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#### Home Rule.

The farmer sat in his old arm-chair, Rosy and fair, "Kate, I declare,"

He said to his wife who was knitting "We need not fear

The hard times here,

Though the leaf of life is yellow and sere.

am the king, thou art the queen, Of this fair scene; Our love is green

when thou wert a village maid, And I, a blade, In love—afraid

My fondest hopes would be delayed.

"Now, whether the days be dim or fine, In rain and shine, Here—thine and mine Are cattle grazing upon the

bill, Taking their fill. And sheep so still, Like many ruled by a single will.

"These barnyard fowls, our subjects all,
They heed the call,
Both great and small, When we scatter for them the grain,
This not in vain We live and reign this our happy, fair domain,

with shifting "Unvexed stocks and shares, And the affairs Of speculation in mart and street. In this retreat

Sweet Peace can meet Plenty, that's crowned with braided wheat." And bulls and bears –Vick's Magazine.

#### WHAT ANIMALS HAVE DONE.

In a recent address. Dr. Bergh, the friend of dumb connection of animals with the affairs of mankind had been a remarkable one. He said: "The protest of Balaam's ass prevented the commission of the greatest crime against heaven, and the cackling of geese saved Rome. When the armies of James II. and William were confronting one another, the noise made by a wren picking up some crumbs from the top of a drum awoke the sleeping drummer, and thus saved the army of William. Scott tells us that the most spiendid event in the history of Scotland, namely, the ascent of Bruce to the throne, was owing to a simple spider, and one of the greatest naval victories of England resulted from the crowing of a cock A. St. Bernard dog, named Barry, during twelve years of service on the mountains saved the

lives of forty travellers. Greyfriars' Bobby lay upon the grave of his master nine years, and his unparalleled devotion has been perpetuated by a monument, erected by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. A young man once rowed out into the middle of the river with a dog, and then threw him overboard. The faithful animal clung to the boat, but was driven on by his cruel master, until at length, during his efforts, he lost his own balance and fell into the stream. Did the dog desert him? No; he seized him by his clothes and held him above water till succour arrived. One of those cruel enthusiasts known as dissectors of living the second sectors. been for years in his family, confined pull at it before he leaves go again.

him to a table, and ripped the though he had been a senseless object. him to a table, and ripped him up as The suffering creature groaned and howled in his agony, and just before dying raised his head and licked the hand of his savage tormentor."

"What a mighty drama is unfolded in the development of the Russian empire! The whole world watches it with absorbing interest. But there is a tragedy in progress in the empire. A Russian journal says that the lower classes in the tsar's domains have one-third less to eat than their grandparents had. The lack of proper nourishment in uncounted

#### A NOBLE DOG.

Among the heroic deeds performed at the wreck of the City of Chester, some years ago, there is one which should not go unrecorded.

Captain Wallace had a large, finely built Irlsh setter dog named Jerry. Amid the general confusion which reigned aboard the doomed vessel Jerry didn't get much attention. He ran up and down the deck among the frightened and down the deck among the frightened people looking for his friends, and being unable to find them, remained on board and, according to the testimony of First Mate McCallum, was the last living being on the deck.

He was drawn under by the suction when the vessel sank, but came up again and began swimming about among the

#### ROB'S RECORD.

Rob is now seven years old and feels himself very big and important. He thrusts his hands down into his trousers' pockets and struts about trying to set as much like a man as possible. Sometimes grandma speaks before company of Rob's looks and ways when he was like Benny.

"Why, grandma!" he exclaims, "I was never like Benny. He has to be propped up in bed by a big pillow, and can do nothing but crow and clap his

"And he can straighten back, open his little throat and scream, when he feels that the world is abusing him, just as

Then Rob becomes quite indignant, but he cools down when he remembers that his papa has a very curious thing in the house, or rather two of them, which have made it impossible ever for him to outgrow his "record," as his papa calls it. The first of these record-makers is a camera, and the second

is a camera, and the second is a phonograph.

When Rob was a little boy one of the first things his papa did was to snap the kodak on him, and there in the picture he appears, just as he first came into the world, a little red, squirming, naked baby.

One of the next things Rob's papa did was to have his phonograph up into the

his phonograph up into the his phonograph up into the bed-room, attach a large horn to it, and when baby Rob had one of his "colicky spells," as the nurse called his more violent crying fits, to have her hold him in close to have her hold him up close to the large end of the horn so that the phonograph would record upon the wax cylinder all his pitiful wails and sharp little screams.

About once in six months the kodak and the phono-graph were brought into use, graph were brought into use, and there is a picture of baby Rob as he appeared after his clothes had been "shortened," another showing him just as he looked in his first attempt at walking: another in kilts; and still another in trousers, but wearing his long haby ringlets; and still another after he had been shorn and appeared, as his father said. appeared, as his father said, a little "bullet-headed boy." There are also phonograph records of Rob's first "googoo," his earliest attempt at serie "mamma" and "dada," a tinkling baby laugh or two, his first sen-tence, his first success in whistling, his first school declamation, and some songs of his.

