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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1897.

No. 35.

When I Was a Boy.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy!
In through the lattice the moonlight
Crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over a low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While the moonbeams played at hide-
and-seek
With the dimples on the sun-browned
cheek—
When I was a little boy!

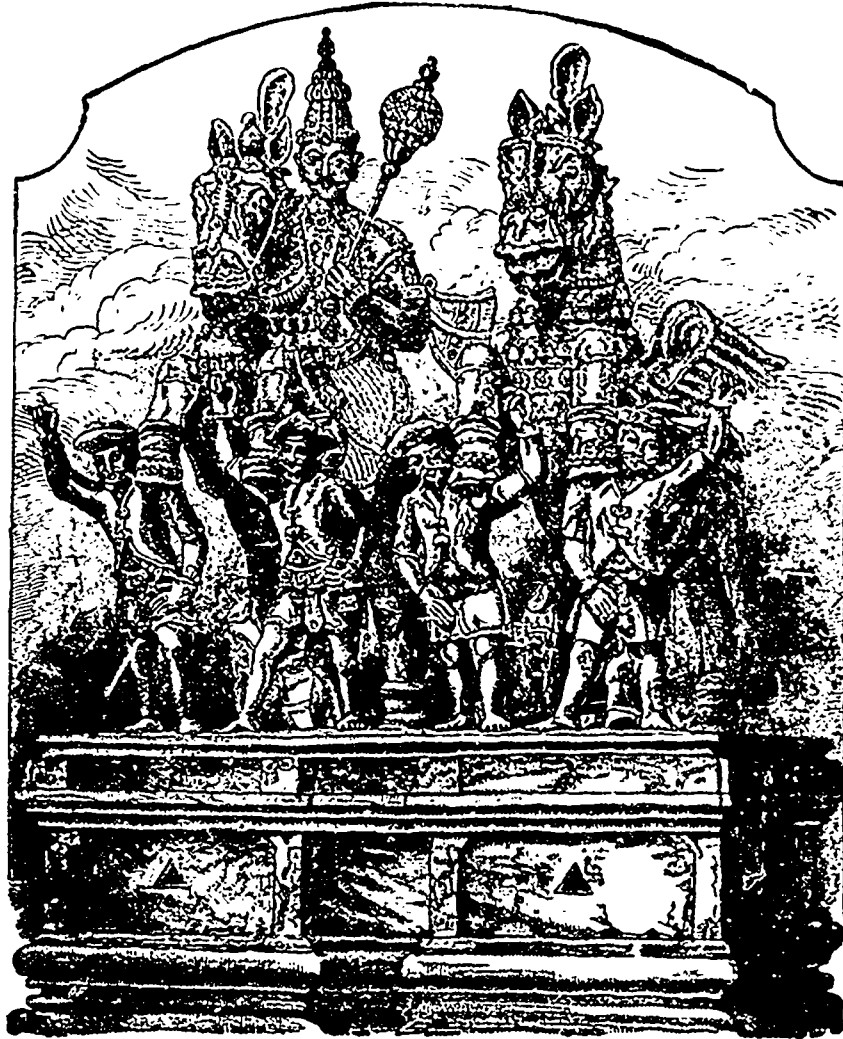
And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I
dreamed!
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice
streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring the glimpses of time to be
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Oh! that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep,
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would
peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint
to-day;
And those dreams should give me back
again
A peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

The hideous idol, Juggernaut, whose name means, "Lord of the World," is worshipped by many millions of Hindus. There are a great many temples dedicated to him, but that at Puri, on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal, is the largest, and the one which his worshippers esteem the most holy of all. This splendid temple is surrounded by a wall twenty-one feet in height, and its tallest pinnacle is one hundred and eighty-four feet high. This is richly gilt, and looks very beautiful in the gleaming, golden sunlight, surrounded by luxuriant tropical trees and flowering shrubs. But, while without, "every prospect pleases," telling of the wisdom and goodness of our loving Father; within are seen only hideous idols—placed there to be worshipped, instead of the one true God, who made heaven and earth.

The temple contains images of Siva and Sathadra, as well as Juggernaut; and just in front of the altar is an image of the hawk-god, Farounda. The idols are all of carved wood, hideously ugly, and of crafty, cruel countenance. Juggernaut is painted dark-blue, with a great blood-red mouth. Siva is white, and Sathadra yellow. Every day a feast is spread for the idols; and about fourteen hundred pounds of provisions, consisting of rice, flour, butter, milk, and other things, are in some way disposed of. It is pretended that the idols eat the food; but as there are about twenty thousand Brahmins, or "holy men," living in this temple, it is easy to imagine what becomes of all the food brought in to feast the idols. The great annual car festival of Juggernaut is held on the eighteenth of June, at Puri; and is generally attended by more than five hundred thousand pilgrims. The car consists of an elevated platform, thirty-four feet square, supported by sixteen large wheels, and upon this platform, under a rich canopy of cloth-of-gold, is seated the idol. Six ropes, each three hundred feet long, are attached to the car; and thousands of people, taking hold of these, draw the hideous god from place to place, that they may "obtain merit," or secure the pardon of their sins in return. Nearly half of the pilgrims are women, many of whom carry little children in their arms, or strapped to their shoulders,



GUARDS BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF AGENAR.

as they toil on, over hundreds of miles of burning sand, with but little food or rest. You, dear children, in your happy homes, cared for by tender, loving mothers, cannot at all understand the sufferings of these poor women, drooping, fainting, and falling daily by the wayside, from fatigue and hunger, till the plains are almost white with their bones. All this they suffer in the hope of finding pardon for their sins; for many of them never heard, even once, of the full pardon purchased for them by the sufferings and death of our dear Saviour. If they only knew about Jesus, how glad and happy they would be! Will you

pray for them, and save some of your pennies to send them the "good news" of Jesus and his great salvation?

