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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1898.

[No. 35.]

Each in its Own Way.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter:
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing fleetier:
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendour:
No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladness voicing:
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

THE QUEENS MAUNDY GIFTS.

It was an ancient custom in England for the king or queen to wash the feet of a number of aged poor folk in the royal chapel on "Maundy Thursday," in the week preceding Easter. This was done in obedience to our Lord's command to his disciples that they should wash one another's feet as he, their Master, had washed theirs.

An account is given of the ceremonial in 1572, when Elizabeth was queen. Thirty-nine poor women (the number of her years) attended, and their feet having first been thrice washed by the "laundresses," the sub-almoner, and the almoner, the queen entered with her thirty-nine maids in waiting, who carried aprons and towels. She then, kneeling, washed one foot of each of the poor women from a silver basin filled with water and fragrant flowers. Elizabeth then distributed gifts to each, cloth for a gown, a pair of shoes, six red herrings and other fish, and a bowl of claret. Each lady in waiting gave her apron and towel to one of the old women, and the queen, instead of parting her raiment among them, gave each old crone a purse containing twenty shillings.

James the Second (1685-1688) was the last English monarch to wash anybody's feet. His own, though the ceremony was performed by a clergyman in his stead for another century. How Maundy Thursday is observed in Victoria's reign is told by a writer in *The Quiver*:

"The ceremony takes place in Westminster Abbey. We obtain the much sought-for tickets and go early to avoid the rush. Within this fane electric light seems a thing of the future; and it is only dimly that we can discern, seated in the front rows of the choir—the men on one side and the women on the other—those who will presently leave the Abbey some few pounds richer than they entered it.

The poor old dears, they are very tottery," is remarked. Their unusual numbers indicate the years of the reigning sovereign. Most of them look like tradesfolk in reduced circumstances; and they certainly give us the idea of "having fulfilled in their time what is, we believe, one of the most stringent conditions of their election—the due payment of the queen's taxes. We are sitting in the choir, and can plainly see the round-table, covered with fair white cloths, which is placed just outside the rails, and on which the royal alms will soon be laid.

The clock strikes, and a procession begins to form in the nave. This is something like the order: The beadle of the Abbey with his mace precedes; the boys and men of the choir; next come

a number of clergymen in black gowns, who represent the parishes from which the recipients have been chosen. These are followed by representatives of the Chapter of Westminster. Now we see the sergeant-major of the yeoman of the guard, who leads the way for that very vivid and important personage, the big beefeater who carries the gold dish which holds the anxiously expected alms. The sub-almoner and the lord high almoner walk next, with stoles of white toweling, in front of the "children of the royal almonry." These are nowadays four in number—two boys and two girls. They are always selected from the schools of St. Margaret's or St. John's, Westminster, and receive five guineas a year toward the expenses of their education, as well as a present of five shillings for their attendance on

The service for the day is read, concluding with the anthem, "Wash Me Thoroughly," after which the almoners walk down the choir presenting £1 15s. to each woman and £2 5s. to each man. Next the red purses are distributed, containing £1 in gold and £1 10s. Finally the white purses are dealt out with their contents of silver pence, as many as the number of the queen's years. The aged recipients bow and curtsy, and after further singing, prayer, and benediction the ceremony is at an end."

A Spanish paper declares that President McKinley is a naturalized Chinaman born in Canton. Its knowledge of geography is rather weak, and it confounds the Buckeye State of Ohio with the Middle Kingdom.



A STORY OF THE PAST.

Maundy Thursday. The rear of the procession is brought up by a group of gaily-dressed beefeaters. When every official, lay and clerical, has passed into the choir it is pretty to see the two royal almonry girls demurely take their seats near the round, white-spread table on the steps outside the rails. Each has a bouquet, and, indeed, flowers are conspicuous in many places, notably upon the robes of the officiating clergy. The gold dish containing the delicate red and white purses is set upon the round table.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

The world undergoes a good many changes in the space of a generation; and a son loves to listen to the tales his father can tell him of what was done in the days of his youth, when things were so different. Here, in the sunny courtyard of an old French chateau, with his grandchildren around him, the old grandfather, who has seen so much of the world's ways, tells them some story of the past that happened to him long

ago. Already the outline of it is beginning to fade in his memory. One day the handsome little fellow, who seems to be listening so attentively, will himself be the owner of those grey old walls and of the many wide acres which stretch away outside, and then in his turn he will tell to his sons and grandsons stories of the far-distant past, when his old grandfather was alive. And he will point out the very spot to his wondering little ones, where the old gentleman used to sit and relate his long tales that were so fascinating. So the world goes on from one generation to another, and, although we may think that things change very much, yet they remain much the same as they always were, while in reality it is we ourselves who change.

LITTLE GIRLS IN PERSIA.

