

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

[No 36.]

Vol. XIII.]

How to Lighten Our Lot.

TAKE kindly all that is kindly meant;
Be first to thank, be last to resent;
Give smiles to all who give smiles to thee,
And those who come frowning, feign not to see;
And, oh! believe me, this is the plan
To lighten, to brighten, the lot of man.

Seem blind when the faults of a friend appear;
Seem deaf when the slanderer's voice you hear;
Seem dumb when the curious crowd you meet,
And they bid you the slanderous tale repeat;
And, oh! believe me, this is the plan
To lighten, to brighten, the lot of man.

TAHITI.

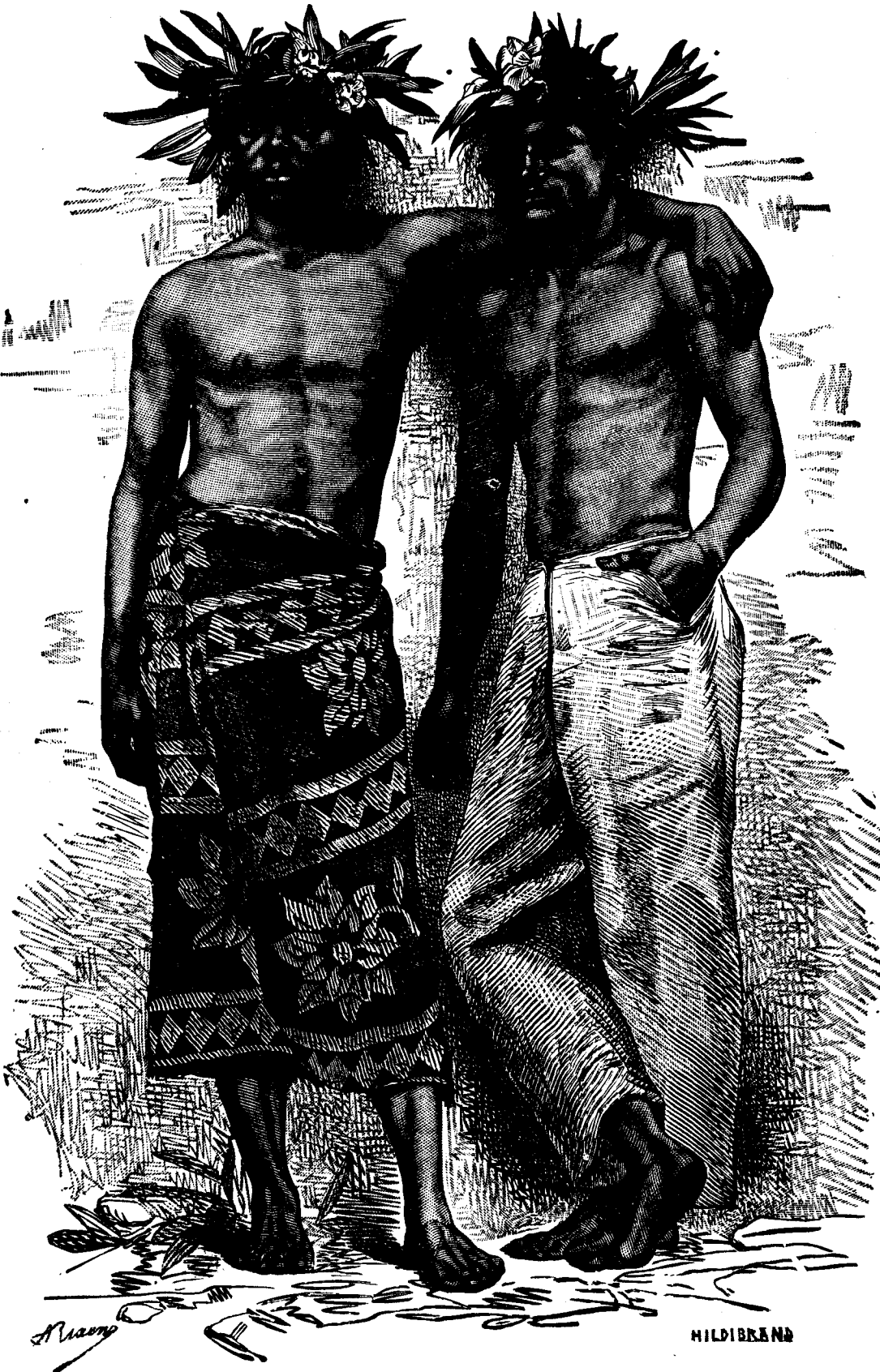
CAPTAIN WALLIS, commander of his Majesty's ship *Dolphin*, when crossing the comparatively untraversed waters of the Southern Pacific Ocean, in the year 1767, discovered the splendid island of Tahiti, which has since occupied so prominent a place in the annals of missionary enterprise. Little did its discoverer think, when hoisting the broad pennant on the Tahitian shores and taking possession of the island in the name of his sovereign, King George III., that in a few short years the missionary, sent by the liberality and sustained by the prayers of British Christians, would follow in his track, search for the lovely spot he had discovered, unfurl another banner, and take possession of that and other islands in the name of the King of kings. This has been effected under the guidance of him

"Who plants his footsteps in the sea;"

for the providence of God has evidently conspired with the Spirit of God in the accomplishment of this great work.