PROCURING FIRE.

It is an easy matter for us to obtain a fire by the aid of matches that are with us so common and cheap, but with our ancestors, and with many people in different portions of the world, it is much more difficult, and the methods used are interesting. Friction or concussion are the usual methods.

The Aleutians and Alaskans cover

two pieces of quartz with native sulphur, then by striking them together they ignite the sulphur, and so fire a heap of dry grass and feathers previously made ready. The Eskimo knocks quartz and iron pyrites together. Broken china and bamboo, or even two pieces of bamboo, are used in Burma and Cochinchina.

The Oceanian lays a piece of wood on the ground, and rubs a blunt pointed stick up and down on it. Much depends upon the quality of the wood and the expertness of the manipulator. Others make a stick rotate rapidly in a round hole in a stationary piece of wood, a method which has been denominated that of the fire-drill.

The Gaucho of the Pampas of South America takes an elastic stick about eighteen inches in length presses one end to his breast, and the other into a hole in a piece of wood, and then rapidly turns the curved part like a carpenter's centre-bit.

The Eskimo winds a cord round the drill and pulls alternately at each end of the cord, causing it to rotate rapidly, and steadies the drill by letting the upper end turn in a socket of bone or ivory held in the mouth.

The North American Indian applies the principle of the bow-drill, and in a short time obtains the desired fire, and in China the burning-glass is in common use.

THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN BOY OF INDIA.

Bunaram was the second convert from among the Rabba Cosaris, one of the tribes inhabiting the hilly country of Assam. He was only thirteen years old when he put his trust in Jesus. In becoming a Christian he broke his caste. His friends were in great distress at this, for they think that to break one's caste is worse than death.

The priest can restore caste by an endless course of ceremonies and costly offerings to himself and to the gods. His friends loved Bunaram very much, and would gladly have paid all the expense if he would give up his new religion; for, of course, their efforts would be of no avail had he continued a Christian.

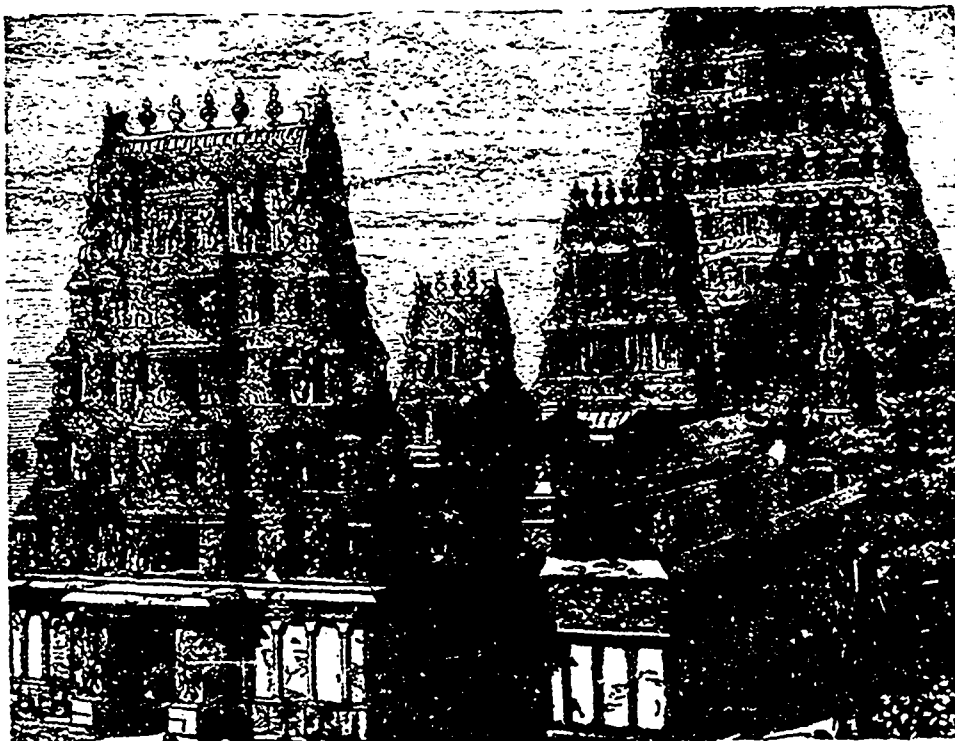
They pressed Bunaram to give up Jesus, and come back to the worship of his people; but to their entreaties he firmly answered, "No! You may cut me in pieces, or do what you like with me, but I can never deny that I am a Christian."

At last his father, in bitter anger, said: "You are not my son any longer if you loved me you would let me get back your caste."

Poor Bunaram was thereafter treated as an outcast. He had to eat his meals in the cow-house, because he was a Christian.

When he returned to school, and told his teacher what had happened, the teacher asked him: "Well, Bunaram, did it make you sorry that you were Christ's disciple?"

"Not a bit," was his reply. Jesus and his religion were more precious to this noble boy, lately a poor heathen than his dearest earthly friends.



THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

"In running your engine along the busy highway of life do not keep your hand on the lever that applies the air-brakes, your friends and your enemies will attend to that, keep your hand on the lever that applies the power," said a speaker. The air-brakes check the wheels. Checks and hindrances enough there will be, must be, without our magnifying them by our apprehension and lack of faith. Friends will bid us pause for pleasure. Enemies will tell us that our work is useless, and that we may as well stop. Our own doubts and fears will often lay their hands on the brakes. But the "lever that applies the power" is a reasonable purpose and trust in God.

Grandma.

When grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me—just so
If I have done a naughty thing
She's sure, somehow, to know,
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
"Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way,
And turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on,
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?

Now, what if I should find it true
That grandma had been naughty, too?

But, ah! what am I thinking of?
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life,
But sweet and kind and good!

I'd better try myself to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day
I'll never want to turn away.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 27, 1897.

Israelites returning from captivity.—Neh. 2, 9.

A BRAVE MAN.

There have been many men who have justly earned the title of belonging to God's nobility. Their names were not enshrined among those who were esteemed as great and noble, but their deeds will be rehearsed when the names of so-called heroes have been forgotten. To this class Nehemiah rightly belonged. Deeds make men brave. Longfellow says:

"Lives of great men remind us,
We may make our lives sublime."

HIS POSITION.

He was cupbearer to the king. An honourable position to which only some could attain. He was an exile from his own land, but though he was exalted above many of his fellows, he still loved his own country. He was a true patriot, and hearing of the sufferings of those who abode in their own land, his heart was troubled, and the anguish which he felt was seen in his countenance. The king saw this, and insisted to know the cause of his sorrowful appearance. Nehemiah, being a servant of more than ordinary worth, the king esteemed him very highly, and was concerned respecting him. Those who have others in their employ should care for their employees.

NEHEMIAH A MAN OF PRAYER.

When he heard of his brethren's sufferings, he commended them to God in prayer. He did not act as some have done, by saying, "I am all right enough. It is no business of mine to care for others." Such is the spirit of selfishness which is contrary to the teachings of Christianity. We are to care for others. So Nehemiah prayed for divine direction. Thus he acted in all the per-

plexities to which he was subjected, during his difficult course in conducting the people to Jerusalem and rebuilding the walls of the Holy City.

ACTION WAS REQUIRED.

He presented his case to the monarch and all that he requested was granted. Men and horses were sent to accompany him. Orders were issued for the representatives of royalty to aid him all in their power to accomplish his patriotic purposes. Nehemiah might have remained in quiet in the palace, but instead of this he exposed himself to many dangers, for he and his friends had to use both sword and trowel in the work they undertook. His position as cupbearer to the king enabled him to acquire wealth, but he spent a princely fortune while engaged at Jerusalem. Think of it! For years more than 150 Jews, besides strangers, were fed at his table. His patriotism cost him more than simply praying.

TRUE MANHOOD.

Many will say, "Be ye warned, be ye filled," and there they stop. Do not you be like them. According to your means, remember the poor. Aid those in distress. Remember true religion means doing good as well as being good. In all things be persons of prayer and strong faith; and then, like Nehemiah, you will say, "The God of heaven he will prosper us."

FREAKS OF THE MISSOURI.

In the May St. Nicholas, Frank H. Spearman has a paper entitled, "A Shifting Boundary," which is particularly timely just at present, as it tells of the way the Missouri River has of suddenly changing its boundaries. Mr. Spearman says:

Of course you've heard of the curious freaks of the Missouri River—the "Big Muddy"; how the sudden, treacherous mountain waters roll down in mighty floods from Montana and Wyoming, ricochet from side to side of the broad valley they have eaten deep into the soft prairies, and pour headlong into the Mississippi near St. Louis; how, night and day, winter and summer, the twisting torrent shifts its channel, cuts its banks, undermines railroads, astonishes the muskrats, keeps the fish studying guide-posts, worries the bridge guards, and sets the farmers crazy. For, just think of it; the Nebraska farmer whose land stretches along the river goes to bed thinking he will cut his broad acres of golden wheat in the morning; but, lo! in the night that madcap river has entered his waving fields, and like snow they have melted away. Grain, fences, trees, buildings, land—are gone! And a great, sullen, yellow flood boils and eddies where his harvest smiled yesterday.

Next week, very likely, the reckless stream will make his neighbour across the river a present of a hundred or more acres, just because he doesn't need them. Of course it was natural for a man who lost his land that way to look longingly across the river, and think, after a while, that the newly made land over there belonged to him; and many a wearisome lawsuit has been begun to recover title to "made" land which lies, maybe, exactly where the lost farm lay, but on the other side of the river. Perhaps there is some equity in such a claim; but the trouble is, that sort of thing is going on all the time, and the courts said they couldn't keep track of such pranks; that lands acquired by accretion—mark that word—should belong to the farmer who owned the river-bank where they were thrown up; that if the river took your farm, you would have to fish it out of the stream you lost it in; at least, you needn't ask the courts to give you another for it.

A LITTLE MORNING GLODY.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

In the shadow of a noble old spruce four merry girls had stretched their tennis net, and, though the quick chase of flying balls sent them far afield into the sunshine, it did not seem to melt their enthusiasm in the least. Even small Eva, not much taller than the net, ran to pick up stray balls until her long hair dropped out of curl, and her face was like a scarlet poppy.

Many a passer-by turned the head and sent pleased smiles through the high iron railings at the pretty game. But one little passenger stopped outright, and poked her turned-up nose through the bars, with an evident desire to see all there was to be seen.

Nobody paid any attention to the little stranger, not even the picker-up of balls, though they were almost the same size. But among the four players was one

whose eye was quick with sympathy. She presently spied the dirty little face pressed against the railing.

"Run, Eva," she said, "and ask that little one to come and sit in the shade with you."

"Why, Grace, will your mother like that?" questioned one of the others.

"My mother? Well, I think so. My mother seems to think it is her fault, somehow, that all children are not as comfortable as hers."

By this time Eva had, with much difficulty, coaxed her visitor in, and Grace established both children on the shaded grass.

"There, chicks," she said, "don't budge now. My! Eva, your face is too red for anything; you mustn't run another step."

The game went on, but Grace had lost her interest in it.

"Let's rest awhile," she said. "I want to see about this small girl."

The stranger was found to be very ragged and very dirty, and Grace was much taken up about it.

"If you will let me put you in the bath-tub," she said to the child, "I will give you a clean dress." The little one shook her head.

"Eva," said the older sister, "run and get that pink gingham that mother said we could give away; the one that is too tight in the neck for you."

The sight of the pink gingham overcame the child's dislike to a bath, and by sundown the little visitor was shining with her warm bath and with delight in her new garments. True, the tennis game was not finished, but the girls found that a little sister of the poor was far more interesting than tennis.

"Now, 'Morning-Glory,'" said Grace, giving her a little piece of comb for the pink gingham pocket, "if you will keep your hair smooth for a week, I'll give you a pink ribbon for it."

"What made you call her that, Grace?" asked one of them.

"For one thing—she looked so fresh and sweet; and, then, I remember once mother's making me notice how morning-glories would not do any good unless they could climb up, and she said it was so with God's human creatures; if we could help them to climb upward they would be more sure to find him. Being clean is one of the first climbs upward. Don't you think so?"

Grace's visitors went home in the twilight; three silent girls, busy asking themselves whether they had ever helped any little morning-glories to climb up toward God.

A DIVER'S YARNS.

Mr. Herbert Russell relates a number of interesting facts which he had from a man who had been a diver for thirty years.

There was not much use, he said, in trying to do anything with any sunken ship or cargo that lay more than twenty fathoms deep, for beyond that the pressure of the water could not be borne over ten minutes at a time.

The amount of light under water depends very much upon the state of the atmosphere. On a clear, bright day, the sunshine will penetrate, in a sort of greenish twilight, to far greater depths than the diver is ever likely to go, revealing the surrounding objects in greatly magnified proportions. But when the weather above is dull and overcast, it begins to get dusk at a couple of fathoms beneath the surface; at six fathoms it is as gloomy as a foggy November day; and beyond that the shades of darkness increase fathom after fathom until it is like the blackness of a starless night. It is but seldom, however, that a diver working during the daytime, at any depth short of a hundred feet, is unable to discern the outline of the wreck he is engaged upon.

The costume of the diver consists of a tight-fitting waterproof suit, a pair of shoes with heavy leaden soles to enable him to keep a steady footing, and the headpiece or helmet. This is a metal casing fitting over the head, and strapped down upon the shoulders, into which air is pumped through a long tube connected with the boat from which the diver makes his descent.

When the diver is equipped, and ready to make the descent, he ties a small rope round his chest, called a life-line. This is used for hauling him up again, and for purposes of communicating. On arriving at the bottom of the sea one smart pull at the line is a sign to those in the boat above that he has alighted in safety. Two pulls signifies that he has discovered the wreck, and wants slings or ropes to be lowered that he may attach them to articles of her cargo. Three tugs at the rope is a signal for larger and more powerful slings, and four pulls means a demand for the "dogs" to be sent down, these being

instruments used for the prizing out of weighty objects. Five pulls implies that the diver wishes to be hauled to the surface, and six pulls that he is foul of a rock and cannot clear himself.

The usual mode of descent is by going down a short flight of steps over the vessel's side, and thence sinking slowly to the bottom. The buoyancy of the water renders a man as light as a feather as soon as he gets beneath the surface. My diver friend told me that frequently, while groping about the decks of a submerged wreck, he has stumbled and fallen through some yawning hatch to the bottom of her hold, and come down as softly as a piece of fluff alighting upon a Turkey carpet.

BRAVE MARGARET CARGILL.

Margaret Cargill was a lovely and cultured Scottish girl, who, early in life, had the faith and the courage to leave home and friends, and, with the noble young man to whom she had pledged her troth, set forth to face all the horrors and dangers of cannibalism in the South Pacific Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Cargill sailed from England in October, 1832. Their first field of labour was Tonga, where they had many thrilling experiences. But it was when Mr. Cargill was appointed to Fiji that the true test of their devotion came. At that time the Fijians were among the most savage and debased of men. Not many weeks before, news had come of a fearful feast on one of these islands during which two hundred men and one hundred women had been slaughtered, cooked, and eaten.

Yet this noble, heroic young woman said, when she heard of the call, "Well, David, I did not expect it to be so; but the Lord knows what is good for us. If it be his will for us to go to Fiji, I am content."

After a perilous trip their little schooner came in sight of their destination, the island of Lakemba. So great was the peril they ran from the hostile natives that the captain dared not take the vessel near to the shore. Seeing the captain's hesitation, Mr. Cargill said, "Send us ashore in your boat. We will go and see the island chief."

As the little boat neared the beach two hundred natives, mostly men, armed with spears, clubs, and arrows, stood on the shore. They were nearly nude, and their gleaming bodies were smeared with paint. They gazed with astonishment on the missionaries, but gave no sign of assailing them. Then one of the savages spoke through an interpreter. "The king is waiting in a house near by," he said. "He wants to know who you are and what you want."

The missionaries went at once to the king's fortified house. God gave them the very words to speak that went straight to the king's heart. Learning that their errand was one of love and peace, he at once bade them welcome. He staked off a piece of land and made preparation to build them a house. That night they slept in the king's own canoe, sheltered by the royal boathouse on the beach.

To follow this brave and noble young woman in her labours among the degraded savages of Fiji would take a volume. Her work lay especially among the women and children of Lakemba. They soon said of her, "She is a lady of a loving spirit, therefore we love her." Ah, what will not love do!

Within a month after landing she and her husband had won their first converts. Other missionaries then came to their help, and soon there were over five hundred converts on the islands.

But the faithful and devoted Margaret Cargill was called from labour to reward ere she had seen much more than the first-fruits of the subsequent glorious harvest. On June 2, 1840, when only thirty-one years of age, her sweet spirit took its flight.

When he saw the end was near, her husband, choked with sobs, bent over her and asked, "Are you really going to leave me, Margaret?"

Her reply was, "Yes, David, because Jesus bids me come."

One of the Fiji chiefs, viewing her dead body, said, "There lies a lady who was never angry with us, and who always smiled when we entered her house."

A promise made should be kept, no matter how hard it may be to keep it. "I entirely forgot my promise," one says, as if forgetting it were much less a sin than deliberately breaking it. We have no right to forget any promise we make to another. If we cannot trust our memory we should make note of our promises and engagements on paper, and then keep them scrupulously on the very minute.—Dr. Miller.

The Maple Leaf Forever.

BY ALEXANDER MUIR.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe the dauntless hero came;
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined,
The Maple Leaf forever.

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood, and nobly died.
And those dear rights which they main-
tained,
We swear to yield them never,
Our watchword overmore shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever.

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever;
God save our Queen, and heaven bless,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Our fair Dominion now extends,
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound,
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

On merry England's far-famed land,
May kind heaven sweetly smile,
God bless Old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle,
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our Queen, and heaven bless,
The Maple Leaf forever.

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever;
And flourish green, o'er freedom's
home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

"Probable Sons."

CHAPTER VII.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

"Nurse, where is Miss Millicent? I haven't seen her for days. Fetch her in here this afternoon, and you go and get a little fresh air; I am well enough to be left alone now."

Sir Edward's tone was impatient; he was getting to the convalescent stage, and nurse found him a most trying patient. Nothing would please him, and he wearied both himself and her with his perpetual complaints.

"I think she would only worry you, sir; she has been asking me every day to come in and see you. I will fetch her at once."

Milly shortly appeared in a clean pinafore, her little face radiant with smiles. As she climbed up into the chair by the bedside and gently stroked the hand that was given her, she said with sparkling eyes,—

"Nurse says I may stay here all alone with you, uncle; won't that be lovely? May I give you your medicines, and be your nurse?"

"I can't promise that, but you may sit there and talk to me."

"What shall I talk about?"

"Anything you like. You never seem to be at a loss for conversation."

Milly considered for a moment.

"I've had so few people to talk to lately, you see; I generally talk most to Fritz. He understands, I'm sure, but he doesn't talk back. When will you be quite well again, uncle?"

"Not this side of Christmas, I'm afraid."

"Oh, dear, what a long time! But I'm very glad God has made you better. Nurse said it was a mercy you hadn't broken your neck. Do you know, uncle, I saw such a sad sight yesterday morning. I was down in the fir plantation with Fritz, and we came upon a dear little rabbit caught in a steel trap. Maxwell said a poacher had put it there, and he was very angry. The rabbit was quite dead, and his two hind legs were broken. Wasn't it dreadful? What is a poacher, uncle?"

"A thief—a man who steals game that isn't his."

"Maxwell says there are lots of poachers about. I'm so afraid he will think Tommy is one when he comes back. I do hope he will be careful, because if it's dark he might make a mistake. Wouldn't it be dreadful if he hurt his own prodigal son? And I ex-

pect Tommy will look very like a poacher. He is sure to have ragged, dirty clothes. If I was—" Here Milly paused, and gazed dreamily in front of her for some minutes in silence.

"Well?" inquired Sir Edward, looking at his little niece with interest as she sat in her big chair, her elbows supported by her knees, and her chin resting in her hands. "are you going into a brown study?"

"I was just thinking if I was a prodigal son—I mean a real one, not just playing at it as I do—I would rather be one of God's prodigal sons, than belonging to any one else."

"Why?"

"Because I would know for certain he would meet me and take me back. Nurse told me she had a cousin who ran away and made himself a soldier, and when he was sorry and wanted to come home, his father shut the door in his face, and wouldn't let him in. And then there's Tommy, I can't help s'posing that his father mightn't know him. But God can't make mistakes. It must be lovely just to run right into God's arms, and hear him saying, 'Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him.' I should love to have him say that to me."

Milly's little face glowed with pleasure at the thought, and she turned her expressive eyes towards her uncle, who lay with knitted brows listening to her.

"And supposing if God would not receive you; supposing you had stayed away so long, and had refused to listen to his voice when he called, and then when you did want to come back, you felt it would be too late, what would you do then?"

Milly smiled.

"Why, uncle, it would never be too late for God, would it? Maxwell said he would be glad to see Tommy if he came back in the middle of the night, and God would never turn one of his prodigal sons away. He loves them so that he sent Jesus to die for them. He would never say he couldn't have them back again."

Sir Edward said no more, and after another pause the child went on.

"I was asking Mrs. Maxwell the other day if she had some best clothes for Tommy when he came home, and she took me upstairs into his little room, and opened a long drawer, and told me to look inside. And there were his best Sunday coat and waistcoat and trousers, and a silk handkerchief with lavender in it, and a necktie with yellow and red stripes, and she told me they had been there for nine years, and she shakes them out and brushes them every Saturday. He didn't run away in his best clothes, you know; he left them behind. So they're quite ready for him. The only thing Mrs. Maxwell hasn't got is the ring."

"The what?" inquired Sir Edward amused.

"The ring?" Milly repeated earnestly. "Maxwell will have to say, 'Put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.' Mrs. Maxwell has got a pair of carpet slippers. I couldn't bear her not having any shoes ready for him, so we looked about and found a pair that are just too small for Maxwell, and I put them in the drawer my own self. Mrs. Maxwell says he won't want a ring, and that she thinks the Bible people dressed differently, and she said Tommy was a poor man's son; it wasn't as if he was rich. But I don't know; I don't like to think we have no ring for him. I suppose you haven't one, uncle, that you would like to give him?"

Sir Edward put his head back on his cushions and laughed aloud. Then, noting Milly's troubled face, he said,—

"Wait till Tommy comes back, little woman, and then it will be time enough to see about his ring, though I quite agree with his mother that it would be most unfitting."

"You have had the picture I gave you taken away, uncle," said Milly presently, her quick eyes roving round the room. "Ah! you've had it hung up on the wall. That's nice there. You can see it from your bed. Don't you like looking at it? Doesn't it make you feel happy?"

"I can't say it does," replied Sir Edward, glancing at the picture in question. "Why ought it to make me feel happy?"

"Oh, it's so nice to think he is just getting home after being away so long. I wonder if he was a great time walking back. How long do you think it takes one of God's prodigal sons to get back to him, uncle?"

"I should say a very long time indeed," said Sir Edward slowly.

"How long? Two days, or six hours, or a week?"

"It would depend perhaps on how long they had been away from him."

"It's rather hard to understand," said Milly, wrinkling her little brow perplex-

edly, "because God is everywhere, isn't he? And I should have thought he would have been close to them all the time. I was asking nurse about it, and she said that God was near them, only they wouldn't have anything to say to him, and did bad things and shut the Lord Jesus out of their heart, and let Satan in, and then God had to leave them till they said they were sorry. I suppose directly they say: 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,' then God just folds them in his arms and forgives them and takes them back again; isn't that it?"

"Look here, I think we have had enough of this subject. Talk about something else."

Sir Edward's tone was irritable; Milly's ready tongue obeyed.

"Nurse says it's so cold to-day that she thinks it will snow. Do you think it will? It is quite smoky by the river; nurse says it is a fog. I wondered where it all came from. Do you think it might be God's breath, uncle?"

As she was chatting on, suddenly there came a sharp knock at the door, and a visitor appeared.

"Thought I'd look you up, for I heard you were on the sick list. Good gracious! you have been pretty bad, haven't you? Will you put me up for a night or two? I expect you want a little cheerful company."

Talking volubly, Major Lovell—for it was he—came forward and looked with real concern on Sir Edward's altered face.

"I'm very glad to see you," said the latter heartily, holding out his hand. "Come and stay for as long as you like. I'm sick to death of my own society!"

"And is this the small party that arrived so unexpectedly when I was here before?" inquired Major Lovell, looking down at Milly, who still sat in the big chair regarding the new-comer with her large brown eyes.

"Yes," said Sir Edward, a faint smile hovering about his lips as he remembered his horror of her advent; "she is taking charge of me this afternoon."

Milly held out her little hand with all the grace of a duchess.

"I remember you," she said; "you were one of the gentlemen that laughed at me."

"I don't think I could have been guilty of such rudeness, surely."

"Now I think you may run away," Sir Edward said; "and tell nurse I will ring when I want her."

Milly obeyed, and confided to nurse that she hoped the "new gentleman" would not keep her away from her uncle. "For do you know, nurse, I like Uncle Edward so much better when he is in bed. He looks so sad, and speaks so softly. I wish I could sit with him every day."

Major Lovell was a distant cousin of Sir Edward, and there existed a warm friendship between them. The very brightness of his tone seemed to do the invalid good, and Milly was quite delighted to find that her uncle's visitor not only listened with interest to the account of her favourite games and pastimes, but insisted upon joining her in them, and the walls of the quiet old house rang again with merry mirth and laughter such as they had not known for years.

Upstairs in the sick room Major Lovell proved a wonderfully patient and skillful nurse; but there were times when all his bright cheeriness could not smooth the furrows in the invalid's brow, or take away the fretfulness of tone.

One morning Major Lovell came down from an interview with him with a puzzled expression of face. Catching sight of Milly in the hall, equipped in hat and jacket, he asked,—

"Are you going out with nurse?"

"No, nurse is busy—just by my own self, in the avenue, with Fritz. Do come with me."