O? course Rob is very proad to show off the later ones, but he feels rather ashamed of his baby doings, especially the crying,

When his papa needs to "take his self-conceit down AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, people in the water. He came to a a little," all that is necessary to humble better the girl in the picture does not most gone, and the noble animal caught go to the phonograph, put on the baby records and let you hear yourself cry.

After all, it is no disgrace to have been a baby, and don't you think Rob's record will be interesting to his children and grandchildren ?- J. F. Cowan, in Youth's Companion.



AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

mind the attention this long-legged animal is giving her, or else has purposely placed her hat so that the creature can get at it, for she does not seem to care how much of her hat is destroyed. animal is called a giraffe, and it has noticed the flowers on the girl's bonnet, which it very evidently thinks are real So it has stretched its long neck over the bars of its cage, and has carled its long tongue round the stalk, and is just going to pull the flower off a'to-gether. The girl's companion is draw-ing her attention to this, but she is enthusiasts known as dissectors of living, inv he attention to this, but she is his heels as if he knew what a brave animals being once in need of a subject probably too late, for whatever happens, part he had played, and wanted to be ectually took his own dog, which had the giraffe is sure to have a good long

her dress in his teeth and began swimming for the life-boats.

When McCallum, the mate, was picked up by the Oceanic, which came to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew, he directed the boat to the dog, and both woman and animal were taken into the boat and saved, though they were welln(gh exhausted.

The dog found a friend in McCallum and remained with him, and when the mate went to the morgue to announce that he was not dead. Jerry followed at seen in the company of the man who launched the first lifeboat.

#### A MERITED REBUKE

An able lawyer of indolent habits was once ridiculing the activity of a possibly weaker brother, when the judge who was hearing the case coolly interposed the somewhat sarcastic remark, "An engine of one cat-power running all the time will do more work than an engine of forty horse-power standing still.

### "I'll Take What Pather Takes."

by w. Hoyle.

Twas in the flowery month of June. The sun was in the west. When a morry, blithesome company Met at a public feast.

Around the rooms rich banners spread. And garlands fresh and gay. Friend greeted friend right joyously. Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare, The guests sat down to dine, Semo called for "bitter," some for "stout,"

And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyous company A modest youth appeared. Scarco sixteen summers had he seen. No specious sanre he feared

An empty glass before the youth Soon drew the waiter near, What will you take, sir ? he inquired, so Stout, bitter, mild or clear?

"We've rich supplies of foreign port, We've first-class wines and cakes The youth, with guileless look, replied, I'll take what father takes.

Swift as an arrow went the words Into his father's cars. And soon a coeffet deep and strong, Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son; Then gazed upon the wine:
"O God," he thought, "were he to taste,
Who could the end divine?

" Have I not seen the strongest fall? The fairest led astray? And shall I on my only son Bestow a curse this day?

"O God, forbid! Here, waiter, bring Bright water unto me: My son will take what father takes— My drink shall water be."

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## Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 2, 1898.

SOME PSALMS TITE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW.

'The world God made and the heart God loves."-Psalm 24.

The Book of Psaims is one of the most precious parts of the Bible. These holy hymns of praise to God have come singing down the ages for three thousand years. They have gladdened the hearts of God's people in prosperity and sustained them in adversity. Lisped by the pallid lips of the dying, they have comforted their souls as they have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and felt that God was with them, that his rod and staff they comforted them.

This twenty-fourth Psalm speaks of God's lordship in the world, and of his children as citizens of his spiritual king-It was one of the Psalms which was chanted in the temple service. One of Glory shall come in." Then another part responded: "Who is this King of part responded: "Who is this King of Glory?" and at last all united in an outburst of praise. "The Lord of Hosts. he is the King of Glory

The Psaim asks, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Who shall go up to his holy place?—his holy temple here on earth? And who shall enter into his holler temple in the skies?" The Psalmist answers, "He that hath clean hands, and a ture heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor interest the skies?" not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn acceptfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteous-ness from the God of his salvation."

Let us learn by heart the great Psalms which form the topics for the month of October. They will enrich our souls with thoughts of God, and often be a shield and a cafeguard against evil. Our Saviour was very fond of quoting from was able to resist him by saying. "It is written." So also may we lift up the Word of God as a tanner to be displayed because of the truth and as a buckler against our focs.

#### A STRANGE GIRL'S MISSION.

BY INEZ TURNER.

"What a strange girl Madge Manning is, anyway," said Agnes Grey to a group of school-girls. "She chooses such queer companions lately, while she never has time to join us any more. Now, what attraction can she find in that round-shouldered, peaked-faced Janet Adams ?"

"Contrast, I guess," answered one of he girls. "Madge is so quick at her lessons, and dresses so neatly, while Janet ic slow and stupid, and wears such funny, ill-fitting clothes."