The following were the views of the Rev. J. Williams, who went as a missionary to Tahiti, in the year 1817:

To this mission, considered in its relation to other islands, too much importance cannot be attached; for, in addition to the numerous islands now professedly Christian, there are, within a comparatively small distance, many large and extensive groups of which little is known. Among these are the Fiji, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Solomon's Archipelago, New Britain, New Ireland, and, above all, the immense island of New Guinea. This island is said to be 1,200 miles in length, and, in some parts, about 300 in breadth.



NATIVES OF TAHITI.

"When Pomare, the king of Tahiti, first determined to embrace Christianity, and attempt the introduction of it among his people, before taking any decided steps, he convened a number of powerful and influential chiefs, and stated his wishes to

them. Very many made strong objections to the proposed innovation; but Tenania, and his wife, who were reigning chiefs in a neighbouring island, cordially approved of the king's proposition, stating that they themselves had almost come to a deter-

mination to burn their god. This feeling had been induced by the death of a beloved and only daughter, who was to inherit their titles and estates; and, as might be expected, was the object in which their affections centred, and on whom their hopes were placed. She was a fine girl, about fifteen or sixteen years of age; and when she was unexpectedly taken ill, every priest of note, far and near, was applied to, and every god propitiated with the most costly offerings which it was in the power of this mighty chief to command. Still the disease increased, and the child died; and as this happened only a short time before Pomare made his important proposition, Tenania and his wife were well prepared by it to enter most cordially into the king's wishes, for they were bitterly enraged against the gods they had in vain endeavoured to conciliate. Thus Pomare had the influence of a powerful chief on his side, on the very first announcement of his intentions. Tapoa, another chief of equal fame, was present at this important consultation. He was a mighty warrior, the Bonaparte of the Tahitian and Society islands; and, having conquered all the latter, had come to Tahiti, ostensibly to assist Pomare in regaining his ascendancy in that island, but actually to conquer it for himself. Tapoa was a bigoted idolater, and, at the meeting in question, expressed his full determination to oppose in every possible way so impious an innovation as the destruction of the gods. Although ill at the time, he removed immediately to Tahiti, for the purpose of making arrangements for the battles he expected to fight; but disease made rapid inroads upon his constitution, and he died very shortly after he attended the meeting of his brother chieftains. It is the general opinion of intelligent natives to the present day, that, had Tapoa lived, Christianity could not have been introduced among the people. These events, therefore, show us that, although the age of miracles has ceased, God has ample means of effecting the purposes of his love by the ordinary interpositions of his providence, which are equally mighty in the pulling down of the strongholds of heathen superstition and in removing obstacles to the progress of his truth."

The Tahitians are very fond of flowers, and wear wreaths and garlands of them, as shown in the picture. Through Christian influence they have learned to wear Christian costume, and are now found sitting clothed and in their right mind at the feet of Jesus.

HILDBRAND

The Boys We Need.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid,
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

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

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

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

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

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp. 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Hereon Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
8 Bloor Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HURSTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

PASS IT ON.

THE Rev. Mark Guy Pearse tells us that when he was a lad of fourteen years he was returning to his home in Cornwall from school in Germany, passing through London on his way. After spending a little money there, he took train to Bristol, and then went on board a ship going to Cornwall, the railways not running so far in those days. The passage money, which he thought included his meals, exhausted the whole of his cash, and his surprise was great when the steward, toward the close of the passage, brought him a bill for his food. He told him he had spent all his money. "Then," said the steward, "you should not have ordered the things you did," and ask him for his name and address. Directly the lad had stated who he was the steward looked at him intently and exclaimed, "I never thought I would live to see you!" Then he told how that years before, when a fatherless boy and his mother was in great distress, Mr. Pearse's father had befriended them, and he had resolved if ever opportunity afforded he repay the kindness thus shown. So now he paid the lad's bill, gave him five shillings, and saw him safely landed. When Mr. Pearse told his father the incident, his reply was: "My lad, I passed the kindness to him long ago in doing what I did, and now he has passed it on to you; mind, as you grow up, you pass it on to others."

And Mr. Pearse did not forget. Seeing a lad one day at a railway station in trouble, because he had not enough money by fourpence to pay for his railway fare, Mr. Pearse gave him a shilling, and when the lad brought him back the change he told him to keep it, and that he was going to ride with him. And then in the carriage

he told the boy the story of how the steward had treated him on the boat. "And now," he said, "I want you, if ever you have the opportunity, to pass it on to others." Mr. Pearse got out at the junction, and as the train left the station the lad waved his handkerchief and said, "I will pass it on."

How much brighter and better and happier the world would be if everybody would only "pass on" the little deeds of kindness shown to them. Are you doing this, or do you only pass on unkind actions instead of kind ones?—*London Free Methodist.*

THE CANADIAN BOY.

BY CLAREMONT.

I.

THE Canadian boy is a fine subject for study. There is a healthiness and breeziness about him that captivates both old and young. You expect him to whistle and knock the toes out of his boots; and from the moment he slides off his mother's knee, and assumes the perpendicular without outside help, you have only to follow the sound to find out where he is.

