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PLEASANT HOURS

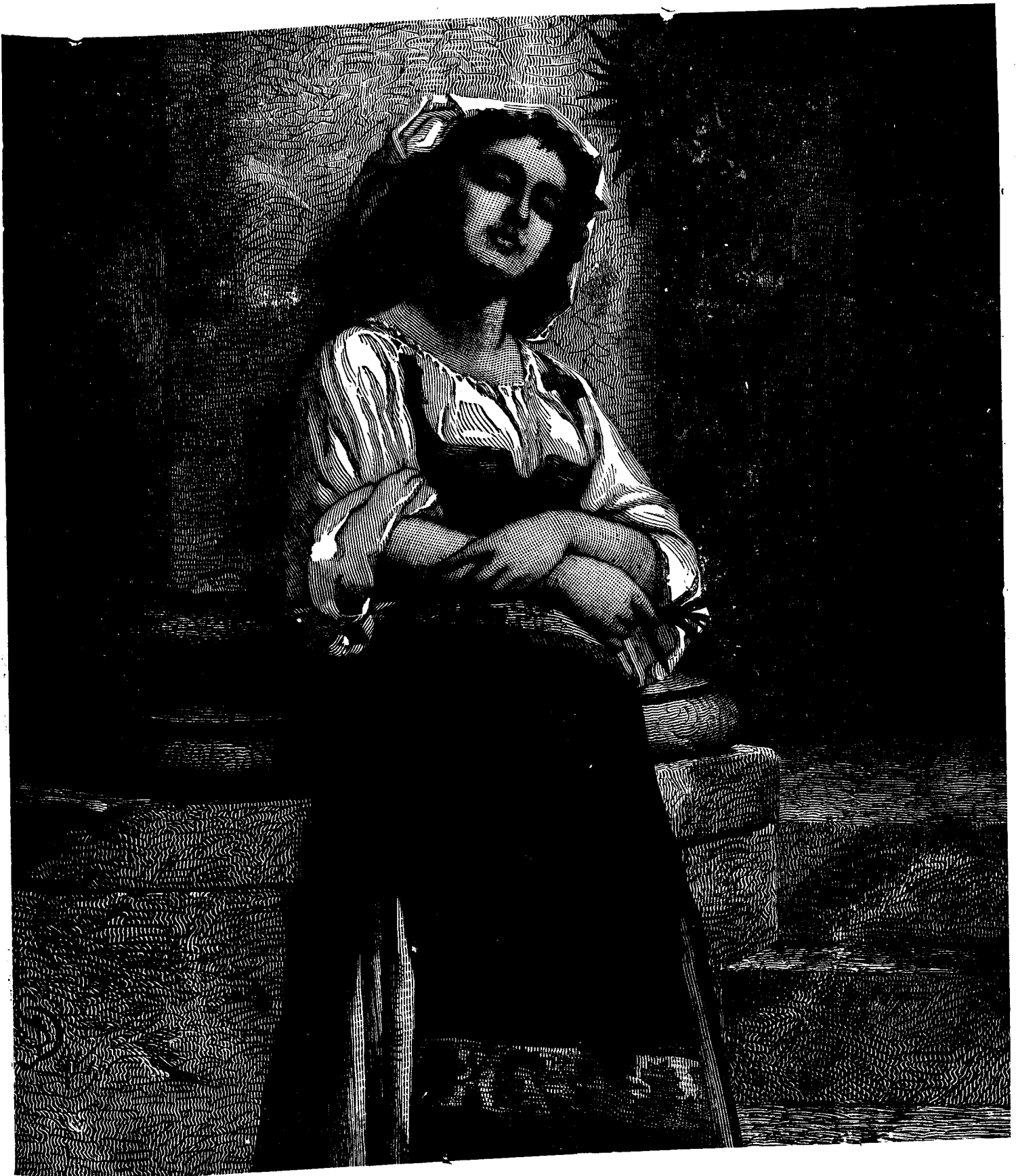
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

RALPH SMITH & CO.

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1893.

[No. 30.



THE GYPSY GIRL.--(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

My Neighbour's Boy.

HE seems to be several boys in one,
So much is he constantly everywhere!
And the mischievous things that boy has done

No mind can remember nor mouth declare.
He fills the whole of his share of space
With his strong, straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave,
He is kind and cruel, good and bad;
A brute and a hero! Who will save
The best from the worst of my neighbour's lad!

