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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

No 6

Goldenrod.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Spring is the morning of the year.
And Summer is the noontide bright.
The Autumn is the evening clear.
That comes before the Winter's
night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare,
Like lighted street-lamps in the
town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward
track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

MORE ABOUT VOLOAOONES.

The following is an account of the adventures of the Editor-in his ascent of Mount Vesuvius:

The grandest excursion from Naples is that to Mount Vesuvius. In order to avoid the heat, I left Naples with a friend, by carriage, shortly after midnight, and rode through the silent streets of the beautiful city—the tall, white houses gleaming like marble in the glorious moonlight. At many of the corners lamps were burning before the shrines of the Virgin.

Like the red eye of Cyclops burned the dull fire of the mountain. But all day long the mysterious column of white smoke ascends "solemn and slow as erst from Ararat the smoke of the patriarch's sacrifice."

After an hour's drive we reached Resina, a village at the foot of the mountain. Our returning knocked loudly at a door, and we were almost instantly surrounded by a swarm of guides, all anxious to prey upon their victims. I suppose they sleep in their clothes and turn out at a moment's notice. Making a bargain with the chief, we were soon mounted, with the aid of much onerous assistance, on good stout horses. Through the stone-paved streets of the little town we clattered, and soon began to climb the mountain, between luxuriant vineyards and fig and almond orchards growing upon the fertile volcanic soil. Our train was soon increased by four hangers-on, besides the guide. They well deserved the name, in its most literal sense, for they would catch hold of our horses' tails, and so for part of the way we helped them instead of their helping us. At length the road became so steep that horses could no longer climb, and we were forced to dismount. Now the use of the guides whom our horses had dragged up became apparent. It was their turn to



CLIMBING VESUVIUS.

drag us up. One stout fellow tied a leather strap to a stick and gave me the stick, which I held with both hands, while he took the other end of the strap over his shoulder, and another guide pushed me from behind. Between the

two, by scrambling in zig-zags up the mountain's side—the most fatiguing climb I ever had in my life—I at last reached the top and stood on the edge of the crater. The weird grandeur of the sight well

repaid the toll of the ascent. A crumbling ledge of rock ran round the summit, sloping suddenly down to a large, irregular depression which was covered, and floored as it were, with black lava, which had cooled and hardened, retaining the form in which it had boiled up and flowed forth. This floor was studded with a number of smaller cones from which gas and steam were escaping with a violent hissing noise. Among them was one very much larger than the others—the active crater—from which issued the most frightful howling. About every two minutes came a violent explosion, and a large quantity of stones and scoria were thrown high in the air, and fell back into the fiery throat of this tremendous furnace. The general appearance of the scene is shown in the small engraving on the next page.

"Do you wish to go down into the crater?" asked our guides.
"Of course we do, that is what we came for," was the answer. Then they haggled for an extra three francs apiece. At length we scrambled down the steep and crumbling wall amid almost suffocating and sulphurous fumes and clambered over the tortured and uneven lava floor. Through numerous cracks and crevices steam and gas were escaping, the rocks were stained yellow, red, and purple with the sulphur incrustations, and I could feel the heat through the thick soles of my boots. In many of the crevices the rock was seen to be red hot, and when I thrust in my staff it suddenly caught fire. Soon one of the guides gave a loud cry, and called us to see the molten lava, which we found boiling up through the black floor, and flowing along in a thick, viscid stream like tar, only of a fiery colour. The heat was great, but I could approach so near as to take some of it on the end of my staff, and press it into the copper coins which I had in my pocket, having first been shown how by the guides. When the lava cooled these were firmly imbedded, and I brought them away as souvenirs of the occasion.

The guide climbed a small cone and broke off the top with his staff. Instantly, with a violent noise, a jet of steam escaped, throwing fragments of rock into the air. I may be imagined I hurried down as fast as possible. I should have liked very much to look down into the active crater, but it was quite unsafe so frequent were the showers of falling stones, yet the guides offered to take us up for 300 francs. I was mere bravado on their part.

From the summit we had a magnificent view of the distant city and beautiful bay, with the wide sweep of its sickle-shaped shore. After luncheon on the mountain top, part of which consisted of eggs cooked by the natural heat of this great furnace we descended much more rapidly than we went up. All we had to do was to lift our feet well out of the cinders and down we went with tremendous strides. By means of the inclined railway up the cone tourists may now ascend in a very few minutes what cost us weary hours. We remounted our horses and rode down through vast slopes covered with the black lava of recent eruptions, which



CRATER OF KILAUEA.