The Canadian boy is generally a little unmanageable. He begins to develop his tastes early, for gladiatorial combat. His strength is in a state of constant ebullition; and when he is not eating or using his lungs, he is knocking something over. It could be more truthfully said of him, than it ever was of anyone, "that he is turning the world upside down." He is antagonistic to restraint; and, while in petticoats, flings dolls to the uttermost corners of the room; hitches up the chairs, rides the rocker as a locomotive, establishes depots all around the room, and steams up to the stations with a shrill whistle that echoes throughout the domicile; while the cats and dogs and younger members of the family are utilized as passengers.

The Canadian boy revels in coat and pants at the early age of four years; and every pocket bulges with tops, strings, buttons, balls, jacks, peach-stones, nails, screws, papers, pencils, cakes, apples, candies and carrots. There is nothing, short of the pump or a horse-power, that he will not try to stow therein. There is one thing, however, seldom found there; and that is his pocket-handkerchief; and the whole family bend their energies, every hour in the day to make up this lack; and dive suddenly, with well-intentioned effort, in the direction of his nose.

HIS APPETITE.

About the same time that it comes to his knowledge that he has a nose, and that it is incumbent upon him to attend to it; he also has a realizing sense of his appetite. This is a distinguishing feature of the Canadian boy. There is nothing precarious about it. It is one of those inexplicable, incomprehensible, immeasurable things, that puzzles all the inmates of the home; and forms a problem for scientific study, that the medical profession own themselves utterly unable to either elucidate or simplify. It strikes you as the ocean does, with an idea of its magnificent boundlessness, its vast infinity.

The Canadian boy's appetite is a paradox; for while your mind is dwelling upon its stupendousness, it is yet so meagre, that he is perfectly satisfied if he can compass one meal in the day. He begins as soon as he opens his eyes in the morning on the apple he left unfinished when he dropped asleep the night before; and generally fills odd moments of time from the dried apples or prunes that lie safely among the nails in his pocket. At breakfast the consumption continues until the father declares the day's business can be delayed no longer.

The Canadian boy has often been known to secrete twenty apples in the bagginess of his smock, for use during school hours. He only ceases from lack of provision; or the pressure of other business; or a sense of the fitness of things; or from respect to his mother or sisters who do the cooking; but never from satiety or because he feels exhausted with his subject. There is a grasp and keenness about the Canadian boy's appetite that lifts him above trifles.

The Canadian boy is a demonstration of, as well as a direct and unquestioning follower of, the advice of the apostle Paul:

he eats whatsoever is set before him, asking no questions for conscience sake. If I were a cook and had my choice of boarders, give me the Canadian boy, whose appetite would cut its way through untold difficulties, whether under or overdone, thick or thin, fresh or stale. The Canadian boy's appetite is indomitable, and this utter regard of non-essentials prepares him for volunteer soldier life; to sleep in the open camp or feed on hard tack.

The Canadian boy is above the low animal tastes of those who live to eat. He reaches out and lays hold of the nearest resources, with a business tact, and an all-pervading sense of the law of self-preservation, that causes him to eat that he may live.

AT PLAY.

With his school life begin his mercantile transactions; barter and exchange.

His military operations are also brought into full play; and there are few contests in which he does not take a part. Every Canadian boy finds a world in the school ground, and poses as an Alexander.

If he is a strong, muscular boy, it is not long before he finds his natural antagonist; and the school is divided and placed in battle array. The armies are mobilized, the powder noiseless; but the shouts of victory first from one side and then the other show the tug of war, and give proof of active service and undaunted courage. The whoop and battle-cry ring in the fresh Canadian air; the ringing laughter sends the blood coursing through their veins, when suddenly the clang of the school-bell calls for a cessation of hostilities; but neither side has won the fortress, and the campaign is renewed the moment that school is dismissed again.

AT SCHOOL.

The Canadian boy is full of interminable go, both physical and mental. He enjoys to perfection all kinds of games. Football, baseball, lacrosse, tennis, skating, sledding, and winter sports call out all his energy and develop his muscle.

School hours are moments of persevering industry. The Canadian school system is second to none in the world; and while the young boy sees little use in grammar; the teaching of it is so entertaining, and the helps so perfect, that he is soon interested in spite of his own natural resistance; and his mind expands. Indolence is succeeded by activity; sluggishness by alacrity; lethargy by eagerness; and disinterestedness by intelligent inquiry.

Mathematical problems, drawings, geographical maps, physical geography, book-keeping, grammar, composition, botany, chemical physics, literature, and history, are all brought before him in attractive form. Every moment is utilized. Home work supplements school hours; and scribblers and exercise books fill with a rapidity that astonishes those who are called upon to furnish more supplies. There is no period of a Canadian boy's life from the cradle to the grave that is more filled with diligent, painstaking industry than the few years he spends in the school-room.

CUTS HIS WISDOM-TEETH.