The mean and the noble strive to-day—
Which of the powers will have its way!

The world is needing his strength and skill,
He will make hearts happy or make them ache.

What power is in him for good or ill!
Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?

Will he rise and draw others up with him,
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim.

But what is my neighbour's boy to me
More than a nuisance? My neighbour's boy,
Though I have some fear for what he may be,
Is a source of solicitude, hope, and joy,
And a constant pleasure. Because I pray
That the best that is in him will rule some day.

He passes me by with a smile and a nod.
He knows I have hope of him—guesses, too,
That I whisper his name when I ask of God
That men may be righteous, his will to do,
And I think that many would have more joy
If they loved and prayed for a neighbour's boy.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1893.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

THERE is no other crime that will so besot and imbrute a man as that of drunkenness. A broken-hearted wife appeared before Justice King, of Buffalo, one day not long ago, and testified against her husband that he had not only neglected to provide for her but even stole the tiny shoes and the spare underclothing of his baby as she laid in the cradle, and sold them for five cents, so he could buy drink.

This is what a man comes to who touches a drop of liquor. Misery and sorrow follow inevitably.

It is not alone men and women who drink, but boys and girls as well. Who would believe it? Yet it is asserted that in one year the police of New York arrested 2,248 boys and 1,056 girls, and that these boys and girls were all under fourteen years of age.

It is not too early for boys and girls—even little boys and girls—to decide that they will not touch what ruins the young as well as the old. Dr. Holland has written on this subject to boys and he will give you good advice if you will listen to him.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to be one of them? No, of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as is the sun to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it will never fail, and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way. You will find yourself sometime with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milk-sop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me!" Or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

THE GYPSY GIRL.

"COME, Lisette! If you stay here at your prayers any longer, Mère Verduchene will send you to bed without any supper."
"No matter, Jeanne; I must ask the good God for strength to bear all my sorrows."

"A little supper will help you to bear trouble too," answered the careless Jeanne. "Poor Lisette! it falls heavier on you than on the rest of us."

"But why?" asked Lisette as she followed her companion.

"Who can tell?" answered the other, shrugging her shoulders; "perhaps you are a lady: as for me I do not know whence I came, but sure am I that neither of us are true gypsies. Hush! our masters have long ears."

The two girls had now reached a large dirty court called the "Court of Miracles," perhaps because beggars who had pretended to be blind here took back their sight, helpless people grew strangely active, and lame people threw away their crutches.

"Well, minxes," cried a sharp voice, "you have been gone long enough to bring us a pretty sum; what have you in your pockets?"

Jeanne produced a few coins, which were received with curses at their small value, but Lisette's pocket was empty. The old woman broke out against her. "Lazy, idle hussy!" she cried, "Is it for this I deck you in fine clothes and put jewels in your ears? Do I not bid you show your fair false face to them that like to look upon such, and sing the money out of their pockets? I do not even ask you to beg; but you will do nothing, you—" The old old wretch struck the girl in the face and drove her away from the pot where the crowd of gypsies were making their supper.

Lisette was very hungry, but she dared not go near the angry woman again. The men were talking in low tones, laying plans, she well knew, for some fresh piece of wickedness. Presently her name was called. Take off these fineries," said the chief, "and put on your rags; go to the house of the comptroller of finance, which I will presently show you, and pretend to faint with hunger. As you have eaten nothing to-day, that will be an easy job: they will take you in for the night. At twelve o'clock steal out to the eastern gate and undo the bars: do you hear?"

"I will not do it," she answered as firmly as her trembling voice could speak. "You will not? Do you hear her?" shrieked Mère Verduchene. Lisette would have been felled to the ground, but Jeanne sprang forward. "She means that she is afraid to do it," cried Jeanne (well knowing, however, that this was not Lisette's meaning). Let me go with her to give her courage; she shall play the part of dying innocence, and I will do your work.

Jeanne meant what she said; she had no other thought in life than of slipping

along with as few blows and as many favours from her keepers as possible. Her proposal was accepted and just at curfew (for it was three hundred years ago) she dragged the really fainting Lisette to the noble's palace. Lisette's pure, sweet face, pale with weariness and hunger, gained them both admittance, and they were given a closet to sleep in. But before the fatal hour of midnight Lisette left her companion's side, and, hastily locking her into the closet, lay till dawn across the door, refusing all Jeanne's entreaties to be set free to do the gypsies' evil bidding.