"Well, I cannot understand her any more," said Agnes, "she seems to have

descried us altogether."

"I have been wondering about her lately, too," added Mable Elliott. "The idea of Madge Manning making a chum of that homely Mary Myers who does the sweeping and dusting in our school-room! And, girls, I have seen Madge even take a broom, and help her with the sweeping. At the Endeavour meetings lately, she sits with those girls, and sings from the same hymn-book with them, and sometimes she hands them

her own Bible."
"Well," said Agnes, "I have always
liked Madge, but if the wants those girls for her friends, she must not expect us to have anything more to do with her."

"I do not believe she cares whether we do or not," said Mable, "but Just to settle the matter," she added, "I move we appoint a committee to wait on her ladyship to ascertain if it is her desire to withdraw from our circle, to join one more suitable to her taste; and that we hold a meeting on this school-ground, under this tree, one week from to-day, to hear the report of the aforementioned committee.

"Quite a speech, Mable," said Violet Green. "I'll second that motion, and now, who will be on the committee?" "Wait, girls; we must put the motion

first, for my brother Tim would say that is just like girls, they never do any-thing in a business-like way. So all in favour of the motion hold up the right hand. Every one is in favour, so the motion is carried. Now, Violet," added Agnes, "you may go on appointing the Agues, "you may go on appointing the committee."
"Well," said Violet, "I move that

Agnes alone be on the committee, for it is a rather delicate matter, and you know too many cooks spoil the broth,' and besides, Agnes has more tect than the rest of us. She knows just what to say, and when she has said enough." "Why, of course," added all of the

girls, "Agnes must be the one to act."
"Yes," said Mable, "the rest of us would be sure to say something we ought not to, so no objections, Agnes—but there's the bell—remember, girls, a week from to-day." And the girls all hastened from to-day." And the girls all hastened to the school-room.

That afternoon, and the days following none of the little attentions Madge paid to the poorer girls of the school. escaped their notice. In the meantime. Agnes found a favourable opportunity to deliver to Madge what she called a neat little speech, and afterwards repeating it to the girls, received their approval and admiration.

When the appointed day finally arrived, just one-half hour before it was time to call school, Agnes and her companions were seated in a circle, under the tree, waiting for Madge.

She said she would come," remarked

Agnes, and Madge always does what she says she will. I believe I'm almost she says she will. I believe I'm almostry we said anything to her about it

Well, she cannot expect us to be herup your heads, O ye gates; and the King | those girls," said Mable.

"Of course not," added Violet, "if Madge goes with such a common class of girls m.ch lorger, she will become just like them herself. But here she

comes now, so we'll hear what she can suy for herself."
"Good afternoon, Madge, you see we are walting for you," caled several of the girls together.

"Now, Madge," said another, "we want to know why you scarcely ever join us in our fun, or in any of our rambles, any more; and even at school you leave us to be with those queer, unlovable girls, like Janet Adams and Mary

Madge sat down quietly on the grass, facing the girls. A tear trembled on her eyelid a moment, then rolled down her check. She dashed it away, and her cheek. ner cheek. She dashed it away, and with a quivering voice commenced to speak. "Girls." she said, "Agnes told me about the meeting you had last week, and that you think I have deserted you to make chums of those caeer, unlovable girls, as you call them, so I'll tell you all about it.

about it. "Perhaps you didn't know, girls, that sometimes at home, when everything seems to go wrong, I get in a very unpleasant mood, and am cross with every-one. Cne day when I was in one of these moods, I happened to think how unlovable I must be, and how dreadful it would be if I were always so disagreeable that no one could care for me, and then I wondered if there were any girls around here for whom no one cared or showed any love.

"I thought of all of you, but for only a moment, for you all have so many to love and care for you. Then I thought of Janet Adams. None of the schoolgirls liked her, and none of the Endeavour members paid any attention
to her, and even our teacher never
seemed so thoughtful about her as she
dld about us. But then Janet was queer
and awkward, and dressed funny, and
never knew her lessons. I thought she
could not help knowing none of us liked could not belp knowing none of us liked her, for we never took any pains to conceal our dislike, but she could not blame us, for she was so different from us. And then I thought of the other girls we did not like, and of our reasons for disliking them, and trief to think if I knew of anyone who rer ly did care for

"Then, the next day at school, when I saw Janet sitting there alone struggling with her algebra, I wondered how she would feel if I were to go and put my arm around her, and ask her where the trouble was, and if I could help her. Without thinking twice, I suited the action to the word, and, girls, I cannot describe to you the hopeful, glad expression which spread over Janet's face, nor how happy I felt to think I had done one little act to make some one else's life a little more pleasant. I thought of the 'Inasmuch' verse, and wondered how I could ever have been so selfish as to keep all the love my friends had given me, stowed away and hidden, when here were girls right around me who were hungering and thirsting for it.

