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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1899.

No. 25.

Under Green Leaves.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Pleasant it is, when woods are green,
And winds are soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs be-
tween,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that
brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed
there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer,
Like one in prayer I stood.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back
again,
Low hispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the tower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh, stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

scenes. Within five miles of almost any Canadian town or city, or even less, we can find nature in some of her loveliest moods. Near Toronto we have the valleys of Rosedale, the glades of the Don and the Humber, and the slopes of Queen's and High Parks. Montreal has the incomparable splendour of her mountain. Hamilton, the beautiful valley of Dundas and mountain slopes behind the city, and almost every place in the country has some fair and lovely scene. We hope that our young readers will seek more and more for an appreciation of the beauties of nature. It will give both health to the body and refreshment to the mind.

"THE BOOK OF HEAVEN."

Rev. Egerton R. Young, the missionary

Nephew, lend me the book of heaven that I may read a little; I have loaned mine." So the pack was opened and the Bible was taken out and the man read for a time, and then threw the Bible back among the blankets and went out.

"The next morning the father and son started very early on their homeward journey. They strapped on their snowshoes and walked seventy miles, dug a hole in the snow at night, where they cooked rabbits and had prayers, and lay down and slept. The next morning, bright and early, after prayers, they pushed on and made seventy miles more and reached home. That night the father said to his son: 'Give me the book of heaven, that the mother and the rest may read the Word and have prayers.' As the son opened the pack, he said: 'Uncle asked for the book two



A MIDSUMMER DAY.—AFTER BIRKET FOSTER.

A MIDSUMMER DAY.

The accompanying admirable engraving is a reproduction, so far as black and white can reproduce it, of one of Birket Foster's beautiful pictures. Birket Foster is one of the most distinguished British landscape painters, and his pictures command a high price. The engraving was made by the brothers Bridgen, of the Toronto Engraving Co., and is one of the best pieces of engraving ever done in this country. The very texture of the wood and bark of the trees, the figures and dress of the children in the foreground, the sheep on the distant down with the water behind and the softness of the clouds, are admirably rendered. It has a wonderful out-of-doorish look, and makes us long for the bright sky and the green grass and the fresh breezes which the children are evidently enjoying. We need not go to distant lands to enjoy nature's fairest

As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quell'd;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of old.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

to the Indians in the far northern wilderness of British America, tells, in one of his addresses, this touching story.

"Often have I been made ashamed of the littleness of my love by the devotion of these Indians, and by their love for the Bible. Let me give you an incident. One of our Indians with his son came away down from the distant hunting-grounds to fish on the shores of our great lakes. This man and his son came down to fish, and they made splendid fisheries, put up the white fish on a staking where the foxes and wolves could not reach them, and one night the father said: 'My son, we leave to-morrow early; put the book of heaven in your pack; we go back one hundred and forty miles to our distant hunting-ground to join the mother and the others in the wigwam-home.' So the young man put his Bible in his pack that they might take it home. Later on, along came an uncle and said to the young man:

nights ago and it was not put back. The father was disappointed, but said little. The next morning he rose early, put a few cooked rabbits in his pack and away he started. He walked that day seventy miles and reached the camp where he and his son had stopped two nights before. The next day he had made the other seventy miles and reached the lake and found his Bible in his brother's wigwam. The next morning he started again, and, walking in the two days one hundred and forty miles, was back at home once more. That Indian walked on snowshoes two hundred and eighty miles through the wild forest of the Northwest to regain his copy of the word of God. Would we do that much to regain our Bibles? Oh, the power of the Gospel! It can go down very low and reach men deeply sunken in sin, and can save them grandly, and make them devout students and great lovers of the blessed Book!"

The Boys We Need.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid To do his share of work. Who's not in his toff dismayed, And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet All lions in the way. Who's not discouraged by defeat, But tries and tries all day.

The boy who always means to do The very best he can. Who always gets the right in view, And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be The men whose hands will guide The future of our land, and we Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is A man at heart, I say. Whose legend on his shield is this: "Right always wins the day."

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including 'The Best, the Cheapest, the Most Entertaining, the Most Popular.' and 'Christian Guardian, weekly'.

WILLIAM BRIDGES, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, 2110, Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1899.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS AND LUNDY'S LANE.

The sail up the broad and rapid river, seven miles to Queenston or Lewiston, is one of surpassing beauty, and the whole region is rich with historic memories.

Every spot of the way between Niagara and Queenston—so named in honor of Queen Charlotte—is historic ground. But a few short hours after leaving his hastily summoned militia up Queenston Heights, with a cry, "Push on, York Volunteers!" Sir Isaac Brock again passed over this road, when his body with that of his brave aide-de-camp, was brought back, the enemy's minute-guns all along the opposite river bank firing a salute of respect.

