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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JULY 31, 1897.

No. 31.



WYCLIFFE AND LUTTERWORTH CHURCH.

Wycliffe, "The Morning Star of the Reformation."

Died December 31, 1384.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

Bright "morning star" upon the front of time,
Glad herald of the dawn of glorious day;
Gleams, after age-long waiting thy bright ray,
From mirkest gloom of midnight's deep abyme.
O lambent light of dawn, still higher climb!
Wrapped in that veit of deepest darkness lay
All the glad hopes and joys for which men pray,
Who wait the coming of day's golden prime.
Wycliffe's great gift all other gifts outshone—
The oracles of God in English speech,
The charter of a nation's liberty.
A gift beyond or gem or precious stone,
The book of God, each English child to teach,
And bless the far-off ages yet to be.

JOHN DE WYCLIFFE.

BY EVALENA I. FRYER.

The kind, patient woman who rocked a cradle in the little village of Wycliffe, in Yorkshire, England, about the year 1324, could not know that the sleeping occupant of the swinging cradle would grow up to become one of the foremost men of his times, and so she rocked and nursed and crooned lullabies, and the baby slept and ate and grew, just like all other babies.

The next time we see this baby he has grown to be a man, and is among the students in the scholastic Oxford. While there Wycliffe was a faithful pupil, for besides studying the writings of the famous Greek philosopher Aristotle and the writings of the Church Fathers, like Augustine and Basil and Jerome, he studied civil law and canon law, and he even went to the Bible for knowledge, which was a very unfashionable thing to do in those days, the biblical teachers being called "the bullocks of Abraham."

Wycliffe was nicknamed "The Gospel Doctor."

When our knight was about thirty-two years old he entered on a long struggle with the various orders of friars. These friars pretended to be very poor, and with wallets on their backs went about begging with piteous air, while at the same time they lived in palaces and dressed in costly garments. They used to kidnap children and shut them up in monasteries. When the orders were first organized their idea was to become a body of self-denying and consecrated men, who would go about arousing the people to a better life. At first their influence was very good, but when they became very popular and very powerful, they became also very degenerate.

But there was one man who was not afraid to tell them what he thought of them, and he did his duty so thoroughly and so fearlessly that Rome became alarmed, and at last summoned the Gospel Doctor to appear at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the 19th of February, 1377, and answer to the charge of heresy.

The cathedral was crowded, and yet a very little thing scattered the crowd. Lord Percy, who attended Wycliffe, desired him to be seated. But the Bishop of London declared that Wycliffe "should not sit, and that according to law an accused person should stand during the time of his answer." A controversy soon followed, and in the tumult the whole assembly was broken up and the next day was succeeded by a riot. As for Wycliffe, he was dismissed with the injunction to be more careful about his preaching in the future. But public opinion declared in his favour.

"If he is guilty," the people said, "why is he not punished? If he is innocent, why is he ordered to be silent?"

In 1379 Wycliffe was seriously ill. The mendicant friars thought that their opportunity had now come. They went in much state to see him and solemnly tried to make him recant. He ordered his servant to raise him on the pillows, and to the great astonishment of the friars, the apparently dying man, fixing his eyes on his enemies, said, "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars."

His enemies left him and the great Reformer did live. He was yet to put the finishing touches to his greatest

work—the translating and scattering of the Word of God, that the people might read it in their own tongue. For ten or fifteen years he worked steadily at this task, and at last, in 1380, it was completed. This was a great event in the religious history of England. To us to-day it sounds like odd English. The first verse of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians reads like this:

"If I speke with tungs of men and of angels, and I have no charite, I am maad as brass sownynge or a cymbal tynklynge."

The work met with a wonderful reception. Citizens, soldiers, the rich and the poor welcomed it with delight. Even Anne, the wife of Richard II., began to read the Gospels. John de Wycliffe had indeed become The Gospel Doctor. It cost a large sum to own a Testament estimated to equal one hundred and fifty dollars of our times.

To carry the Bible into the remotest hamlets was the sole idea of The Gospel Doctor, and for this purpose he sent forth preachers, bidding them,—

"Go and preach; it is the sublimest work, but imitate not the priests whom we see after the sermon sitting in ale-houses or at the gaming table. After your sermon is done, do you visit the sick, the aged, the poor, the blind, the lame."

These "poor priests," as they were called, went about barefoot, staff in hand, and dressed in coarse robes; they lived on alms and were satisfied with the plainest food. Their theme was Christ, and they preached with wonderful eloquence.

Wycliffe continued in his glorious work for many years, until one day, as he stood in the midst of his little flock in the Lutterworth church, administering the communion, he was stricken with paralysis and was carried home to die in two days at the ripe age of sixty years. He was buried beneath the chancel of

Lutterworth church, but thirty years after Rome directed that his body be disinterred and thrown far away from church walls. They took up the body, burned it, and cast the ashes into an adjacent brook.

"The brook," says Fuller, "did carry his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblems of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." If Luther and Calvin are the fathers of the Reformation, Wycliffe is its grandfather.

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
So Wycliffe's ashes shall be borne,
Where'er these waters be."