Away off in the East there is a land named Persia. It is a land where baby girls are not wanted. When a baby boy is born, the servants who carry the news to the father are given beautiful presents, and have feasts prepared; all the relations of the father and mother of the baby boy send gifts and congratulations, and there is given a feast to them in honour of the coming of a baby boy. When a little baby girl comes, there is neither joy nor gifts. Everybody is sad, and the house is filled with gloom. There is a proverb in Persia, "The household weeps forty days when a girl is born." When a man in Persia is asked how many children he has, he gives the number of his sons; but never counts his daughters. One reason given for this is that a daughter marries and leaves her home, while sons stay at home and care for their father. The baby boy is rocked and tended by his mother, who watches carefully over him. The baby daughter is put into a hard cradle. When she cries, she may be rocked in this cradle, or she may be left to cry herself into silence. Her father does not look at her. When she is able to creep about, she may then win her father by her pretty baby ways.

Her feet are bare, but her head is covered. Boys are given their names with great ceremony, but when a girl is named an old woman is called in who puts her mouth to the baby girl's ear and gives the baby girl her name by calling out the name and saying, "That is your name." The names given girls are pretty. Akhtar, which means the star, Gulshan, lilies, Almas, diamond, Shireen, sweet, Wobahar, the spring, Shamsi, the sun.

The children in Persia do not have birthday parties. It would be considered silly for mothers to give that much time to their children's pleasure, especially their daughters. There are no birthdays, and no Christmas. There are no toys for the children of Persia, no play-rooms. Persian mothers dislike noise. When children are in the house, they must be quiet. The dolls are ugly, and dressed always as the women of Persia dress. A popular game for little girls in Persia is one somewhat similar to our jackstones.

There are no kindergartens and no schools in Persia. The children of a Persian family do not sit at the table with their parents, nor are they with them indoors. For that reason they get no training, and are rude unless they belong to the wealthy classes when a nurse is provided for each child who lives constantly with it.

After six years of age a little girl in Persia lives a life entirely indoors. She begins then to learn how to work, especially how to sew. Persian women are famous for their beautiful needlework, especially embroidery. The boys have teachers. If girls are taught, it is to read the Koran, the Bible of Persia, but few ever learn more than this. Many Persian mothers think it immodest for a girl to know how to read.

"They say you have no sympathy for the struggling poor." "Me?" said the accused gentleman, "I have nothing but sympathy."

A Sad, Sad Case.

I. THE MAN.

In Queen Victoria's reign,
A man he took a peign
Which drove him quite insolgn.

II. THE DOCTORS.

On looking at his tongue,
Which from his mouth he fonge,
This song one doctor songue:

"There isn't any doubt,
Were the mystery but oubt,
His trouble is the goubt."

Another, of great weight,
Grave-looking and sedoight,
Said: "He'll die, as sure as feight."

III. THE WIDOW.

When at last the man did die,
His companien heaved a sigh,
And began to weep and crie.

IV. THE MINISTER.

"Our brother was resigned,
And nad great peace of mind!
His wife he leaves behigned."

V. THE OBRQUIZ.

With pompous funeral rite,
They buried him out of site;
Then o'er his wealth did site.

VI. THE MORAL.

So, in Victoria's reign,
This man who died in peign,
He did not live in veign.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS. MURDER AND CRUELTY.

Amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai God hedged about the sanctity of human life with this solemn command, "Thou shalt not kill." In a rude, turbulent, and lawless age, when every man's hand was against his fellow, this crime was much more common than it is now. The practice of duelling was one esteemed honourable, now it is almost everywhere hated and prohibited. Even the lives of those who have violated the law are protected in large degree. Men were hanged for trivial crimes, and in great numbers, whereas now it is only upon clearest conviction of the crime of murder that they are executed.

But, though we would shrink with horror from the crime of murder, yet, says the Saviour, he that hateth his brother is a murderer. Angry feelings in the soul are the beginnings from which the crime of murder has often sprung.

It is strange that Christian nations who think it a crime to kill a single man, shall often think it right, and even glorious, to kill a thousand men in battle; or, for a paltry gain to the revenue, to license the guilty liquor traffic which sends a hundred thousand men to the drunkard's grave every year. Intemperance," said Mr. Gladstone, "has slain more than war, pestilence, or famine." Now that Canada has a chance to vote for the abolition of this great sin and crime, let us hope that

every lover of his race, that every true Canadian, will do his duty to his country and his God

All cruelty to man or beast is against the spirit of this law. Boys are often unthinking and cruel in teasing dogs and cats, and torturing flies and insects. These are the creatures of God, and unless they interfere with our rights, we may not innocently injure or destroy them. The merciful man is merciful to his beast. Nero began his wicked career by killing flies, and ended by killing the apostles and martyrs of God

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

A BOY'S RELIGION.