At daybreak the girl, now brave in the sense of right-doing, confessed all to the comptroller and asked his protection against her masters, who had stolen her when she was a child. Jeanne who was older, remembered Lisette's being brought into the camp, but could not tell from what quarter.

"The good Lord has surely answered some poor mother's prayers," cried the nobleman, "in keeping you pure and true. I pray him grant me wisdom to find that parent for you!"

Mr. Barbier left no effort untried to find the parents of the lovely, gentle "gypsy girl," and his pious endeavour was crowned with success: good Lisette was restored to a happy home, taking with her poor Jeanne, who needed much patient teaching before she could unlearn the evil of her vagabond life.

ABOUT FREDERICK III.

BY W. D. MOONEY.

THE following beautiful anecdote is told of the late German emperor, Frederick III., father of the present emperor, when he was still crown prince. In midsummer, 1865, the crown prince was stopping at Carlsbad. One day there happened to meet him a pale-faced girl of twelve years, who, looking at him, begged a gift.

"My child, who sends you to beg?" the crown prince asked mildly.

"Oh, my sick mother," replied she, weeping.

"Where is your father?" continued the prince.

"Alas! he is dead; and we have no bread, and are very hungry," was the answer.

"Come, and lead me to your mother," said the prince; and then he followed the child through streets and alleys to a remote dilapidated tenement.

"Sir, we live here," said the child as she gazed trustfully on the stranger.

They entered the house, going by two ladder-like stairs to an attic room. As his little guide opened the door the crown prince started back in horror as he perceived a young woman with a babe at her breast lying on straw and rags. As the sick woman saw the stranger she raised herself a little and said—

"Doctor, my child has done wrong to call you when I have not a penny to pay you with."

"Good woman, I am no physician," replied the prince. "Have you no one to care for you?"

"No, sir. I have no relatives and the people in the house are very poor. So long as my husband lived and could work we had a modest support; but now that he is dead and I am very sick, I must go to ruin with my children."

At this moment the crown prince noticed at the door a servant of his who had followed him without being observed. He gave him a nod; and the man, understanding his master, ran quickly away, while the prince secretly drew out his purse, gave the child a piece of money, and whispered, "Run quickly and bring bread and wine."

The child soon returned, her face radiant with joy, and brought with her a loaf of bread and a flask of wine. The prince took his knife from his pocket, uncorked the flask, and handed it to the sick woman, who with trembling hands conveyed the bread and wine to her mouth. When she had gained a little strength, with tears in her eyes she said to the strangers, "God will reward you; without you we should have starved."

Then the prince placed a treasury bill of large value on a stool in front of the straw bed, and said, "Here, good woman, is money for further supplies."

Just as he turned to leave, in came the doctor whom his servant had summoned. He went to the pallet and examined the sick woman, while the crown prince went out softly and unnoticed. The physician prescribed for the woman, and told her he would settle for the medicines at the apothecary's.

The sick woman asked him, "Who was the stranger?"

"That was Frederick William, crown prince of Germany," replied the physician.

A Modern Prodigal.

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

GREATLY to Samuel's disappointment Uncle Barum refused to stay all night; he said that he never slept out of his own house. Shortly after supper he asked Achilles to bring him his horse and he would be at home by nine o'clock. He bade them all good-bye kindly, saying to Mercy:

"I have nothing against you any longer, Mercy." To Letitia he said, "You are like your mother when she was of your age, only you have more stability in you, I think. You shall never be sorry that you agreed to come and live with me."

"Letitia," said Samuel the next day, as he lay on the floor of the porch, resting himself from stone-wall building by kicking up his heels and rolling over and over, for Samuel was never still for long at a time, "do you think you'll have a nice time living with Uncle Barum?"

"Not so very nice, and not so very bad," said Letitia, who was making buttonholes.

"Why did you say you'd go?"

"I have to be somewhere in the village for three years, so that I can graduate and be able to get a certificate and teach. I don't feel as if I even earned my board at Friend Sara's, because she keeps a kitchen-girl, and all I do is to help sew and dust, and sweep a little. At Uncle Barum's I shall do a good deal, and earn my board and clothes. That will give mother and Achilles a chance to save more. Besides, Uncle Barum is old, and may soon be quite helpless; he took care of mother when she was little and helpless, and I think we ought to pay it back. It says, too, in the Bible, that if we don't care for our own flesh and kin, we are worse than infidels. I think I ought to go."