Or, as the same has been amplified by Wordsworth:

"Wycliffe is disinhumed,
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed,
And flung into the brook that travels near;
Forthwith that ancient voice which streams can hear,
Thus speaks (that voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human-kind):
'As thou those ashes, little brook, wilt bear
Into the Avon—Avon to the tide
Of Severn—Severn to the narrow seas—
Into main ocean they this deed accurat
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the
world dispersed.'"

Playing the light guitar in moonlit gardens at night is pretty apt to bring on the heavy catarrh in the morning.



FIGURE OF WYCLIFFE ON LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS.

Wycliffe.

Wycliffe! Now half a thousand years
are sped
Since to the music of our English
tongue,
Those thin white fingers cunningly did
wed
What holy men of old had said or
sung!

First Protestant! First scholar for the
poor!
First to tell out in home-born, fireside
speech,
To simple folk within their cottage door,
What words of life those sacred lips
did teach.

As comes the star upon the dim, sad sky,
To tell of dawn upon its rosy way,
So from our Orient, serene and high,
Thy beams presage our bright and
golden day.

Hard was thy task, strong heart! Still
struggling on
Against the scowl of bitter monk and
priest,
Falsed and sick, and yet thy work was
done,
And follows thee, now entered into rest.

Bend from thy rest, if it be given, O
Saint,
Now worn and baffled in thy toll no
more!

Hark! How thy language, tuneful, dear
and quaint,
Tells the glad tidings upon every
shore!

What though thy foes, in febleness of
wrath,
Thy ashes on the wandering waters
flung?
The roverent waters smoothed for thee a
path
O'er smiling tides all lauds and isles
among.

And when thy work's millennium shall
be,
Can that millennium yet linger long,
When o'er all nations Truth has victory,
And Peace lifts up her sweet and end-
less song?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 31, 1897.

BIBLE STUDY.

One of the most encouraging features of the day is the increased study that is being given to the Word of God. The time was when students in schools and colleges must know all about the pagan poets, Ovid and Horace, and yet might know very little of Isaiah and St. Paul; but now even secular institutions, and the scores of summer assemblies throughout the continent, give ample opportunities for the study of the Bible. Professor Harper, of Yale, by his organization of the American Institute of Bible Study, which has its branches in many cities and summer assemblies, is doing much to promote this important work.

There is a charm and attraction in the study of this venerable book whose interest increases from year to year. In addition to the study of the Bible itself,

a study of the part that it has played in human history will also receive special prominence.

The Bible is the Magna Charta of all our freedom, body, mind and spirit, and if ever there has been a time when it was important to know what it cost to give us the Bible open and free for all to study, it is to-day.

The era of John Wycliffe, briefly treated in this number of Pleasant Hours, and his opening of the English Bible to the people, is one full of vital interest to all lovers of civil, intellectual and religious liberty.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

"I tell you I heard a testimony the other night, that I won't forget in a hurry," said a friend to me a short time since. "You see I had gone on business for the firm out to ——" naming a small town some sixty miles distant. "I found things in a bad jumble, and I had to stay all night. I was invited to stop at the house of the man whose books I was overlooking, and I accepted, for I knew that the hotel was a poor one. After supper, my hostess asked me if I cared to attend a temperance meeting, a series of which were being held at that time in the church. Well, we went. It was a good meeting. The music was lively, and the speeches pointed. An opportunity was given during the meeting for any one to speak who had been reclaimed from intemperance. After a pause a woman near the front of the church arose and moved out in the aisle. She was very pale and thin, but she had a pair of the blackest, and, at the same time, most mournful looking eyes, I ever beheld in any human being. When she first started to speak you could hardly hear her; but the church soon became almost deathly still and she raised her voice a little. I will give you her words as near as I can. She said:

"I want to tell you my story. May be some one here will be induced by it to sign the pledge to-night. I was born and brought up in old England. I was the only child of fond parents, who gratified my slightest wish. I had many friends as I grew up to girlhood. Before I was twenty years old I was betrothed to John Hardy, a noble looking and good dispositioned young man, a mason by trade. My parents gave a glad consent to our speedy union, for they thought John was just about perfect. I don't think there was a happier home in all England than ours. John had steady work, and never spent his evenings in the ale-house, as so many men did.

"Our happiness was complete when, five years after our wedding day, John held in his arms our first-born child, a lovely little boy with flaxen hair all in ringlets around his head. Six months after I was taken down with typhoid fever, which was very prevalent that spring. I was very bad, and when the turning point came, my life hung in the balance for many days. John spent a great deal of that time on his knees beside my bed praying for me. I firmly believe I was restored to health in answer to his prayers. How often since have I wished that I had died then. How much disgrace and misery would have been spared. As I rallied a little the doctor ordered me brandy and wine to give strength. John opposed this, but he was over-ruled.

"It is needless to say I formed a strong liking for it, and kept on taking it without my husband's knowledge, after I was fully recovered. Before long my doses grew larger; and one night John came home from his work and found me lying on the sofa drunk. I shall never forget the look of despair that settled on his face, as he fully realized the state I was in. The next morning when I was sober he pleaded with me to give it up entirely. I was very penitent and promised faithfully never to touch it again. But alas for good resolutions! Made only to be broken. I trusted in my own strength, and when the thirst and longing for it came over me again I weakly yielded. A week passed before I drew a sober breath. My husband tried all means to keep it from me; but it seemed I was possessed with almost Satanic cunning, and got it in spite of him.