Girls, there is not much I can do for my Master, but now, I am trying to give him my love, and the best way I can find is to give it to all the unlovable

people I know.

"Now, girls, you know my story, and may deal with me as you will, but I must go, for there comes Mary Myers, and mamma said I might ask her to go home with me for tea." home with me for tea.

When Madge left, the girls sat there a moment not knowing what to say.
Finally Mable broke the silence with
"Girls, I feel just like a criminal."

"Well, there comes Janet," said Agnes, "and I'm going to show her that Madge is not the only girl who has love to give away."

"And I am too," "And I," repeated the others.

And after not many days, those queer girls had so much love showered on them, they ceased to be unlovable, and from the light shining in the countenances of Madge and her followers, their paths must have become as the shining light "which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Bealton, Ont.

#### ROB'S MORNING PRAYER

At night I always do; before going to bed. I don't suppose I've missed once since I can remember, unless it was when I was too sleepy to remember what

to say."
"But why at night any more than in the morning?" asked Rob's Aunt Alice.
"Why—why—that's the time you say
"Why—why—that's replied Rob, in astonishment.

"But I don't understand," said she. brought in.

"Why is night the time any more than

in the morning?"

Rob pondered over it a minute, and then answered, "Why I suppose it's be-cause when you're asleep you can't take good care of yourself."

"And so you believe in asking God to do only what you cannot do for your-self?" queried his aunt. "Yes, I guess that's it," replied Rob. "Well, then," went on Aunt Alice, "I

suppose there is nothing that you need to have done for you in the day-time, but that you or some one else about the

"I guess not," answered Rob.
"Well, let's see about that," replied
Aunt Alice. "I think it is just a little bit cowardly to pray only at night, when you are afraid of the dark, and afraid that something might happen to you when your eyes are shut, and not to pray in the morning, when the daylight comes, and the long, beautiful day stretches out before you. Now, let's begin with the very simplest thing you have to do. Can you breathe without the help of God?"

"Why, of course I can," answered Rob.

throwing back his shoulders and taking

in a long breath of fresh morning air.
"Let's go back to Genesis and see about that," said Aunt Alice. Then she opened her Bible and read to wondering Rob the account of the creation of the first man. "'And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' Do you think since then that man has become independent of God, and can breathe without his help, or without breathing his air?" she asked.

"His air!" exclaimed Rob.
"Why, yes," answered Aunt Alice
"Who else makes the air if God does not? Who mixes the right proportion of oxygen and hydrogen together and purifies it after our lungs have poisoned it with carbon?"
"Why, God, I suppose," Rob answered.

Then, you see, you cannot do the very first thing that is necessary to keep you alive without the help of God, and still you think you can take care of yourself, and do not need to pray in the morning. Now, how about your breakmorning. fast?

"Why, papa buys the food, and Bridget cooks it, and mamma tells her how and what to cook."

"Yes, I know, but who provides it

that your papa may buy it?"
"Why, the baker," answered Rob, looking surprised that his Aunt Alice

"Yes, but who furnishes flour for the baker?"

"Why, the miller, of course."
"Yes, but where does the miller get his wheat to grind?"
"Of the farmer."

"And who gives it to the farmer?"
"It grows."

"But what makes it grow—the rain, the soil? These are all furnished by God. So God is back of every loaf of bread. that comes into the house, yet you think it isn't worth while to ask him in the morning to give us this day our daily bread."

"I won't say another word, Aunt Alice," said Rob, breaking down. "I am going to commence to-morrow morn-

ing before I come down from my room."
"Why not commence this morning?"
asked Aunt Alice. "It isn't too late."
"Sure enough," said Rob, and down ha dropped by the side of his bed upon his knees.

#### A GOOD SKYE TERRIER

Ulysses is the name of Marshall Pierce's Skye terrier, and Marshall thinks he is a wonderful dog. One day Marshall took Ulysses for a sail on the lake near his home. While they were out a storm came up, the little boat was struck by a big wave and upset. Marshall is a good swimmer, but he was a long way from land, and besides he was so chilled by the cold water that he was afraid to try to swim to the shore.

The boat floated bottom-side up, and he climbed on it and decided to wait until he could be picked up by some one. Ulysses clambered up beside him,

after a little time the dog sprang into the water and swam ashore. He ran up to Marshall's home and by his barking made the family understand that some-

Marshall's father and brother started at once for the boat landing, It had grown dark by this time and nothing could be seen on the lake, but they heard a voice that they recognized. A boat was soon gotten ready, and the two men A boat rowed in the direction of the sounds.

They found Marshall clinging to the boat, nearly frozen. Ulysses stood on the shore barking and capering with delight when he saw his young mester

#### True Victory.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

He stood with a foot on the threshold, And a cloud on his boyish face, While his city comrade urged him To enter the gorgeous place,

There's nothing to fear, old fellow! It isn't a ilon's den, Here walts you a royal welcome From the lips of the bravest men."

