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#### Haying Time.

BY GEORGE E. BOWEN.

The heated sun is shining on the fields of rich July,

In blazing summer splendour from his throne of turquoise sky.

The perfume of the meadows fills the

soft, sweet morning air, corn blades wave a proud salute to

the fields of clover fair.
farmer is the charmer in the ro-

mance of to-day;
A story of the glory of the time of making hay.

The mowers in the dewy fields press through the yielding stand, To music of the keen machine now hum

ming o'er the land, The long windrows of clover surf the rakers leave behind

Are quickly tossed by gleaming forks in hay-cocks soldier lined.

waggon takes its jag on to the yawning big barn door,

Where tramping boys with romping noise tread down the fragrant fragrant store.

e's stubble in the shaven fields clean swept of every spear, There's

red moon comes sailing up the sky so sparkling clear,

A gentle hush has touched the scene, the weary tollers sleep

To dream perhaps of greater fields of richer grain to reap;

The day is done, the hay is won, and grateful rest is meet,

Till morning sounds its warning ne'er disturb the slumber sweet.

clover-scented. sunny days of fragrant new-

mown hay, Your incense breathes ideal life that fills the soul for aye.

Oh, breezes waft the blessed joys to toilers in the

And gladden hearts that aigh with care 'neath smoke-grimed chimneys' frown.

The pleasures and the treasures of the glowing, mowing days,

fairer, sweeter, rarer, than a year of budding Mays.

## "HONOUR BRIGHT."

" Yes, "Yes, mother, I will, honour bright! Did you eyer know me to break my promise ?"

"No, my son, I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly, as she looked down

into the honest eyes that never in all Harry Dunning's fifteen was not well. She had been pale and stroking the bonnie head bowed on her of the Tremont House, the famous hotel years had failed to look straightforward fretful all day. And he had promised shoulder.—Zion's Herald. years had failed to look straightforward

back into hers.
"Well, mother, you never will. I'll be home by ten, sure. Now, I'm off!" and Harry sprang down the steps and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew, had invited him to a candy-pull and "general good time," and Alden's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends; for Father and Mother Mayhew and grown-up sister Nell had to perfec-

ing of going home. But Harry's honour promise rang in his cars. body guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game. buy's heart as he mechanically

"Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? haven't had an evening out for weeks

It was all true. Very few and far be-tween had bec., his "good times' since his father died, two years before, when little Day was a baby, and left him to be the support and comfort of his mother.

"It isn't late," he thought irritably.
"Mother's only nervous." Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened up quickly. "Who has a better right to be nervous?" he thought fiercely, as though

The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over Day, but he was a skilled physician, and hefore long the uttle girl was breathing

easily again.
"But let me tell you." he said. impressively, ten minutes later it would not have been of much use to call me or any one else."

Harry listened silently, but when they were once more alone he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa, and told her of the resisted tempta-

And, oh! mother," he concluded, I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honour bright': I feel ac though I'd just escaped from being a marderer."

to Boston to make his fortune. little, but wiry, and he had struggled with the winds of Cape Cod and battled with poverty until his purpose was hard and rugged, and his grit was well tem-

Like every sensible boy should, he turned to do the thing he knew how to do, until he could get himself on his feet. He hired himself to an oyster dealer, and went around from house to house carrying oysters to the people. But, little as he was, he had a big soul in him, and he soon concluded that it was a good deal better to work for himself than for somebody else. So before very long he set up on his own account. As he did not have money enough to hire a stall in the fighting an invisible fue. His sweet, in valid mother! And he knew little Day true laddle," said the happy mother, with a wheelbarrow. In winter time he I have perfect confidence in my brave, , market, or pay rent for a store, he began

went up and down the streets crying out, "Fresh oysters t Fresh oysters!" under the windows of the well-to-do, and in good weather he ran his wheelbarrow out as far as Brighton, five miles away. He drove a big husiness there among the cattlemen. He carried with him a vinegar cruet, a pepper-box, and saucer, and with his cyster kuife, and wheelbarrow full of Cape Cod oysters, he was a little business world all to himself. The big, jolly drovers admired the plucky little fellow, and came to patronize him largely.

But Isaac was constantly looking out for a step in advance. Though he began with a wheelbarrow, he had no idea of ending there, and he had his eye out all the time for a chance to get into a stall at Fancull Hall Market. Not many months had passed away until he had saved money enough to seize an opportunity. Then he set himself to work with greater devotion than ever, Three o'clock every morning saw him rowing his little boat across the harbour after his oysters, and he was back in his place, the first boy in the market to be ready for business. He got many customers in this way.

He had been steadily advancing in his business until, at eighteen, his father died, leaving his mother a widow with eleven children, ten of them younger than Isaac. He was not selfish and indifferent toward her cares, but he put his young, strong arms underneath his mother. and out of his savings sent her money every week to help meet the wants of this large family. But God takes care of the boys who take care of themselves and their mothers, and Isaac Rich constantly grew in his business. After a little he began to aid fish to the oysters. At first he could only buy a few fish and put them on his stall alongside

to this bright, plucky young fellow, and asked him one day why he did not keep salmon. He replied that it was because he did not have money enough to buy them. "How much would it take?" Inquired the hotel man. "Two handred dollars," was Rich's reply. "The next boat that come in, buy it up, and I will lend you the money," was the big-hearted hotel-keeper's reply. You may depend upon it that Isaac was on the lookout for



Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good-nights, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"Day is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for th doctor-quick!"