At the age of eighteen, the Canadian boy thinks he knows all there is to know. He can teach the professors, and criticize the criticisms of the learned. At twenty-one, he is not so confident of himself; at twenty-five, he finds out that he is only beginning to learn; at thirty, he has reached an altitude that widens his vision, so that he feels he has only been able to gather up crumbs of knowledge; at forty he owns it, and at fifty he feels that if life were to live over again, he would make a better use of his college days; at sixty he realizes there is so much he would like to do or see done, that he is conscious there is no time left to accomplish; at seventy, he feels more like resting than working; at eighty, his hair is white, the almond tree is in blossom, his presence is a benediction, and all the family gather round to hear the stories of his boyish sports; at ninety, the wheels of life move slowly; life's hurry is over; he has leisure and companionship with the children; he completes the circle of his years and comes round to where he began; he is a child again, a Canadian boy once more.

BLESSED be the memory of disappointment.

LET THE JUNIORS ANSWER.

In what ways are people cruel to horses?
How do some people treat dogs and cats cruelly?

What is wrong with a man when he is cruel to animals?

How do you think Jesus treated animals?

If boys and girls are cruel to animals, what kind of men and women will they make?

Why is it wrong to wear stuffed birds on hats?

What are some of the lessons men can learn from animals?

What should we do when we see people treating animals cruelly?

If we keep animals as pets what are some of the ways in which we should look out for them?

What do you know about Henry Bergh?
Have you ever read "Black Beauty"?

Will you tell something about it?
What can we Juniors do for the abused animals in our town?

A WORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHILE I would warn you boys and girls against too close an intimacy with your young friends, let me suggest one friend in whom you need not fear to confide fully and that is the dear mother. Open your hearts to her. She is wise and patient, and loving, and will guide your feet safely by her tender counsels. The boy or girl whose "most intimate friend" is mother is pretty sure not to go very far astray. She will teach you of the Heavenly Friend, whose love alone surpasses hers, and living in close and intimate friendship with him, all your life shall be shining with blessing and peace.

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW A PRODIGAL CAME HOME.

ALL day Saturday Thomas Stanhope lay in the upper room of the deserted log house. The windows had long since been taken out; the light came through chinks in the rough stone chimney; no sounds were heard but the chirr and whirr of grasshoppers and crickets, the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell, or the wind sighing through a grove of pines near at hand. Twice in his feverish uneasiness Thomas went out to the spring for a drink, and ate freely of the blackberries that hung in great clusters from the unvisited vines. He had a biscuit or two in his pockets, but he suffered no hunger, only feverish thirst. At sunset he felt as if he must crawl out once more to the spot among the sumac bushes where he could see his former home. Perhaps he could get a distant view of those dear faces, the right to whose love-light he had forfeited. He dragged himself along to his post of observation in the field opposite the cottage. As before, all was singularly still, the house open, but no one visible.

Presently a horseman appeared coming up the road, and at once a tall young girl came from the house and waved a kerchief. She must have been watching for the horseman. He dismounted, allowed his horse to graze—bride on neck—at the roadside, while he himself sat down on the mounting block. The girl put her kerchief in the pocket of her white apron, and came to the swing, in which she seated herself. Her gown was of light blue, her hair, fair and shining, was piled high on her head, and gleamed like gold in the departing sunlight. Once the young man who talked with her removed his hat and bowed toward the house, as if to some one within; once he waved his hand in sign of good fellowship in the same direction. After twenty minutes of conversation, during which the youthful pair maintained between them the same distance, the young man remounted his horse and rode toward Ladbury; the girl watched him out of sight from the porch, and then went into the house.

Who was this girl? was it his little

Letitia grown so tall and fair and gracious? Why did she receive this young man so oddly, out of doors? Was the new step-father like Uncle Titus of old, who would not allow suitors within the house? But no; the meeting had been open and easy, and from those signs of amity made toward the house, the young man seemed on good terms with all there.

Presently Thomas could see a man enter the front room of the house, coming from the rear with a lamp in his hand; he placed the lamp on the table in the bow-window, and sat down to read a paper. He was in his shirt-sleeves, large, strongly made, beardless; it seemed to Thomas that he had the bearing of a young man, but at that distance he could not tell. The curtains of the bow-window were up, and after a little Thomas saw a slender woman in a dark dress come into the room. It was Mercy! He remembered her figure and gait, and her way of carrying her head, so well! She went up to the reader, laid her hand caressingly on his head, and then drew it down about his neck.

The man arose, placed Mercy in a rocking chair, turned away from the light, put a stool at her feet, and then evidently proceeded to read the paper to her. When had Thomas ever shown this thoughtful care for Mercy? When had he seated her in comfort and read a paper to her? His whole course toward Mercy, as he looked back on it, seemed to have been one of selfishness and neglect. Did he not deserve to see his once home made an Eden by some other man, and he himself shut out? Yes, he did. He would go away and never look on this sight again. He felt so terribly ill that it seemed as if he should die there so near to his lost home, unless he could creep away very promptly. If he could only get back to the cabin he would lie there quietly and die. They would find his body some time, and the money in his belt would bury him. No one would recognize him. There was nothing on him by which to identify him. The Bible the chaplain had given him had on the fly-leaf the name Adam Clarke; they would think he was Adam Clarke. Finally, in pain and despair, he had reached his loft, and lain down there, only longing to die.