Twas the old; old voice of the tempter, That sought, in the old, old way, To lure with a lying promise The innocent feet astray.

You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet, To see how you stare and shrink! I tell you, there's naught to harm you— It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a shudder-It's only a game and a drink !' And his lips made bold to answer But what would my mother think?

The name that his heart held degrest, Had started a secret spring, And forth from the wily tempter He fled like a hunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city And its gilded halls of sin Are shut from his sense and vision The shadows of night within.

Away! till his feet have bounded O'er fields where his childhood trod. Away! in the name of virtue And the strength of his mother's God!

What though he was branded "coward!" In the blazoned hall of vice, And banned by his baffled tempter, Who sullenly tossed the dice.

On the page where the angel keepeth The record of deeds well done, That night was the story written Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the star-

light,
All guiltless of sword and shield, A braver and nobler victor Than the hero of bloodlest field!

## A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

#### CHAPTER VI .- Continued.

During an hour Thomas Hardy altermately scolded because Captain Hiram had dared ask him to take a sail, and grumbled at his mother's delay in sending some one to their assistance; while little Elien soothed the baby, bathed the wound on his cheek, and otherwise looked after his comfort regardless of her own.

Neither of the children had paid any attention to a tiny white sail on the water which was swiftly approaching their place of refuge, and not until it. was within a quarter of a mile did Ellen espy it.

Thomas! Somebody is coming after us, and now all our troubles are

over! Perhaps they are, and perhaps they ain't."

In this case Ellen was correct; for fifteen minutes later Captain Hiram's cheery hall was heard; and while Thomas Hardy obstinately remained slient, Ellen answered it cheerfully and cried.

"Here we are, Captain Hiram! Do you know if mother worried very much about us ?

"I don't allow she did, seein's I ain't been back to Oldhaven yet; an' Maria Littlefield would tell her Capen Hiram Stubbs was sailor-man enough to take care of a couple of children what he'd invited out for a cruise, even though he hasn't done it over and above well; so I allow your mother ain't been in much of a stew. It looks as though the Island Queen had made her last voyage, don't

"I am afraid she's ruined, Captain

Hiram; and it's all our fault." "Not yours, little Ellen, I'll be bound. An' when it comes to the fact that all of you are alive, an' none the worse for wear, we won't say a word abor the wreckin of the sloop, even though she was the trimmest that ever sailed out of Oldhaven."

"Why didn't you come after us be-fore?" Master Seabury asked.
"Now, look here, lad; 'un don't want to wear any more sulks, where I am! I allow you've jest about worn your stater out with 'em since last night; an' after what's happened I sha'n't have the patience to put up with cranky talk."

"I suppose you are going to blame

onto us all that happened.

"I don't count on doin' anything of that kind, lad; for I know what's been done, jest the same as if I'd been on beard all the time, except when it comes to the wreckin'. The cable wasn't let go in any such deep water but that I could read the whole story from it."
"It ellipsed off the stick."

The bowline I made never slipped, lad. It was after you had untied it, an' tried to put it on agin, that it went over. Then the current took you out of the cove, an' you didn't know enough to furl the canvas when the wind came up. You've been mighty nigh death, my boy; un' if anything had happened you'd have been answerable for the lives of your sister an' young Jones. If you'll allers keep in mind that it was your wilfulness that brought you an' the Island Queen

"I don't think Thomas Hardy will ever do anything of the kind again, Captain Hiram; and perhaps mother'll pay for the vessel we have ruined."

to this pass, it may work some good in

the future."

I don't ask for anything like that, little Ellen, seein's how I'm able to get a new one whenever I want it; an' I sha'n't take the loss of the Island Queen to heart if Thomas Hardy has learned the lesson what has been read out for him since last night.

"I hope he has sir."
"So do I, little Ellen; but I doubt it. Howsomever, there's no great good can come of my sittin' here lecturin' you young people; for I allow you need to get back to Maria Littlefield's. isn't a very fine craft to take you aboard of, but she's a deal better'n what's left of the Island Queen; and the sboner you scramble down, the quicker we'll be on our way to Oldhaven."

"How did you get another vessel so soon?" Ellen asked.
"This ain't what you might rightly call a vessel, little woman. It's nothing more or less than a dory with a leg-o'mutton sail; but she'll take us back to the Haven all right, an' that's as much as we have reason to expect. Hubbard owns her; an' I'm bound to get her to him before night, if possible, for she's the only craft he's got."

Thomas Hardy had already clambered down from the cliff, and was about to take his seat in the boat when Captain

Hiram stopped him.

"See here, lad! you ain't the most important member of this party, by a long shot; an' I don't allow to give you a seat in the stern-sheets. That belongs to your sister and young Jones; so you'll walt till they're aboard.

Then the old man would have ascended the cliff to assist little Ellen, but that she protested against anything of the kind, and scrambled down as best she could with Samuel Abner in her arms.

Not until an hour after noon did the rescued and rescuer sail into Oldhaven harbour; and during all the voyage Thomas Hardy had not spoken to his companions.

Ellen would have talked with him but that Captain Hiram motioned her to remain silent; for he knew the boy would have no better opportunity to review the events of the previous twenty-four hours than at this time. And it is quite probable that out of the fearsome night came something of advantage to Master Sea-bury; for when the dory's bow grated on the sands of Oldhaven harbour, he leaped out of the boat, pulled her as far up on the shore as his strength would admit; after which he took Samuel Abner from Ellen's arms, carrying him carefully to the edge of the dusty road.

"Now, little Ellen, will you give me one more kiss? An' then I'll put off for Dollar Island agin."

"But surely I shall see you before I leave Oldhaven, Captain Hiram?"
"Yes, indeed, little woman! It wasn't a good-bye kiss I wanted, but something in the nature of a thanks-giving that it was permitted you should come safely through the dangers of last It would have 'most broken my heart, child, if anything had happened to you; for I'm countin' on enjoyin' a good bit of your company the balance of an' on havin' you here when the new sloop is launched."

"Sha'n't you try to save the Island Queen, Captain Hiram?"

"It won't pay, deary. I'll strip her of her riggin' an' sich truck as can be worked over; but her hull is clean gone. I allow to leave her on the Needles as long as the waves will let her stay, to show to the young people of Oldhaven what wilfulness and ignorance ca. accomplish without any very great effort."

The End.

#### SOME PACTS ABOUT VOLCANCES.

There are volcanoes all over the world. They are found all along the Pacific Coast, on the western side as well as the eastern, in Africa, in the West Indies and even amid the ice and snow that surround the southern pole. Iceland is specially noted for its volcances, which have burst forth from time to time in the most fearful eruptions. On one occasion a stream of liquid lava flowed into the bed of a river and dried it up; the stream of fire followed the bed of the river until it came to a lake, which it entirely filled up.

Of course, all volcanoes are not of the same age. Many have been formed within comparatively recent years. "About the middle of the last contury there lived on the elevated plain of Maipais, in Mexico, a planter by the name of Jorullo. All had gone quietly in that neighbourhood until June. 1759. when, under the plain, were heard tec-Then earthrible subterranean noises. quakes followed, and continued for two months. Presently the ground burst open, a terrific eruption took place, and a volcano was formed upon Senor Tarrilla's Plantation. When Hambelds Jorullo's plantation." When Humboldt visited the spot about forty years afterwards, he found, in addition to the principal volcano, an immense number of little oven-like vents scattered over the plain, and still hot and smoking.

Mount Vesuvius is perhaps the best-known volcano in the world. Seen from the bay of Naples, as in our picture, it is a wonderfully beautiful sight, with only the emoke from its top reminding one of the terrors that lie in its crater of fire, and that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompell in the midst of their gay, careless prosperity, so many centuries

Mount Etna, on the Island of Sicily, rises to a height of more than ten thousand feet. Around the mountain, at its base, is a fertile and delightful region. Here towns and villages cluster, and though in the frequent eruptions some of these are buried beneath the flow of lava, the attractions of the delightful-climate and the productive soil overcome the fears of the people, and familiarly renders them indifferent.

The great crater of Etna is on a mountain of stones and ashes. The diameter of its mouth is estimated by different travellers at from one-quarter to onehaif a mile. Sulphurous smoke and rumbling noises issue from it continually. There are at least seventy re-corded eruptions. In an earthquake in 1669, streams of lava broke forth from chasms which opened in different parts of the mountain, destroying fourteen villages. To protect the city of Catania which lies at the foot of the mountain. the walls had been raised to the height of sixty feet, but the lava, in spite of this precaution, overtopped the rampart and poured a cascade of liquid fire into the midst of the houses.

#### A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PIN.

"Only two or three days ago an overseer in an English mill found a pin which cost the company nearly one hun-

dred pounds."
"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. suppose it must have been a very hand-

some one. Was it a diamond pin?"
"Oh, no, my dear; not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day and use without stint. Here

is one upon my dress."
"Such a pin to cost nearly a hundred pounds," exclaimed John. "I don't believe .it."

But mamma says it is a true story.

interposed Susie. 'Yes, I know it to be true. And this

is the way it happened to cost so much. Yo\_know that callcoes, after they are printed and washed and dried, are smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance a pindropped so as to lie on the principal roller, the pin becoming wedged into it, the head standing out a little from the Over and over went the roller and round and round went the cloth. winding at length upon still another coller, until the piece measured. Then another piece began to be dried and wound, and so on, till a hundred pieces had been till a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the roller of the machine and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now, in every plece the c were thirty-five to forty-five yards, and at ninepence a yard, the whole would cost about one hundred and eighty pounds. Of course the state goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remtaining unless one is first a hero in faith.

have brought had it not been for that

hidden pin. "Now, it seems to me that when a boy takes for a companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath breaker, or a lad swearer, a Sabbath breaker, or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind and disobedient, are like the roller which took into its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the influence clings to them and loaves its mark upon everybody it comes in con-tact with. That pin damaged irrepartact with. That pin damaged irreparably four thousand yards of new print. but cad company has rulned thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remem-

#### SOME LONG DAYS.

ber. 'One sin destroyeth much good,' therefore, avoid evil companions." —From Z. Bond, Barrie, Ont.

It is quite important, when speaking of the longest day in the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by reading the following list, which tells the longth of the longest day in several places. Christmas, for instance, at the equator is very different from Christmas at Tornen, Finland, where the day is less than three hours in length.

At Stockbolm, Sweden: the longest day

At Stockholm, Sweden; the longest day is eighteen and one-half hours.
At Spitzbergen the longest day is three

and one-half months.

At Condon, England, and Bremen.

Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamburg in Germany, and Dautzig in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May twenty-first to June twenty-second without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberla, the longest day is nine-

teen hours and the shortest five hours. At Tornea, Finland, June twenty-first brings a day nearly twenty-two hours

long. At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.

#### JOOKO AT ROME, AND A SLAVE.

At home Jocko lived in a grove of tall cocoanut-trees up which he could clamber as nimbly as a squirrel scampers up one of our maples or beeches.

The forest was full of chattering, playful comrades who thought there could be no better fun than to spring aloft and bring down a ripe cocoanut for breakfast; or, if he did not bring it down in his arm, to toss it down on the heads of his fellows who might be below, at the risk of cracking their skulls in the sport.

That seems like rough play, but you must remember that Jocko was only a poor East Indian monkey who had never seen the light of a civilized country like ours, much less been to college and learned to play the humane and con-siderate game of football. Jocko often got his ears soundly boxed

for his mischievousness, by his parents or some of the older and more sedate monkey uncles or grandfathers, or he got his hair soundly pulled by some enraged companion.
When the natives wanted the nuts

picked, all they needed to do was to pluck a few and throw or carry them to the ground, and go away.

Then the wondering monkeys, who had been watching the performance with keenest curiosity, would hasten to the tops of the trees and begin to gather. the nuts with might and main, frantic to do what they had seen the men doing.

But Jocko ventured too near the men one day, and to his dismay he found himself a captive. Imprisoned in a cage with other unfortunate monkeys, he was taken across the wide ocean to a strange country where there were no cocoanuttrees.

He was whipped and starved to make him do what his masters wanted him to, and, after he understood, was dressed in a gay suit and made to dance until his legs ached, to amuse a crowd of laughing children who, maybe, would throw a few cents into the hat he passe for his master, the organ-grinder. What a different life he new led from his former free and easy one.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way," until now the west be-comes the east. There are few greater romances in history than that suggested by the raising of the American flag over the Philippines. For they are a part of the land which Columbus salled to seek and which he thought he had discovered, and they are now wrested from the land he served, by the land which he did discover. If we were back a few centuries, that would be a theme for an

#### Tobacco.-An Arcostic. BY J. PASCOE.

To all who use tobacco I would say, 'Oh, use it no more, but throw away!"

Be careful, it hurts both body and mind; An evil indeed of a very bad kind. Cease then, I say, to use and sell this

Christians should haste to banish it with speed.

Oh, do it then, it is a worthy deed !

#### EVERGREEN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

This is a novel yet significant appel-lation, to distinguish Sunday-schools

We have never been able to see the necessity which obliges the intermission of so many of our Sabbath-schools during the winter season. There may be localities that are so sparcely settled as to require a suspension of our Sunday-school work; but such cases are not by any means as numerous as would be indicated by the many schools sub-jected to this system of winter recess. We take, therefore, the liberty of kindly submitting to pastors and managers of Sunday-schools who have been accustomed to such interruption of their labours during so considerable a portion of the year a very few plain houghts on this subject.

We would inquire, why should Sunday-schools be discontinued during the winter in localities where week-day schools are kept in operation all the year?

If it be not a necessity to close the latter, what necessity can exist for closing the former? is not so that in such ases of interruption, a targe part of the year, and at a season favour-able for religious and Sabbath-school instruc-tion, is allowed to pass unimproved as far as the youth of families is con-cerned? May it not be the case that so important a portion of the life of the young, for whose religious training we are responsible, if not employed for good pur-poses, is in many instances sure to be per-verted to that which is evil? May not the benefits received during six months of Sundayschool training be more than neutralized by the influences brought bear on youthful hearts during the months when the Sunday-school is suspended? Can we justify ourselves in allowing so precious a por-tion of youthful oppor-tunity to pass over without using it to lead our young people by re-ligious influences to Christ and salvation? Is there not much loss of interest in the Sabbath-school, both on the part of tenchers and scholars, by closing the schools for so great a

part of the year? Is it not much more difficult to get a school in good working condition in the spring after an interval of several months, than to keep it in a state of efficiency the year through?