And Harry ran-ran as he had never dreamed he could, even when he belonged to the "nine," and its honour depended on his speed and surefootedness. And and grown-up sister Nell had to perfection the "knack" of making a "good the old doctor, electrified by the boy's time" for young folks.

No wonder that Harry could not believe his own eyes when, in the height of the function, he looked up and saw the hands of tun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten! And the code and surefootedness. And the code in from the boy's and the code in from the the codifish that come in from the sea. In a little, low red-and-brown cot the didn't wait for it to get into the dock, but he met it out in the harbour town was born Isaac Rich. It was a big family, and not much money to keep it going; so when Isaac was twelve years old, and small of his age at that, he went his business. From that day he became

## CODPISH AND COLLEGE

BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

Methodism is rich in those heroes who have had to fight their own way from One of these is a hero from the codfish region. Away down at the end of Cape Cod is Provincetown, where it catches the first chance at the winds

wholesale fish merchant, and it was not a wholeanle fish mercuant, and it was not long before Isaac Rich & Co was the great fish firm of the country That little cottage down at Province

great fish firm of the country. That little cottage down at Province-town poor as it was, was a good Stehodist freshlet, and Isaac Rich began life as a staunch Methodiat boy. He stuck to Lord while he was poor, the lord while he was poor, the lord while he was poor, the lord with lord with the lord with l

#### OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest the most entertaining, the The cere to the control of the cere to the WILLIAM BRIGGS,

### Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. U W Coarms, S. P. Humans, 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room, Montreal. Hallfax, N.S.

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

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1900

#### HIS GUINEA.

BY ANNIE M. PAGE.

A meeting of any kind always drew a good company at Fellburn in the dull time of the year, when there was little stirring in the small village, so shut off by the high hills which surrounded it from the rest of the world; and on the night of the first Twentieth Century meeting a larger company than usual gathered in the little Wesleyan Chapel for the scheme was new, and many came for the scheme was new, and many came out of curiosity The superintendent was in the chair, and the deputation con-sisted of several gentlemen from the head of the circuit, who made strring speeches, explaining fully what the Fund was and what it was going to do and rousing many of their hearers to enthusi-

asm.
At the back of the "free seats " sat a
lad of about seventeen, alone. He had
come in, in the first place, because it was
a wet night, and he had nothing better
to do, but as the meeting went on, had
any one taken the trouble to notice him. any one taken the trouble to notice him.

he would have seen that the boy was
deeply interested in all that was said
and done. He was an ordinary-looking
farm boy, with 'brown, healthy skin,
brown hair, and the clear, bright eyes
of one whose days are spent in the open

air.

At last the speakers had had their say, and now the hearers had to do their share. The slips of paper on which the promises were to be written were in every pew. There was silence in the chaptel except for a raint rustling, or occasional whispering. George Moor, the boy on the free seats, drew out an old stump of pencil, and carefully wide something on the paper before him, then dronned it into the collection box, then

bread, and even a covering for his head iong before he had outgrown his child-hood. His master only a poor farmer himself, gave him food and lodging in return for his work, money was a comnimsell, gave nim 100d and louging in return for his work, money was a com-modity George knew very little of no wonder the people stared and almost laughed aloud when the superintendent

inugued aloud when the superintendent read out George Moor, one guinea." George saw the looks of incredulity and the smiles that passed over the faces of those near him, and sinking his head still lower, he set his teeth as he said to himself, "And I'll do it, too, there's time enough !"

ministit. And It to N. 600, there's the snough I"

The proverb says. Where there's a will there's a way" George certainly had the will, and set to work the work the way with a determined folk of Fellburn, if they had retermined natures, George know how to keep his own counsel. If the had to bear plenty of good-humoured chaff after the meeting was over, from his master, who himself had nobly promised a sum that he would have hard work and no little sacrifice to gather to gether, and from those of his chums who got to hear about what had happuned at the meeting.

got to hear about what had happened at the meeting.

But George was not a dull boy, and could generally give as good as he got, and the matter was soon dropped, and even forgotien by all but the person most concerned. He did not forget, for force him one thine, one question was study—how the control of the country—how as I have said, so it was not surprising that within a year and and fine had a pile of money, mostly pennies, it is true, but when counted up it made exactly the sum of one guinea. A description of the numerous ways he carned the money—for it was all honesty come by—would almost fill a book. The ways he found out were many, and some of them very ingenious.

some of them very ingenious.

He had the guinea; what to do with it was the question which bothered him now. He felt the responsibility of having so much money under his care, and he was anxious to give it over into safe

hands.
"Mary, the minister's to stay here on Sunday," called out Mr. Jenkins to his wife as he came home one market day. George heard this and a feeling of relief came over him. He would give the minister the guines the following Sunday. No one knew of it yet, he had kept his secret well.

kept an secret wei.