"Do you suppose he'll let you come home and see us?"

"Of course I shall come. That is my right and duty. I shall come often, and get Uncle Barum to come."

"Letitia, do you always do what you know is right?"

"I think I try to."

"Letitia, isn't it real hard sometimes to know what is right?"

"Sometimes it is, Samuel."

"Letitia, don't you think it's about right-doing as it is with the stones in the fence? Sometimes I don't know which ones I ought to put top, and which ones at the bottom. First I think one way is best, and then I think another is best. Sometimes I think one thing is right, then that something else would be righter."

"That must be about little things; Samuel; most things have the right and wrong in them clear and plain. It is right to speak the truth, to obey, and to be industrious, to keep Sabbath."

"Yes, 'course," said Samuel, "but, Letitia, don't you wish you had lived in the days when the Lord spoke out and told the people clear and plain what he wanted? When he wanted Abraham to go away from his first home, he came and said 'Go,' again, he said, 'Go,' and told Moses just what to do. Letitia, don't you wish those days were back? I do."

When Samuel thus began gravely with "Letitia" his sister understood that he had settled himself for a long conference on themes which were important to him.

"Friend Amos says the Bible is a clear guide-book, Samuel, and that if we study

it hard, we shall know what to do in all cases; he says we may not find out at once, but if we just keep on, the Spirit of God will teach us, through the Word."

"Yes, Letitia, only you might think you had made yourself believe what you wanted to believe. We are made so queer in our inside minds, Letitia. If I don't want to come in from the pasture, and mother comes out and calls 'Sa-a-m-my,' I can most make myself hear her saying 'Pa-a-ty!' And then when I think how I am that way, and mother comes out and calls 'Pa-a-ty!' just as clear as day, I tell myself I am hearing wrong on purpose, and down I come to the house. Now when I am up in the field working, or out in the garden weeding, I think of these things. There's a big sumac bush up in the lot, and in the fall it is all as red as fire. I think it looks like the bush where God was, and I go stand before it, and wonder how Moses felt. Of course I do not play I am Moses, that would be wicked, but I think how contented Moses must have been to know. Then there's a rock in the pasture, a flat side rock, and I think it is like the rock Moses smote for water to come out, and he must have been so glad to know he was doing just what God wanted, and had found just the right rock. When I sit on this porch at evening I think how happy Abraham must have felt in his tent-door, when he didn't know but any time when he lifted up his eyes he might see God coming to talk with him. And sometimes you know he did."

"It must have been very grand and beautiful," said Letitia.

"And, Letitia, sometimes it makes me feel lonesome and discouraged to think I must go through all my life, and get to be as old as Uncle Barum, and not see God at all."

"Of course we can't expect such things nowadays," said Letitia, who was without experiences.

Letitia did not know that in early childhood, the child who is taught about God, looking into the blue heavens, or wrapped in the solemn stillness of field or forest, or in the curtains of night, feels God just as closely near as Abraham or Moses did. Then youth, jocund and alert, full of curiosities and ambition, leaves this glory and clear faith of life's morning-land. Middle age, vexed with turmoils and cares, chilled by doubts, expects but faint and far-off murmurs of the voice of God, and never counts on glimpses of his face. The dusty highway of life draws the soul from the Divine Companionship that is its heritage. But as calmer years come on and experiences grow deeper, and the gates that open into eternity draw near and yet more near, then, indeed comes personally close to us One more faithful than any brother; the voice is heard clearly, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and the promise is fulfilled even to hoar hairs, "I will carry you." Then God is not afar off and silent, but near and speaks clearly.

Samuel was silent for awhile, silent and quiet, watching the thin white clouds in the sky and absorbed in his visions. Letitia looked at him, wondering what this restless, busy, fluent little fellow would be. Suddenly, with a child's vivacious incontinuity, he changed the subject of conversation. A colt, ambling up the road by the side of its mother, had diverted his speculations.

"Letitia, Kill said you were going to earn some money next summer and help him buy two colts, and when he had grown them up he would be able to buy some more land and work for himself."

Poor Letitia! she suddenly felt as the milkmaid did when her basket of eggs fell to the ground, or as Almaschar when he kicked over his basket of glass.