In years gone by there may have been some show of reason for closing our Sunday-schools during the winter season, when places for holding these were more distant from many of our families, and were not so accessible, and not so comfortable as they are now—It would seem that what was deemed needful in the past has in altered circumstances been allowed to continue as a custom, though the necessity for such usage no There are interruptions longer exists.

to the Sunday-school work in summer: and there is often as much propriety in closing in summer as in winter. tribute to this custom of winter closing

tribute to this custom of winter closing much of the inefficiency of the schools that are kept in only partial operation.

We entreat Sabbath-school workers not to allow their zeal in the cause of the Good Shepherd, and their love for the lambs of the fold, so to cool as to become unwilling to be steadily employed in their self-denying service. Wholehearted teachers will not be disposed to hearted teachers will not be disposed to allow the results of their labour during six month sof the year to be scattered to the winds by the neglect of the months next succeeding. Nor is this at all necessary, except in very rare circumstants. that are kept in vigorous existence, not cumstances; for there is not ordinarily merely during the summer and early autumn,—like the forms of vegetable life is school, but what can be and our it to in our fields and gardens, but, like the evergreens which form so large a portion of our native forests,—during the months is schools even better this winter than you of cold and snow as well.

2. Worldly Wisdom, v. 6-8.
3. Faith in God, v. 9-12.
Time.—From about 955 to a because of the summer and our it to be surmounted. Try and work your battle with Zerah was fought in of cold and snow as well.

#### LESSON NOTES.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAM.

FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON 1.—OCTOBER 2. REFORMATION UNDER ASA. 2 Chron. 14. 2-12. Memory verses, 2-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee.-2 Chron. 14. 11.

OUTLINE.

. Moral Reform, v. 2-5.

2. Worldly Wisdom, v. 6-8.
3. Faith in God, v. 9-12.
Time.—From about 955 to about 941

-The kingdom of Judah. battle with Zerah was fought in the val-



in no wise lose your reward. Let the aim be, "All the scholars for Jesus."-Halifax Wesleyan.

#### RABBIT GIRL IN HOLLAND.

Nothing gives so much character to the country districts of any land as the peasantry. The picture is a characteristic sketch of a Dutch girl with her wooden shoes turned up to a sharp point at the ends, and the peculiar head-dress, with its funny plates of metal at the sides. Sometimes, in the case of women, these are of pure gold and are very valuable.

#### HOME READINGS.

Reformation under Asa.-2 Chron.

Tu. God's presence.—2 Chron. 15. 1-3. W. A solemn covenant.—2 Chron. 15.

10-19. Th. Call to repentance.—Amos 5. 4-15. F. Trust in God.—Psalm 20. God the strongest defender.-Isaiah

Su. Reward of obedience.-Prov. 3. 1-10. QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Moral Reform, v. 2-5. Who succeeded Rehoboam as king of Judah? 1 Kings 14, 31.
Who succeeded Abliam?

What was Asa's character? How did he deal with idolatry? What two commands did he give in verse 4 7

What is it to seek the Lord? What is the best time to seek him? Prov. 8, 17,

Where can we find his law? How may we best keep it?

2. Worldly Wisdom, v. 6-8. What was this "rest"? Who gave it? How was it obtained? How may we find rest? Matt. 11

How did Asa propose to improve the years of peace?

What is the church's privilege in time of rest 7 Acts 9. 31.

How large was Asa's army?

3. Faith in God, v. 9-12.

Who came against Judah? From what country and where located?

How large was his army? Where

was the battle? Did Asa rely upon his army? Upon whom did he rely?

What confident statement did he make to the Lord?

What prayer did he offer? Golden

What was the result of Asa's prayer and Asa's fight? What may we do in trouble? Psalm

#### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. An example of thorough reform?

2. An example of earnest work? 3. An example of earnest prayer?

It is no unusual thing for men in India of thirty, or even fifty years of age, to have wives of eight or ten.

The late George Russell, of Aberdeen, Scotland, left \$75,000 for the benefit of

scavengers and policemen.

There were in India when the census was taken in 1891, 22,657,000 widows, almost one-sixth of the entire female population. Of these 13,870 were under four years of age, 60,040 between five and nine, 174,500 between fifteen and thirty-four.

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Hopes and Fears—Another Disappointment—
In Hyde Park—The Quarrel Under the Elmi
Trae—The Linearceted Guest—Rebind the In Hyde Park—The Quarrel Under the Elmitree—The Unexpected Guest—Behind the Veil—The Serpent's Tooth—The Next Morning—The Pain Speech of Hannah—The Reality—Under-Currents—The Reality of Life—Past the Rubicon—An Unexpected Visitor—Not Welcome—Near the Unseen—It Must be Stopped—No Easy Task—Tom's Mother—"Come Home!"—The Unpalatable Truth—Clearing Up—What It Cost—Philip Dane's Farewell.

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