The minister came. It was the superintendent who had taken the chair at the
memorable meeting. After dinner, Mr.
Jenkins and his wife considerately left
their guest to enjoy a rest in the "parlour," while they did likewise in the
comfortable kitchen. George, who had
been watching his chance, felt that it was
now or nover. Petching his precious
bag of money from its hiding-place, be
knocked at the parlour door

"Come in!" said the minister.

"Please, sir, will you take this," said
George shamefacedly, depositing his bag
on the table. "It's the guinea I promised," he added, as Mr. Knall looked
gystified "Oh, for the Fund, is it."
Well, hadn't you better wait till there
as meeting, and the secretary brings the minister came. It was the super-

Well, hadn't you better wait till there is a meeting, and the secretary brings the Roll for you to sign ?"

"Please, sir, I'd rather you took it now," said George, backing towards the

door

M. Knall saw this was no ordinary case, and bit by bit he drew from George the whole story. He looked into the bag, and the sight of the heap of copper touched him more than he cared to show "You have done well, George," he said kindly, "the Lord will be pleased with the acrifices you have made to help his work. He e you given him yourself as well as the guinea?"

Not yet, sir, "answered George." But you are solps to some day, are

"But you are going to some day, are you not?"

To this George had no answer ready. He had not bargained for this question.

He had not bargained for this question, and was longing to retreat.

Well," said the minister, as he saw that no answer was to be expected, "I'll hand this over to the secretary for you, and you must sign the Roll when it is sent out here. But remember to get you name written on the Roll of heaven The Lord wants you far more than the guinea."

stump of pencil, and carefully wrote something on the paper before him, then dropped it into the collecting box that was handed round. A little more whispering and rustling, then the names were read out with the amounts prointed. "George Moor, one guinca," read the chalirman.

Almost a litter went through the congregation, and the boy hung his head abeepishly as he felt all eres turned on him. Everybody in the place knew him. He had grown up among them an orphan, who had begun to carn his daily

It was a few weeks later when the minister received a short letter written in the handwriting of one who evidently had not much acquaintance with a pen

Dear Sir,
I've given Him myself as well as the guinea
I thought you d like to know
"Yours obediently,
"George Moor."

Thank God" said Mr Knall as he passed the letter across to his wife, adding after a pause, "That boy will make something out?"--Methodist Recorder.

#### THE REPENTANCE OF DR. JOHNSON.

BY BELLE V. CHISHCLM.

The renowned Dr Johnson was in his south afflicted with a scrofulous humour that not on' affected his eyes, but left his face scamed and distorted Ungainly

youth afflicted at the aerofulous humour that not on' affected his eyes, but left his face scamed and distorted. Ungainly as this disease rendered him, it was by no means so grievous a defect as the stubborn disposition he was so unfortunate as to possess.

In his younger days his father had been a thriving bookseller at Lichfield, but adverse circumstances swept away his little proporty, thus leaving him in his decilining years to earn bread for his family by selling books at a stall in the neighbouring town of Uttoxeter, on market days. days.

One morning he said to his son, then great how in his teens: "Sam, I am a greet boy in his teens: "Sam, I am very feeble and alling to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the bookstail in the market-place there" Sam pouted and grumbled inaudibly for a few minutes, then looking his poor old father in the face, he said defautly:

"Sir, I will not go to Uttoxeter market." market."
Too feeble to content with his rebellious son, Mr. Johnson took his hat and staff, saying as he went slowly out of the house:

of the house:

"If, for the sake of your foolish pride, you can draw your poor sick father to you make you make you had not the holes and contustion of the market, when he ought to be in bod. I have nothing more to say. But some day, when I am in my grave, you will be sorry for this, my boy."

Sam maintained a sullen-silened though his heart smuch him as the old man's stooping figure went along the street. When he was out of sight, he admitted to himself that he had acted cruelly.

admitted to himself that he had acted cruelly.

"If It were not for the twitching of my head, or if I had not to wear such shabby clothes, I would not mind it so much," he said, by may of excuse, to that "small voice" within him. As the day advanced, he became anxious and restless. Once he asked his mother if she thought his father unusually feetle when he left home. "Yes, Sam," was her reply; "he certainly looked very ili, and he should have sent you in his stead, You are a big boy now, and I am sure you would be glad to help your poor old tather, who has been toiling for you ever since you were born."

The lad turned away without replying. He knew she had not heard his heart-less refusal, but her word out. It his fact that he was the heart of the history of t cruelly.

After sunset, the weary old man came tottering home, but even then the un-grateful son rofused to beg his forgive-ness, nor do I know that a single word ever passed between them on the painful subject

ful subject. Soon after this, the good old father went home to glory, leaving Sam to make his own way in the world. How faithfully he battled is attested by the eminent success he won. But during all his long, oventful life, he never forget that during the full subject to the subject of the subject has been subject to the subject his subject has been subject to the subject his subject hi

market

Tall half a century had passed away, when on a busy market day the people of Uttozeter were surprised to see a venerable-looking gentleman elbowing his way through the crowd. He was a large, portly man, and wore a brown coat, backled shoes, and a three-cornered hat. "What a queer fellow he is," the people would mutter; but after a look into his scarred but intelligent face, they stood aside to let him pass.

Making his way across the market place, he paused near the corner of the little church, just as the clock struck twelve.

twelve.
"Yes; here is the very spot," he mut-tered, taking the old three-cornered hat

from his head; and there he stood hour after hour in the biazing sun heedless alike of the confusion in the market-place or the curious glances of the people. Sometimes he would turn his wrinkled face to heaven, as if it prayer; and again his white bead was bowed as if a heavy weight of sorrow were pressing him to the earth. A fiere thunder gust darkened the air, and rain drops fell quickly on the uncovered head, but the stranger heeded not the shower. The people looked on in wonder, but he attender heed on in wonder, but he attender heed on in wonder, but he attended the Smithfield market in London, recognized in the eccentric stranger the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson, whom even the king delighted to honour.

It was, indeed this great and learn?

to honour.
It was, indeed, this great and learned man, and he had come thither to do penance for that unforgiven erime, committed against his good father fifty years before. All his fame could not blot out the bitter remembrance of that one cruel and. The libustrious man had done what act. The illustrious man had one what the obstinate boy was too proud to do. By this public expression of his sorrow and, humiliation, he harded in a measure to atone for the wrong he had committed. But the scar still remained, and to his dying day he could not refer to the painful incident without deep emotion.

#### MARY'S DAILY BREAD.

Little Mary lived alone with her mother in one room at the top of a house. You would not have cared to live there, for there were no plettures in the room. The room was very bare. The little girl's mother was sick, and no could not work mother was sick, and she could not work to earn money. It was morning, and illtie Mary dressed herself. Then she knelt down beside the bed and sald slowly, "Give us this day our daily bread." She knew what that meant, for the night before she had gone to bed without any SUNDER.

the night before and and gone to bee without any supper.

After the had prayed, she went into the street and wondered where God kept his bread. She looked up to the sky and wondered whether he would drop it does not other. She looked at the trees the control of the she would be the street than the she was the she was the she was the she than the she was the thought the she was the she wa

an the park and wished the bread grew upon them.
Finally, she turned around the corner won them.
Finally, she turned around the corner and saw a large, well-filled baker's shop Mary looked Into the window and, seeing the loaves of bread, she thought to herself, "This is the place."
So she entered confidently, and said to the big baker, "I have come for it."
"Come for it? What do you mean?"
"Come for mother and one for \(\nu^2\).
"And she pointed to the large loave of Mary started at once for the two, one for mother and one for \(\nu^2\). And she pointed to the large loave of Mary started at once for the street, when he called, "Come back here; where is your money?"

"I haven't any "she said.
"Haven't any monog!" he repeated. "Haven't any monog!" he repeated. "The little girl was frightened and burst into tears, and said: "My mother is sick and I am hungry In my prayer! said. "Give us this day our daily bread." And the said is an and a man of the said so can here."

The tough but kind-hearted baker was the mother, and now hop she her."

instead of chiding her, he asked her about her mother, and how long she had been Thouser, and how long she had been sick Then, filling a large basket with bread and other food he said "You dear child, take this to your mother, and when you need more come to me."—C E. World.

#### "NO SWEARING ALLOWED."

The above notice was put on the wall the barrack room by the corporal in

There was to be an official inspection. There was to be an ollicial inspection.
There was washing, scrubbing, scouring,
polishing. Many paintings, pictures and
papers were taken off the walls, as likely

papers were taken off the walls, as likely to meet with disapproval.

"No Swearing Allowed." "Corporal, you'd better stow that thing away."

"No, it is there to stay, and I'll take the consequences."

It caught the general's eye.

"Who is the corporal in charge here?"

I am, sir," stepping forward and saluting.

"Did you put that placard there?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you enforce it?"
"I do, sir."
The general stretched forth his handtear it down? No, but to allow the general stretched forth his dand-to tear it down? No, but to shake hands with the corporal: "I wish all our corporals were like you, and that the same rule was enforced everywhere."

## Mother's Apron Strings.

BY RUFUS C. LANDON.

Come, smoke a cigarette, old boy " "No, thank you, Tom," said Fred.
"For just before I left the house Dear mother spoke and said-

"No matter what she said," sneered Tom Why mind such trifling things? Now be a man, and just untle Your mother's apron strings!"

"No, no, I'll not untie them, Tom; Indeed I hope they're strong, And tied secure, that I may be Held back from doing wrong."

Tom hung his head and walked away "Fred's right, I know," said he; ' If I had cared for mother more, I might to-day be free.

'Alas, I out the cords of love That held me to the right, And now the chains of habit bind Mo in their coils so tight.'

Dear boys, 'twere better to be tied To mother's apron strings Than feel the bondage and the shane That sinful license brings.

# Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER III. THROWING STONES.

Erastus Dow is dead, and yonder is the dittle funeral procession led by the Rev. Phineas Felton, carrying the body of the drunkerd to its last resting-place. small company of fishermen and their wives walk to the grave, partly because they mourn the loss of one who when sober was a kind and genial neighbour, and partly because they sympathize with the widow in her double affliction.