It was the late Henry Drummond who once said to a great company of boys: "Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, don't think that you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age, you will have your grandmother's religion."

Now, there is a great deal in the above for a boy to take to heart, for some boys have the idea that they will be expected to put aside most of their propensities, if they take upon themselves the duties of Christian boys. This is a mistake. No one expects, no one wants them to give up the natural rights and feelings of boyhood. They are not to be in the least grandmotherly or grandfatherly, but they are to be happy in the way that God intended all youth should be happy.

One of the truest-hearted Christian boys I know is also the merriest. No one would think of calling him "grandmotherly." He reads his Bible, too, and goes regularly to church, to Sunday-school, and to prayer-meeting. He is at the same time such a good ball-player that he is always chosen first when the boys are choosing sides for a game. And no boy of his age can excel him at football or at tennis. And they always say of him: "Harry plays fair; he does!"

He is the life of the social gatherings he attends, and his reputation for absolute truthfulness is such that the teacher of the school he attends told me, not long ago, that on one occasion, when the boys on the playground were hotly discussing a certain matter, and there had been charges of falsehood made and still more hotly refuted, one of the boys said:

"Let Harry M— tell the straight of the story. He knows all about it, and he'll tell the exact truth."

It is a fine thing for a boy to have a reputation like that in the community in which he lives.

At another time, the pupils in Harry's room had met to select some one of their number to present a certain request to the principal of the school, and Harry was immediately chosen, "because he is so sort of gentlemanly," as one of the boys said.

This was a tribute of the unflinching power and influence of real courtesy, and true courtesy is a marked trait of Christian character.

Harry is a Christian boy in a boyish way, which is quite as charming and impressive as the grandmotherly way of being a Christian. All Christianity is based on right thinking and right living, without regard to age. Each decade of life has its own particular joys in the Christian life. They are all God-given, and none are sweeter than the joys of true Christian boyhood.

JOE'S PEEACHING.

Some of the best sermons ever preached have fallen from lips that were unconscious of their mission.

Some wealthy young men in New York who had been fishing and shooting last summer at a lonely sea island off the southern coast brought home their guide for a few days' visit, prompted partly by kindness and partly by a mischievous desire to surprise the ignorant old savage by the luxury and splendour of their homes.

Joe, however, walked quietly about in his clean homespun suit, manifesting little surprise and less admiration.

"Now, Joe," said one of the boys, nettled somewhat by his calmness, "tell me candidly what you think of New York? Isn't it grand?"

"It 'pears too shut in for to call it that," the old fisherman said reluctantly, unwilling to be ungrateful or uncivil.

"My cabin has all outdoors behind it, an' ther sea in front. That's what I call grand"

"Oh, certainly. But wouldn't you like to give up your drudgery and live as New Yorkers do?"

"No," said Joe thoughtfully. "'Tain't as easy livin' here. Your uncle sets in his bank all ther day, an' your father in court, an' I set in my boat. They fish fer men, an' I fish fer mackerel. They hev to study an' fret to catch their fish; I don't."

"Well," said the boy, discomfited, "wouldn't you like your wife to live in a house like this?" glancing around the stately rooms filled with costly bric-a-brac.

"No," said Joe, laughing. "Jane scrubs our two rooms an' cleans them up, an' then she sets an' rests, or has some fun. She's never finish keepin' this house tidy."

"Oh, my mother has plenty of servants to do that."

"Yes. An' she told me they was a onbearable weight an' worry on her."

"But we see people," urged the lad, "and have music and gaiety, and many things to see."

"We have company, too; we ain't buried. Ther neighbours come an' set round evenin's an' tell stories an' sing. I reckon we enjoy ourselves as much as you do at your big dinners."

There was a short silence.

"We've got friends, like you," Joe went on gravely, "an' our families. It's the same thing in ther long run. Your preacher in that gilt pulpit said pretty much the same words as ol' Parson Martin does. An' when we die we rest jest as quiet under the grass as under them thousan-dollar monyments you showed me. I'm glad I've seen it all," he added, smiling, "an' it was kind in you to show me. But it don't seem to make such a difference between you an' me as I thought it would. Inside we're pretty much alike."

"That's a good sermon you have preached to me," the lad said, laughing. "I wasn't aweer I was preachin'." Joe said anxiously.—Sunday-school Times.

HOW A BIRD HELPED IN BATTLE.

During the summer of 1690 there was a war in England, and the soldiers suffered very much. One evening after a long march they were so tired that they lay down for a short sleep, when it would have been wiser and better had they remained on the watch for the enemy.

Among the soldiers was a little drummer-boy, whose eyes, like those of his elders, were fast shut. Just before he fell asleep he had been eating his rations, and some crumbs of bread had dropped on the head of his drum.