From the summit of Brock's Monument—a Roman column exceeded in height only by that Sir Christopher Wren erected in London to commemorate the great V— is obtained a grand view of the river. Here we see not only the Whirlpool and the spray of the Cataract, but all the near towns, with a distant glimpse of the historic field of Lundy's Lane. Broad, smiling farms, and peach and apple orchards, stretch away into the distance, and adorn every headland on either side. The full-tided river runs on in night and majesty, and pours its flood into the blue, unaltered sea, Ontario, which, studded with many a sail, forms the long horizon. Few lands on earth can exhibit a scene more fertile or more fair, or one associated with grander memories of patriotism and valour.

LAURA SECORD. Near Thorold, at Beaver Dam, occurred one of the most dramatic episodes of the

war of 1812-14. Laura Secord, a brave Canadian woman, during that stormy time walked alone through the wilderness from her home on the Niagara River to a British Post at Beaver Dam, a distance of twenty miles, to give warning of the invasion of an American force. In consequence of this heroic act nearly the whole of the invading party were captured. The Prince of Wales, when in Canada, visited Laura Secord, then a very old lady, and gave her a handsome present. The following stirring poem, by Dr Jakeway, records her brave deed:

On the sacred scroll of glory Let us blazon forth the story Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fervid pen of fame, So that all the world may read it, And that every heart may heed it, And rehearse it through the ages to the honour of her name.

In the far-off days of battle, When the muskets' rapid rattle Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura Secord sped along, Deep into the woods so mazy, Over pathways wild and hazy. With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage staunch and strong

She had heard the host preparing, And at once with dauntless daring Harried off to give the warning of the fast-advancing foe; And she fitted like a shadow, Far away o'er fen and meadow, Where the wolf was in the wild wood, and the lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses Of the tangled wilderness, Fearful sounds came floating outward as she hastily fled afoot; And she heard the guttural growling Of the bears, that, near her prowling, Crushed their way through the thickets for the food on which they fed.

Far and near the hideous whooping Of the painted Indians, trooping

A RUSSIAN PASTIME.

A certain local pastime, belonging chiefly to Southern or Little Russia, is called "Noidaka, and resembles somewhat a merry-go-round only it is a thousand times better fun. When Jack Frost has taken the lakes, pond, or river, and covering it with a solid sheet of ice more than a yard thick, a stake is fixed firmly in, and on this stake an old wagon-wheel is placed, as on its axle two thin poles, some two or three feet long or more, are then tied by one end to the wheel, and at the other end of each pole a "salazky," or small sled, is firmly attached.

A wide circle is cleared of all snow, and then some of the party, thrusting strong poles in between the spokes of the wheel, run around it, giving it a rotary motion, and making the salazky spin as if on a tremendous rate. The fun consists in letting one's self drop, or rather slip, off the sled when in full career and glide away over the ice. Anyway, it is quite impossible to keep one's hold on the poles, some are made to slide away at a tangent—away from the noidaka, along the smooth ice, to a great distance; sometimes on your side, often sprawling on your back, or sitting in a dignified posture until you reach the limits of the cleared space and the snow-wall beyond, when up you fly, like a rocket, all dignity thrown to the winds, heels in air, head foremost, into the snow—as though you were taking the plunge. Of all the winter pleasures I know—and we have many in Russia, where the cold season lasts some five months—I believe none is more glorious or more invigorating than the noidaka. Snow in your

less intended for seeing in the depths, where light is scarce, and the beautiful pearlyutilus, and to the ordinary cutter-fish of commerce. The nautilus has no ink-bag, probably because, having a shell into which to retire, it does not need to conceal itself from prowling enemies. In southern seas, and is very rarely found alive, though its empty shells are constantly washed upon tropical shores.

This marine monster, terrible and hideous as it is, is related to the beautiful pearlyutilus, and to the ordinary cutter-fish of commerce. The nautilus has no ink-bag, probably because, having a shell into which to retire, it does not need to conceal itself from prowling enemies. In southern seas, and is very rarely found alive, though its empty shells are constantly washed upon tropical shores.

One of the most curious traits of all the family of "saphalopods," as they are called, is the curious play of colour which they can produce, apparently at will, upon their bodies. One says, "I have watched a squid, stranded on the sea-beach, make its dying agonies glorious by a most astounding play of colours. The natural purplish tint changed now and again to dark blue, with here a purple, and there a pink, and to light red continually succeeding each other in rapid waves, over the whole surface of the body."