"One day I woke out of a drunken sleep and found our babe lying on the bed beside me. His face and hands were burning with fever. He wanted a drink, and I rose with unsteady feet and aching head to get him one. On going to the kitchen I found two of the neighbour women there. Their pitying looks stung me deeply; and I went out of the house, and staggered to where I knew I could get more whiskey; leaving strangers to wait on my sick baby.

"The next morning when I awoke the first thing that met my gaze was a tiny coffin resting on two chairs. For

a few seconds I looked on it in horror. Then I got up and looked in it. There lay my darling baby with a white rose between his waxen fingers, while over his face hovered an angelic smile. He was an angel now, while I, his mother, had just wakened out of a drunken sleep. Those were terrible moments.

"For a long while after that I kept perfectly sober, and my husband began to look more hopeful. The ale-house keeper had asked me several times to come and taste a new brand of ale, but I told her I had reformed, and was not going to drink any more. She only laughed at me; and one day sent me over a quart pail full of the deadly stuff. The smell of it fairly drove me wild, and I drank the whole of it. My husband at that time was working on a building a little way from our home. He saw me staggering around the yard. Turning to a companion, he said, in a despairing voice: "God help me. She is drunk again." He turned to go down the ladder; his foot slipped, he lost his hold, and fell heavily to the ground, striking on his back. He was brought to the house, and a doctor was summoned. After a careful examination, he said his back was broken. The neighbours came in to wait on him, for I sat on a chair stupid with drink; but when the doctor came and told me that John was dying, I was sober in an instant. He lived three days and I never left his side. On my knees, beside his bed, I sought and obtained the pardon of God. John was so glad. He told me over and over, that he did not regret his life, if by that means I should be saved from a drunkard's grave.

"After he was buried I came to this country, and I have been here ten years next month. By the grace of God I have been kept from touching the poison drink. The doctor tells me I am liable to drop dead any moment from heart disease, and I am living in the hope of soon seeing my husband and child in the gardens of Paradise. Oh, will not some poor tempted soul sign the pledge to-night? Then the grief, and the heart-ache that it has cost me to tell you my story, will not have been in vain.

"She stopped and stood looking at the audience, many of whom were in tears, in a silence that could almost be felt. Pretty soon there was a movement in the body of the church, and twenty-three persons, all of whom had been against the temperance work before, came forward and signed the total abstinence pledge. Her fervent 'Thank God,' when the last one had signed his name was something to be remembered for a life time.

"Did you sign it?" I asked; for I knew that he was not a temperance man. "Yes, I did. And I mean to stick to it. That woman's story was not in vain. I am temperance from this time forward," was the prompt reply.

THE COLOURS OF FLAMES.

WITH EXPERIMENTS.

It was long since discovered that alcohol would burn even when mingled with water. Before they had instruments for measuring the proportions of alcohol in liquids to find out how strong they were, they proved them in a rough way by using gunpowder. You observe that when the alcohol is burned off, the water is left in the dish. (Burn two or three spoonfuls of gin to show this, turning the water out afterwards so that they can see it). When the water left behind was not sufficient to prevent the explosion of gunpowder, it was called "proof." We will show how it worked. (Put half a teaspoonful of gunpowder on a plate, standing on a tray or bare board. Add a spoonful of alcohol. Set fire to it, and when the alcohol is burned off the gunpowder will go off in a series of little explosions).

Gunpowder is known to be a dangerous thing to handle. Alcohol is more so. They have both done a vast amount of mischief in the world. In war gunpowder has killed its myriads of men. Even in times of peace when careless boys use it in pistols, or on Dominion Day, to make an empty noise, they very often hurt themselves and others. Many lives are lost in that way.

But alcohol is burning up those that drink it, even 'a tin's of peace. In the twenty-five years since our last war, it has killed more people in this country than all the soldiers that were killed by gunpowder during the four years of war. It is believed that every day as many as one hundred and sixty-five persons die from the use of alcoholic drinks. So you see that alcohol is far more to be feared than gunpowder.

It is a curious fact, too, that drunkards are very careless about fire. It is to be expected that when they lose their senses

they would not know how to be careful about anything.

They handle lamps carelessly, but they are specially careless about their pipes and cigars. Many a drunken tramp has, in this way, set fire to the barn where he has taken shelter for the night. A servant-girl when left alone in a farm-house drank freely of cider, and then going to the barn with a lighted candle, when she should have carried a lantern, set the hay on fire, and all the buildings on the premises were burned.

It is said in Maine, where they have a law forbidding the sale of liquors, they do not have half so many fires as they did before the passage of that law.

You are often warned against playing with fire. Children playing with fire have been seriously burned through their foolish carelessness. But alcoholic drinks are far more dangerous. They do not look like fire, and so people do not believe that they will burn. But they not only burn the life out of the body; they destroy property and reputation and character and usefulness in this world, and all hope of happiness in the world to come. The sufferings of a burned body are but trifles compared with the agony of a man who has destroyed soul and body by the use of alcoholic drinks.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 8, 1897.

Messiah's reign.—Psalm 72. 8-11.

UNIVERSAL.

Verse 8. This Psalm is a beautiful portion of the Holy Scriptures. The rapid progress of the kingdom of Christ is vividly portrayed, and here we have its universality. Other kingdoms are limited in their extent, but this kingdom covers the whole world. Read this verse again. While the kingdom is to extend from sea to sea, no particular sea is named; we may understand the description to signify that no sea nor river can be a barrier in its way. "From sea to sea" is a proverbial expression, which is intended to set forth the universal monarchy of the King of kings.

SECURE PLACES.

Verse 9. Cities and centres of population are sure to be visited, and feel the righteous reign of the Son of God. But Christ comes not to shed his benign influence merely in the high places of the world, but those who live in the wilderness—or obscure places—shall be made the participants of the gracious influences of the Sun of righteousness, the rays of which shall penetrate the most retired abodes of mankind, who will gladly receive him as their sovereign Lord. "His enemies" will lick the dust, which means that they will be completely vanquished.

OTHER KINGS.

Verse 10. Tarshish monarchs will become his subjects, and even the dwellers in the isles will put themselves under his authority. No class of the community will be too high for him to gain the ascendancy over them, and none will be so low as to be beneath his notice. In the days of Solomon, the kings of these places aided Solomon in the erection of the temple, but a greater than Solomon is here. Those monarchs who have swayed the sceptre of authority over their people, sometimes to their disadvantage and injury, will readily and gladly bring their gifts to King Jesus and own him the Lord of all.

NO EXCEPTION.

Verse 11. All kings will acknowledge his authority and put themselves under his control. They will not regard themselves as being degraded by thus acting. They will willingly acknowledge him as their sovereign Lord and count themselves as honoured by being adopted into the society of those who crown him Lord of all.

Not only will the Jews receive him, but all nations will serve him. The Gentiles will put themselves under his yoke, and will rejoice to become his subjects.

"Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee,
And Ethiopia's stranger
His glory come and see,
With anthems of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
And pour the wealth of nations
In tribute at his feet,
For he shall have dominion
Over river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing shall soar."

"Why, my man, there used to be two mills there."
"Yes, sir; they found there was only wind enough for one."

The Summer Shower.

A tinkling as of tiny bells,
A tap upon the pane;
And hark, the pleasant news it tells,—
To parching hills and thirsty dells
Has come the blessed rain,—
The blessed summer rain!

Meadows, renew your robes once more;
Drink deep, ye fields of grain;
Hold up your cups, each tiny flower,
Receive the grateful, cooling shower,
The blessed, blessed rain,—
The blessed summer rain!

Ye brooks, that gurgle faint and hoarse,
Ring out a merrier strain;
And scatter freshness in your course,
In grateful memory of your source,
The blessed, blessed rain,—
The blessed summer rain!

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

CHAPTER III.

THE POWER OF A SMILE.

There was dead silence in the house when Abel Grey re-entered it. Was the baby dead, and had the milk come too late to save its life?

Anxiously, and with trembling hands, he lifted the little bundle from the bed and took it in his arms. The child still breathed. "Thank God for that!" said Abel to himself.

But the poor little man had never fed a baby in his life, and though he had now bought the milk, and had fetched a cup and a spoon from his old home, his difficulties were not yet over. The baby was very hungry, but it had not been accustomed to a spoon, and it choked and cried and spilt far more milk than it swallowed, and Abel was almost in despair as he looked ruefully at its pretty white nightgown, which was now drenched with the milk it had spilt.

"I'm not cut out for a nurse, that's clear," said Abel, with a sigh; "but, dearie me, what a bonnie little thing it is! Why, it's never laughing at me!"

Yes, it was, though! The small blue eyes had opened, and the child was smiling in Abel's face. That smile went right to the little man's heart, it was so seldom that any one smiled on him. He had received plenty of kicks and blows, and had been met by cruel words and still more cruel laughter, but how few had smiled at him as that baby was doing! He felt repaid for his bad night and for his anxiety about the child, one such smile as that made up for it all.

But it was past eight o'clock, and he must see the landlord, and find out to whom the baby belonged. "I had better take it with me," he said, "and then he can see what it's like, and read the card that was round its neck."

But as he pictured to himself the shouts of laughter which would be raised by the countless children who spent their time in trying to annoy him, if he should appear in the street with a baby in his arms, he decided that his better course would be to bring the landlord to see the baby, and to lock it up meanwhile in the empty house.

It began to cry as he went downstairs, and it went to his heart to leave it, but what else could he do?

The landlord and his wife were much interested and amused by his tale, but they could give him very little help towards discovering the parents of the child. The people whom he had seen in the house had only been in it a week; they had come to him to give in their notice and to pay a month's rent, but they had told him that he was at liberty to let the house at once, as they were going abroad the following day. He could not even remember the name of these people; his nephew had shown them over the house, and had given them the key, and "he has a shocking bad memory, has George Thomas," said the landlady; "I tell him he will forget his own name some day."

"But you shall have no bother about the child," said the landlord, who was anxious to be civil to his new tenant; "you go home, keep your mind easy, and I'll see all about it. We must tell the police, of course, and see what they can do, and we must get it removed to the House at once."

So Abel Grey went home, but somehow or other his heart did not feel happy. In a few hours at most the baby would be gone, his quiet life would no longer be disturbed; and yet the thought of that did not cheer him or please him as it would have done a few hours be-

fore. He had still fresh in his memory the baby smile, which had won his heart so strangely. He wondered whether the child would smile in the workhouse, and if it did, whether there would be any one there who would care to see it smile.

He had been a workhouse child himself till old Betty had taken him. She had always loved to see him smile, and had smiled back again at him. He would not like this little baby to have none but stern, hard faces about it.

Abel's new abode had several visitors that morning. Two policemen came to look at the child, and to read the card in a knowing way, as if "Nemo" had been a friend of theirs for years, and to examine the cupboard, and to write a description of it in an enormous notebook. Poor little wretched cupboard, there was not much in it to describe!

Then they asked Abel so many questions that they frightened him, and he began to fear that if they did not find the owners of the child they would be putting him in prison for finding it.

Abel was very glad when these men departed, but they were soon followed by the doctor, who felt the child's pulse, and smelt its breath, and tried its heart, and told him that it had been drugged, but that it was no worse for it now, and would live if it was taken care of.

"Poor little forsaken thing!" thought Abel. "Who will take care of it in the House? They've such a lot of babies there to look to, they'll never have time nor heart to tend it."

When the doctor had gone, the relieving officer came, and he was in a very bad temper. "What did people mean by having children to be brought up by the parish?" he said. "The parish had plenty of babies of its own, without taking in stray babies like this. It would be a great expense to the parish, and the parish wouldn't like it."

He was so angry, and stamped so much with his foot, and thumped the floor so loudly with his stick, that Abel was more afraid of him than he had been of the policemen. "I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't help it," said Abel meekly; "it isn't my fault, sir."

"No, it isn't, certainly," said the man; "we must make allowances, of course. You did not know it was here when you took the house, did you?"

"No, indeed, sir," said Abel. "Well, then, all things considered, I suppose I must take it into the House. I'll send for it, or maybe you could bring it. Yes, bring it, that will be the best plan, and then you can tell the matron all about it. Good-day," and, without waiting for Abel to answer, he was gone.

Abel was once more alone with his baby. His baby—how he wished that it were indeed his! How he would love it if it were his very own! He wondered if old Betty felt something like this when she looked at him. Poor Betty, how she had loved him, and how proud she had been of him! Well, he must set off for the House as soon as he had had his dinner, but he must give the child another meal; it was hungry again now, poor little thing, and was crying softly to itself on the bed.

The second meal was a greater success than the first. Either Abel had grown more experienced as a nurse, or the baby had become more clever with the spoon, for the child took more and spilt less, and rewarded Abel with another sweet smile when the meal was ended.

"Now, my little love, you'll have to go," he said, as he wrapped the shawl tightly round it and carried it downstairs.

The children were in school, and the street was nearly empty, so that few met him or noticed what he was carrying, and it was not long before he stood before the great workhouse gate, the very gate through which old Betty had carried him when he was a child.

There stood the great workhouse gate, and inside was the large black door. So solemn and dismal it looked, that Abel sighed to himself as he gazed at it, and as he thought of the cold cheerless life the child would have inside. The great bell was too high for Abel's short arm to reach it, and he stood for some time waiting for some one to pass who would ring it for him.

But just then the baby woke, and the blue eyes opened wide and looked into his face, and once more there came the pretty baby smile which had gone to his heart before. Abel looked up from that sweet smile to the black door in front of him. He could not take the child there, —at least, not to-night, he must keep it a little longer, and love it and care for it, as old Betty had loved and cared for him. No, he could not part from it yet.

So he carried it home and sat down beside it on the bed, whilst he considered what to do next. If he had only a friend, if there was only some one who would help him a little, and who would advise him what to do, and who would show him how to care for the child, he would like to keep it till it was a little

older, and was more fit to bear the rough life in the workhouse.

Whom could he ask to help him? Abel had many cruel tormentors, but since Betty had died he had never had a friend, there seemed to be no one to whom he could turn in his need.

The only person into whose house he had ever gone as a friend was an old man, who lived in an attic in a court close to his old home. Abel felt very sorry for this old man, for he was always alone. He was too lame with rheumatism to creep down the steep attic stairs, and so he sat by himself day after day, with no change in his life whatever. His niece lived in the room below, but she was out at work all day in a factory at the other end of the town, and he only saw her for a few minutes every night, when she came upstairs to see how he was, and to bring him food for the next day. She was a very silent woman, and was tired after her day's work, and she never stopped with him a moment longer than was necessary.

Abel had not known this old man long. He had been one evening to the house to take some nails which the niece had ordered from his shop, and as she had not yet returned from work, and her room was locked, the old man had called on him to come upstairs.

Abel's kind little heart was touched by the loneliness of poor old Amos, and since then he had several times been to see him, and had read the newspaper to him, and had told him a little of what was going on outside his dismal room. Yet, lonely as he was, old Amos always was bright and cheerful, and Abel used to puzzle over this, and wonder what it was which could make him happy and contented in such a miserable place.

Now, as he sat on the bed beside the child, the thought came across him that it was just possible Amos might help him in his difficulty about the child. Yet he did not seem a very likely person, for was he not a man? and men generally know nothing about babies. But it was Abel's one and only chance of getting help and advice, so he set out for Amos' garret with the baby in his arms.

When he had climbed the stairs, and was standing at the door, he thought he heard talking inside, and fearing it might be Amos' gloomy niece, he stood still to listen. But there was no voice to be heard but that of old Amos, the trembling, feeble voice he knew so well. To whom could the old man be talking?

Abel put his ear to the door and listened. "I am only a poor old man, O Lord," said the shaky voice of Amos, "but I do love thee; thou hast washed me in thy blood, O Lord, and made me clean, and now I want to do something for thee; and, Lord, what can I do? Old, and poor, and weak, is there nothing, Lord, for Amos to do?"

"Why, he's saying his prayers," said Abel to himself; "he must be going to bed very early to-night," and he hardly liked to knock at the attic door. But he felt as if he must see the old man that night; so, after a time, he ventured to give a gentle tap.

Amos called to him to come in, and he opened the door. The old man was not undressed, but was sitting over his small fire, slowly stirring some milk in a little pan on the hob.

"Oh, it's you, Abel Grey, is it?" he said, as he went in.

"Yes," said Abel, "it's me, Amos; and look what I've brought to show ye."

Amos put down the spoon and turned round.

"Why, it's never a baby, Abel! Wherever in the world did you get it?"

"Look at it," said Abel, proudly, as he unplanned its shawl; "isn't it pretty?" And then he told the story of his discovery, and of all that had happened since.

"I can't bear to let it go to the House," he said,—"at least, not just yet; but it's just here, ye see, Amos, I don't know nothing about babies, so I don't know if I dare try to keep it—maybe I shall kill it if I do. Amos, did ye ever have aught to do with a bairn as young as this?"

The old man smiled. "Aught to do with a bairn?" he said; "why, I've had sixteen of 'em, Abel, and they're all dead and gone now. One was drowned, and one he went for a soldier, and was killed in the war, and one,—ay, but she was a bonnie lass—she died of the typhoid fever, and some they went when they was babies, but I've nursed 'em all, Abel, nursed and tended 'em all. My missus, she was a delicate woman, ye see, and couldn't stand what some women can, so I used to help her of nights, and walk about with the baby when it was cross, and tend it and give it its bottle. Ay, babies, bless 'em—I ought to know what babies are as well as any man alive, Abel—and I'll say more, as well as a vast deal of women."

"There was once we had two of 'em together, little twin girls, Polly and

Sally we called 'em, and they both died of convulsion fits when they was getting their teeth, but I almost lived for them babies when I had 'em. Why, Abel, my lad, many's a time I've got up to wash and dress 'em before I went to my work, to save my poor missus a bit of trouble. And then there was little Birdie—she was the youngest, the missus died when she was born. Her name was Belinda, but I called her Birdie, because the Lord seemed to have sent her to cheer me in my trouble, and to sing to me that he loved me yet. Well, Birdie was my child altogether, for she never knew a mother, and I did everything for her, Abel, till the Lord gathered my little flower. She was only two years old when he came for her, Abel, and I thought I should never have smiled again.

"Yes, I know as much of babies as any mother does, my lad, and if you think you'll keep that poor little forsaken one a bit, why, trust me for helping you all I can. Maybe the Lord has sent it for you and me to look to, I asked him to send an old man a bit of work to do for him, and now maybe here's the work come in the baby. What's her name, Abel?"

"I believe it's a boy," said Abel, "and his name is Nemo—at least, it said 'Nemo' on the card round its neck."

"Abel," said Amos, "put him on my knee, and you and me will ask the Lord about him."

"O Lord," said the old man, "look at this 'ere baby, if thou means me and Abel to keep him, teach us what to do, and we will do it faithful. O Lord, bless the little lad, now and ever. Amen."

"Now then, Abel, take him back," said the old man, "and sit thee down, and I'll tell them what thou wilt want for him. Thou shalt be his mother, and I will be his grandmother, and between us, the good Lord helping us, we'll see if we can't rear him, and make a man of him."

(To be continued.)

STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

IX.

A CHAPTER OF ALL SORTS.

It is pleasant to come across the names of the Queen's dogs in her Journals. In one place she tells us about "dear 'Noble,' a beautiful collie. In her morning walk at Balmoral, her dogs are always with her.

When Prince Albert died, Beatrice was but a baby. She is now her mother's constant companion.

The Queen has many visitors. Years ago, a queer little person from America visited her, General Tom Thumb. The Queen had invited him, and she received him in the great picture gallery at Windsor. The Duchess of Kent and Prince Albert were present, with the court ladies and gentlemen. Tom Thumb was a small wite then; and he advanced gravely towards the royal group, bowed, and said, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen."

The Queen took his hand, led him about the gallery, and showed him the pictures, which he told her were "first-rate." He wanted to see the Prince of Wales, but the Prince of Wales being then a little fellow, had gone to bed. But the drollest part of the affair was when he took his leave. It is etiquette, i.e., it is the proper thing to do, to back out of the presence of royalty. But the General, being an American, was not used to doing this. So he would back a little way, then turn and make a short run, and then back again; and the Queen's little poodle was so angry, he flew at the General, and he had to defend himself with his cane. He made several visits to Windsor, and the Queen-dowager, widow of William the Fourth, gave him a beautiful little watch.

David Livingstone, the missionary and famous traveller, once visited the Queen. The Queen sent for him. He went to see her in his usual dress, wearing the cap with its gilt band, that he always wore in Africa.

The Queen talked with him a long time. She asked him many questions about Africa and the Africans. When he rose to go, he said, "Now, when I go back to Africa, and the African chiefs ask me if I have ever seen my chief, I can say 'yes.'"

He told the Queen that the Africans often asked him if his chief was rich, and when he said "yes," they asked him how many cows she owned. The Queen laughed merrily at this.

Among the many presents the Queen has received, was one, in 1877, from the Emperor of Brazil. It was a dress woven from spiders'webs. It is more beautiful than any silk, and it was the first successful attempt to weave spiders' threads.

Wycliffe.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Distant beacon on the night,
Full five centuries ago,
Harbinger of Luther's light,
Now three hundred years aglow,
Priest of Lutterworth, we see
All of Lutterworth in thee.

Lo, the wondrous parallel—
Both gave Bibles to their land,
While, the rage of Rome to quell,
Princes stood on either hand;
John of Gaunt and Saxon John
Cheered each bold confessor on.

Both are rescuers of souls,
Cleansing those Augenean eyes,
Superstition's hiding holes,
Nunneries and monkeries;
Both gave liberty to men,
Bearding lions in their den.

Wy 'ffe, Luther, glorious pair,
Great twin brethren of mankind,
Conscience was your guide and care,
Purifying heart and mind;
Both before your judges stood,
There I stand, for God and good.

Each had lived a martyr's life,
Still protesting for the faith,
Yet amid that fiery strife
Each escaped the martyr's death;
Rescued from the fangs of Rome,
Both died peacefully at home.

GRANDPA'S BOY.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

George Field's father was dead, and he lived with his mother at his grandfather's. He was the idol of the old man, who would often say proudly, "George is bright and handsome—just as my son Philip was at his age, he'll make his mark in the world."

Nothing the house afforded was too good for George. Every want and caprice was promptly supplied by the doting grandfater.

Mrs. Field saw with an anxious eye this over-indulgence would be harmful to her only son, and strove in a firm, wise control to counteract the pernicious effect of Mr. Field's course.

"George is grandpa's boy. Son Philip is dead, and I must do all I can for his child," he declared. Every morning Mr. Field was in the habit of mixing sugar, whiskey, and water, which he drank before breakfast.

Often the sugar, which settled at the bottom of the glass, flavoured with whiskey, was given to George.

The little fellow smacked his lips, and said:

"This is good, real good; I love it, grandpa."

"Yes, grandpa knows what will taste good to his boy," Mr. Field replied with great satisfaction.

On went the weeks. George drank daily this apparently harmless mixture, and grew to love it. A terrible enemy was lurking to mercilessly destroy all that was innocent and noble in the boy. Fifteen years passed.

George Field had inherited his grandfather's property. The old man's will was made wholly in favour of "his boy." What became of this large property? Where at thirty were the proud hopes that centred around his early life?

Let me show you another picture.

A city missionary was going through a narrow street where the people were poor and degraded, because grog-shops were near together. He saw a man leaning against a lamp-post, and as he was passing he said pitifully: "Give me a quarter, sir—a quarter," holding out his hand tremblingly. Mr. Dean looked into the face of this miserable beggar, so ragged, dirty, and friendless. "George Field!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, I'm almost gone. Shall not last long. Give me a quarter, I haven't a place to sleep; not one cent to buy a mouthful of food."

Mr. Dean took his hot, feverish hand. He drew the arm of the wretched man in through his own, and conducted him to a room that was warm and bright.

What a wreck was this man! Every trace of moral, mental, and physical power gone; uncombed hair, red eyes, with a vacant, hopeless expression.

"George," said Mr. Dean tenderly, "begin to-night to conquer the enemy of your life. I will do all I can to save you."

"Save me! no, no, I'm almost gone I cannot do without liquor; it may keep me from heaven, but I cannot give it up." It was a terrible confession.

"Oh, dear, I was grandpa's boy. He put the enemy in my stomach which has taken away my brains. He gave me when a child the sugar flavoured with whiskey, which settled at the bottom of the tumbler. There he planted the seed of my destruction."

Rapidly the doomed man grew worse. Mr. Dean visited him often. "My end is near," cried George Field. "I have wasted my substance in riotous living. What will become of my soul?" hopelessly.

Jesus came to save sinners, to save you," returned Mr. Dean with moist eyes. "He can pardon; he can save, trust him." A low cry of agony was his only answer.

George Field remained silent some time, then he whispered pleadingly: "God be merciful to me a sinner; I do trust him."

That night the end came. This is a true story.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 8.

WORKING AND WAITING FOR CHRIST.

1 Thess. 4. 9 to 5. 2. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14. 3.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Present Life, v. 9-12.
- 2. The Future Life, v. 13-2.

Time and Place.—This epistle was written in the winter of A.D. 52-53, from



A ROLLING BRIDGE.

Corinth, to which Paul had gone immediately after his departure from Athens.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Working and waiting for Christ.—1 Thess. 4. 9 to 5. 2.
- Tu. The glorious coming.—2 Thess. 1.
- W. The day of the Lord.—2 Peter 3. 1-12.
- Th. Coming of the Son of man.—Matt. 24. 29-39.
- F. Idleness condemned.—2 Thess. 3. 1-16.
- S. Ready.—Matt. 25. 1-13.
- Su. Right use of talents.—Matt. 25. 14-30.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Present Life, v. 9-12.
 - What is our Golden Text?
 - How are we to treat one another in the absence of our Lord?
 - How are we taught to love?
 - What goodness of the Thessalonians does God recognize?
 - What does he "beseech" them?
 - What three duties are mentioned in verse 11?
 - To what fact does he allude by the phrase "with your own hands"?
 - For what good result of "honest" living does he hope?
- 2. The Future Life, v. 13-2.
 - What assurance is given about believers who have died?
 - What reason have we for that hope?
 - By whose authority is this spoken?
 - How shall the Lord come again?
 - Who shall rise first?
 - What shall the risen and living saints then do?
 - What is known of the time of his coming?
 - To what is the coming day likened?
 - What is the purpose of all this lesson?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
- 1. The resurrection of the body?
- 2. The everlasting happiness of believers?

WHAT SHE HEARD.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

There is an old saying that listeners never hear any good of themselves. Well, perhaps, if they do not, they get good sometimes.

Little Mary Holmes and her mother were sitting together in the grounds of their summer hotel. Mrs. Iverson, passing near, was guilty of eavesdropping.

"Why do you sigh so, mamma?" "There is something so sad in my letter. It is about a beautiful educated woman who has become a drunkard."

"Why, mamma, I thought only wicked men were drunkards."

"No, dear; any one who loves and takes strong drink can be a drunkard."

"Mrs. Iverson drinks wine every day at dinner. Her eyes get bright, her cheeks get red, and she laughs too loud for a lady, I think."

"Impudent little creature!" said Mrs. Iverson, hurrying on, and angry, as if Mary had been talking to her. Still she could not forget the words, and that day at dinner no one heard her laugh. After dinner she felt low-spirited, and sat alone in one corner of the piazza. Her two little boys were playing not far away, and with them a boy they had just got acquainted with.

"Don't you like champagne?" asked Tommy Iverson.

"I never had any," said the little friend.

"We have it often at dinner, and mamma gives us a little," said Ned Iverson; "but I like red wine better. When Tom and I get older we will always drink wine. Rich men all do, and we want to be rich and own a yacht."

"What is a temperance man?" asked Ned.

"A—a Christian, I guess—a real good man like Uncle Jerry."

"My mother is a Christian. I heard her say so, and she drinks wine, lots of it—so now," said Tommy.

The new boy lost a marble just then, and all set to hunting for it.

Next day Mrs. Iverson had a long talk with her boys. They learned that, on the whole, she thought good people ought not to get a habit of wine-drinking. She meant to stop, and wanted her boys to think as she did.

She was a kind mother, who had not lost all her influence, and so Tommy and Ned agreed to all she said.

No one saw her drink wine again, and her boys did not grow up to use it. For once a listener heard what was good for her, if not "of" her.

A ROLLING BRIDGE.

BY ALICE WOLCOTT.

This curious little bridge is in the north of France, and is called by the French the "Pont Roulant." A lady who is visiting there has written this account of it. The bridge moves across the water like a ferry-boat on wheels. The little stream it crosses is an arm of the sea, and runs between the towns of St. Malo and St. Servan in Brittany, and they cannot have a fixed bridge over it, as it connects the harbours of both towns with the big sea, and ships large and small of all kinds are continually coming and going. Now you will ask, "Why not have a real ferry-boat?" Well, one of the wonderful things about

this beautiful coast is the height of the tides; they rise and fall from twenty-eight to forty feet. So when the tide has run half-way down you would have to go down a steep ladder to get on a ferry-boat, and when entirely out there would be no water at all for the boat to float on. They have therefore laid rails on the bottom of the river and this funny movable bridge runs across, backwards and forwards, high tide or low, pulled from side to side by an endless chain worked by a steam engine.

Lately a fine causeway has been built around the harbour, with a drawbridge, which, though much further, sadly interferes with the "Pont Roulant" in taking the most of the passengers.

They tell us in old times they often took 3,000 people over the bridge in one day, and though they only charge a sou, equal to one of our pennies, for each passenger, that makes a good sum at the end of the year.

I crossed one day and did not like the bridge at all; the tide was low and we seemed a long way above the water and in great danger of tipping over, and the motion is most disagreeable. However, they say it never tips over, but sometimes sticks in the mud which accumulates on the rails.

One day this happened when among a number of other people a nun was crossing. All the passengers but herself were taken off in a boat, but she did not think it was proper to go down a ladder, so sat solitary and forlorn all day till the trouble was remedied and the poor bridge with its one occupant reached the shore.

The Fiddler.

BY HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

Sometimes if you listen—listen
When the sunlight fades to gray,
You will hear a strange musician
At the quiet close of day;
Hear a strange and quaint musician
On his shrill-voiced fiddle play.

He bears a curious fiddle
On his coat of shiny black,
And draws the bow across the string
In crevice and in crack;
Till the sun climbs up the mountain
And floods the earth with light,
You will hear this strange musician
Playing,—playing all the night!

Sometimes underneath the hearth-stone,
Sometimes underneath the floor,
He plays the same shrill music,—
Plays the same tune o'er and o'er;
And sometimes in the pasture,
Beneath a cold, gray stone,
He tightens up his sinews,
And fiddles all alone.

It may be, in the autumn,
From the corner of your room,
You will hear the shrill-voiced fiddle
Sounding out upon the gloom;
If you wish to see the player,
Softly follow up the sound,
And you'll find a dark-backed cricket
Fiddling out a merry round!

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