this it was that the poor man
had died."

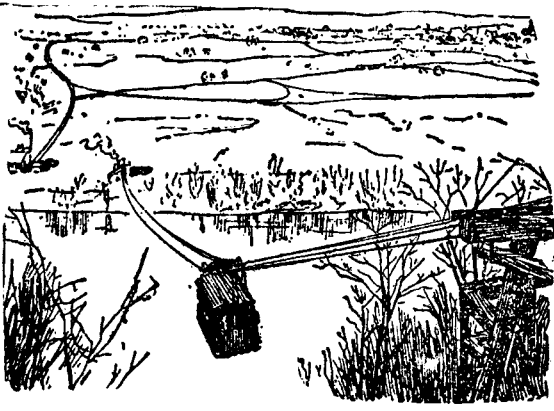
In a few days Jack went out to see Farmer
Barton and was glad to learn that he could
find employment there for the summer, al-
though his services were not wanted for a
couple of weeks.

Work in the town was scarce, so there was
nothing for him to do but put in those two
weeks as best he could. How he did wish
his stepmother would go at it and clean house
as all the rest of the neighbours were doing!
How glad he would be to put in his time
helping her; but she was drunk more than
half her time now, and the father stayed at
the tavern most all day as well as half the
night, so home was dismal enough.

He was glad to be home, however, for he
felt very anxious about little Charlie; the
child no longer played, but lounged about the
house, pale and silent, and when asked what
was the matter he always answered: "Nothing;
only so tired!"

Jack had frequently spoken of it to his
stepmother, but she only stared stupidly at
he child and roughly replied that she guessed
he was well enough.

One day, Jack said, with decision:
"Charlie is not well; he will be down sick
if we let him go on like this; I am going to
have a doctor come and see him!"



A FERRY IN THE AIR.

High up in the air over the Tennessee river, at Knoxville, is an aerial tramway for passenger-car service which is used in conveying people from the Knoxville side of the river to a pleasure resort back of the bluff on the other side. The car is hauled across the river suspended to wire ropes each $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and swung at a height of 350 feet above the water, which is almost three times the height of the Brooklyn bridge at the middle of the span, and 72 feet higher than the top of the towers. The length of the span across the Tennessee river is 1,060 feet.

At the starting point, which is but five minutes' ride from the heart of Knoxville, there is a power-house where there are two twenty-horse-power engines for operating the cable.

These cables, on the Knoxville side, according to the *Scientific American*, are anchored to 12x12-inch oak timbers, 14 feet long, placed behind plank bulk-heads. The connecting bars are 12 feet long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and provision is made for taking up the slack by means of long threaded screws. The anchor at the high end, on the opposite side of the river, consists of iron plates fixed in the rock. The supporting cables each have a breaking strain of sixty tons. The cable conveying the motive power is a half-inch in diameter, and permanently fastened to the car.

The car, empty, weighs 1,200 pounds. It has a 14-foot body, and 3-foot platforms, and is 6 feet wide by $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The seating capacity is sixteen passengers. The car is provided with automatic brakes, which stop the car in case the propelling cable breaks or slips on the drum. The up trip takes about $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. The descent is made in a half minute by gravity.

An accident occurred on this aerial ferry last month, by which one passenger was killed and two others slightly injured. The hauling cable broke just as the car reached the top of the incline, and struck the car with such force as to damage it somewhat, the car then started rapidly down the grade until it was stopped by the automatic brakes.

When the car was brought to a standstill, it was at a point about 200 feet above the water, and the eight passengers it contained were rescued by being let down by ropes into a boat on the river.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1452.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 11.]

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

Num. 21. 4-9. Memory verses, 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.—John 3. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. Unbelief, v. 4-6.
2. Faith, v. 7-9.

TIME.—B.C. 1452.

PLACES.—The wilderness south of Palestine;

afterward the mountainous region east of the Gulf of Akabah.

CONNECTING LINKS.