"O Samuel! I forgot that last night. When I am at Uncle Barum's I cannot do that; he will want me to stay there all the time and not go away for a vacation school. How disappointed Achilles will be!"

Samuel sighed. His brother was alike his ideal and his idol; if he wanted colts, why should he not have colts?

"Couldn't you earn money some way?" he asked, "sewing, or buttonholes?" He had often assisted the family councils as to ways and means.

"No, I couldn't," said Letitia. "If I am to graduate with a good standing, and be able to teach, I must work hard at my studies and not do things to interfere with

them. I cannot study well unless I am well, and I must not take up work that would wear out my eyes or keep me up late at night. I am sure to keep Uncle Barum's house neat will take all the time I have to spare from my school work."

"I wish I could do it," said Samuel dolefully, "but when I have got this mountain all picked clean of berries, nuts, sassafras, and blood-root, I shan't have more than four dollars, and, Tish, it just seems as if I should die if I could not buy one book—one history book. There's a time, Tish, when I don't know what's right. If some one would call out, 'You're a selfish boy, give Kill that money for colts,' why I would. I'd give it all, cap, boots, book."

"And all of it would do Kill very little good, and not go far toward buying colts," said Letitia. "You must buy the cap, and the boots, and book, Samuel, surely, and I shall pick up a little money by Christmas and buy you another book, so you'll have two whole new ones of your own."

Achilles had not been a poor tutor of Samuel in athletic sports. Samuel, at the idea of two books, turned hand-springs all the way to the gate and back without stopping.

Uncle Barum had said that he should not move to Ladbury for four weeks, and that Letitia was not to come to him until his house was settled. He came up the mountain for another visit before he moved. He assumed a proprietorship in Letitia and seemed very cheerful.

"Oh, you'll find you don't lose by doing your duty by me, Letitia," he said. "Sacy Terhune says to me, 'You won't need to hire any one to help you move, now you've got that girl of Stanhope's.' I says to her, 'Sacy, didn't you hire help to move, although you've got that girl you call Madge?' No, Letitia, Sacy Terhune needn't think you're going to have things harder than Madge."

"I expect to work harder than Madge, uncle," said Letitia. "I have been brought up to it, and I expect to earn my living. She is with her own father and mother, and that is different. Mother told you I couldn't wash and iron, she thought that would be too hard, but I can do all the rest. I don't want you to speak as if I went to you because I expect to make anything by it. I go because you are our uncle, and were good to mother, and you ought not to live alone, and as I must live somewhere it is better to help you."

"Oh, that's right, Letitia," said Uncle Barum, "and I'll do well by you. That saucy chit, Madge, shan't lord it over you. Don't you worry over getting clothes. We'll see what Madge has, and I'll get you just as good as she has. I know them. I heard Sacy Terhune say to Madge once, 'Don't be so saucy,' she says, 'to your Uncle Barum, or he won't leave you a cent'; and I heard her say the other day, 'Now your Uncle Barum's gone and taken up with Letitia Stanhope, when he might have set store on you if you hadn't been so saucy about his grammar and his clothes,' she says."

"Uncle Barum," said Letitia, "I wish you wouldn't vex yourself about what Madge Terhune says about me. I don't mind. I don't want to be dressed as Madge is. Her father has money and gets a good salary, and Madge has much nicer clothes than I ought to wear. I don't want to be dressed fine while my mother and the rest of them must be so plain and poor. They are comfortable, and that is all I want to be. If I can be tidy and have whole shoes and a neat print dress for warm weather, and a good dark woollen for winter I don't want anything else better, until I earn it by teaching, and then whatever I buy for myself I'll buy for my mother."

"Well now, Letitia," said Uncle Barum, "you take your own way, you've got a level head. I wonder that scoundrel could have had a daughter with so much sense. And don't you knuckle down to Madge Terhune!"

"I think she is a real nice, bright, pretty girl, uncle," said Letitia, "and if she wants to be friends with me, I'm ready; if she don't, I don't think it will harm me any."

"Her brother," said Uncle Barum, "is made of very different timber. I never saw a nicer chap than Philip. After one year more where he is, he is going to set up a stock farm for himself over on my place. He's going to lease the place of me and pay

me rent. I don't go for giving up my property while I'm alive; but after I'm dead—which I don't reckon'll be very soon, for I come of long-lived stock—Philip is to have that place. I promised Sacy Terhune that when she let me have Philip when he was a little fellow. You ran away and left me and the place, Mercy."

"I know I did, uncle. You are quite right to dispose of it just as you choose," said Mercy quietly; but perhaps her fingers flew a little faster over her work, and perhaps she had been hoping that now Uncle Barum was again friendly, and had seen what nice boys she had, he would have left one of them that dear old farm. But then she had forfeited all claim upon Uncle Barum, and hating Thomas Stanhope as vigorously as he did, was it likely that he would leave property to one of Thomas Stanhope's children?

No doubt Mercy was secretly disappointed; she had thought what a nice little property that Titus farm would be for Achilles or Samuel. Uncle Barum seemed grimly fond of Samuel. As for Philip Terhune, Mercy only remembered him as a plump, yellow-headed little boy, who was always on hand when apple-turnovers or ginger-cookies were under way.

Uncle Barum looked closely at Mercy and Letitia when he spoke of the destination of the Titus farm. Mercy, trained by long adversity, concealed her thoughts. Letitia had nothing to conceal. Uncle Barum's property had not been a factor in her future. Uncle Barum hugged himself and chuckled, "You'll be all right, Letitia, you'll be all right if you don't have any nonsense about you."

Finally the day came when Letitia was to go to Uncle Barum. Achilles borrowed Mr. Canfield's carry-all, and the whole family accompanied Letitia and a little chintz-covered box which contained her meagre wardrobe.

Uncle Barum made festa to greet them. He had engaged the woman who had settled and cleaned his house to prepare a good dinner of roast beef, vegetables, and pie. He led all the Stanhopes to the sunniest room in the house, which, though small, was fresh and pretty in a new paper and new paint. This was to be Letitia's room, and tears filled Mercy's eyes as she noted that the single bed, the splint-bottomed chairs, the rugs, the tidies, the work-bags and basket, the little toilette-table were all those which she had used, made, and adorned while she lived with Uncle Barum. Uncle Barum had, however, added an ingrain carpet and a cretonne window-curtain, also a set of hanging-shelves.

"Do you like it?" asked the old man eagerly.

"Oh, very much indeed?" cried Letitia; "thank you, uncle."

"Sacy Terhune said it was plenty good, but Sacy's no rule. If you want anything more, speak out, you shall have it!"

"It is enough, and good enough," said Letitia. "You bought that wash-stand set from Friend Amos, didn't you? I liked it so much when it came to the store."

"He told me you did," said Uncle Barum. "Now, Letitia, there is a closet for your clothes. Let your mother help you to get settled, and then come down to dinner. I don't want you to run away from this room. When you get married, I want it to be in the parlour downstairs to a man I'll pick out for you."

"You are looking almost too far ahead, uncle," said Letitia.

When Uncle Barum and the boys went down-stairs, Mercy sat in the little old rocking-chair and cried. These simple furnishings so recalled the past. What bright dreams she had dreamed among them, dreams of Thomas Stanhope, who had seemed to her all that was noble and attractive. How little she had foreseen the bitter sorrows through which she must pass, and how these insensate furnishings should be witness of her worse than widowed tears when Thomas was serving out a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary.

On that day when she had forsaken Uncle Barum's honest home for Thomas, that sin of Thomas' life appeared only as a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, but it had swiftly enlarged until it had covered all her horizon and deluged her life with tears.

Letitia seemed to understand her mother's tears. She did not interfere with her, but quietly put away her clothing and pushed

the chintz-covered box before the window for a seat. Then she said:

"Come, mamsey, bathe your face, and let us go down and do honour to Uncle Barum's dinner. Seems to me Uncle Barum is much more liberal than I supposed he was from what you had said."

"He is more liberal than he used to be, I think," said Mercy.

On the whole, that was a very pleasant day at Uncle Barum's. Samuel's mouth was kept so full of goodies that he could not deafen the family with talking. Achilles observed Uncle Barum closely, and being a long-headed youth and given to planning, he divined Uncle Barum's plans afar off. But he concluded that it would be best to say nothing about them.

After dinner Uncle Barum presented Mercy, Letitia, and Patience each with a new dress, and gave each boy a silver dollar.

"Let's keep 'em to start the colts!" cried Samuel.

Then Uncle Barum inquired into matters, and heard from Samuel the story of the desired colts.

"Oh, ho!" he said, "colts, eh, and more land? Well, it ain't well to get on too fast; folks gets too high-strung sometimes."

Before the family party broke up, Uncle Barum took down his big Bible and had prayers. He did not realize why worship seemed to him more sweet and hearty than it had for years. It was because the bitterness cherished against Mercy was all gone, and for the time his bitterness against Thomas was forgotten.

After Letitia was gone, Mercy missed a confidant in her plans for the future when Thomas should be free. Only five years and a half more now, and how would life go then? She took Samuel into her confidence.

"Of course father must live here, right with us, and we'll be real good to him, and he'll be good to us," said Samuel.

"Achilles would never hear to it," said the mother.

"I'll pray God every day to make Kill all right," replied Samuel.

(To be continued.)

BE THOROUGH.

"I NEVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and I never practised it in the chapel at all."

She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and rewrote her article, and practised it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and so aptly other forgot the truth so trite, but so aptly put by Carlyle, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."

One by patient, persistent effort obtained what the other relied upon her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep a room, or make a cake, or write an essay, or trim a hat, or read a book, do it thoroughly. Not have a high standard for everything. Not alone because only thus can you win honour and distinction, but because this is the only honest, right, Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before him we must be thorough. —Christian at Work.

SOMEWHAT PARTICULAR.

A STORY which is told of the late Charles Jamrach, the naturalist, and dealer in wild animals, who died in England last summer, is so well vouched for that it may be accepted as worthy of belief.

Mr. Jamrach was married more than once, and the story is to the effect that when a friend consoled with him on the loss of his second wife, the naturalist answered with a heavy sigh:

"Yes, yes; as you say, she was a good wife. But," he added, as if he felt compelled to speak the whole truth, "she never took kindly to the animals. Why, even in winter, she wouldn't let the snakes sleep under the bed."



WOMEN AT THE WELL.

WOMEN AT THE WELL.

This picture represents a scene which we have often witnessed in Palestine. I remember one fountain especially, the fountain of the Virgin at Nazareth, which is very much like this. We were there on Easter Sunday and the Syrian women in their bright Easter dresses came to the fountain carrying great jars on their heads just as shown in the picture. This is undoubtedly the very fountain to which the Virgin Mary must have come with the child Jesus for water. It is the only one for a great distance. Fountains and wells in the East are a very precious possession and often the possession of a good fountain causes a town to spring up near it, as has doubtless been this case with the ancient fountain of Nazareth.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A.D. 58.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 6.

PAUL AT MILETUS.

Acts 20. 22-35.] [Memory verses, 31, 32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God.—Heb. 13. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. A look Forward, v. 22-30.
2. A look Backward, v. 31-35.

PLACE.—Miletus.

CONNECTING LINKS.

The Gospel was asserted in Ephesus with unparalleled power. Public opinion seemed for a while to be radically changed. The sorcerers deserted their wicked studies and burned their books. But as one of the results, the sale of silver shrines of Diana was lessened, and the mechanics who made them stirred up a riot. With difficulty this riot was quieted by the tact of the town-clerk; and Paul, for peace's sake, left at once for Macedonia and Greece; thence starting back to Asia. The details of his journey are given in the first part of Acts 20. From Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and "called the elders of the church." To them he made the address which is our present lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Bound in the spirit"—That is, "compelled and urged in my spirit." "The Holy Ghost witnesseth"—By the messages of prophets. "My life dear unto myself"—I have no personal interest, but live for the Gospel. "Pure from the blood"—Paul declares him-

self guiltless if any, through unbelief, suffer the second death. "Take heed, therefore"—Since I am innocent, let not the blame be chargeable to you. "Overseers"—Superintendents. "Wolves"—False teachers. "Word of his grace"—The promise of the Gospel. "These hands"—Doubtless presenting his hands, hardened by toil. "So labouring"—As I have done. "More blessed"—Bliss-giving. This saying is not preserved in the gospels.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where does this lesson show—

1. That God's service requires humility?
2. That God's service demands faithfulness?
3. That God's service necessitates watchfulness?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What awaited Paul in every city? "Bonds and afflictions." 2. What did Paul say concerning this fact? "None of these things move me." 3. What had not Paul shunned to declare? "The counsel of God." 4. What did Paul charge the elders and their flock to do? "To feed the Church of God." 5. What saying of Christ's did Paul press upon the elders? "It is more blessed to give than to receive." 6. What does the Golden Text teach us to do? "Remember them which have," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The personality of the Holy Ghost. Verse 23.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is meant by saying that God is gracious and merciful?