It was now over a week since Achilles had brought home that news about the lost coat, and about his father. Patience was out of danger, but very weak and frail, and Mercy was greatly exhausted by nursing her so constantly. Absolute silence was kept at the cottage, as Patience slept much of the time. On this Saturday evening, Achilles decreed that his mother should go to bed up in Letitia's room, and not rise until Monday morning.

"Thirty-six hours' rest will set you up again," he said. "Letitia can take care of Patty to-night, and to-morrow Tish must lie down and rest all day, and I will be nurse and housekeeper. We will have no meal cooked but breakfast, and the house shall be as still as a church all day, so that you can all rest."

This was now the third Sunday that Samuel had been debarred from going to church of Sunday-school; consequently he had no library book to read, and, condemned to entire quiet, Sunday was likely to be a dull day to him. The chief delight of Samuel was speaking or reciting; he delighted in delivering orations, which he called "sermons;" he liked reciting hymns in the most impressive manner, and as he had a very retentive memory he knew hymns by the dozen, and passages of Scripture ditto.

"Achilles," he said, as he brought in the milk on Sabbath morning, "I've got my chores done, and I'll tell you what I mean to do. I'm going to put me up a picnic, and go to the old log cabin, and spend the day. I like to be out there alone, and I can shout and preach, and sing and recite, all I want to. Here you'll make me creep around in stocking-feet, and not speak above my breath, for fear of waking up mother, or Patty, or Tishia."

"All right," said Achilles, "only see that you don't have any other boys there with you."

"Hoh! If any came there, and saw me, they'd run like mad, they are all so afraid of catching fever."

"There's a book for you, Friend Amos sent by Philip last night."

"The Life of Livingstone, it's a present," said Letitia.

Samuel gave a whoop of joy. "Now I will have a good time!"

"Confound your uproar!" said Achilles; "get out as fast as you can, before you have mother and Patty roused up."

Samuel took a pail of milk, some bread, butter, eggs, and fruit, his books, and a hammock of his own construction, and went off to the log cabin.

Thomas, after a night of fever and painful dreams, had fallen into a state of half sleep, half coma, and lay quiet on the straw.

Samuel swung up his sacking hammock in the lower room, prepared bark and chips ready for a fire on the hearth, whenever it should seem proper to light it, and boil the eggs or toast the bread which he had brought. He hesitated whether to play church, and have Bible reading and singing first, or read first in his new book. The charms of the book prevailed; he concluded it was too early for church, so established himself in his hammock.

He had read for some little time, when a deep groan startled him, then another. Whence did these sounds come? He laid by his book to listen. Then a human voice: "Mercy! Mercy! Oh, my wife! oh, my lost children! Lord God, this is the just punishment of my sins." Then silence; then: "Lost, all lost. I shall die alone, unhelped—it is just. I reap as I sowed. O Lord, forgive my many transgressions! pardon me for the sake of Christ." Then broken words as of Scripture: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy. . . . Come unto me all ye that labour. . . . Thy sins as scarlet—shall be as snow."

This voice was from the room above, and evidently some one was there in deep distress. There was nothing cowardly about Samuel. He climbed the little rough ladder leading through a hole in the floor, and when his head and shoulders were above the floor-level, he saw a man lying on the heap of straw; his shoes and coat were laid upon a projecting beam; he tossed and threw his arms about, and did not seem to notice Samuel. The boy went to him, knelt by him, touched him, crying:

"Man! man! wake up! What can I do for you?"

The half-conscious man moaned, "Water." Samuel hastened down, took a bowl from his basket, filled it at the spring, and brought it to the sufferer. The long, cool draught revived him; he asked:

"How did you come here, boy?"

"I came here to have a nice time by myself and play church. What is the matter with you?"

"I am sick. I think I have taken a very heavy cold; I ache so. Oh, I am in such pain it seems as if I must die."

"So was my sister when she was sick of the fever. I know what I ought to do for you. You need some hot water to bathe your head and neck and arms, and soak your feet; and you need a good bowl of hot mint tea. There is plenty of mint here by the spring, and I have sugar in my basket. Keep still and I'll fix you up all right."

Feeling very important, Samuel went down the ladder, lit his fire, and filled a big iron pot with water. The pot was one which Achilles had left in the cabin, as sometimes in the spring he needed hot water for sick sheep or lambs. Leaving the water to heat, Samuel went for mint, and taking the quart cup he had brought in which to boil his eggs, he made a bowl of strong mint tea well sweetened. Then he carried up the hot water for his patient to bathe, and while he was doing that Samuel made him a slice of toast and carried him that with the mint tea.

"You ought to have a better bed, and take off your clothes," said Samuel; "I know where I can get things for you. You keep still awhile." He set off on a run toward the barn. Uncle Barum had directed that a chest of his clothes, and the few things in the little hall room, where Samuel had slept in his house, should be given to the boy. As the Stanhope cottage was so small, and now so full, and the things were of little value, they had been put in a blue chest in the barn loft, which was clean and dry and kept by two good mousers free of rats. Samuel thought first of going to consult Achilles, but that would take time; it might disturb the sleepers at the quiet house; the things were his own. He took from the chest the empty tick

that had been his straw bed, a little pillow, a blanket, a thin quilt, two towels and two night-shirts of Uncle Barum's; then pocketing a small piece of soap that lay on a beam in the barn, he set off toward the cabin, lugging his burden along on his back. Arrived at the cabin, he bade his patient undress and put on a night-shirt, and meanwhile he hastily put the straw in the tick, spread the quilt over it, and laid the pillow in place; then he helped the sick man, who could hardly stand, to return to bed, and spread the light blanket over him.