After Mr. Felton's visit to the Cove, Erastus Dow had grown sullen and morose. All his good resolutions seemed to have left him, and returning strength found him once more seeking his cups. A second attack of delirium tremens cut short his earthly career. He was called before the judgment bar of God, to answer for the deeds done in the body.

That night the company at the Maypole was less hilarious than usual. The solemn events of the day had made somewhat of an impression upon these rough men, and unconsciously the impulse to adopt a new and better life was awakened in more than one heart. The conversation very naturally turned upon their deceased comrade. "Poor Rast," said Tyler Matthews.

He want old enough ter be picked off. He want old chough the be placed on.

He oughter lived thirty years longer.

I tell ye, boys, there's more'n one ter blame fur his death;" and Matthews dropped his head on his hands and appeared lost in the attempt to solve this problem.

"Who d'yer expect's ter blame?" snapped Landlord Merton, eyeing his customer with suspicion. "You'd better make your meanin' a leetle plainer, Ty. You'd better It don't reflect well on some on us.'

"The coat fits, don't it, Merton?" laughed Tom Barton. "Wall, I guess vou are es much ter blame es any one. Rast didn't know when ter stop drinkin', and you kept him at it till his money was gone. No offence ter you, boss. We're talkin' fac's ter-night."

"You'd better git out o' here ef you're goin' ter talk thet way," blustered Mer-

"Come, now, don't git huffy," said Matthews. "We don't mean nothin'. Rast was a good cove, kind and obligin', an' it's nat'ral thet we should want ter talk of him an' excuse his faults. I say agin thet thare's more'n one ter blame fur Rast Dow's funeral."

"I guess Parson Felton hed es much thare in the business es I did," said Merson. "They say thet Dow offered ter tign the pledge of the parson would put his name down, too, but Felton wouldn't, an' Rast flung the whole business up. Now, boys, you needn't look at me es no' I was Rast Dow's murderer. ou the parson is more ter blame then I He might hev helped Dow on to his 'cet again, an' he wouldn't do it because 'e didn't want ter give up his glass of wine. He don't care anythin' about poor folks. Their souls ain't worth savin'. Ef Dow hed asked me ter help him by signing the pledge, I don't know, boys-'twould hav put me inter a purty tight place-but I don't know, I say, but what I should hev done it."

"Velly goot, velly goot, mine frend," said Carl Schmidt, dryly "Vill you sign von pledge vit me, to-night ?"

The tavern echoed with laughter at the German's droll remark, and Landlord

Merton turned to wait on a new cus-omer, with a discomfited air. "Let's change the subject," growled Peter MacDuff. "Who wants ter hear Peter MacDuff. Peter MacDun. Who wants ter near about dead folks all the time? The parson's ter blame, of course, fur the poor cove's death. Thet's plain ter be seen. We all know he ain't no better'n the rest of us, unly he wears finer clothes, an' don't hev ter work with his hands. Parsons are all alike. Leaky crafts, most on 'em."

Thet'll do, boys." broke forth Tom Kinmon, who had remained silent during this brief conversation. "Those es lives this brief conversation. "Those es lives in glass houses, shouldn't throw stones. Parson Felton made a mistake when he refused to sign the pledge with Rast. was a dreadful mistake, an' helped ter harden Dow's heart, an' hasten his end. But, then, boys, you all know that at heart Mr. Felton is a good man, an' means ter do what is right. He don't see the temperance question right, an' 'hinks he is doin' God service when he stands up fur mod'rate drinkin'. He'll live long enuff ter see his mistake, you see of he don't. Thare's unly one plank fur a minister ter stan' on, an' thet is the total abstinence plank. If he launches forth on eny other raft, he'll go under. Thare's no help fur the Landord I. Thare's no help fur it. Landlord, I don't blame ye fur thinkin' the parson was consid'rable out the way, but hadn't you better look round your own back loor, an' see if it's clear? You've got somethin' ter auswer fur es well es the parson. You've made lots o' money out of Rast Dow. Can't you look over your gold an' pick out pieces thet's stained with the blood of our comrade? 'Tis

the price of his soul!"
The landlord shuddered at these words, and no one dared to speak. There was something, to-night, in the manner of the usually silent fisherman, which awed his

"Yes," continued Tom, "the parson's ter blame, the landlord's ter blame, and, boys, we are ter blame, too. We hev helped Rast by our words, and still more by our example, ter go ter the dogs. He hes follered where we led. He was weaker then we, and his appetite fur drink was stronger. Did eny of us try ter help him? No, we let him go ter destruction. Now, boys, d'yer think we've got eny business ter be a-throwing stones? Let's own up thet we're ter blame es much es others, an' stop a-lookin' round ter find some person on whose back to pile the birden. What we orter do is ter profit by Rast's sad end. I fur one mean ter sign the pledge right away, an' I hev drinked my last glass of liquor. I mean ter look after my family now, an' visit the Maypole less."

Profound astonishment was depicted

on every face when the fisherman ceased speaking. Peter MacDuff was the first

to rally.

"Tom Kinmon's a teetotaler! Ha,
ha! That sounds well, don't it?" The sneering words failed to produce any impression upon the crowd. The landlord began to taunt Kinmon with the change in his principles, when suddenly the laugh froze upon his lips, and his eyes started from their sockets. He put both hands out as if to ward off some unseen

What's the matter?" cried the men, springing to their feet and approaching the frightened Merton.

There's the ghost of Rast Dow!" whispered the man, pointing to the wall, on which the sames from the open fire cast grotesque shadows, and with a yell and a bound he sprang to the door and ran out into the darkness.

Whether the landlord had drunk too much liquor and the vision was the re-sult of a disordered imagination, or whether, like Macbeth, an awakened conscience clothed the unreal with all the horrors of the real, we know not. Tom Kinmon affirmed the latter view to be the true one, while Tyler Matthews, who also had imbibed to some extent, swore that he saw a shadowy hand, which pointed directly to the landlord, and he knew it to be Rast Dow's hand because it lacked a little finger. Be this as it may, Erastus Dow's death was productive of Tom Kinmon reformed, the remainder of the fishermen were, for the time, sobcred, and a rumseller's heart was pierced by the arrow of remorse.

(To be continued.)

The provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were confederated July 1st, 1867. In 1870 Manitoba was made a province, and its representatives took their seats in the Dominion Parliament at the session of 1872. British Columbia entered the union in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1873.

### DO ANTS TALK?

A close observer of the little creatures of God's world tells us that he once saw a drove of small black ants moving, perhaps to more commodious quarters. distance was over soven hundred feet, and nearly every ant was laden with a portion of household goods. Some carried their "eggs," the cocoon stage of the ant, some had food, "some had one thing and some another. I sat and watched them for over an hour," he continues, "and I noticed that every time two met in the way they would hold their heads close together as if greeting one another, and no matter how often the meeting took place this same thing oc-curred, as though a short chat was neces-sary. To prove more about it I killed one that was on his way. Others which were eye-witnesses to the murder went with speed, and with every ant they met this talking took place as before. But instead of a pleasant greeting, it was said news they had to communicate. I know it was sad news, for every ant that these messengers : hastily turned back and fled on another course. So the news spread, and it was true. How was it spread, and it was true. How was it communicated if not by speech?"

Many nature students have observed like facts. Yet we are almost as far from a solution of the problem of ant intercommunication to-day as ever. The Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D., of Phila-delphia, has done more than any other living student in America in this field of ant study. Young naturalists cannot take up a more fascinating study than that of ant habits; but murder, even of an ant, is not necessary in such studies, save to preserve a few specimens to assure one of the species under study. An ingenious and true lover of nature delights to devise ways for such study that do not require needless cruelty.

#### DURING THE BLIZZARD.

BY HELEN SOMERVILLE.

A True Incident.

It was during the bl'zzard of '99, and things were looking very dark for the Hennessys. The father had been out Hennessys. of work for weeks, and the mother had had to stay at home to take care of the two-months-old baby, and could not go out washing, as she used to do when "the

cupboard was bare."
Sixteen-year-old Mina earned a little at the factory, and Jack made an occasional dime at shovelling snow, but the combined efforts of these two could not pay the rent and get food enough to satisfy the hunger of this family of nine.

Mrs. Hennessy was cross, and as the days went by and things grew from bad to worse, the frown on her brow came to stay, scoldings and reproaches became more frequent, and the children prudently kept at a distance, for fear of cuffs and

Poor woman! Often she sighed, as she recalled the thoughtless days of her girlhood, when never a care rested on her young shoulders.

"It was a sorry day for me, Matt, when I left my home for yours," she said to her husband, who sat gloomly in the corner, chewing a straw. Times were indeed hard for Matt Hennessy when he could not afford tobacco. "Why don't you go out and seek work like a man

instead of sittin' round here, seein' the children starvin' before your eyes?"

"I'm a-goin', Mary," he replied; "I was only thinkin' what is best to do. You know I'd be a-shovellin' snow if 'twasn't for the pain in my back." Then, without waiting for the angry repreaches which he anticipated, he waiked to the door, and, turning back, said, hesitatingly, "Mary, for the sake of old times those old days, you know-offer a prayer for your good-for-nothin' Matt, will you?"

Not pausing for her reply, he went out into the bitter blast, while his wife wept angry tears over the puny baby on her Harry and little Jeannette crept knee. into the room, and, emboldened by the sight of their mother's tears, came closer.

"Don't cry, ma," said Harry, earnestly.
"Nettie and I have been upstairs prayin', and we asked God to send pa work. God will do it, so don't cry any more."
"Work!" she echoed, drearlly.

ne don't work soon, I'll go crazy.'
"Mamma," said little Nettie, a pretty child of five, with deep blue eyes, "naven't you told us that hearen is a

beautiful home for good people that die?"
"Yes, child," and the mother put the last lump of coal in the cracked stove.

"And we'll not be hungry there?"

"Hungry! No, indeed."
"Nor thirsty."

"No, I suppose not." "And you say we'll never be cold?" continued the child, rubbing her bl c fingers.

"No, Nettie, you'll never suffer from

hunger or cold there," said Mrs. Hennessy, rocking the Daby back and forth as a relief to her feelings.

Nettle draw a long breath, then said, musingly: "Well, then, heaven must be just the sweetest place! I want to go there right away, ma! Why doesn't

Tears—net augry ones this time—ran down the mother's face. "If help doesn't come soon, I expect you will go there shortly," she said, but not bitterly.

"O God," she walled, "send help to us soon! And make me a better mother to these innocent children!"

An hour later Matt Hennessy came in with a basket of provisions. "I've got work, Mary!" he shouted. "It's in Holland's grocery, and he advanced me some

of my wages when I fold him we're starv-in. Cheer up!"

"Ma, didn't I tel! you so?" exclaimed Harry. "God sent the work, just as I osked him to."

And as they satisfied their hunger Mrs. Hennessy bowed her head in gratitude. and into her mind came the little verse, "A little child shall lead them."

### BRIEF HINTS FOR BRIGHT GIRLS.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within every-body's reach, and go far towards making the true lady—one who casts brightness all around her:

Shut the door, and shut it softly. Keep your own room in tasteful order. Have an hour for rising, and rise. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never let a button stay off twenty-four

Always know where your things are. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfort-

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes un buttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.

Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.

Eight million dollars worth of coal is enined every year in Canada.

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### THE WALNUT TREE.

This is a very useful tree, and some of its uses are well illustrated in our cut. First you will notice the two little girls who are taking advantage of the shade afforded by its large, leafy branches. Next we see an arm-chair and three guns. These are made of the wood of the wal-nut-tree, which is hard, fine-grained and durable, and takes a beautiful finish.
Then we glance to the right of the cut and see the large press. Into a press like this large Quantities of the nuts are put and their oil is extracted. This oil is used for food just as olive oil is used There is also a kind of painter's oil madfrom the walnuts by pressing them a second time. On the ground beside the press are some jars. These contain pickled walnuts, which are very delicious. The nuts are taken when they are fresh and soft and used for pickling and for making catsup. The basket is filled with walnuts, which those two little girls under the tree would enjoy eating.

## LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON V.-JULY 29. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Memory verses, 33-35 Luke 9. 28-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son: hear him -Luke 9. 35.

## OUTLINE.

1. Three Disciples, v. 28, 29. Two Saints, v. 30-33
 One Saviour, v. 34-36.

Time,-Probably A.D. 28 or 29. Place.-- Probably some one of the peaks of Mount Hermon.

### LESSON HELPS.

28. "About an eight days after "-" Including the first and last; days full. doubtless, of sad and grave as well as joyous thoughts." Geikie. "These sayings"—His teachings to the disciples (verses 18-27). "Peter and John and James"—The three dearest and most enlightened of his disciples"—Farrar
Formerly partners in secular business.
His first acquaintances, and the first oren. A mountain A tradition of the early centuries says it was Mount Tabor. Its distance, however, from Caesarea Philippi, and the fact that it was inhabited, are arguments against the claim. Modern scholarship generally believes that Mount Hermon is meant. (1) It is near Caesarea Philippi, where Jesus had been. (Matt. 16. 13; Mark 8. 27.) (2) It was evidently uninhabited. (2) It is the lofty mountain of palestine. (Int. 17. 1.) It rises ten thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and its top is snow-covered. Its very meaning is "the mountain." "To pray" (1) What a lesson as to the necessity and value of prayer!

29. "As he prayed"—"The characteristic addition of Luke." That this awful

by the aliusions to the scene in 2 Pet. 1. 18, 19."—Cam-bridge Bible. "Fashion of his countenance"—Even with ordinary men tumultuous passions, like guilt, shame, hope, and love modify the countenance and alter the attitude and gait of a man. Jesus was now experiencing the closest intimacy with the Godhead of which the human soul is capable, and his body was glorified by the excess of spiritual power.

Was altered "-"The heevenly glory of his nature, which was still concealed under his earthly appearance, now broke forth."—Lange "A change not of sub-stance, but of equality and appearance. The fashion of his countenance was altered by being lighted by radiance both from without and from within." — Alford. "Was white"—Matthew compares the whiteness of his raiment to the light (17. 2); Mark, to the snow (9. 3). "Glisterthe snow (9. 3).
ing "—His very garments were ablaze with heavenly light.

30. "Two men"—Human, not angelic. "Which were Moses and Elias"—Two leaders of the old dispensation, repre-Elias "-Two

senting the law and prophecy. Both had fasted, like Christ, forty days and nights One had been buried by God (Deut. 34. 6), the other had been trauslated (2 Kings 2. 1-11). One had been gone nine, the other nearly fifteen, centuries. "Their presence now was an attestation that their work was over and that the Christ had come."—Ellicott.

versation. "Ilis decenso"-His "exodus" or 'departure." A comprehensive word, "involving his passion, cross, resurrec-tion, and ascension."—Cambridge Bible. 32. "Poter and they that were with him"—Peter, etc. Such a phrase is one

of many evidences of Peter's strong in-dividuality of character. Wherever he goes he almost monopolizes attention. "Heavy with sleep"—Intense feeling sometimes acts like an intoxicant, a soporific. "When they were awako"— This was no dream.