(Continued on next page.)

The Ripened Leaves.

BY MARGARET M. MANASTER.

Said the leaves upon the branches
 One sunny autumn day;
 We've finished all our work, and now
 We can no longer stay;
 So our gowns of red and yellow,
 And our cloaks of sober brown,
 Must be worn before the frost comes,
 And we go rustling down
 We've had a jolly summer
 With the birds that built their nests
 Beneath our green umbrellas,
 And the squirrels that were our guests.
 But we cannot wait for winter,
 And we do not care for snow,
 When we hear the wild northwesterners,
 We loose our clasp and go.
 But we hold our heads up bravely
 Unto the very last,
 And shine in pomp and splendour,
 As away we flutter fast
 In the mellow autumn's noontide
 We kiss, and say good-bye,
 And through the naked branches
 Then may children see the sky."

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Pleasant Hours:

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
 Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

AFTER THE HARVEST.

"The summer is past; the harvest is ended."

All around us are the empty fields with stubble brown and sere, their rich sheaves of golden grain all garnered safely in. Autumn is here, with its soft, hazy sunlight resting on hill and vale. How swiftly the time passes by!

Each year has just one spring, with its singing birds, its opening flowers, and laughing brooks; just one summer, with its sweet-scented hay and harvest of golden grain; just one autumn, with its ripened fruit and hazy sunlight. Then cometh winter, and that year is ended forever.

Herein is a lesson, oh, soul, for you. Your life can have but one springtime—only one—with its golden opportunities to scatter far and wide the precious seed; one summer, with its harvest of golden grain, which must be taken care of at once, or else forever lost; one autumn, when the pulse grows faint and the step is slow; then comes winter and a hush, and a long, long rest. O soul of mine, art thou making good use of the seed-time and the harvest?

All around us the autumn leaves are lying; dead and withered, they shiver and tremble and fall. But grandly they have fulfilled their mission, "affording shelter to the birds, shade to the beasts," and often cooling the tired brow of the traveller with their soft, gentle breezes. Not in vain have they lived. And as we tread on their lifeless forms in the forest, they still whisper some grand lessons to the heart of man.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

When our brief summer of human life is ended, and the harvest is passed, oh, soul of mine, can it be said of us that we fulfilled our mission as nobly as the leaves?

One seed-time—one harvest—only one! Oh, hasten into the field while yet it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work!

More About Volcanoes.

(Continued from first page.)

In places flowed far over the plain, destroying numerous houses and vineyards in its progress.

One of the cuts on our fourth page shows the effects of the oscillations of the earth's surface through volcanic action at the Temple of Serapis, near Naples. The water marks and boring of marine insects show the different levels at which the columns stood for long periods, being immersed to different depths in the water.

VISIT TO THE KILAUEA.

Lady Brassey thus describes her visit to this remarkable volcano, shown in the large cuts on the first and fourth pages:

"Immediately after dinner we mounted and set off for the volcano. We had not gone far before we were overtaken by a shower which once more drenched us to the skin. The scene was certainly one of extreme beauty. The moon was hidden by a cloud, and the prospect lighted only by the red glare of the volcano, which hovered before us and above us like the Israelites' pillar of fire, giving us hopes of a splendid spectacle when we should at last reach the long-wished-for crater.

"When we emerged from the wood, we found ourselves at the very end* of the old crater, the bed of which, three or four hundred feet beneath us, was surrounded by steep and, in many places, overhanging sides. It looked like an enormous cauldron, four or five miles in width, full of a mass of cooled pitch. In the centre was the still glowing stream of the dark red lava, flowing slowly towards us, and in every direction were red hot patches, and flames and smoke issuing from the ground. A bit of the 'black country' at night, with all the coal heaps on fire, would give you some idea of the scene. Yet the first sensation is rather one of disappointment, as one expects greater activity on the part of the volcano; but the new crater was still to be seen, containing the lake of fire, with steep walls rising up in the sea of lava.

"Twenty minutes' hard riding brought us to the door of the 'Volcano House,' from which issued the comforting light of a large wood-fire, reaching half-way up the chimney. Native garments replaced our dripping habits, and we sat before the fire in luxury until the rest of the party arrived.