The man gave a deep sigh of relief: "Oh, what a good bed!" closed his eyes, and seemed to sink into sleep.

Samuel went for a quantity of pine and hemlock branches to put into the empty window-frame and screen the light from the sufferer; brought up a little empty box from below, covered it with a paper from his lunch basket, and put it for a table by the bed's head.

Taking the sick man's coat to lay as additional covering over his feet, he found the Bible in the pocket and laid it with the scrap of soap on the table. Then he went below for a square bottle among the rubbish lying there, and filled it with a bouquet of daisies and red clover. When this was placed on the improvised table, Samuel told himself that he had made a "real beautiful room for the man."

Common sense warned him that he would do well to stay below, although the soft summer breeze of the mountain blew freshly through the open upper room. Swinging in his hammock reading, his thoughts were with the suffering stranger, and he heard his fevered mutterings about "deputies," "square men," "corridors," "taps," "dispensary," "hospitals," "evening class," "numbers," "guards," and so on, without understanding what they meant. Several times he went up to give the patient drink, and finally about six o'clock he carried him a large bowl of tea, and then left him for the night.

Returning home, he milked, fed the fowls, filled the wood-box in the kitchen, and laid the fire ready to light in the morning. His mother was still in bed; Letitia had also been sent to bed by the masterful Achilles.

"I'm going to sleep on the floor by Patty's bed and take care of her to-night," said Achilles to Samuel. "You go up to bed when you get ready, only go bare-footed, and make no noise."

He went into the lower bed-room and closed the door. The moon had risen. Samuel thought about going to bed; then he thought of the poor sick man, who might need help; why not run across to the cabin, and sleep in the hammock? He was strangely drawn to his poor sufferer. Gently shutting the house door he sped away to the cabin.

The night passed quietly enough. Samuel slept too soundly to hear the moaning or talking of his patient. At the first dawn the boy awoke, lit a fire, made a bowl of tea, and carried it to the loft. The man drank it eagerly.

"How do you feel?" said Samuel. "Seems to me you look very queer and lumpy."

"I feel so," said the man. "I wish I had a looking-glass."

"Perhaps it's measles," suggested Samuel, "or chicken-pox."

The man started, then cried, "Pull away those branches, boy—give me all the light you can."

Samuel obeyed. The man bared his arms and looked at them an instant. "Run, boy! run and leave me! This is small-pox! I must have taken it where I slept that first night! Don't stand there! Go."

"What will you do?" asked Samuel coolly.

"Never mind me—go."

"But if I'm going to catch it, why, I have; and where shall I go? I don't want to take it to my folks at home. I don't believe I'll get it. I'm vaccinated; oh, you should see the mark, big as a dime! I don't take things. Patty has had scarlet fever, and I never took that."

"Boy, what is your name?"

"Samuel Stanhope."

The man fell back on the bed, groaning in anguish.

"I'm sorry you feel so bad," said Samuel, "don't you know what to do for small-pox?"

The wretched sufferer roused himself. "Yes, I do. I have been a hospital nurse for years. You are right, boy. Your risk is run; you can now carry infection if you go near your people. I can tell you what to do for me, and if you take the disease I shall be well enough, by then, to nurse you properly. Besides, there is as much or more chance that you do not take it, than that you do. In my pocket there is money for what we need. Can you get some corn meal for gruel, some sugar, and plenty of cream of tartar? The best English doctors use only free drinking of cream of tartar in small-pox, and rub with oil. We need a bottle of oil, and I wish we had some carbolic acid—and some tar."

"There's tar at the barn, and mother has the acid; she got it to keep round, since Patty was sick. I'll go home and get what we need," said Samuel; "I don't want any money."

"Don't—go near your mother!" cried poor Thomas, falling back exhausted. The excitement of his son's danger had nerved him for a little; now he felt a deathly weakness.

Samuel ran at the top of his speed toward his home, seated himself on the barn-yard fence, and hailed the house. Achilles appeared in his shirt-sleeves, greatly amazed, and very angry.

"What are you out there bawling like that for at this time in the morning, waking up mother? Where have you been?"

"Don't come near me, Kill," said Samuel, as his brother advanced. "I've got the small-pox."

Achilles halted, but looked at Samuel as a fit candidate for an insane asylum.

"At least, I may have it on me," began Samuel; but here Mercy appeared. She had gone early into the room of her younger son, but finding the bed undisturbed, had become alarmed and hurried downstairs. To Achilles and his mother Samuel told his startling tale.

"He's a real nice-looking man, mother; he's a hospital nurse. He's a good man, too; he prays ever so much, and says texts when he's out of his mind. His name is Adam Clarke; I saw it in his Bible. I've been exposed all I can be, and he knows what to do. You had better give me things that I need, and I'll stay there at the cabin till he's well, and we're sure I don't catch it. I don't believe I will. But I might bring it home, if I came. Tish might get it, or Kill. Kill mustn't catch it, mother; who'd take care of you then? I'm not a bit afraid."