33 "As they departed"—Or, were de-

33 "As they departed"—Or, were departing. (4) Special revelations are too often ahort. "Peter said"—Peter was always "saying" something. He was the natural spokesman for his less emphatic associates. "Good for us to be here "—Good to romain. Such company! Such conversation! Such heavenly splendour! "Three tabernacies"—Like the little wattled booths which -Like the little wattled booths which the Israelites made for themselves at the feast of tabernacles. He thinks only of the holy trio who blaze before him. Such mean and unworthy mortals as himself and John and James might well spend their lives shelterless on that bleak mountain top if only the three immortals would remain. "Not knowing"—"Ile knew what he was saying, but he was talking without knowledge."

34. "While he thus spake"—The splen-

great for mortals to long endure. The cloud of God's mercy now overshadows them, and the magnificent vision is gone
"A sloud"—The Shekinah, "Over-"A cloud"—The Shekinah. "Over-shadowed them "—The three, or some say

all the company.

35. "A voice"—Heard also on two other occasions during Christ's ministry (Luke 3. 22; John 12. 28.)

#### HOME READINGS.

The transfiguration.—Luke 9, 28-36. 31. "Who appeared "-" It was not a Tu. Sleeping disciples.-Luke 22. 39-46.

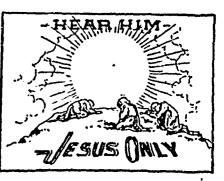
CR SSING THE MIDDLE BRONE GLACIER.

vision."-Schaff. "Both were associated | W. A voice from heaven.-John 12. 23-33. in men's minds with the glory of the kingdom of the Christ. The Jerusalem Targum of Exod. 12 connects the coming of Moses with that of the Messiah. Another Jewish tradition predicts his appearance with that of Elijah."—Ellicot'. That Elijah would again reappear was also the general opinion c' the day. also the general opinion of the day. (Mal. 4. 5; Matt. 11. 14.) "In glory"—In resurrection splendour. (2) Is this a hint at the nature of the glorified body? Notice also that the disciples knew the scene took place at night, and therefore that he ascended the mountain in the evening, is clear from verses 32, 33. (Compare Luke & 12.) It is also implied gives the sublime subject of their con-

Th. Glory of Christ.—Rev. 1. 9-18. The shining face.—Exod. 34. 27-35.
The beloved Son.—Mark 1. 1-11. Su. Peter's remembrance.—2 Pet. 1, 16-21

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Three Disciples, v. 28, 29. Where did Jesus go? For what purpose? In all Christ's work how do we find him seeking help?



What change took place in Christ while he prayed?

Did his raiment also change?

Two Saints, v. 30-33. Who were seen talking with him? Of what did they converse? When the disciples awoke what did they behold?

What did Peter say to Jesus?

3. One Saviour, v. 34-36. What happened as he spoke? How did this affect the disciples? What was heard from out the cloud? Golden Text.

Who gave this testimony? What did the disciples do? How did Christ reassure them? What is always Christ's attitude toward the world?

Is there any danger of our sleeping and losing some glory?

#### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn-1. That the law and the prophets testify of Jesus?

2. That his own disciples may commune with Jesus? 3. That God the Father approves of

## THE RHONE GLACIER.

A glacier is a river of ice. It obeys all the laws of a flowing body. It flows more rapidly toward the centre than at the edges, at the top than at the bottom. It accommodates itself to its channel and is tossed up, as it were, into huge billows, waves, and spray of ice. It is wonderfully impressive. Coleridge's sublime hymn well describes the scene :

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the moun-

tains' brow, Adown enormous ravines slope amain— Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty

And stopped at once, amid the maddest plunge,

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven?

And who commanded (and the silence came)

Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?'

I crossed one of these rugged fields of ice, the Mer de Glace, without a guide. Leaving the beaten track, I strolled up the glacier, which rolled in huge ridges and hollows for miles up the valley. Many of the crevasses were filled with water—clear as crystal, blue as sapphire. I hurled my alpenstock into one, and after an interval it was hurled back as if by the invisible hand of some indignant by the invisible hand of some indignant ice gnome from the fairy-grottoes of his under-world. Others were empty, but we could not see the bottom. The large stones we rolled in went crashing down to unknown depths. Into one of these crevasses a guide fell in 1820, and forty-one years later his remains were recovered at the end of the glacier, brought to view by the slow motion, and malting to view by the slow motion and melting of the mass. His body was identified by some old men who had been the companions of his youth over forty years before. Along the margin of the glacier is a moraine of huge boulders, ground and worn by this tremendous milistone.

The tremendo ; seraks, as they are called, or blocks of ice, and splintered pinnacles, glistening like diamonds in the sunlight and ultramarine blue in the shade, were wonderfully impressive.

In the picture a tourist party is seen banded together with ropes, looking like pigmies as they cross the rugged surface of the glacier, and very arduous work

There are Others.—"Well," said the camel in the circus parade, "there's some comfort for me, after all." "What do you mean?" said the elephant. "My hump is pretty bad, but it might be worse; I don't ride a blcycle."

A Question of Livelihood.-"Sure, Terence, if ye go to the front, kape at the back, or ye'll be kilt. Ol know ut !" Terence—"Faith, an' isn't that the