"The grandeur of the view in the direction of the volcano increased as the evening wore on. The fiery cloud above the present crater augmented in size and depth of colour; the extinct crater glowed red in thirty or forty different places, and clouds of white vapour issued from every crack and crevice in the ground, adding to the sulphurous smell with which the atmosphere was laden.

"I was up at four o'clock next day, to gaze once more on the wondrous spectacle that lay before me. The molten lava still flowed in many places. The red cloud over the stream was slowly ascending in every direction, over hill and valley, till, as the sun rose it became difficult to distinguish clearly the sulphurous vapours from the morning mists.

"Before leaving the inn the landlord came to us and begged us in earnest and confidential manner to be very careful, to do exactly what our guides told us, and especially to follow in their footsteps exactly when returning in the dark.

"First of all we descended the precipice, 300 feet in depth, forming the wall of the old crater, but now thickly covered with vegetation. It is so steep in many places that flights of zig-zag wooden steps have been inserted in the face of the cliff in some places, in order to render the descent practicable. At the bottom we stepped straight on to the surface of cold lava. It was the most extraordinary walk imaginable over that vast plain of lava, twisted and distorted into every conceivable shape and form, according to the temperature it had originally attained, and the rapidity with



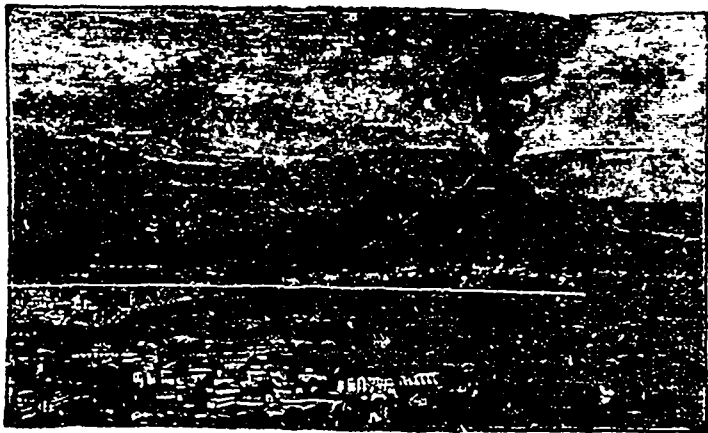
CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

which it had cooled, its surface, like half-molten glass, cracking and breaking beneath our feet. As we proceeded the lava became hotter and hotter, and from every crack arose gaseous fumes, affecting our noses and throats in a painful manner, till at last, when we had to pass to leeward of the molten stream flowing from the lake, the vapours almost choked us, and it was with difficulty we continued to advance.

"At last we were standing on the edge of a precipice, overhanging

A LAKE OF MOLTEN FIRE

a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing across the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red, fiery liquid hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air. The restless, heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. Its normal colour seemed to be a dull dark red, covered with a thin gray scum, which every moment and in every part swelled and cracked, and emitted fountains, cascades, and whirlpools of yellow and red fire, while sometimes one big golden river, sometimes four or five, flowed across it. There was an island on one side of the lake, which the fiery waves seemed to attack unceasingly with relentless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base. On the other side was a large cavern, into which the burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of the cave, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of fresh ones.



NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

"It was all terribly grand, magnificently sublime; but no words could describe such a scene. The precipice upon which we were standing overhung the crater so much that it was impossible to see what was going on immediately beneath, but from the columns of smoke and vapour that arose, the flames and sparks that constantly drove us back from the edge, it was easy to imagine that there must have been two or three grand fiery fountains below. As the sun set, and darkness enveloped the scene, it became more awful than ever. We retired a little way from the brink to breathe some fresh air, and to try and eat the food we had brought with us; but this was an impossibility. Every instant a fresh explosion of glare made us jump to survey the stupendous scene. The violent struggles of the lava to escape from its fiery bed and the loud and awful noises by which they were at times accompanied, suggested the idea that some imprisoned monsters were trying to release themselves from their bondage, with shrieks and groans, and cries of agony and despair at the futility of their efforts.