A little wren perched overhead in one of the trees saw these crumbs and flew down to eat them. As she hopped about on the drum the tapping of her beak awakened the little drummer. He opened his eyes, and was startled to see the enemy advancing. Quickly he beat the signal of alarm, which roused the soldiers and put them on their defence.

The skill of the king, William the Third, won that day, July 12, 1690, the Battle of the Boyne; had it had not been for the little wren the fortune of the day might have been very different.

OUR DEBT TO BUMBLE-BEES.

Barney Hoskin Standish writes an article on "The Bumble-Bee" for the June St. Nicholas. Mr. Standish says: "The work of the bumble-bee in bringing about the cross-fertilization of flowers is as important as that of the honey-bee, and these two stand at the head of the list of insects useful in this respect. Each has its flowers which it alone visits, but there are many flowers on neutral ground, visited by both. So we may say of the bumble-bee, as of the honey-bee, the more bumble-bees the more seeds; the more seeds the more flowers—especially wild flowers, as the tall bell-flower, touch-me-not, Solomon's seal, gentian, Dutchman's breeches, and turtle-head. But probably the most important work this insect does for agriculture is upon the fields of red-clover. There is abundant proof that this plant will not produce seed without the co-operation of the bumble-bee. It is impossible for the wind to bring about the fertilization of the seed, as it may do in the case of Indian corn, grain, and some forest trees. The tube of red-clover blossoms, too, is so long that other insects (including the honey-bee) are not regular visitants.

Here is a proof that this plant must have visits from the bumble-bee. This insect is not a native of Australia, and red-clover failed to produce seed there

until bumble-bees were imported. As soon as they became numerous the plant could be depended upon for seed. Again, the blossoms of the first crop of the "medium red-clover" of our own country are just as perfect as those of the second crop, but there are too few bumble-bees in the field, so early in the season, to produce fertilization; hence little or no seed in this crop. If bumble-bees were sufficiently numerous there is no reason why much larger yields of clover seed might not be expected than at present.

Here is what a well-informed farmer says about it:

"It was formerly thought that the world rested on the shoulders of Atlas, I can prove that its prosperity rests on the bumble-bee. The world cannot prosper without the farmer's product. The farm will not be productive without clover. We cannot raise clover without seed, and we cannot have clover-seed without the bumble-bee, because it is this insect that carries the pollen from flower to flower, securing its development and continuance. Let us learn to know and to protect our friends."

AN INVISIBLE MONKEY.

One of the strangest problems in natural history is that of "protective coloration," and in many cases colouring that is really protective seems to be glaringly conspicuous. The black stripes and yellow skin of the tiger harmonize with the long grasses of the jungle in which it prowls; the white and black stripes of the zebra, though very conspicuous when close by, blend into a gray tint resembling the sands of the desert when further off, and tend to conceal it from its enemies. But one would scarcely think that a monkey clothed in long fur, arrayed in strongly contrasted patches of black and white, would so harmonize with its natural surroundings as to be practically invisible.

We are told, however, that this is the case with the very pretty monkey of which we are writing. It has long been known to science as the guereza (Colobus guereza), and has a coat of long silky white and black hair, used for military trappings. The dense forest of Mount Killima Njaro, where it is found, are bearded with long white and gray mosses and lichens, which contrast with the black limbs of the trees, and render the monkey which lives in them practically invisible.

The monkey is a harmless creature, and this protective colouring is almost its only safeguard. On the other hand, there are animals, such as the malodorous skunk and certain polecats, which are so well provided with a weapon of defence that nature would seem to have made them conspicuous by their bright colours as if to warn other animals. Moreover, there are creatures which, though inoffensive in themselves, evidently profit by their likeness to some formidable beast. In South Africa, for example, there is a weasel which is often saved by being mistaken for the redoubtable polecat.

"I'm Stepping in Your Steps."

Climbing the mountain wild and high,
Bold was the glance of his eagle eye,
Proud was the spirit that knew no fear,
Reckless the tread of the mountaineer;
Up and up through the fields of snow,
Down and down o'er the rocks below.
On and on o'er the pathway steep,—
On o'er the chasms wide and deep.

Hark! o'er the mountain bleak and wild,
Echoed the voice of a little child;
"Papa, look out! I'm coming, too,
Stepping in your steps, just like you!
Papa, O papa! just see me!
Walking like papa—don't you see?"

Pale was the cheek of the mountaineer,—
Pale with the thrill of an awful fear;
Paused he quick, and with eager face,
Clasped the child in his strong embrace;
Backward glanced with his eye so dim,—
Back o'er the path she had followed him.

Father, pause in the path of life,
Rough with the chasms of sin and strife;
When you walk with a step so free,
"Mong the rocks where the dangers be,
List to the voice that is sounding sweet,
List! they are coming—the little feet.
Walk with care; they are coming, too,
"Stepping in your steps, just like you."

A little fellow, with a tall, stalwart wife, as asked by a friend if the contrast between them didn't often expose him to mortifying remarks. "Oh, I don't mind that," he said, cheerfully: "but since Sarah's grown near-sighted I have to look sharp for fear she'll step on me."

Both Sides.

BY REV. GEO. E. STOKES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satins and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood in the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed;
He said, as he worked with his saw on the log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could;
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a beautiful air.

She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine;
She said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart,
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair, in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

'Tis poor commendation, whatever our lot,
If our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
While ungrateful for what we enjoy.
St. Louis.

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The boom throbbed to and fro across the deck as the sloop was whirled from one side to the other by the violently agitated billows; and little Ellen crouched close by her brother's side, not ceasing her song, which gave comfort to the others, until the Island Queen rode on a steady keel once more, while the beating of the paddle-wheels sounded fainter and fainter in the distance.

"Get up, dear; the ship has gone past us. You must be a man now; doing what you can to help us get back to Oldhaven. O Thomas Hardy! Thomas Hardy! How terribly unhappy poor Ellen will be when it comes night, and we will suffer!"

"She won't have it as long as we shall," Master Seabury said mournfully, as he arose to his feet and looked wildly around. "Can't you do something, Ellen? If you don't, we shall have to stay out here all night; and then what will become of us?"

"How can I do anything, dear? I don't even know which way we should go to reach Oldhaven?"

"Neither do I," Thomas Hardy replied with a moan. "I did before that steamer came; but now I've forgotten all about it. We shall drift around here till we die; that's what we'll do!" and Master Seabury was on the point of giving way to his grief once more, when little Ellen said gently,—

"Some one must find us before the food is gone; and it won't be nearly as hard for us as for poor mother and Mrs. Jones."

"Why do you keep thinking of other people when we are in such a terrible scrape? We've got trouble enough of our own, without pitying folks who are safe and sound on the land."

"But it will do us no good, Thomas Hardy, to speak of our own condition."

"What's the reason it won't? We shall be starved to death by to-morrow morning."

"I'm certain that isn't true. Come to the cabin with me, and see how much there is on the table."

Master Seabury allowed his sister to lead him below; and there the sight of what appeared to be a plentiful supply of food seemed to restore to him at least a portion of his courage.

There were no longer any immediate dangers. The sloop rocked lazily on the sea, and being adrift during a fog, it did not seem to be a very serious

matter, now the steamer had passed them by in safety.

"You look out for the baby, and I'll tend to the vessel," Thomas Hardy said in a tone of authority; and Ellen understood that he was no longer the victim of despair.

Again he took his station at the tiller, although there was not a breath of wind stirring; and, holding it amidships, imagined he was directing the course of the sloop.

Once more he believed he knew in which direction Oldhaven might be found; and, since the fog continued as dense as when it first shut down, there was nothing to undeceive him.

Ellen, relieved in mind because her brother was no longer in an agony of terror, set about clearing the table, putting the food carefully away in the tiny locker that none should be wasted in case the sloop was tossed more violently by the waves; and while she was thus employed Samuel Abner amused himself by making a tour of exploration around the cuddy.

Not until everything below was apparently in its proper place did the little woman cease her labours; and then, with the Jones baby in her arms, she went into the cockpit.

"If that young one is coming out here you must see he don't bother me," Thomas Hardy said with a tone and air of authority. "It's as much as I can do to manage this vessel, without having a girl hanging around."

"I sha'n't be in the way; for you have nothing to do but sit where you are."

"That's all you know about sailing a vessel, Ellen Seabury. Suppose the wind should begin to howl, wouldn't I have to look out for the boat? And how could I do it if you was in the way?"

"I am willing to go into the cabin if it will make the work any lighter for you."

"Then why don't you do it? I'm the man at the wheel; and you remember the notice that was painted on the steamer we came here in?"

"Which one?"

"The sign on that little house what said, 'No talking to the man at the wheel.'"

"Yes, I remember; but I didn't know why it was there."

"That's 'cause you don't know much of anything about sailing vessels. You mustn't talk to the man at the wheel, for he don't want to be bothered with answering questions when he's got as much as he can do to look out for the steering."

Ellen was silent a few seconds, and then she asked,—

"Would it be better for you if I took Samuel Abner into the cabin?"

"There you go, asking foolish questions, and bothering me! Of course it would."

Ellen did as she had suggested, and Thomas Hardy sincerely regretted having proposed such a move. He much preferred to have his sister on deck, but it seemed very pleasant to make a show of authority; and the result was that he was left in solitary state at the now useless tiller.

Samuel Abner had not been taken below without making quite a violent protest, but Ellen finally succeeded in quieting him by singing; and half an hour later the almost perfect silence told the helmsman that the Jones baby was in the realms of dreamland.