The major consented, but with a graver face than usual, and then suddenly, very full of his own thoughts, said to the child,—

"I believe your uncle has something on his mind. It strikes me from different things he has let drop that he is turning pious."

"What is pious?" inquired Milly instantly.

"What is it? A pious person thinks every one wicked but themselves, and condemns everybody and everything all round them. They are most objectionable people, little woman, so mind you never take up that line, and the worst of it is that they are so satisfied with their own goodness, that you can't crush them, try as much as you may."

"And is Uncle Edward going to be like them?" asked the child, with a perplexed face.

"I devoutly hope not. I shall do all in my power to prevent it."

"What do pious people do?" questioned Milly.

"Do? They give tracts away and sing hymns, and pull long faces over very well-bound Bibles."

"I like singing hymns," asserted Milly emphatically; "everybody sings hymns to God, don't they? I listen to the birds, sometimes, and wish I could sing like them, and the trees sing, and the bees and flies. Everything seems to sing out of doors in the summer time, but they've nearly all dropped asleep now till next year. What hymns do you sing, Major Lovell?"

"Bless the child! what do you take me for?" and the major laughed heartily as he spoke, then, with a twinkle in his eye, he went on gravely,—

"I shall begin to think that you are pious if you don't take care. What else do you do besides sing hymns?"

"I have a Bible," said Milly solemnly, "and I just love it."

"And what makes you love such a dry book as the Bible? You can't understand a word of it."

"Oh, I can, Major Lovell, it's beautiful. I love nurse to read and read it to me. It tell about Jesus, you know, and I love Jesus, and he loves me. And it has such nice stories in it."

Major Lovell gave a long, low whistle. "Ah!" he said, shaking his head comically at the little figure walking by his side, "I'm very much afraid you may be at the bottom of it all. Do you read the Bible to your uncle? Do you tell him that he has been wasting his life and not fulfilling the end for which he was created, in fact, that he is a wicked sinner? For that has been the substance of his talk with me this morning."

"Uncle Edward is a very good man," Milly replied warmly. "I don't know what you mean, Major Lovell; don't you read the Bible?"

"What will you think of me if I tell you I don't?"

"Perhaps you know it all by heart? I expect that is why."

"I rather think I don't. You must not begin to catechise me too severely. Who has brought you up in this pious fashion?"

"I'm not pious, you said they were horrid people, but I thought all the grown-up people read the Bible, except people like Jack."

"Who is Jack?"

"He was a prodigal son, one of God's prodigal sons."

"And what are they, may I ask?" Milly did not answer for a minute, then she stopped short, and said very solemnly, raising her large, dark eyes to the major's face,—

"I wonder if you're a prodigal son. Uncle Edward said there were some rich ones. Have you run away from God, Major Lovell?"

"Oh, come now," said the major, pinching her cheek good-naturedly; "I didn't bargain for this when I came out with you. You must keep your sermons for some one else. Come along to the stables with me, and I will give you a ride."

In an instant Milly's gravity disappeared, and a little time afterwards she was laughing gleefully as she was being trotted round the stable-yard on a large bay mare; but she said to her nurse when she came in,—

"Major Lovell is very nice, but very funny, and I can't always understand his talk, he says such difficult things."

(To be continued.)

SHE HAD A GRANDMOTHER.

Down in Salem the other day a bright little girl was sent to get some eggs, and on her way back stumbled and fell, making sad havoc with the contents of her basket.

"Won't you catch it when you get home, though!" exclaimed her companion.

"No, indeed, I won't," she answered; "I've got a grandmother."

Bless her heart! she knew what it was to have a grandmother: a genuine, lovely, precious, darling old grandmother—a grandmother to sympathize with one when one is in trouble, to heal aches and pains, and even to take scoldings.

It has been a long, long time since the writer of this had a grandmother. Indeed, she was a tiny girl when the dear grandmother went home to heaven, and there is only a faint recollection now of how very dear and precious a genuine grandmother can be. The first Bible verse her baby lips ever uttered and the first hymn were taught by that dear old grandmother. The verse was, "Suffer little children;" and the hymn, the one that begins, "Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb." Blessed is the child who has a genuine grandmother!

The Power of Jesus' Name.

BY BETHIA HARTSOELL.

An earnest worker, who had long
Obeyed his Lord's commands,
Felt in his heart the call to toll
For him in distant lands.

And so he left his native shore,
By love divine made brave,
To toll to men in nature's night,
How Jesus came to save.

As in his chosen field he toiled,
He chanced to see one day,
A group of men, uncouth and strange,
Passing along the way.

And though to savages he told
The Gospel story o'er,
Such wild and barbarous-looking men,
He ne'er had seen before.

He asked his fellow-workers there,
From whence the men had come,
And if the Gospel light had reached,
The darkness of their home.

They answered that they dwelt beyond
The far-off mountain range,
And to the village came each year,
To barter and exchange.

And that so fierce and wild were they,
That none would venture nigh
Their mountain homes, for well
they knew
To do so was to die.

Then, as he heard, the wish grew strong,
To tell this barbarous race,
The story of the Saviour's love,
His mercy, and his grace.

In simple faith he asked the Lord
His guiding voice to send,
And felt the answer, "Go,
and I
Am with you to the end."

His friends, with sore misgivings, said,
He threw his life away,
In going to those savage men,
And begged of him to stay.

And, sadly, when they found him firm,
Their last good-byes were given,

Thinking they ne'er should see him more,
Until they met in heaven.