"Sometimes there were at least seven spots on the borders of the lake where the molten lava dashed up furiously against the rocks—

SEVEN FIRE-FOUNTAINS

playing simultaneously. With the increasing darkness the colours emitted by the glowing mass became more and

more wonderful, even the smoke and vapours were rendered beautiful by their borrowed lights and tints, and the black peaks, pinnacles, and crags, which surrounded the amphitheatre, formed a splendid and appropriate background. Sometimes great pieces broke off and tumbled with a crash into the burning lake, only to be remelted and thrown up anew. I had for some time been feeling very hot and uncomfortable and on looking round cause was at once apparent. Not two inches beneath the surface, the gray lava on which we were standing and sitting was red hot. A stick thrust through caught fire; a piece of paper was immediately destroyed.

"One more long last look, and then we turned our faces away from the scene that enthralled us for so many hours. The whole of the lava we had crossed, in the extinct crater, was now aglow in many patches, and in all directions flames were bursting forth, fresh lava was flowing, and steam and smoke were issuing from the surface. It was a toll some journey back again, walking as we did in single file, and obeying the strict injunctions of our head guide to follow him closely, and to tread exactly in his footsteps. Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust, sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself. Either from the effects of the unaccustomed exercise after our long voyage, or from the intense excitement of the novel scene, combined with the gaseous exhalations from the lava, my strength began to fail, and before reaching the side of the crater I felt quite exhausted. I struggled on at short intervals, however, collapsing several times and fainted away twice; but at last I had fairly to give in, and to allow myself to be ignominiously carried up the steep precipice, to the 'Volcano House' on a chair, which the guides went to fetch for me.

"December 25th (Christmas Day).—Turning in last night was the work of a very few minutes, and this morning I awoke perfectly refreshed and ready to appreciate anew the wonders of the prospect that met my eyes. The pillar of fire was still distinctly visible when I looked out from my window, though it was not so bright as when I had last seen it; but even as I looked it began to fade, and gradually disappeared. At the same moment a river of glowing lava issued from the side of the bank we had climbed with so much difficulty yesterday, and slowly but surely overflowed the ground we had walked over. I woke Tom, and you may imagine the feeling with which we gazed upon this startling phenomenon, which, had it occurred a few hours earlier, might have caused the destruction of the whole party."

READ GOOD BOOKS.

Never under any circumstances read a book of doubtful quality. No words can overstate the mischief of bad reading. A bad book will often haunt a man his whole life long. It is often remembered when much that is better is forgotten. It intrudes itself at the most solemn moments, and contaminates the best feelings and emotions. Reading trashy second-rate books is a grievous waste of time also. In the first place, there are a great many more first-rate books than ever you can master; and in the second place, you cannot read an inferior book without giving up an opportunity of reading a first-rate book. Books, remember, are friends. Books affect character; and you can as little neglect your duty in respect of this as you can safely neglect any other moral duty that is cast upon you. Keep the mind pure, and the life will be pure also.

PULLING OUT THE NAIL-HOLE.

Every wrong thought, and every bad habit, leaves its indelible trace upon us. The myriad cells of our brain, scientists tell us nowadays, record and store away the slightest of our doings forever. The following anecdote illustrates how much easier it is to make than to remove what might be called a moral scar:

"John," said a father to his son, "I wish you would get me the hammer."
 "Yes, sir."
 "Now a nail and a piece of pine board."
 "Here they are, sir."
 "Will you drive the nail into the board?"
 "It was done."
 "Please pull it out again."
 "That's easy, sir."
 "Now, John," and the father's voice dropped to a lower key, "pull out the nail-hole."

Story of the Hindu Girl.

Please tell us a story, auntie,
 Bugged little Kitty and Lou;
 Not one of those fairy tales,
 But one that's every bit true;
 And, "Tell a 'tory, auntie,"
 Lipped darling little Belle,
 As she climbed upon my knee
 To the place she loved so well.

As I looked at their rosy cheeks,
 And their faces glad and bright,
 A story came into my mind,
 I read in the paper last night,
 Of a poor little Hindu girl,
 Who knew nothing of joy or play;
 Whose life was wearily spent
 In sorrow and care each day.

And I told it as best I could,
 To my little nieces three,
 Who sat with wondering eyes,
 As quiet as quiet could be.
 I told how her mother cried,
 When the little girl was born,
 For she knew that Hindu girls
 Have nothing but pain and scorn;

How her father cared for his boys,
 And taught them to read and write,
 But hated his baby girl,
 And kept her out of his sight;
 How the hideous idol gods,
 To which they taught her to pray,
 Were really no gods at all,
 But were made of wood or clay;

How, when she was seven years old,
 She was torn from her mother's side,
 And carried far away,
 To be a stranger's bride;
 How she was her husband's slave,
 And worked from morn till night,
 With never a loving word
 Or a smile, to make life bright;

How she knew nothing of God,
 Or our dear Saviour's love;
 How she knew nothing at all
 Of a heavenly home above,
 Of the need of money and prayers,
 From children who love the Lord,
 To send to that heathen child
 God's blessed, holy word.

As I closed the sad, sad tale,
 Lou's eyes with tears were filled,
 And dear little laughing Kitty
 Was for a minute stilled;
 And Belle, our darling baby,
 Was sober as she could be,
 And said, "I'm very sorry
 For the little girl over the sea."

"I'll send her my new blue sash,
 I hope it'll make her glad;
 I think when she has that,
 She won't feel half so sad."
 "And I'll send my bright gold sovereign
 That grandpa gave to me,"
 Said Kitty, with brightening face,
 "I'll send that over the sea."

And sober, thoughtful Lou
 Said, with determined air,
 "I'll save up every penny
 That I possibly can spare,
 To send some one to tell her
 Of the bright world above,
 And I'll pray to our dear Jesus
 To bless her with his love."

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY
 Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

PABLES BY NATURE BREATHED.

The day when, after their long conflict with misfortunes, Heman and his uncle returned to regular work, seemed to the boy the most glorious of his life. Doubtless Uncle 'Rias remembered the days when he had had two good legs and been master-workman; with him it was as with the building of the second temple; while the young men shouted for joy of it, they who had seen the first house wept. Still Uncle 'Rias was happy; his was not a complaining disposition; he bore the brunt of fate hardily; he whistled and hummed little old-time tunes as he went about with square, line, rule, blue chalk, carefully measuring spaces and marking notches, for Uncle 'Rias had always been esteemed a skillful framer. Heman and a young carpenter just out of his apprenticeship followed up with adze, mallet, and saw, and soon chips were flying like autumn leaves and little furies of sawdust fell like yellow snow.

Old Deacon Goodspeed came by; the deacon had always quaint observations to make. He paused now, looked at

the work proceeding on the pieces of the "balloon frame," and said, "Cheer up, Urias, cheer up. God puts honour upon you when he permits you to help him house the children of men." Then for a time he contemplated the foundations, good solid hewn-stone work, well laid up in cement. "We might as well, my boys, he said, "tie to our doing high thoughts. They make it nobler than if we yoked it to low thinking. Here's a foundation: 'Other foundation can no man lay than is laid, even Christ.' And here's a corner-stone: 'The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. Whoso falleth on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder.'" Then the old deacon crept down the street, leaning on his big cane, the sunlight illuminating his loose hair, until the silvered locks of age took the golden glory of childhood, and Heman had dim, struggling memories about some words of Scripture, that one must enter the kingdom of heaven as a little child.

Whizz went the saws, pound, pound stormed the mallets, Uncle 'Rias' chalk ran shrilly across the rough fibre of the timber, and here came the minister with his hands full of letters, hurrying to the post-office. He took time to stop by Heman and say, "Here you are at your proper work. Pluck and patience, my lad, these bring the prizes. A good trade, my boy, is better than gold. Good mechanics are the props of society. Thomas Carlyle says of his stone-mason father, that he never gave the world any ill done work, and a bridge that he built in Ayrshire will be a monument of his faithfulness to many generations." By-and-bye the schoolmaster, George Renfrew, came along. "That's it, Heman," he said. "I see you are putting your heart into it. My uncle was a mechanic, and he told me his rule had been to copy after the best workmen in the shop, and learn the whole of his trade."

Toward noon Simon Fletcher, who was going from one piece of his work to another, ordering, helping, inspecting, came up with a rush. "You're at your old tricks, 'Rias, making things hum! I'll venture these boys won't see any idle moments under you! I never did see a man jump at his work as you always did. I had you for a model, but never could make myself go quite so quick; I'm too fat a build. You do more work with a patent leg than most men can with their natural ones. You always reminded me of the energy of a wasp a-building, the way you fly at things!"

When the town clock pealed twelve the workmen went home to dinner, and Heman thought he never had sat down before anything quite so good as Aunt D'rexy's "boiled victuals," as Uncle 'Rias called them, and apple pie. "Ain't it a spread and a picter!" said 'Rias, as he took his place. Joy gave him appetite.

Quite as beautiful "a spread" of another kind appeared on that same table at the end of the month, when Urias and Heman brought home their joint wages, and supper being cleared away, they laid the money out before D'rexy and Espey, making as great a show of it as possible. "Don't it look promising!" sighed Urias with deep content.

"We don't owe a penny of it," said D'rexy, eagerly. "Aunt Espey and I lotted on having you have it free; so we managed all we spent out of what we earned, sewing and knitting, selling eggs and milk, and things from the garden."

"My! ain't you a master-hand at managing, D'rexy!" said Urias, and as he gloated over the money his eyes shone. "Say, D'rexy, Abel Ward was talking to me about a new invention a man's selling about here. It's a kind of grip to run the street-cars by, and you take shares in it, and all the cars is bound to have to use it. It beats creation, it does. No, they don't have to use horses to the cars any more, and these shares you can buy now for about twenty dollars a month, and they'll bring you—well, about forty per cent. interest, and the shares will go up so they'll fetch sixty or seventy dollars for what you give twenty for, if so be you want to sell 'em. They're better than gold or Gov'ment bonds. Abel told me all about it."

Aunt D'rexy's countenance fell, Aunt Espey heaved a deep sigh, and Heman, leaning back in his chair, thrust his brown fists into his trousers pockets and made a remark: "In old times Cain was the bad one, and Abel was the good one; and Cain killed Abel. I don't know where Cain is, but I know now it's Abel that's the bad one, and trying to ruin folks; and Abel Ward is his full name. Uncle 'Rias, schoolmaster was talking to us one day about electricity,

and he said pretty soon all the street-cars would run by electricity; it would run everything else out. He told us about horse-cars in the cities, and about cable-cars, and he said electricity would knock spots out of them all, and take the cake and all the baking too."

After which very free version of his schoolmaster's remarks, Heman looked at Uncle 'Rias, and the two aunts looked at Heman admiringly. If Uncle 'Rias was going back to his old foolishness, it was well that Heman, who was doing a man's work, should hold a man's opinions and stand up for them. Uncle 'Rias spoke:

"Well, boy, Abel's a good feller, and 'pears to know, and he's mighty civil spoken."

"Most too smart spoken, I guess," said Heman. "Don't the Bible say somewhere, 'His words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.' Uncle 'Rias, you know when you lost the bank money and the farm, how bad you felt, and how you said you wished you'd left it all to Aunt D'rexy, because she never did lose anything? Now we've got another char: don't let's fool it away. Let us ear money, and give it to Aunt D'rexy to take care of. It's her turn now, she feels it as hard as anybody when losses come. We'll use what she deals out to us, and let her have fair innings for a while, any way." Then Heman leaned forward and put his elbows on the table and his sun-burnt, cheery face between the palms of his hands. "Say, I've got a plan, a jolly plan, and you all chip in with me in it. I mean to buy back the farm! Aunt Espey's got to end her days where she begun 'em, I say; and Aunt D'rexy's planted all those fruit-trees, and the grapevines, and the climbing roses; she has to have 'em back. Didn't Mr. Sloane tell me whenever I wanted anything of him to ask it? All I'm going to ask is that he keeps that farm in his hands until I can buy it back. Three thousand will do it, buy it back, and fix it up shipshape, and I'll make it!"

"Three thousand! Hear him talk! Well, Heman, you are full of spirit! I'm with you, boy; we'll do it; but, can't we hasten it, you see, by a little good investing, like Abel—"

"No, we can't!" cried Heman. "We'd lose, and get discouraged. We can make it by steady earning and saving; and Aunt D'rexy, when she gets enough ahead, can find at the bank some loan or something that will give her six per cent. Didn't schoolmaster tell us all about such things last winter in his banking and bookkeeping class? What did I go to school for, if 'twasn't to learn such things?"

Then Uncle 'Rias, relinquishing his golden dreams of a thousand per cent. or so, pushed all the piles of money over to Aunt D'rexy, saying, "Take it, my woman; it is your turn now. Let's see what you and the boy can make of financing."

After that, Heman earned, and D'rexy saved, with better heart; that "bag with holes" did not seem ready to engulf all their gettings.

While Abel Ward, who made his living by talking honest people out of hard earnings, laid thus in wait for Uncle 'Rias, whose fallings were well known, younger tempters of a diverse kind lay in wait for Heman, whose weaknesses were yet to be particularly discovered. Uncle 'Rias had been a far safer moral guide than a financier, and his and D'rexy's care had kept Heman out of temptation. Now that Heman was known to be "regularly working" and earning wages, lads of an evil sort, who had passed him by when he was merely digging Aunt D'rexy's garden and milking her cows, came around to beguile him.

"Have a cigarette, Heman?" said one of these fellows, coming up to him as he sat eating his lunch on a pile of boards at the librarian's house, Uncle 'Rias working that day on the "Christian Association Building."

"No," said Heman. "I'm not such a gump. Anybody who reads the papers knows that cigarettes makes boys crazy, stops their growth, and weakens them all out, like rags."

"That's so," said another boy. There were usually a crowd of idle lads, hands in pockets, lounging about to watch the work on the various buildings. "I don't go for cigarettes. They ain't safe. Now, try a cigar, they're safe. Here's one, Heman."

"No, thanks, I don't smoke. It would make me sick."

"Well, it might—the first one; but after one or two you'd get over that, and like 'em."

"What would become of my afternoon's work, while I was sick over a cigar? And why should I want to like them? They'd cost me some of my

good money, and I've better use for it." "Pooh! you work hard. You might have a little good of wages." "So I mean to, more'n a little real big good, said Heman his eyes shining with that hope of buying back the Sinner Farm, a hope which was a strong safe guard.

"But cigars are the best thing for in digestion." Heman roared with laughter. "Indigestion! Never had it. But I would if I began to smoke. Anyway, there's no use taking a cure before you've got a disease, is there? If you fellows worked as hard as I have to, you would have no indigestion, I can tell you."

(To be continued.)

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A New Zealand girl was brought over to England, in the early days of the colony, to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you." "What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got the pardon and peace and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."

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Wanted—A Boy.

Mr. A, the rector, is dying to-day
With the hope of heaven on his face,
He'll be missed in the pulpit and home,
When we pray
Wanted a boy for his place

Mr. B., the judge, is dying to-day,
With the lines of true life on his face,
He'll be missed on the bench for many
a day.
Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. C., the doctor, is dying to-day,
And a sympathy beams on his face;
He'll be missed in the homes, when dis-
ease comes to stay.
Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. D., the drunkard, is dying to-day,
Oh! the marks of sin on his face!
He'll be missed at the club, in saloon,
in the fray.
Wanted—a boy for his place

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

**LESSON XII—SEPTEMBER 17
POWER THROUGH THE SPIRIT.**

Zech. 4. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might, nor by power, but by

There are gleams of brightness, beauty, and power in his utterances. His prophecies of the Messiah are clear and emphatic. He foretold the siege of Babylon by Darius, and it is probable that the Jews took advantage of his warning notes. The vision of the lesson is a remarkable one.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "The angel"—God's messenger. "That talked with me"—The prophet. "As a man that is wakened out of his sleep" Divine communications came sometimes through waking visions, in which the person was in a trance-like state, or absorbed sometimes in dreams.
2. "What seest thou"—Not asked by the angel for information, but to direct the attention of the prophet. "A candlestick all of gold"—Formed partly after that of the sanctuary (Exod. 25. 31, 32), but with certain features necessary to make clear the truth. The "candlestick" was of pure gold and flaming with lights, and was an emblem of the pure service of God and the light and cheer it gives. Some interpretations of this vision are fanciful. The "seven lamps"—Seven, because the perfect number.
3. "Two olive trees"—To supply oil to the bowl, which oil ran through the pipes and gave a flame to the lamps.
4. "What are these?"—A proper question. A wise man prefers to ask a question rather than to remain in ignorance.
5. "Unto Zerubbabel"—The ruler was in a difficult situation. He needed a promise to strengthen him, and it came.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Power through the Spirit.—Zech. 4
- Tu. Not by might.—2 Chron. 20. 6-18
- W. The arm of the Lord.—2 Chron. 32. 1-8.
- Th. Spirit of the Lord.—Isa. 59. 16-21
- F. Wrought by the Spirit.—Rom. 15. 13-21.
- S. Power in weakness.—1 Cor. 1. 18-31.
- Su. Life by the Spirit.—2 Cor. 3.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Vision, v. 1-5.
 - Who came to the prophet Zechariah?
 - What did the angel do?
 - What question did he ask?
 - What was the first object seen?
 - What stood on each side the candlestick?
 - What question did the prophet ask?
 - What was the reply?
 - What do the olive trees represent?
- Verse 14, and Rev. 11. 3, 4.
2. Interpretation, v. 6-14.
 - To whom was this vision a message?
 - What did it say about power? Golden Text.
 - What about a mountain?
 - What does Jesus say about removing a mountain? Matt. 21. 21.
 - Who began the temple?
 - Who should finish it?
 - What question is asked about small things?
 - What would the people see?
 - Where are the eyes of the Lord?
 - Why does the Lord thus search the earth? 1 Chron. 16. 9.
 - What can be hidden from his gaze? Heb. 4. 13.



TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

curving branches on each side. Each lamp had a pipe leading to it, and there were two larger golden pipes to empty oil into the separate pipes to fill the lamps. On each side of the candlestick stood an olive tree; these trees gave out an oil of beautiful colour that poured itself into the golden pipes and filled the lamps. As the olive oil poured itself into the golden pipes and filled the lamps that burned so God's Spirit would fill the hearts of his people, who, like the lamps, were set to give light, and all the power would be from him.

No angel visits us now, but instead the gracious Spirit makes known to us divine things. It is his office, like the angel's, to stir up those who are asleep

BY MY
TO STIR UP
PERCEIVE
INFLUENCE
REVEAL
INTERPRET
TEACH

or indifferent that they may perceive things spiritual. He influences men silently, yet wonderfully, not alone by revealing, but by interpreting and teaching. Christ is our Zerubbabel, whose hands will finish the work of God, yet not by might nor by power, but by the operation of the Spirit on the minds and consciences of men.

A Private Citizen.

An office he will try to win,
And when the task is done,
He struggles hard, through thick and thin,
To get a bigger one.

He keeps on climbing up the tree
With all his might, and then
He says he only wants to be
A private citizen.

—Washington Star.

I received a letter from a lad asking me to find him an easy berth. To this I replied. "You cannot be an editor, do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops, and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither be a soldier nor a sailor; don't work, don't study, don't think. None of these are easy. Oh, my son! You have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is in the grave."—Henry Ward Beecher.



LAKE OF FIRE, KILAUEA.

my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Vision, v. 1-5.
2. Interpretation, v. 6-14.

Time.—About B.C. 520.
Place.—Jerusalem.

Introductory Note.—Zechariah is the eleventh of the twelve minor prophets. He returned from the Babylonian captivity, and began to prophesy in the second year of the reign of Darius. He urged the people to continue building the second temple. He is the longest and most obscure of the minor prophets.



"Not by might"—Thine own, weak because human. "Not by power"—That which comes from the decrees of kings. "But by my Spirit"—By the might and power which comes directly from the Almighty One.

7. "Who art thou, O great mountain"—The mountain of hindrances to the rebuilding of the Lord's house, especially the royal prohibition. "Thou shalt become a plain"—The difficulties are to be smoothed down. "He shall bring forth the headstone"—The ruler who began the building shall complete it. "Grace"—Divine favour.

9. The finishing of the building was proof to the people that Zerubbabel, the ruler, had God with him.

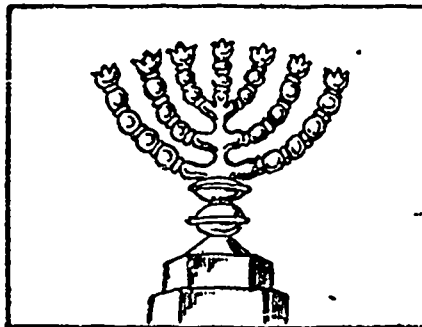
10. "Who hath despised the day of small things"—The Jews returned from exile poor, feeble, and greatly despised. "See the plummet in the hand"—Of the ruler, who was a wise and good master builder under God, the great architect. "The eyes of the Lord"—The providence of God, ever wakeful and observing over all the earth.

14. "These are the two anointed ones"—Zerubbabel, the governor, and Joshua, the high priest, anointed, that is, consecrated, "that stand by the Lord," in doing the work for State and Church which is appointed to them. The Hebrew here is literally "sons of toil," and there seems to be suggested that these two consecrated men, like all consecrated men, secure renewal of their own spiritual power by disseminating what they have for the benefit of others.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where are we taught in this lesson—
1. About preparation for God's work?
 2. About difficulties in God's work?
 3. About success in God's work?

The prophet saw a beautiful golden



candlestick, or lampstand, with seven lamps, one in the middle and three on