That he is full of compassion, slow to punish sin, and ready to forgive.

In what manner, then, ought you to think and speak of God?

I ought to think of God with fear and love, and speak of him with reverence and praise.

THE FROGS IN WANT OF A KING.

The frogs were free in each lake, pond, ditch and stream. They had a right to all the bogs and fens in the land. They had no chief. Each frog did what he or she thought fit to do.

"How dull it is," said one of the frogs, "to have no king! How grand we should be if we had a king to rule us. He could have a fine court, and some of us could be great lords in it. Let us ask the chief of the gods to give us a king."

They did ask for a king, and the god threw down a big log to them, and said:

"There is a king for you."
The log made such a splash as it fell into the pool, that the frogs were in great danger and fear, and for a long time they would not go near it. But by-and-bye, when they found that the log did not move or

make any noise, they came close to it, some were so bold as to get on it, and some so rude as to croak at it and to laugh at it.

The chief frogs said: "That will not do. A king like that is of no use to us; we must have a good, sharp one, who will not let a lot of low frogs make so free with him."

They went to the god and said:

"We do not like King Log; send us a king that can rule and make frogs fear him."

The god heard all the frogs had to say, and then sent them a stork for their king. The new king was fond of frogs—that is, he thought them good to eat, and he ate them as fast as he could.

The chief frogs were in a great fright when they saw how King Stork meant to rule them; so once more they set to work to get a new king, or to be left free as they were at first.

"Oh, no," said the god. "Since it was your own choice to have a king, you must put up with the one I sent you. You should have known when you were well off. In the first place you did not need a king at all, but you thought you did; in the next, I gave you a king that did you no harm; he did not please you; now you want a third king,—which you shall not have from me."
It is well to be contented with such things as we have. We may find change no improvement.

STINGY DAVY.

DAVY was a very pretty little boy. He had light, curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sisters. One day he went into the kitchen where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that saucer of jelly?" asked Davy.

"Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She has company for dinner and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it; so you may have it if you won't be stingy with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard, but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him to eat it.

"If I divide with them, there won't be a spoonful apiece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just the least bit."

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft, where he was sure no one would ever think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly, he heard his sister Fanny calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

"They always want some of everything I have. If I have just a ginger-snap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

When the jelly was all eaten, and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barn-yard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

"O, Davy!" said Fanny, running into the barn-yard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking that of course his sister would say that she wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fanny. "We had all the doll's dishes set out on a little table under the big tree by the porch; and we had strawberries, cake and raisins.

Just as we sat down to it Mrs. White saw us from the window; and she sent a big bowl of ice-cream and some jelly left from her dinner. We had a splendid time. You ought to have been with us."
Poor Davy! how mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating the jelly alone.

The Forest Bell.

In Guiana, far away,
In the silent heat of day,
When the beasts are all asleep
Far into the forest deep,
And the birds have ceased to sing—

Then a tolling, bell-like sound;
Echoes far the lonesome round,
Then is seen a large, white bird;
'Tis his bell-voice that was heard,
Slowly tolling loud and long.

Bell-bird tolls the passing hour
In this forest temple bower,
Then, his pealing voice is stilled,
And the shimmering air is filled
With the hum of insect wings.

From his palm-tree belfry tall,
Longer sees its shadow fall,
Countless birds in happy throngs,
Shower the air with vesper songs,
As the cool breeze bears them on.

Blooming vines your incense raise,
All his works the Lord now praise,
Fireflies bless by giving light
In these templed woods at night,
Wake, ye beasts, and bless the Lord!

CHILD LIFE IN BRAZIL.

MR. H. H. SMITH gives the following account of child life in the villages of Brazil:

"The children get few caresses, and give none. There is nothing of that overflow of tenderness, that constant watchful care, that sheds such a halo around our homes. The babes vegetate in their steady, brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles, and with keen eyes watching everything around them. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about they are left pretty much to themselves, tumbling up the back-stairs of life on a diet of mandioca meal and fish. The parents seldom punish the children; for they are very docile. When they do, the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen. Pleasure is expressed by a smile, among the girls often by a broad grin, with an abundant show of teeth; but a hearty laugh is a rarity."

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