It is rarely that the giant squid attains the water as black as night tacks man in northern waters, though it haunts their depths; but in tropical seas it is a terror, indeed. Its favorite habitat is the Indian Ocean, where the natives know not at what moment he may see a monstrous creature with huge, goggling eyes rise out of the depths and fling across his boat a gigantic tentacle armed with scores of suckers so powerful that nothing short of horse power can pull them off. He has in readiness a keen-edged knife, with which to slash off the tentacle before it can seize him; but he must work quickly for help is at hand.

The poor fisherman, once grabbed and held fast by the horrible sucking tentacles, is drawn into the clear, blue sea, and there he is held, likewise provided with suckers, and the creature sinks with its captive to the bottom, where it tears him to pieces at leisure with its powerful parrot-like beak. Should it be alarmed at its meal, it discharges a quantity of ink from its bag, for hundreds of yards around, and thus effectually conceals itself.

METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

This number has eight illustrated articles. One of the most thrilling tales of adventure ever told is that of Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia in the article on "The Roof of the World." "Felix the Tanner" is a clever character sketch of the late President Faure. "Chautauque and its Founder," by Principal Harper, describes Bishop Doane's visit to the "Quebec and its Memories," by the Editor, recounts the stirring story of the Ancient Capital. The Rev. J. T. Pitcher has a capital study of Kipling. "Denis Patterson," Field Preacher of the Mission to the Feeble-minded and his times, is begun in this number. These articles are all well illustrated, as are also the fate of Andrew, and the Cromwell tenorship. Other articles are: "The Mission of Methodism," by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson; a fine poem on "The Queen's Eightieth Birthday," by Mrs. Lauder; "Miss Taylor's Mission to Tibet," by Dr. Galloway's "Daughter-in-Law," by Dr. Barton, and a serial also begun. This number is given free to new subscribers to the fifteenth volume, which begins with the July number.

I Live For Those Who Love Me.

I live for those who love me, For those that know me true, For the heaven that smiles above me, And waits my coming too. For the cause that needs assistance, For the wrongs that need resistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that I can do.



VIEW FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

For the forny, peated upon her with a weirdly unearthly sound; White great snakes were gliding past her, As she sped on fast and faster, And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled Over pathways rough and ravelled, Bearing dangers for her country like the fabled ones of yore. "Fill she reached her destination, And forewarned the threatened station Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it deep in gore.

Just in time the welcome warning Came unto the men, that, scorning To retire before the foe, rallied ready for the fray; And they gave such gallant greetings, That the foe was soon retreating Back in wild dismay and terror on that fearful battle day.

Few returned to tell the story Of the conflict sharp and glory That was won with brilliant glory by that brave Canadian band; For the host of prisoners captured Far outnumbered the enraptured Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for their native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded, In historic treasures hoarded, Than the march of Laura Secord through the forest long ago; And no nobler deed of daring Than the cool and crafty snaring By that band at Beaver Dam of all that well-appointed foe.

sleeves, and down your collar, snow in your ears and mouth sometimes—the smooth sliding, the rough headers, the laughter, fun, and joy! No, most decidedly, no other frolic—pure frolic—such as one loves "just for the fun of it," can compare with this!

But should any of you, my friends, wish to try it, do not forget that the ice must be very thick, and very smooth also, otherwise you will be black and blue with bruises before you have time to name your own "Jack Robinson"; and remember, also, that the force which sends you along after having torn you from the roof of that institution in the ice, so it is a matter of serious import that no holes or fissures in the ice, ridges or other obstructions, be near. Try though you were taking the ice, I am sure you will enjoy it, as I used to ages ago, but pray, be careful and take no unnecessary risks.—St. Nicholas.

A MARINE MONSTER.

On September 22, 1877, a giant squid was stranded on the north shore of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. The United States National Museum secured a cast of it in papier-mache, which now hangs from the roof of that institution in Washington. Carefully painted, it looks just as the animal did in life. Of course it was but a baby, its total length being only sixty feet, including the tentacles. The huge greenish eyes, each a foot in diameter, had to be made expressly for the paper-pulp monster. The giant squid has eyes larger by far than any other existing animal. They are bigger than the largest dinner-plates, and are doubt-

The Stay-at-Home.

There's dress an' hood to buy fr Jane,
A pair o' pants fr John,
A whole outfit fr Buster Bill,
An' winter's comin' on.
But baby Nan, the stay-at-home,
Jis laughs, an' never knows
That all on earth she has to wear
Is ole made-over clothes.

There's books to buy fr them at school—
It makes a pore man sick
To hear 'em holler "joggafy"
An' "mental" rithmetic.
But, thank the Lord! the stay-at-home

Isn't mighty hard to please;
Jis gits the fam'ly almanac,
An' reads it on her knees.

An' writin'-books an' drawin'-books—
They never seem to think
How much it costs to buy slich truck,
An' pencils, pens, an' ink.
But little Nan, the stay-at-home,
She knows her daddy's pore;
Jis gits a charcoal pen an' writes
Her lesson on the floor.

There's boots to buy fr Buster Bill,
An' boots to buy fr John,
An' shoes fr Jane an' ma an' I,
Till all my money's gone.
So Nan, the last, the stay-at-home,
Is left to do without;
Jis wears her home-made moccasins,
An' crows, an' crawls about.

'Pears like that all I rake an' scrape,
Won't hardly satisfy
The pressin' needs o' Bill an' John
An' Jane an' ma an' I.
But baby Nan, the stay-at-home,
Is full of sweet content;
Jis cuddles up in daddy's arms,
An' never wants a cent.
—The Century.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

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

CHAPTER III.

SEED-TIME.

"This is the porcelain clay of human kind."

When a little lad forms a friendship for a man, this emotion is largely a hero-worship. When the man is honest, faithful, clear-minded, and God-fearing, this friendship has the finest results in moulding the boy-nature towards real manhood. This happened between Urias Sinnet and his nephew Heman. Heman early developed a strong preference for the society of Urias. Discouraging remarks did not bluff him, nor did cold silence daunt him; possibly with childhood's prescience Heman discerned that this was "only company manners," and had regard to "knuckling down." It was very nice in the evening, especially when the days were growing chill, to climb into Aunt D'rexy's lap, tuck his curly head close on her shoulder, let his woollen-stockinged feet hang down in pleasant nearness to the stove, and listen, cradled into warm softness and rest, to Aunt D'rexy's singing sweet old child-hymns, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;" "I think when I read that sweet story of old;" "Gentle Jesus;" "Around the throne of God in heaven," and so on; Aunt D'rexy had a large repertory.

It was very delightful to sit on a stool before Aunt Espey and have her tell him stories. Aunt Espey knew none but Bible stories, but she told them well. David and Jonathan lived before him; he saw John Baptist in the deserts, and Samuel in the tabernacle; Jacob asleep on a stony pillow, and Joseph parading before his brethren in the beautiful new coat, the immediate results of which were so disastrous. On Sundays he was allowed to stand by the table and look at the full-page wood-cuts in the big Bible. There was Samson pulling down the pillars, Daniel in the lion's den, Jonah tumbling into the sea. They were pictures coarse and ill drawn to a degree that would banish them from a modern nursery or kindergarten, but by the Sinnet family were supposed to be marvels of high art, and were expected to have a happy effect in refining and educating Heman. Perhaps they had.

Sometimes when Aunt Espey was nodding in her "rocker," and D'rexy was very busy getting supper, Heman would climb on the back of Urias' chair, and whisper loudly in his ear, "You read me a story." Then, if Espey was very sound asleep, and D'rexy fully absorbed,

Urias would reach out a long arm, take down a blue Webster's Spelling-Book from a high shelf, and slowly and impressively read the three tales that conclude the contents of that compendium of knowledge: "The Gored Ox," "The Boy on the Apple-tree," "The Maid and the Pall of Milk."

The true joy of life was to follow Urias afield and abide by him during a day's work. One day Urias and a neighbour lad were repairing a stone wall, and building a new fence in "the low pasture." Heman was attracted by a large stone, partly embedded in the earth.

"Who made this? what did he make it for?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing mebbe; ain't that like any other stone?" said Urias.

"No; somebody made this, it's for something," insisted Heman.

"Now hark to that, will you?" said Urias to his comrade, "and take a lesson. That child sees there's something special about that stone. He sees that there have been ideas put to its making. As there were ideas, he sees a maker back of it, and he says, Who did it? what for? But you take notice, there's many people, considerably wiser in their own conceit than they ought to be, that look at all the Lord made—stars that don't fall out of the sky, trees that bear their own kind of fruit; seed that yields its own crop, and they say nobody made it, for nothing; it just came. Yes, Heman, that stone was made specially to do some work. You dig off the sod from the top, and I'll tell you about it while we eat dinner. It's a mill stone, that was made to grind corn, and there used to be a mill here when I was a boy. You see 'at little pond up there? It used to be a big, and those logs were part of a sluiceway. The tide set way up here, full and strong too; six miles the arm of the sea was, the inlet we called it; now it's choked up with sand-bars and marsh lands, and it's years since the mill fell down."

Heman with a sharp stone and a stick dug away as for his life. Earth, sky, far-off sea, took a new light for him; he lived in a vague romance as he disentombed the old millstone. At eleven he trotted off to the house to bring down what Urias called his "noon snack." Aunt D'rexy had the basket all ready, came through the first big field, and helped him over the first rail fence with his load. Then she left him to tug away for himself; Heman was not spoiled by being carried over all the hard places of life. He had struggled and perspired all the morning over his millstone, and he panted, tugged, and perspired over the lunch basket, setting it down every rod or two, but he got back to his party at last. They took the bared millstone for a table.

"You see," said Urias, "there used a mill to stand here, built of logs and beams, and rough planks; a water mill; it had a run of stones to grind corn and wheat, and it had a saw to rip up logs into boards. It was pretty cold here in the cold winter, and in windy, rainy weather, for it wasn't built up particularly close. However, in one corner there was a room done off, and a stove, and we weren't used to pampering in those days. You see, Heman, there's a hole in the middle of this stone, and there was another stone like it a-top and a spindle went through here, and the wheel turned that, and the water turned the wheel. When the stones ground round and round, the wheat and corn between them got ground into flour. It wasn't very fine flour, not very white, but it was good wholesome eating, and I tell you, bread made out of it tasted terribly good to me, when I'd been out all day husking corn, or picking up apples or potatoes, and ran home at night with ten cents for my wages."

"What did you do with the ten cents?" asked Heman eagerly.

"Gave it to my mother. I was all she had to do for her, and I worked for her from the time I was of your age. When I didn't get ten cents, I got corn, apples, meat, or potatoes. When we had grain to grind, I brought it here to the mill. I made a little cart out of a box and some solid wheels saved out of a log; I hauled my grain and flour in that. Sometimes I worked days for the miller. By-and-bye the miller died, and the water wa'n't free here, as before; there were steam mills set up in the village, so this old mill was allowed to fall down. They took away the upper stone, but left this one because it was flawed. They carried off the saw, and some of the timber, and gave me the rest. I hauled it home, and cut, sawed, corded it even-ings. It made us a year's fuel. I tell you, my mother was a good woman; always kind and busy, always patient and pious. My religion's the only good thing about me that I got from her."

"Ain't it a pity," said the neighbour

lad, "that she didn't live till now, when you're so well set up."

"I don't know as I begrudge her being happy in heaven. She would have been old, older than Aunt Espey by ten years, if she was living now. But I am proper glad that she lived to get past the hard days, and where I could give her an easy living. She lived two years up in the house there with us, and D'rexy did uncommonly well by her. I say, boys, it's a great blessing to have your mother to do for and wait on, a great blessing from the Lord, an honour he puts on you. You'll miss that, you two boys, seeing both your mothers are dead."

"Oh, well," said Heman, whose mother in eighteen months had become a dim dream, "I've got you, and Aunt Espey, and Aunt D'rexy, and I'll take care of you all." Whereat Urias patted him on the back, remarking that he "showed pluck," "had good grit," "was willing to take up a large contract," "to do a land office business." Such unstinted praise Urias only bestowed in the privacy of the fields, far from those two women who might have counted it an excess of "knuckling down."

On a summer afternoon a passing neighbour called to Urias that "his black helper had got into trouble in the west lot." Urias, with rope, axo, and lever, hastened off, his shadow Heman trotting after him as fast as short fat legs could carry him. The helper was soon rescued.

"What's this hole she got her leg in to?" asked Heman.

"A well. Our old well. I timbered it over and sodded it, but it was a job done long ago, and the timbers have rotted. Well! that might have cost me a good cow; I'll have to mend that, and I'll build a stone wall round it this time, sure."

"Oh, yes," cried the child, "and I'll bring my cart and drag stones for you; we can build the wall, Uncle 'Rias! But if that was your well, Uncle 'Rias, where was your house?"

"Here it was," said 'Rias, walking off a little way, and pacing about a square depression, with a grass-grown ridge on two sides. "Here's where I lived. It was a log-house, one big room, with the chimney run up outside, and a loft above. I slept in the loft when I was a boy. I made my bedstead, and I had it close up to the chimney for warmth. There were hollows and ledges in the chimney stones, and our hens used to roost there winters to keep warm. We had a lean-to kitchen to do the washing in, likewise the summer cooking. When my mother was sick I used to get up at four o'clock, do the washing, and spread the clothes out on the grass before I went to work. After I learned my trade, I built a table and a cupboard for my mother, also a lounge."

After such histories Heman saw visions. He set forth Uncle 'Rias in his honest hard-working filial boyhood, as other boys, more widely but possibly not better instructed, set forth Paladins, and the Round Table knights of yore. If only he could emulate some of these deeds, could rise up before light to do a family washing, bring home wages at night, and built cupboards! Sometimes in imitating the doings of Uncle 'Rias he got into difficulty, and was only called meddlesome for his pains! He upset a churn full of cream in trying to make butter unasked for Aunt D'rexy. He destroyed a pan full of bread dough in a vain effort to accomplish the family baking; he spoiled a bee-hive, a sink box, and a cradle top, untimely putting a hand to Uncle 'Rias' work in the shop. He had the great misfortune to be pronounced mischievous, and to hear it said that it "was well he'd be of school age next summer."

Now and then his efforts met with happier recognition. One evening, coming along the road with Uncle 'Rias, they saw a deep hole at the edge of a little bridge over a runlet. "That ought to be mended," said Uncle 'Rias, "some horse will break a leg in there."

"Oh, we know where it is and won't let our horse get into it." "Yes, boy, but ours is not the only horse in the world. Other folks have teams. We ought to think for our neighbours. Some one might get into that place of a dark night."

The next day, as Uncle 'Rias came along the road to dinner, he heard a great shouting and ordering. Heman and a taller, older boy, of a quieter disposition, were busy in the road; a crowbar and two little carts indicated serious work. Heman's round face was dripping as usual; his tongue was loudly active, also as usual. "Joey, pound that stone in! Joey, where's a big stone? Joey, I've got a chunk to go there! Joey, why don't you haul up some dirt." There they were. Heman and his only play-fellow, Joey Clump,

were vigorous at work, doing a rude style of road-mending. Like the slough of Despond the hole seemed hard to fill on account perhaps of "the bottom being so bad." A happy effort in crowding down a fragment of stump had afforded staying place for stones and soda. "Why! how long have you boys been at work?" cried Urias. "Pretty near all the afternoon," said Joey, who was dry, white, and panting. "Who set you at it?"

"I did," said Heman, "didn't you say it ought to be fixed?"

"So I did. Well, you'll be road-masters some day. Give me that crowbar and I'll finish it up. Joey, you can come on to tea with us, and D'rexy shall give you both a slice of pie." Heman had never had "company to tea" before. He thought that he had fallen into Arcadia.

Joey Clump was the only child and idol of the Sinnet's nearest neighbours. D'rexy was wont to say, "If Joey had been any one but Joey, he'd have been clear spoiled by the praising and petting he got." "That's what the dear Lord's provided for poor little Joey, so he won't be overborne by his afflictions," said Aunt Espey. For "poor little Joey" had brought into this world as his inheritance a misshapen foot and a crooked shoulder. To make this burden lighter his parents had kept him much in the house amusing him, and had allowed him unlimited pie, cake, and preserves. Joey had therefrom grown slim and pale like a potato plant in a cellar.

Heman, the rollicking, the redfaced, the muscular, became Joey's particular admiration. Pitying Joey, and advised by Aunt Espey that "children ought to play with children," Aunt D'rexy, with fear and trembling lest her boy should suffer harm, made Joey welcome to the door-yard. Heman became a shade more dictatorial and lordly, but Joey browned, reddened, toughened in out-door sports; while being instructed by Heman that cake and pie were bad for little boys, and made them slim, and he wouldn't eat them. Joey revised his bill-of-fare to his great advantage. Joey had been kept out of school, "lest the other boys should put upon him." He was to begin with Heman, as it was evident that though Heman did not object to a thrall himself, he would let no one else tyrannize over Joey.

The time came for the first day at school. Aunt Espey made Heman a book-bag of ticking, and D'rexy duly paid for slate and primer out of her egg money.

Said Urias, "When I went to school I had that blue Webster's spelling book with board sides, and I had a shingle to write and do sums on with a coal or a bit of chalk. Nights I scrubbed it clean to have it ready for the next day. That was all I had to learn from. I didn't get but four months schooling a year, and that only for three years; but I read the Bible and any paper I got to my mother between whies, to keep up my learning. When I was older I studied nights with the school-master till I learned writing and ciphering." Heman set out to school thoughtful; he had received a lesson upon his privileges.

(To be continued.)

SHE FOUND HER POCKET.