So, all alone, he started forth,
God's calling to obey,
But took his well-loved violin,
To cheer him on his way.

Two days towards the distant hills,
He bravely journeyed on,
And scarcely saw a fellowman,
His lonely way upon.

But, as he neared the mountain-range,
Where dwelt the tribe he sought,
He met a group of warlike men,
Their looks with anger fraught.

With dangerous spears uplifted high,
They gathered round him there,
He paused, and raised his heart above
To God, in trusting prayer;

Dropped quickly his valise, and took
His violin, and sang,
And, clearly, through their savage shouts,
Old "Coronation" rang.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Nobly the grand old tune rang out,
From voice and violin,
It rose above their angry yells,
It quieted the din.

"Let every nation, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,

To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all."

With eyes closed, that their angry looks,
And frowns, he might not see,
He played and sang the verses through,
Clearly and fearlessly,

Knowing if he, pierced by their spears,
Wounded to death should fall,
He would but join the throng above,
Who crown him Lord of all.

The missionary looked, and they
Had dropped their cruel spears,
A strange, new power had touched their hearts,
Their eyes were filled with tears.

He stopped, and in their native tongue,
He told them why he came,
Risking his life that they might know
The power of Jesus' name.

They listened earnestly, and said,
"Come with us where we dwell,
And to the others of our race,
This wondrous story tell."

For many years he dwelt with them,
And taught the Gospel word,
And many a soul he won from sin,
To follow Christ the Lord.

And glory, power, and honour be
To Jesus, Lord of all;
Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JUNE 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations.—Mark 24. 14.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Peter working miracles.—Acts 9. 32-43.
- Tu. Conversion of Cornelius.—Acts 10. 30-44.
- W. Peter delivered from prison.—Acts 12. 5-17.
- Th. Paul's first missionary journey.—Acts 13. 1-13.
- F. Paul preaching to the Jews.—Acts 13. 26-39.

helper? What name was first used in Antioch?

4. Why was Peter in prison? What did the church do for his deliverance? Who did deliver him? Where did Peter first go? What did the disciples think of his appearance? What truth declared in the Golden Text is here illustrated?

5. Who were selected as the first foreign missionaries? Where did they begin their labours? What opposer did they there meet? How was the false prophet overcome? Where then did the missionaries go? What commission were they then carrying out? Golden Text.

6. In what city was this preaching to the Jews? What had the rulers done to Jesus? What had God done for him? Who were witnesses to this fact? What great blessing was offered in his name?

7. What miracle did Paul work at Lystra? What did the people say when they saw the miracle? What honour did they seek to offer? Whom did Paul tell them to worship? What enemies beset Paul, and with what result? What afterward happened?

8. What was the cause of the conference at Jerusalem? Who went to represent the church at Antioch? Who returned with the answer of the council? What commands did the council give?

9. What kind of faith does James say is dead? What faith proves itself genuine? What patriarch showed his faith by works, and how? What honourable name did he win?

10. Who is the perfect man? What can men tame? What cannot be tamed? Of what contradictions is the tongue guilty? What good counsel should all follow? Golden Text.

11. What was Paul's greeting to Timothy? What grace dwelt in three generations? What spirit had God given to the saints? From what source had Timothy learned the truth? What says Paul of all Scripture?

12. To whom are all men responsible? What duty do we owe our brother? What graces mark the kingdom of God? What self-denial for another's sake is demanded? Golden Text.

III. Name the duty which appears to you most prominent in each lesson.

The distinguished judge, Sir Matthew Hale, said,

A Sabbath well spent, brings a week of content,

And has no regrets for the morrow,
But a Sabbath profaned, whatever may be gained,
Is sure to be followed by sorrow.

No better proof that Mr. Gladstone is growing younger every year is needed than the fact that he has begun to ride a bicycle.

Mrs. Keith Hamilton, M.B.

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THE MISSIONARY FIDDLER PLAYING "ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME."

And soon their lives the fruitage showed
Of Christ's redeeming grace,
Changed were the hearts, and changed
the ways,
Of that once barbarous race.

At length the missionary yearned
To see his home once more,
And all his friends he'd left so long,
For that far distant shore.

And when he called his people near,
And told them of his plan,
They said, "Come back to us again,
As quickly as you can.

"Around us still are many tribes,
Who do not know the Lord,
Come back, and teach us how to take
To them the Gospel word."

So back to them again he went,
And lived and tolled in love,
Until the Master called him home,
To his reward above.

All honour be to men like this,
Their hearts with love aflame,
Who nothing fear, if they may show
The power of Jesus' name.

S. Paul preaching to the Gentiles.—
Acts 14. 11-22.
Su. Christian faith and good works.—
James 2. 14-24.

I. Recall the Titles, Golden Texts, and Outlines of the lessons for the quarter. These constitute the framework of the temple of truth in which we have tarried and worshipped.

II. Test the memory by answering the following questions as to the Lesson facts:

1. In what cities did Peter work miracles? What miracle was wrought at Lydda? By what means was this miracle wrought? What work of power was done at Joppa? How was this miracle accomplished?
2. Of what prayer and answer did Cornelius tell? For what purpose had he sent for Peter? Whom did Peter preach to the company? Who of old bore witness to Jesus as a Saviour? What result followed Peter's sermon?
3. What persecution scattered the church from Jerusalem? Where was the Gospel first preached to the Grecians? Who was sent from Jerusalem to inspect this work? What was Barnabas' character? Whom did he seek for a