Even the nurse had succumbed to the soothing influence of her own lullaby, and Thomas Hardy felt that he was indeed alone.

It seemed strange that the Island Queen had not entered the harbour of Oldhaven. Time was passing very slowly, and it appeared to him as if one full day had elapsed since the moment the cable slipped over the rail; but yet the sloop was apparently farther from the land than when she started on this independent cruise.

He struggled hard to preserve his dignity as master of the vessel; but the sameness of the fog on every side oppressed him; the soft lip, lip, lipping of the water against the sloop's sides made him nervous; and once more he began to speculate upon the possible ending of this involuntary voyage.

Such reflections were not calculated to soothe Master Seabury; and before Ellen had been wrapped in the blissful unconsciousness of slumber ten minutes, he was shouting wildly,—

"Why don't you come on deck? Do you think I can run this vessel alone?"

"What's the matter?" Ellen cried anxiously, as she darted out of the cuddy before her eyes were fairly open.

"I should think there was a good deal the matter," Thomas Hardy replied petulantly. "You go to sleep just as if there was nothing to be done, and leave me with all the work on my

hands. That's just like girls; they never want to do anything, no matter how busy a fellow is!"

"Why, Thomas Hardy! You told me to go into the cabin."

"S'posen I did? I never said you was to go to sleep, did I?"

"But I didn't intend to do anything of the kind, Thomas. Singing to the baby made me sleepy, and my eyes closed before I knew it."

"And I must be left here alone to get out of this scrape, I s'pose?"

Ellen did not say, as she might have done with perfect truth, that but for him they would not have been in any trouble. She replied cheerily,—

"I will be glad to help you in any way, Thomas Hardy. What do you want done?"

"Nothing, just now; but there's no telling how soon all hands ought to be on deck. S'posen we run bang into the harbour, how will I stop the vessel alone?"

"I don't think there is much danger of that; for it doesn't seem to me as if we were moving."

"Of course we are, else why should I have to stay here with the rudder?"

"When we sailed before, I could see foam behind us, but now there isn't so much as a ripple."

Thomas Hardy looked behind him very quickly. He could see the water under the stern, and it was as Ellen had said.

"How long have you known that?" he asked angrily.

"I noticed it before you told me to carry the baby into the cabin."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought of course you knew it."

"Then why did you think I stayed right here?"

"That was what I didn't know. You said it must be done; and I thought perhaps you knew best."

"Oh, yes, you did! That's one of your sly tricks, trying to make me work when there's no need of it!"

"It wasn't very hard to sit with your hand on that stick of wood, Thomas Hardy. You might as well have sat there as anywhere else."

"You're mean; that's what you are, Ellen Seabury. Next time I go out sailing you'll have to stay at home, for I won't take you with me!"

"I wish I was there now!" the child exclaimed with a short, sharp sob as her eyes filled with tears; and almost instantly she turned her head aside lest her brother should be disheartened by her show of distress.

Master Seabury remained silent. The unpleasant knowledge that the sloop was making no progress, gave him new food for thought; and as he grew alarmed at the prospect of thus drifting on the sea during the night, terrors similar to those which assailed him when the steamer was so near came upon him, until he burst into tears.

"Don't, dear, please don't!" Ellen said pleadingly as she put her arms around the boy's neck. "Try to be brave; and when God sees us three helpless children out here alone in this vessel, he surely will help us."

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM TELL.

BY D. VIRGINIA FARLEY.

At one time the story of William Tell was regarded as actual history, but critics have proved it to be only a legend common among the nations of the Aryan race. And the story of Tell, the Swiss patriot, is simply the old legend changed to suit Swiss circumstances, and thus represent the spirit of freedom as manifested in Switzerland. We are much indebted to the celebrated German poet, Schiller, for the beautiful and thrilling romance into which he has so admirably woven the story of William Tell.

According to Swiss legends, Tell was a mighty marksman with the bow and arrow; and lived in peace and happiness with his family at Burgelen, in the canton of Uri. At that time, about the year 1307, Switzerland was a province of Austria, but the people had already begun a struggle for freedom, and Tell was one of their ablest leaders.

Gessler, the Austrian bailiff at Kussnacht, wishing to show his authority and humiliate the Swiss, raised his cap on a pole in the market-place of Altorf, and ordered all passers-by to uncover and bow down to it in token of submission.

Tell refused to comply with the arrogant order, and in consequence was condemned to death.

Gessler, however, upon learning of Tell's remarkable skill with the bow, offered to release and pardon him if he would agree to shoot an apple from the head of his son. Tell accepted the alternative, but determined that if he

failed, or in any way injured his beloved little son, the bailiff should suffer for it.

When the appointed time came, Tell ventured the shot and sent an arrow whizzing through the centre of the apple, while his son remained unharmed. In the meantime the bailiff noticed that Tell had put two arrows in his quiver, and asked why he had done so.