The Washington Star tells this pretty little story of an incident that happened on Nineteenth Street, at the Capital, a while ago:

A sweet-faced woman, with silvered hair and a plain gray dress, was riding slowly, when she saw ahead of her a small boy pushing along on a tricycle and towing a little red cart tied with a string to the axle of his vehicle. There were more youngsters farther up the street, and the little chap was looking at them and trying to put on speed to reach them. A smile overspread the face of the silver-haired woman, and a sudden thought seemed to occur to her. She rode a little slower, held the handle-bar with one hand, and with the other found the pocket in her dress. As she reached the boy, she drew from the pocket a big, round, red apple, which she deftly dropped in the little cart.

The boy did not hear it and kept on. When he reached his playmates and dismounted he saw his prize for the first time, and jumped for it; then looked wonderingly around to see where it came from.

The lady with the silver hair watched him as she wheeled away, and evidently had her full reward in the child's pleasure and astonishment.

But the marvel to the man who saw it from the sidewalk was how a woman could find her pocket on a wheel.

One of God's Rivers.

BY LILWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Where the crystal waters of the Beaver
Sling along the upper lands of Grey,
Every lurking ledge is a deceiver,
Wooling, winning, witching her away.

In her shady shallows, cool and winsome,
Water lilies gillaten, pure and pale;
'Neath her fringe of willows, lithe and
handsome,
Many a silver troutlet whiffs a tail.

Onward, ever flouting Nature's forces;
Tossing out her freshness to the hills,
Kissing, as they join her in their course,
All the new-born, tny baby rills:

Giving of her fragrance to the sunbeams
As unto a lover fair and true;
Reaching misty colours to the moon-
beams,
Where they paint the prismatic pearly
dew;

Blessing, like a heart-warm, gentle
mother,
Every tender one within her reach;
Singing, like the fairies to each other,
In the same sweet, holy, rhythmical
speech;

Bright'ning all the shore-way as she
passes;
Laughing to the music of the breeze;
Spraying all the perfum'd flowers and
grasses;
Pulsing measured treasure to the trees;

Onward, in her renovating mission,
Unto light, and air, and rock, and
ward—
In her giving, loving life fruition—
As a benediction of the Lord

But Eugenia's rock ways, cleft asunder—
Broken, shattered, scattered near and
far—
By some ruthless demon of the thunder,
Fain would all her exquisiteness mar.

Oh, the perfect unity of Nature,
Whether ray, or spray, or sparrow fall!
Light, and air, and dew, and clod and
creature—
Each is faithful helper unto all;

Full of gleeful gladness rippling onward,
From the mirror'd beauty loth to part,
Hearing to the waiting valleys, down-
ward,
Pictures of the hill-ways in her heart.

Lo! the river finds her stone-bed vanish
Like a 'floor of fate' from under-
neath,
As when some grim, feudal lord did
banish
Foemen from his moat-walk unto
death.

Then the air, with countless pillows,
near her,
Cushions all the dangers in her flight,
While the sunbeams kiss, caress and
cheer her,
Gemming all her prisms with their
light;

All the night fair Luna's rays console
her,
Chasing shadows through her chrysmal
tears,

While the magk zephyrs so control her
By their music, she forgets her fears.

And the Rock, his rudeness quite re-
penting,
Lifts a foam-rim'd basin to his
breast,

Where the ransomed waters may, re-
lenting,
Close beside his heart, a moment rest;

Then adown the glen they dash in glory,
Foaming, to the harbour far away.

When the lake-waves chant the isles a
story,
One's the crystal anthem glean'd in
Grey
The "Elms," Toronto.

Eugenia Falls are on the Beaver River,
in Grey county, Ontario, about six miles
from Flesherton, on the Toronto, Grey
and Bruce Railway. A short way down
the river from the place where the group
of tourists stand in the picture, to the
right may be seen a conical shaped
mountain of stone and reddish clay
totaling in height (if one may trust his
memory), over one hundred and twenty-
five feet from the bed of the river to the
summit. This pile would form a great
picture in itself. Withi' rambling dis-
tance of the falls are Latimer's Caves—
so they were called a dozen years ago
when the writer explored them—and any
one who visits this locality without see-
ing them misses a fine opportunity for
speculating whether the fissures and

rooms are the result of an earthquake or
in part the work of man. Were Eugenia
Falls located within a few miles of some
lake port, so that tourists would happen
upon them more frequently, they would
soon become the craze. As it is, much
surprise has been expressed, by those
who happened upon them unexpectedly,
as did Mr. Morrison, whose poem ac-
companies the picture, that a summer
hotel has not been built beside the falls
and the place boomed. The picture
given is from a photograph by Mrs. W.
Bulmer, of Flesherton.—Editor of Satur-
day Night.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I.—JULY 2.

GRACIOUS INVITATIONS.

Hosea 14. 1-9. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come, and let us return unto the Lord.
—Hosea 6. 1.

in captivity. "Return"—By the way
of repentance, else they would suffer still
more. If the call is to repent there is
power to heed it. "Fallen by thine
iniquity"—Not by any arbitrary decree
of God. Guilt is affirmed of them.

2 "Take with you words"—That is,
pray; and pray with right words—that
is, acceptably. "Calves of our lips"—
Sacrifices or offerings of our lips.

3 "Ashur"—Assyria. "Shall not
save us"—By an alliance. "Horses"—
The cavalry of the Egyptian king. "Ye
are our gods"—Hand-made idols. "The
fatherless findeth mercy"—Orphans, for
they need mercy, and those are orphans
who have not God as their father.

4 "Heal, love"—Words of comfort.
"Freely"—Not forced, but voluntary
and royal, in abundance. The love freely
given delights the giver and blesses the
receiver.

5. Beautiful figures of speech in this
verse. God's gracious favours are as the
dew which in a parched land falls on a
weary leaf and flower. The nation on
whom God's favour rests shall be fair as
the eastern lily, stately and strongly
rooted as the mighty cedar trees on the
mountains of Lebanon.

What single word expresses the invita-
tion? Return.

To whom was Israel to return?

What reason is given?

How are we separated from God? Isa.
59. 2.

Who alone is to blame?

What should the sinner say to the
Lord when he returns?

What sort of worship must they cease
at once?

How much iniquity will God pardon?
Isa. 1. 18.

Suppose we refuse his invitation?
Prov. 1. 24-27.

2. The Lord's Promise, v. 4-9.

What promises in verse 4?

What special promises in verses 5 to 8?

What is the Lord's refreshing to be
like?

What is the beauty which the Lord
gives compared to?

What is the strength bestowed com-
pared to?

In whom alone may we bear fruit?
John 15. 5.

Who shall understand these things?
Verse 9.

What is said of the ways of the Lord?
Who makes these promises?

Are they sure? Why? Num. 23. 19.

Having such promises what should we
do? 2 Cor. 7. 1.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Wherein does this lesson teach us—

1. How to approach the Lord?
2. There is hope for the repentant?
3. There is health and happiness in the
service of the Lord?

They say I am growing old because my
hair is silvered and there are crow's feet
on my forehead and my step is not so
firm and elastic as before. But they are
mistaken. That is not me. The knees
are weak, but the knees are not me. The
brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not
me. This is the house I live in. But I
am young, younger than I ever was be-
fore.—Guthrie.

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EUGENIA FALLS.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's Invitation, v. 1-3.

2. The Lord's Promise, v. 4-9.

Time.—Hosea's ministry lasted from
about 790 B.C. to 725 B.C.

Place.—The kingdom of Samaria, or
Israel.

Introductory Note.—Hosea is the first
of the minor prophets called "minor,"
for their prophecy is brief compared with
those of the major prophets. A prophet
was not of necessity a foreteller, but ever
a forth-teller, the human mouthpiece of
God to the people. Hosea lived in the
kingdom of Samaria, and his prophecies
in the main have a view to this state.
His style is concise and abrupt as that
of a man under deepest emotion. He
strikes with vehemence at the sins of
Israel and Judah, he solemnly warns
them of the wrath of God, and then he
moves them to repentance with the prom-
ises of abundant mercy. He has great
force of expression. He abounds in in-
dignation and pathos, and rises into the
sublime. All was not lost while the
Jews had such faithful prophets as he.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "O Israel"—A cry to the people now

6. "The olive tree"—Tall, straight, its
top crowned with foliage and fruit.

7. "Shall return"—Gathered again
from captivity. "Revive, grow"—These
figures of speech show that the prophet
was a poet. Deep feeling rises into
poetry, which is not always rhyme.

8. "Ephraim"—Now converted from
idolatry. "Like a green fir tree"—
With health, vigorous, and the prospect
of growth. "From me"—From God
and his grace came a holy life and the
"fruits of the Spirit."

9. A closing exhortation. No need to
study to understand, but there is need to
obey.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gracious invitations.—Hosea 14.

Tu. Precious promises.—Hosea 2. 16-23.

W. "Come now."—Isa. 1. 10-20.

Th. Proclamation of pardon.—Jer. 3.
12-19.

F. Turning with the heart.—Joel 2.
12-19.

S. The Saviour's invitation.—Matt. 11.
25-30.

Su. Confession and pardon.—1 John 1

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Lord's Invitation, v. 1-3.
What prophet spoke these words?