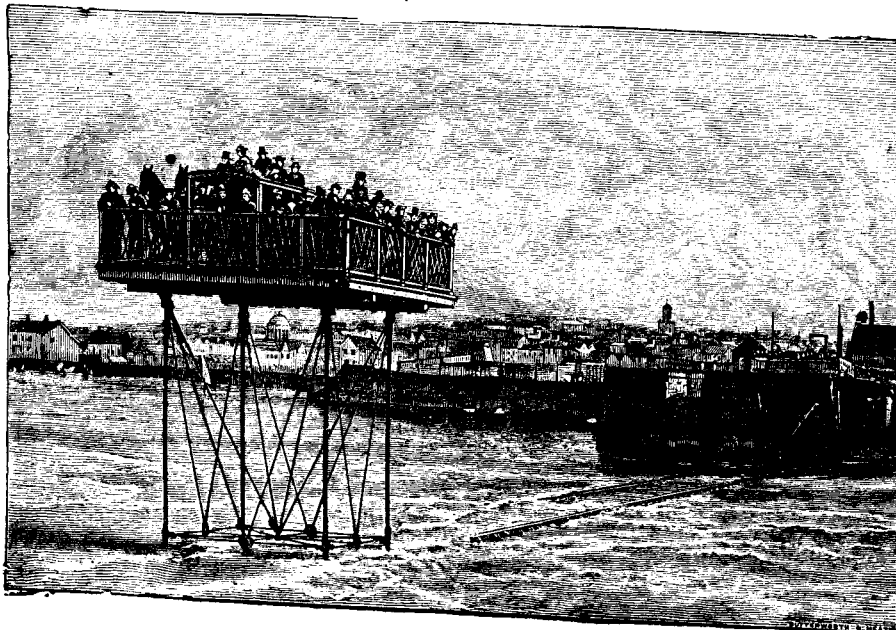
After trouble at Meribah (of which you should read) Moses sought a peaceable passage through Edom, by which he might have saved about one hundred and fifty miles. The King of Edom refused (Num. 20. 14-21). There was nothing for Israel but to turn its back on the promised land and proceed, over a well-known caravan route called "the way of the Red Sea," toward Eziongeber. The desert here is intensely hot and desolate, infested with serpents and swept by sand-storms.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The brazen serpent.—Num. 21. 4-9.
 Tu. Returning to God.—Hosea 14.
 W. The serpent destroyed.—2 Kings 18. 1-7.
 Th. Look, and be saved.—Isa. 45. 20-25.
 F. "Behold the Lamb of God."—John 1. 29-36.
 S. Christ's drawing power.—John 12. 23-33.
 Su. The Son of man lifted up.—John 3. 5-15.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Unbelief, v. 4-6.
 What journey did the Israelites make?
 How were the people affected by the difficulties of the way?
 Against whom did they complain?



A ROLLING BRIDGE.

A ROLLING BRIDGE.

What question did they ask?
 What did they lack, and what despise?
 How did the Lord punish them?
 What warning does Paul give us? 1 Cor. 10. 9.

2. Faith, v. 7-9.
 What confession did the people make?
 What did they ask Moses to do?
 What was Moses bidden to make?
 How could the people be healed?
 What did Moses then do?
 What resulted from the faith of the people?
 What finally became of this brazen serpent?
 See 2 Kings 18. 4.
 Of what was this serpent a type? (Golden Text.)
 Who are invited to look and live? See Isa. 45. 22.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That sin is sure of punishment?
 2. That penitence brings pardon?
 3. That there is now hope for every sinner?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long did the Israelites wander in the wilderness? Thirty-eight years. 2. Around what country did they then journey? The land of Edom. 3. What came among them as the punishment of their murmurings? Fiery serpents. 4. To what did the serpents drive the people? To sorrow for their sin. 5. What did God command Moses to do? To lift up a serpent of brass. 6. How were the people to be healed from the bite of the fiery serpents? By looking at the brazen serpent. 7. What did Jesus say concerning this brazen serpent? Golden Text: "As Moses lifted up," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Salvation through faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the outward or visible sign or form in baptism?

Baptizing with water "into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." (Matthew 28. 19.)

Mary's Little Camera.

BY JAMES CASTLE.

A LITTLE camera Mary had—
 She did not think it wrong—
 And every place that Mary went
 She took the thing along.

'Twas of the instantaneous kind,
 'Twould take the lightning's flash,
 Or anything, more quickly than
 The miser takes his cash.

She tried the camera on a fly,
 And caught it as it flew;
 And of the busy, buzzing bee
 She got a splendid view.

But when she tried to catch a boy
 Who o'er his school-books pored,
 The instantaneous process failed—
 She was completely floored.

The times when he began a task
 Were very, very few;
 And when he did begin she failed,
 Since he so soon was through.

—Home and Country.

I crossed one day and did not like the bridge at all; the tide was low and we seemed a long way above the water and in great danger of tipping over, and the motion is most disagreeable. However, they say it never tips over, but sometimes on sticks in the mud which accumulates on the rails.

One day this happened when, among a number of other people, a nun was crossing. All the passengers but herself were taken off in a boat, but she did not think it was proper to go down a ladder, so sat solitary and forlorn all day till the trouble was remedied and the poor bridge with its one occupant reached the shore.

A TEMPERANCE PSALM.

A MODERN alphabetical psalm on the virtue of abstinence is furnished by Dr. Cyrus Edson to a recent *North American Review*. It is one of the best essays of its kind in print:

A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its grip.
 B for Beginner, who takes just one sip.
 C for Companion, who urges him on.
 D for the Demon of drink that is born.
 E for Endeavour he makes to resist.
 F stands for Friends, who so loudly insist.
 G for the Guilt that he afterwards feels.
 H for the Horrors that hang at his heels.
 I his Intention to drink not at all.
 J stands for Jeering that follows his fall.
 K for his Knowledge that he is a slave.
 L for the Liquors his appetite craves.
 M for convivial Meetings so gay.
 N stands for No that he tries hard to say.
 O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
 P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass.
 Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
 R stands for Ruin, that hovers around.
 S stands for Sights that his vision bedim.
 T stands for Trembling that seizes his limbs.
 U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
 V stands for Vagrant that soon he becomes.
 W for Waning of life that's soon done.
 X for his eXit regretted by none.
 Youths of this nation, such weakness is crime.
 Zealously turn from the tempter in time.

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WILLIAM BRIGGS,

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