"To kill thee with if I had harmed my son," answered Tell.

For this bold avowal Tell was again put in chains and taken on board the bailiff's boat, to be brought to Kussnacht. While crossing the lake the boat was overtaken by a fearful storm, and the crew, alarmed for their safety, begged the bailiff to release Tell, who was an expert pilot, and let him steer the vessel. The request was granted, and as they neared a certain point, now known as "Tell's Leap," Tell leaped ashore and escaped.

The storm had abated, and the crew brought the boat safely to shore. Meanwhile Tell concealed himself in a defile through which the bailiff had to pass, and mortally wounded him with an arrow. The fall of the tyrannical bailiff was occasion for a general uprising in the canton, and the Austrians were driven from the country. In all of these movements William Tell, by his own heroic example, inspired with hope and animated the Swiss people.

William Tell was crowned in the Schachen, it is said, while nobly trying to rescue a boy.

The Hero of the Slums.

BY SUSAN TEALL FERRY.

They hurried along the crowded street,
Through the chilling wind and the dismal sleet—
The ragged boy and his sister Jen—
She was just six, but he was ten.
Turning a corner, they chanced to pass
A merry lad and a glad-faced lass,
So warmly clothed and so well fed,
But they scarcely glanced at Jen and Ted.

"How grand it must be to look like those,
Have plenty to eat and wear warm clothes,"
The sister said, while she tighter clasped
The brother's hand, as the wind swept past.
Oh, never you mind, Jen, we're most there
At the mission rooms, where folks deal square;
You'll get warm clothes and a dinner prime.
And, Bill Sykes told me, 'a merry go time."

"Now here we are, Jen, just look up and see
These words about 'you've done it un'ome'
Don't stop—move on—now brace 'gainst the door
There'll be a hundred kids here soon,
And more;
They'll push and squeeze, but you stand your ground,
Then, if the things run out and don't go 'round,
We'll be right on hand, the first ones to serve,
In times like these we must keep up our nerve."

Ted's words of course must be very wise,
Yet the tears would gather in Jen's blue eyes,
For the frosty pavement was so cold,
And the shoes she wore were thin and old.
Shivering she stood among the throng
And whispered, "Must we be waiting long?"
While the little toes so cold and blue
Ted chanced to see peeping out her shoe.

Then the noble brother from his head
Took off his cap and softly said:
"Just put your two feet on this, and then
You'll find they'll warm right up, dear Jen."
When the doors at last did open wide,
He pushed his loved sister first inside,
"Oh, do, please, ma'am, tend to her,"
said he,
"She's so cold and hungry—don't mind me."

A lovelight fell on Ted's thin, pale face,
Like a shining from the holy place,
As, standing there with a noble pride,
He watched his wee sister led inside.
Ah! earth's heroes are not always those
Who live up aloft and wear good clothes;
Down in the slums is many a soul
Whose name shines on God's honour roll.
—Christian Work.



Jacques Cartier.

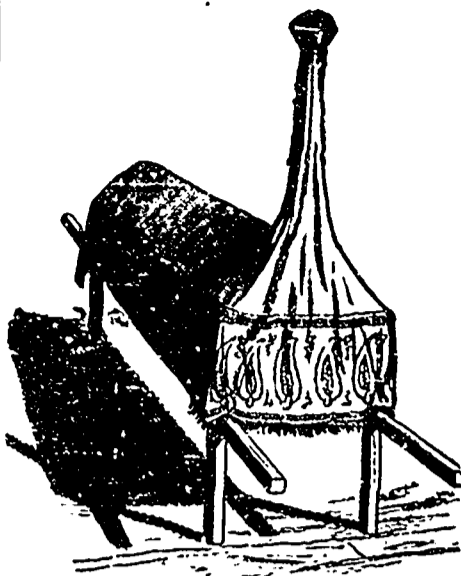
BY HON. T. D. MOORE.

In the sea-port of Saint Malo 'twas a smiling day in May,
When the commodore, Jacques Cartier,
to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town
were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.
A year passed o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.
But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride,
In the forests of the north—while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;
And when 'twelve months were over and added to the year,
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.
He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
For seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make them better cheer.
But when he chang'd the strain—he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.
He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child,
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them thro' the Gospel of St. John
He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er sea.

WHERE LITTLE THINGS COUNT.