Mercy wrung her hands. "He ought to be carried to a pest-house."

"There is none in the county," said Achilles. "It would make a terrible scare. No one ever goes near the cabin—it is on the corner of our own land now, you know. Perhaps the boy is right."

"Yes, mother, don't you be frightened. I'll come every morning and every evening, regular, to this fence, and tell you just how I feel, and how I get on, and if I miss coming, even once, send Kill."

"If he gets sick," said Achilles, "I'll make a room in the barn-loft, and nurse him there myself."

"I know I shan't get it," said Samuel. "I'll stay in the lower room most of the time, and I'll burn tar, and sprinkle acid, and I'll live on gruel, and drink cream-of-tartar water. I'll be careful, and I don't believe the man is going to die. He isn't very thick out with it, only three or four on his face, but more on the rest of him."

Mercy was crying bitterly over Samuel's danger. Achilles put his arm around her.

"Cheer up, mamsey, Samuel will come out all right, and this poor man must not be left alone like a dog. He is some one's son or husband, and our human relation, you know."

(To be continued.)

JAMES CARLYLE'S EXPERIENCE.

JAMES CARLYLE, brother of Thomas Carlyle, once said, regarding school inspections: "Ye make a terrible to-do about eddication nooadays, by what was the case when I was young. The day at the schule when I was nine years auld, my teacher was hearin' me say my catchers, and I said 'he believes' instead o' 'he believeth.' He knocked me doon, and pu'd my legs and bangit me on the desks; an' I ran oot an' lay at the fit o' a hedge among dokens and nettles three hale days."



CHURNING IN ARABIA.

BY MRS. K. N. HILL.

THERE is something cool and fragrant and pleasant in the mere idea of butter-making, as we are in the habit of seeing it done when we go to spend our vacation at some old-fashioned farm-house, standing in the midst of its rolling grass lands.

The dairy there is as clean and pure as the freshest of air and water can make it. There are shelves scoured white, upon which stand rows of shining pans filled with rich yellow cream; there is the great churn, kept sweet by constant scourings and rinsings; and there is the fresh-faced butter-maker, with her round bare arms, and her lively motions, as she pushes the big dasher up and down, or strains off the cool buttermilk for the children who have run in, warm and thirsty, from their play; or tosses and pats into shape the smooth yellow lumps that taste of the clover the cows have been feeding on.

Our picture shows a very different way of making butter which is common in Arabia. We all know where Arabia is—in Asia, on the borders of the Red Sea. Many of its people are wandering tribes, who live in tents, and have herds of camels instead of cows.

Instead of a churn they use the skin of a goat, made into a bag. Into this they pour the camel's milk, tie the bag to a pole, and then a woman stands and shakes it to and fro until the milk is curdled into a kind of cheese or butter. This is never worked over nor salted, nor are the rancid goat skins ever cleansed. So we may imagine that what these half-savage Arabians call butter is a very different thing from the fragrant golden cakes that we see upon our breakfast tables.

I have seen the same sort of churning in Palestine.

TEACH THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy or girl out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society.

What we want in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example, and a long-cherished error, by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol. They should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of animal life. (1) They should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues, and that it never enters into the elements of structure, and that, in the healthy organism, it is always a burden or disturbing force. (2) They should be taught that it invariably

disturb the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get nothing from alcohol of help that is to be relied upon. (3) They should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, blunts the sensibilities, and debases the feelings. (4) They should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly developed by those who use it, which is dangerous to life, destructive of health of body and peace of mind, and in millions of instances ruinous to fortune and to all the high interests of the soul. (5) They should be taught that the crime and pauperism of society flow as naturally from alcohol as any effect whatever naturally flow from its competent cause. (6) They should be taught that drink is the responsible cause of most of the poverty and want of the world. So long as six hundred million dollars are annually spent drink in this country, every ounce of which has ever entered into the sum of national wealth, having nothing to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, these boys should understand the facts and be able to act upon them in their first responsible conduct.

The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbours and friends, happy should we be. But this great, abominable curse dominates the world. The tramp reminds us of it as he begs for a night's lodging. The widow and the fatherless tell us of it as they ask for bread. It scowls upon us from the hovels and haunts of the poor everywhere. Even the clean, hard-working man of prosperity cannot enjoy his earnings because the world is full of misery from drink. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil of our time the better will it be for them and for the world.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A. D. 58.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 17.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Rom. 14. 12-23.] [Memory verses, 19, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.—Rom. 14. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. A Principle, v. 12-19.
2. An Application, v. 20-23.

TIME AND PLACE.