Bookkeeping has been reduced to such an exact science in the big metropolitan banks that the clerks are expected to strike a correct balance at the close of each day's work, no matter if the transactions run into the millions of dollars. When the books fail to balance the whole force of the bank is put to work to discover the error, and no clerk starts for home until it is discovered, whether it amounts to two cents or \$2,000. Generally a quarter of an hour will bring the mistake to light, but sometimes the hunt is kept up until late into the night. Such a search was being conducted in a New York bank located in the vicinity of Wall Street. Forty-five cents was missing. At six o'clock not a trace of the errant sum had been discovered. Dinner was sent in for the whole force from an adjoining restaurant, and after half an hour's rest the search was again taken up. Midnight came, but still no clue, so sandwiches and coffee were served.
"Hello!" said a clerk. "The Blank National people are working to-night, too. Guess they're in the same box."
Sure enough, the windows of the bank across the street were brilliantly lighted. The incident was soon forgotten when the wearying hunt after that elusive forty-five cents was resumed. Shortly after one o'clock in the morning, as they were about to give up for the night, a loud rapping was heard at the front door of the bank.
"Hello! Hello! What's the matter?" called the cashier through the key-hole.
"Matter, you chumps! Why, we've got your old forty-five cents! Come along home to bed!"
Outside stood the crowd of clerks from the neighbouring bank. It appeared that, in making a cash transaction, one of the banks had paid the other forty-five cents too much. As a result half a hundred men had worked for nine hours, and the search was only ended then because a bright clerk, noticing the light in the bank opposite, shrewdly guessed the cause, hunted up the cash list, and discovered the error.—Harper's Round Table.

ried to his tomb. He was carried on a bier, such as is shown in one of our cuts. Just such a procession as this must have been I once met one evening in the streets of Jerusalem. I heard a strange wailing and soon saw a funeral procession. A number of men were carrying on their shoulders an odd-looking bier, as shown in the picture (shown more in detail in the smaller cut), going without the city to bury their dead. It was a procession like this, doubtless, that our Saviour met when, entering Nain, he raised the widow's son to life. The weeping and wailing of the mourners was saddening in the extreme. This custom, old as humanity, yet ever new, reminds us how through the ages "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."



FUNERAL BIER.

1. That a good man's death is cause for lamentation?
2. That indifference to divine command brings disaster?
3. That none of God's words fail?

BITS OF FUN.

A preacher having married a couple in the church the other day unfortunately gave out as the very next hymn, "Mistaken souls that dream of heaven."
"You are a regular miser!" exclaimed Mrs. Snooper, when her husband refused to give her twenty-five dollars she asked for. "No, not a miser," replied Snooper; "merely an economizer."
"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."
A Brooklyn woman said to her servant girl, a fresh arrival on the latest boat from Cork: "Bridget, go out and see if Mr. Block, the butcher on the corner, has pig's feet." The dutiful servant went out and returned. "Well, what did he say?" asked the mistress. "Sure, he said nuthin', mum." "Has he got pig's feet?" "Faith, I couldn't see, mum—he had his boots on."
A man never knows what he can do till he doesn't get the chance.
"I beg your pardon" sang out the convict, as the Governor passed by his cell.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 4.

THE DEATH OF ELISHA.

2 Kings 13. 14-25. Memory verses, 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—Psalm 116. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Lack of Faith, v. 14-19.
2. Divine Power, v. 20, 21.
3. Reward of Faith, v. 22-25.

Time.—Probably B.C. 838 (?).
Place.—Unknown.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Syrian oppression.—2 Kings 13. 1-9.
- Tu. The death of Elisha.—2 Kings 13. 14-25.
- W. Death of Moses.—Deut. 34.
- Th. Reward to the upright.—Isa. 33. 13-17.
- F. Christ in life or death.—Phil. 1. 12-24.



FUNERAL IN JERUSALEM.

- S. Fear of death removed.—2 Cor. 5. 1-10.
- Su. A peaceful end.—Psalm 37. 23-37.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Lack of Faith, v. 14-19.
Who was dying?
What king came to see him?
Why was Joash so sorrowful?
What was the significance of his exclamation?
What did Elisha direct the king to do?
What did Elisha mean by putting his hands upon the king's hands?
Why was the arrow shot eastward?
What explanation of the arrow did the prophet give?
What was the king told to do?
Why did he smite only thrice?
2. Divine Power, v. 20, 21.
What occasioned the hurried burial?
What occurred when the body touched Elisha's bones?
What was its significance?
3. Reward of Faith, v. 22-25.
What prophecy of Elisha was fulfilled concerning Hazael? 2 Kings 8. 12.
Why did God preserve Israel?
What other prophecy of Elisha was fulfilled?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.
Where in this lesson do we learn—

AND ELISHA DIED AND THEY BURIED HIM.

(2 Kings 13. 20.)

Such is the brief epitaph of this great prophet of God, and such shall be the history of all now living on the earth as it has been with those who have passed away with the exception of Enoch and Elijah, and of those whose bodies have remained unburied. It is enough to humble man's pride to think that the lord of many lands, that the sovereign of many lands, must be at last content with the narrow limits of the grave.
But the good die not. It is but the casket that decays, the precious gem is imperishable in its essence. We may be sure the disciples of Elijah made great mourning for him as he was car-

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