Written by Paul, from Corinth, in the early spring of the fourth year of Nero's reign, A. D. 58. The apostle had been intrusted by the churches of Macedonia and Achaia with some money to be paid to the Christian poor at Jerusalem. On his way thither he made his third visit to Corinth, where he stopped three months, and from which he sent this letter by the hand of Phebe, a deaconess, to the Christians at Rome. It is one of the profoundest of human compositions. This lesson presents an unanswerable argument for total abstinence.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Of himself"—Individual, personal. Men may become partners in crime, but they cannot become partners in guilt. It may require six men to tell one lie effectively, but when it has been told each of the six is guilty of the whole, and his conscience tells him so. "Let us not, therefore, judge"—That is, judge harshly—condemn. "Judge this"—That is, Decide this, let this be your judgment. "No man put a stumbling-block"—The apostle means if you watch others' faults and neglect to notice your own, you will soon have other folks stumbling over your faulty example. "I know"—Without a doubt. "Nothing unclean of itself"—Many articles of food were counted unclean by the Hebrew ritual, but intrinsically there was nothing wrong in eating any of them. "To him that eat-

teemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean"—If a man act contrary to his conscience he, as a consequence, contracts guilt. The right and wrong of actions is determined by their moral purpose—their intent; and if you determine to do a thing which you believe to be wrong, even though you be mistaken, and the act itself have no moral character, you have committed a sin, because you meant to do wrong. "Thy brother be grieved with thy meat"—If you think you are acting wrong, and you persist in your action, you are likely to lead him to sin. "Charitably"—According to the law of love, which requires the sacrifice of your own convenience and taste for the good of others. This principle bears directly on the indulgence of strong drink. "The kingdom of God"—Is God's dominion over the heart. "Edify"—Means upbuild. "Hast thou faith? Have it to thyself before God"—What is here condemned is such a zeal for small points of Christian liberty as would endanger Christian love. "He that doubteth is damned"—Damned means condemned. He who with self-condemnation indulges in any such course is under God's condemnation.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That we cannot escape personal responsibility?
2. That all men and women are our brothers and sisters?
3. That conscientious scruples should always be respected?
4. That we should avoid the very appearance of evil?
5. That God's kingdom consists not in externals?
6. That it is our duty to abstain from all intoxicants?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For whom, and to whom, must each one of us give account? "Of himself, to God."
2. What should we avoid putting in a brother's way? "A stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall."
3. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink: What is it? "Righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."
4. In this world of cross-purposes, what should we follow? "The things which make for peace."
5. What is the Golden Text? "It is good neither to eat flesh," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The kingdom of God. Verse 17.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the providence of God?

The providence of God is his preservation of all his creatures, his care for all their wants, and his rule over all their actions.—Acts 17. 28.

Does God care for you?

I know that he cares for me, and watches over me always by his providence.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

Two young boys, sons of a clergyman, living in Cincinnati, O., went not long ago with their father to visit the Soldiers' Home in Dayton. After awhile the clergyman left his sons in charge of an officer, who was to show them the sights. Presently the soldier began:

"Now that the old man has—"

"We do not know any 'old man,'" interrupted the elder of the boys.

"Now that the old gentleman—" said the soldier.

"We do not know any old gentleman," once more interrupted the boy; "he is our father."

A little while afterward the soldier began to swear. The younger brother looked up into his face and said:

"Please don't use such words."

"Why not?"

"Because we do not like to hear them; we are church folks."

"Oh!" said the soldier, as he gave a whistle.

But he did not swear any more, and he guided those boys around the grounds as respectfully and attentively as if they had been the sons of Queen Victoria.—Selected.

It is encouraging to note that recently at Lathrop, Mo., several druggists have been indicted and fined for selling the tincture of Jamaica ginger without a prescription. One of the number who stoutly maintained his right to sell the tincture of ginger or any other tincture "of recognized medical utility," was overruled by the court and fined forty dollars for selling intoxicating liquor.

Back at School.

ALL in the sweet September morn, the little feet are trooping,
Through city street and country lane, along the pleasant ways;
And in the schoolrooms, far and near, are sturdy figures grouping,
In eager haste for happy work, these bright autumnal days.

From frolics on the pebbly beach, from dreaming on the shingle,
From scrambles up and down the hills, from gathering wildwood flowers,
The children like an army come, and merry voices mingle
In greeting, as they answer swift the call to study hours.

Dear little sunburnt hands that turn the grammar's sober pages,
Sweet lips that con the lesson o'er, to get it all by heart,
Afar from your soft peace, to-day, the great world's battle rages,
But by-and-bye 'twill need your aid to take the better part.

There's always in the thinning ranks, and in the vanward column,
A place for brave and buoyant souls, for truth without a flaw;
And, somehow, as I look at you, the hour grows grave and solemn,
And prayer ascends that God will give you strength to keep his law.

You ask a motto for the days, a motto bright and cheery;
Look at me straight and fearlessly, sweet eyes of brown and blue.
For not a motto have I found, but just an earnest query,
In every trying place you meet, ask, "What would Jesus do?"

And follow Jesus, every day, in all the loving labour
The hardest tasks will give you joy, the tangles cease to vex;
Be honest, open as the day, be gentle to your neighbour,
And Christ will always give you aid, whatever may perplex.

MARGARET E. SANUSTER.



Soldiers of Liberty

BY

EMILY P. WEAVER.

Author of "My Lady Nell," "The Rabbi's Son," etc.

Price 50 Cents.

This is a new story by a Toronto lady, which we have just published and placed upon the market. It is a thrilling story of the brave struggle of the Netherlanders against their implacable and cruel foes, the Spaniards. Its lesson of trust in God cannot but be impressed upon the reader. We recommend it to be placed in every school library.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, TORONTO.
C. W. COATES, Montreal. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax.