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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

[No. 37.

No Place for Boys.

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere; And if our own homes are too daintily fair For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet, They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street, 'Mid the glidings of sin and the glitter of vice; And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs, If we fail in providing a place for the boys. A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray, As cares settle down round our short earthly way, Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds;

and making it more real or at least more funny, by acting the part of some character in it. The little man at this end, seated like a young king on his throne (which looks, however, very much like a bootblack's box), evidently approves thoroughly of the performance. There he sits, showing his approval by clapping his hands vigorously, while all the others look as pleased and amused as they well could be. How much nicer this is to see than the rough temper and squabbling one so often sees among these poor little street Arabs. They have not so much to brighten their hard lives as some of us have, so we should do all we can to make them more happy by a kind word, or, sometimes even, something more substantial. Much has been done of late in gathering these little waifs into Sunday-schools, and training them up to become good and

"He was a rare one for this region, I can tell you! Didn't know one card from another, wouldn't drink nor swear, nor do anything that was the fashion, as you might say. Chaff him? Well, I reckon you never heard such talk and ridicule, nor see such jokes—some of 'em pretty rough ones, too—as was played on him. But he wouldn't budge an inch. 'Laugh at me, fight me, or do what you will, boys, I stand by my colours,' says he. That's how we come to call him 'Sergeant.' You'd have thought such a pale, puny chap could be twisted round to suit any one, but, bless you, he was always tryin' to twist us round to his ways of thinkin'. 'Ain't satisfied with bein' a colour-bearer an' the whole army beside, but he wants to be a recruitin' station, too,' says old Jake one day. An' after that he was 'the little 'cruitin' sergeant' to the end of the chapter.

shuffle cards, drink whisky an' grumble 'bout the weather; but one day we fell to arguin' over the thickness of a vein we'd struck. The little sergeant an' some of the men went into the mine to settle it, an' pretty soon the rest followed 'em. Well, we was markin' an' measurin' an' all talkin' at once; when all of a sudden a great cloud of smoke rolled in an' a red flame flashed by the mouth of the mine.

"We knew in a minute what had happened. Some careless fellow had dropped the ashes from his pipe among the dry rubbish in that little workroom an' started the whole thing in a blaze. We just stood starin' at each other an' at the openin', all but one. The little sergeant, he give a quick cry that, as I mind it now, was half a prayer, an' sprang forward right into that blazin' room, and we that had followed him, slower and dazed like, thought he had



A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

To show we remember their pleasures and needs; Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life, And worn with besetments and toiling and strife, Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine— If we give them a place in their innermost shrine; And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys, That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.

—Boston Transcript.

A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

Here are eight little fellows with smiling faces and interested looks, all listening intently to the story of the little ducky in the middle. He, too, seems to enter well into the fun of the thing and is enlivening the story

useful citizens and zealous workers in the Master's cause.

THE LITTLE SERGEANT.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"No, sir, nothin' stronger'n coffee. Think you've struck a queer camp, do you? Well, depends on how you look at it. I'm gettin' so it seems queer to me how anybody that needs brains 'll keep on drinkin' what he knows 'll muddle 'em up till they're no use. 'Twasn't always that way, though, I'm bound to own; it all come of the young 'cruitin' sergeant. Queer little chap he was—thin, pale-faced, blue-eyed, an' nothin' but a boy. 'Pears like a miners' camp was the most onlikely place on earth for one of his sort to drop into, but the doctors had said he must give up schoolin' an' try livin' out-doors if he was goin' to live at all, an' so he come here, and settled right down in our camp, you see.

"If you'll believe it, he actually liked that name we give him! It didn't rile him a bit. 'That's it,' says he, 'that's what I orter be,' an' he tried harder'n ever to make us 'list in his 'army' as he called it. 'Peared like he might as well talk to the wind as to such a set as we was. The fellows stopped tormentin' him after a while, seein' it didn't move him none; an' they liked him, too—nobody could help it—but it seemed 's if they grew wilder an' rougher just 'count of his tryin' to stop 'em.

"'Twas in the fall, an' there come a spell of miser'ble rainy weather that shut us in an' partly stopped work. We was diggin' in the side-hill then, an' a little slide had made the openin' sort of onhandy to reach, so we'd built a long platform in front of it. Afterwards we'd put a roof over it, an' boarded it up into a little room for storin' loose traps.

"The men used to gather there a good deal that rainy spell, mostly to

gone crazy. But in a minute he dashed out again with that in his arms as made the stoutest man among us turn pale—a keg of powder! He sprang from the platform away down the hill with it, an' then, as he fell, managed to send it rolling the rest of the way down into the brook where 'twas safe.

"He was the only one that had remembered it was there, an' but for his pluck an' quickness we'd all have been buried in the mine or crushed under the rocks. He was bad burnt though, an' hurt by that leap he took, too. We could see there wasn't much chance for him as soon as we got to him. He knew it, too, but it didn't trouble him like it did us. We all watched by him that night in camp, an' big Jake says, with a queer shake in his voice:

"'You've give your life for us.'
"A mightier One did that eighteen hundred years ago,' says the little sergeant, an' then, gaspin'-like, 'Boys—if you think a clear head was worth any-

thing to-day—will you not join—my army?"

"Well, I put my hand in his without a word, an' then another came on top of it, an' another, till they was all there in a pile. An' then—the little sergeant was gone! But I like to think how pleased he was to carry the names of so many who had listed up to headquarters.

"So that's why ours is a queer camp, an' why we don't drink nothin' stronger'n coffee."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.
FALSE WITNESS.

(Ex. 20. 16; Matt. 19. 18.)

"Good name in man or woman," says Shakespeare, "is the most immediate jewel of the soul." "He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches from me my good name takes that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed." Yet there is a great deal of this kind of mean, contemptible stealing in the world. "Backbiting," the Scriptures quaintly call it. That is, whispering and hinting things behind a person's back which we would not dare to say to his face.

Even words are sometimes not necessary for bearing false witness. The shrug of the shoulder, the lifting of the eyebrow, the hint or sneer, or even the silence when another is evil spoken of instead of standing up bravely for the absent, may be a way of bearing false witness.

Often character is slain, often reputation is slandered, often arrows barbed with anguish rankle in the soul through speaking unadvisedly with the lips. If we know anything to the disadvantage of another we should always ask, "Will it do any good to tell this?" We should certainly go to the person concerned and tell him first.

If false witness is forbidden, then true witness is enjoined. If we know any good of a man we should tell it. Then we should not be afraid to tell the person himself, and tell others. If your teacher in Sunday-school, or day-school, has been helpful to you, it is right, and wise, and kind, and just to go and tell him so. It will gladden his heart and do him good, and do you good, too.

A CAREFUL CAT.

There is a cat in Boston, it is said, that has learned to be extremely tidy. She lives in an office, and when meat and bread or any food is given her to eat, it is usually spread out on a piece of paper. When she has finished or eaten all she cares to, she carefully and patiently folds the paper into a package, skillfully using her paws and her mouth to accomplish it. When she has made this into as neat a package as she can, she carries it to some out-of-the-way corner or nook, where she puts it away till she wants to finish it.

SHE TRIED HARD.

Little Jane had been repeatedly re-proved, so the story goes, for doing violence to the moods and tenses of the verb "to be." She would say, "I be," instead of "I am," and for a time it seemed as if no one could prevent it. Finally Aunt Kate made a rule not to answer any incorrect question, but to wait until it was corrected.

One day the two sat together, Aunt Kate busy with embroidery, and little Jane over her dolls. Presently doll society became tedious, and the child's attention was attracted to the embroidery frame.

"Aunt Kate," said she, "please tell me what that is going to be."

But Aunt Kate was counting, and therefore did not answer.

Fatal word "be!" It was her old enemy, and to it alone could the child ascribe the silence that followed.

"Aunt Kate," she persisted, with an honest attempt to correct her mistake, "please tell me what this is going to be."

Aunt Kate sat silently counting, though her lip curled with amusement. Jane sighed, but made another patient effort. "Will you please tell me what this is going to be?"

Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps by this time actuated by a wicked desire to know what would come next.

The little girl gathered her energies for one last and great effort, and said: "Aunt Kate, what am that going to be?"

FOR THE MASTER'S EYE.

Beautiful lessons are hidden in the old story of the Grecian sculptor, who, charged with adorning a lofty temple, was chided by his employers because he fashioned the upper surface of the capitals which surrounded his pillars with the same exquisite workmanship and elaborate care which he bestowed on the carving within reach of every visitor who might stand on the pavement. They said to him, "Why do you waste your skill where no human eye can ever behold it? Only the birds of the air can rest in such a place." The sculptor raised his eyes, lifted for a moment his chisel from the stone, and replied, "The gods will see it," and resumed his task.

We should learn from the old heathen artist to do our work just as honestly where it will be covered up and never seen by human eyes as where it is to be open to the scrutiny of the world; for God will see it. There really is no such thing as secrecy in this world. We fancy that no eye is looking when we are not in the presence of men; but really we always have spectators—we are living all our life in the presence of angels and of God himself. We should train ourselves, therefore, to work for the divine eye in all that we do, so that our work may stand the divine inspection, and that we may have the approval and commendation of God.

A DISFIGURING ORNAMENT.

Alaskan squaws are not sensitive on the subject of their age; on the contrary, they take some trouble to make it known to the world. They wear a piece of wood or bone in the lower lip, the size of the ornament indicating the age of the owner.

When a girl marries, her lower lip is pierced, and a peg of wood or a piece of bone the size of a pea inserted. As she grows older, this is increased in size until it is almost as wide as her chin, and one-fourth of an inch high. The result is naturally most unsightly to civilized eyes, but Alaskan opinion is different, and the wearer is perfectly satisfied with her appearance. It is really no worse than a wasp waist, or balloon sleeves, or pointed shoes, when you come to think of it.

There is an interesting family at Fort Wrangle which illustrates perfectly this peculiar custom. It includes four generations. A young girl may be seen sitting on one side of the one-roomed square frame house, while her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother are squatted on the earthen floor, near the door, offering mats and baskets to the ship's passengers who come on shore. There is no disfiguring object on the girl's chin, but there is a big one on the lip of the great-grandmother.

In India infanticide was prohibited in 1802, suttee in 1829. Female education was undertaken by the Government in 1850. The re-marriage of widows was legalized in 1856. The age of consent was raised in 1891.

WHY THE SERMON WAS DULL.

"The dullest sermon I ever listened to!" exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

"Yes," replied his grandfather, a twinkle in his eye, "I thought so myself."

"Did you, grandfather?" exclaimed Sam, glad to have some one stand by him.

"I mean to say I thought you thought so," replied his grandfather. "I enjoyed it because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. While the minister was preaching I noticed it was just the other way with you."

"How?" Sam demanded.

"Why, before you went," answered his grandfather, "instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading a trashy paper. Then instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister while he preached, as though you wanted to catch every word he said and every expression of his face, you lounged down in your seat and turned half-way around. I never knew anybody who could hear a sermon right from the side of his head. Then you let your eyes rove about the church and out of the window. That dulled the sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking, and the milkman's bell, and the train puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through the sermon, and so you made yourself a dull listener. And I never knew it to fall in my life that a dull listener made a dull sermon."

A GOOD STORY ABOUT A HORSE.

A few mornings ago, a crowd was idly watching a poor old horse struggling vainly to pull a heavily loaded waggon out of a rut in Fifth Avenue, near Washington Street. It was a task to tax the strength of a vigorous, well-conditioned horse. Still, he bravely responded to each call of his rough master to try it again, until at length, weak and trembling, he refused to further attempt what he knew was beyond his power.

There was something about the horse which suggested that he had known better days. His large, though dim and sunken eyes, his small, trim ears, clean cut head and broad, thin nostrils, stamped him as one possessed of aristocratic lineage, who, in his younger and better days, had known far different things than hauling the waggon of a junk peddler.

The whip had been applied, but to no purpose; and there had been several emphatic suggestions from the crowd that if the man expected his horse to pull anything he had better feed him occasionally, when a tall, broad-shouldered man moved forward out from the crowd, where he had been watching the horse intently for several minutes, and, approaching the man, asked: "Where did you get that hoss?"

At the sound of his voice the horse pricked up his ears; and turning his head in the direction whence the sound came, gave utterance to a low, glad neigh.

Without waiting for the owner's reply, the man advanced quickly to the horse's head; and, patting it gently, he said in a tone of affectionate tenderness: "Poor old Joe! So they have brought you to this. I somehow thought it was you, old boy, when I first saw you; but I couldn't hardly believe my eyes, for you used to be a mighty different looking horse from this."

All this time the horse was rubbing his head against the man's breast and shoulders; and there was a suspicion of moisture in the eyes of the man, as well as in the eyes of several of the spectators.

"I never would have sold you in the world, Joe, if I had thought they would ever bring you to this," the man continued. "But never mind, old boy; there's going to be a change right away now. You're going to have a nice big stall, and you ain't ever goin' to do another lick of work as long as you live." And then, turning to the owner, he asked: "How much do you want for this horse?"

The former hesitated a moment, and then said: "Forty dollars."

He knew that he was asking four times what the horse was worth, but he concluded that the old owner would not stand on a few dollars to get back his old horse.

And he didn't, for he counted out the \$40, and, handing it to the man, said: "Here's your money; you're robbing me, but I must have that old hoss." A few minutes later he was leading

him down the street; and, as they made their way along, there were doubtless many who wondered why that well-dressed man should evince such tender consideration for the poor, bony old horse which followed with lame, faltering steps close behind him.—Chicago Tribune.

Lewis Carroll.

BY ADDIE FAREWELL BROWN.

This was that brave adventurer,
Upon an unknown sea,
Who found the far, fair Wonderland—
His galleon by an eager band
Of little children fealty manned,
All laughing out in glee.

Far, far away his vessel sailed,
Throughout a single night,
Until it reached that magic shore,
No man had ever seen before;
The children's land for evermore,
He gave them as their right.

And since that voyage venturesome
On every night and day,
That pilot with a shipful new
Of happy children for his crew—
Of grown-up folk a favoured few—
Has sailed the Wonder-Way.

And if upon to-morrow's ship
No Pilot should appear,
So many children everywhere
Have learned from him the thoroughfare
To Wonderland, they still will dare
To sail without a fear.

But, oh! their little hearts will ache,
And, oh! their eyes will dim;
And, as the ship sails mile by mile,
Each child will sit a little while,
And, thinking, will forget to smile—
For sailing without him.

CHURCH PEWS.

In the days of the Anglo-Saxon and early Norman churches, antiquarians say, a stone bench running round the interior of the church, except on the east side, was the only seating accommodation for the visitors. In 1329 the people were represented as sitting on the ground or standing. A little later, low, three-legged stools were introduced promiscuously over the church. Soon after the Norman Conquest, wooden seats were substituted.

In 1387 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats; then so common, that none should call any seat in the church his own, except noblemen or patrons, each entering and holding the one he first found.

From 1530 to 1540 private pews grew in favour. In 1608 galleries were introduced, and as early as 1614 pews were arranged to afford comfort by being raised or cushioned, while the seats around were so high as to hide the occupants—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.

LIKE A TELEPHONE.

A man who had formed the habit of drinking started one night from home. His little girl clung to him and coaxed him in her pretty way. His wife was asking him to stay at home. But his habit was too strong, and he left them. When some distance away he found he had left his money at home, and he turned back. He crept past the window, and, looking in, saw the little girl kneeling at her mother's knee. He listened and heard her say:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and please send father home sober. Amen."

The door opened and he walked into the room. When little Mary was being tucked in her bed she said, "Mamma, God answers most as quick as a telephone, doesn't he?"

—Sent by Z. Bond, Barrie, Ont.

Josephine Kipling, the eldest child of Rudyard Kipling, was recently punished for telling an untruth, and went to bed sobbing rebelliously: "I think it's real mean—so there! My pa writes great big whoppers, and everybody thinks they're lovely, while I told just a tiny little story and gets whipped and sent to bed."

One of the already immediate results of those 23,000 students of Confucius studying and preparing essays upon the word of God at the triennial examinations, is an increased demand for Bibles. One of our missionaries received in one day orders for fifty copies of the Bible, complete.

The Price of a License.

BY MRS. R. A. GORDON.

What's the price of a license? How much did you say?
 The price of men's souls in the market to-day?
 A license to sell, to defame and destroy, From the gray hairs of age to the innocent boy—
 How much is to pay?
 How much is to pay? How compare with your gold?
 A license to poison—a crime oft retold— Fix a price on the years and the manhood of man;
 Take what is not yours to destroy if you can—
 What's the price, did you say?
 How much for a license? How reckon the crimes
 Men are caused to commit when besotted at times?
 To take character, reason, foredoomed to the grave,
 And give men your curses when pity cries "Save!"
 What's the price, did you say?
 How much for a license? Count the price of the home;
 Of the tears that are shed in its anguish and gloom;
 Count the happiness lost on the vote that you gave
 When you voted the license that made man a slave.
 What price was to pay?
 How much for a license? Count the price of her life,
 Whom your children called mother and whom you called wife;
 Who died of her grief, heart broken away,
 That her home was left bare of its bread day by day.
 The license to pay.
 How much to pay? Count the price of one soul,
 Multiplied by the names on eternity's scroll,
 Of those who have gone, once in manhood's strong pride,
 Then add those who through them have suffered and died—
 What's the price, did you say?
 How much is to pay? You count out the gold,
 But the price to be paid has never been told,
 Count the measure you mete out your neighbour to-day,
 To be meted you back—but in God's time and way,
 'Tis a debt you must pay!

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Now it was that Thomas Hardy was being made to understand he knew nothing whatever about sailing a vessel; for, owing to the reckless management of the helm, the sloop's sails were no sooner filled than she was allowed to "fall off," with the natural result that as she swung around on another tack the inclination of her hull was in the opposite direction, which rendered it decidedly uncomfortable for those on board.
 The fog was being rapidly dispersed by the breeze; and had Captain Hiram held the tiller, the Island Queen would soon have been safely moored in Old-haven roadstead.
 As it was, however, there seemed every danger the sloop would be capsized if the wind increased in force; and even Thomas Hardy understood that such a catastrophe might happen.
 "Why don't you bring that lantern on deck?" he shouted angrily. "How do you suppose I can sail this vessel in the dark?"
 "It is broken. When the vessel tipped over it was knocked from the table; and I think Samuel Abner has cut his face with the pieces of glass. It is bleeding badly, and I can hardly see how to bind it up."
 "Little Ellen had torn her handkerchief into strips to form a bandage; but, owing to the position of the wound, it was very difficult to so arrange it that it would neither slip off nor smother the child; and she was on the verge of terror lest he should bleed to death.
 Thomas Hardy no longer made any effort to behave in a rational manner. At that moment it seemed to him as if the loss of the lantern was the most

and he ran into the cuddy, crouching by his sister's side as he took refuge in tears.
 "Why don't you stay up there and take care of the vessel?" she asked, speaking sternly for the first time since his folly had brought them into such straits.
 "There is something wrong with the old boat; and, besides, I can't see how to steer now you've let the lantern break."
 "Thomas Hardy, I am ashamed of you! Just as soon as there is any danger you begin to cry like a baby—Why don't you try to be a man?"
 "What's the use, when we're going to be drowned?" Master Seabury wailed. "The wind is tipping us over, and I can't do anything to stop it!"
 "Then be quiet. You're crying won't make matters any better; and the least you can do is to behave."
 "Now you're picking on me, same's you always do. You'll be sorry, Ellen Seabury, when I'm drowned."
 "I am sorry now, dear," the little woman said quickly, as she ceased her ministrations to Samuel Abner sufficiently long to caress her brother's cheek. "It was wicked of me to speak sharply when we are in such danger; and I won't ever do so again. Won't you help me tie up this cut in the baby's face?"
 "How can I do anything like that when we're going to be tipped over and drowned?"
 "It won't make the danger any greater for us to do what we can to help the poor little fellow. He must be suffering terribly, and I am afraid he'll bleed to death."
 "That'll be better than drowning; and we never shall see mother again."
 Ellen understood that it was worse than useless to argue with Thomas Hardy while he was in such a frame of mind; and once more she gave her undivided attention to the baby.
 Master Seabury was lying at full length on the locker, having deliberately crowded his sister and Samuel Abner off, and at every new lurch of the sloop screamed so loudly that one would have supposed he was suffering the most intense pain.
 Ellen succeeded in binding up the wound after a very poor fashion, and had raised the child in her arms intending to go on deck, when the Island Queen stopped so suddenly that she was thrown to the forward end of the cuddy with sufficient force to render her insensible for several moments.
 Thomas Hardy was now so thoroughly alarmed as to be unable even to scream. He heard a crashing as of timbers splintered; was conscious of the fact that the sloop rose once more; and as she settled down again there was a grinding and rending of wood, after which she remained motionless.
 "Ellen! Ellen! Where are you?"
 There was no reply until Samuel Abner began to cry furiously; but little Ellen remained silent.
 Master Seabury now thought only of his own peril, and, making no attempt to understand why his sister did not speak, clambered up on deck after considerable difficulty, for the sloop was heeled over on her beam ends.
 Despite the darkness, he could see directly astern a high cliff; on either side the spray was dashing up, falling on the deck like a downpour of rain. It was as if the Island Queen was in the midst of a whirlpool, so madly did the foaming waters swirl and boil; but the rocks held her immovable for the waves to beat against until she should be torn to pieces.
 The sight was so terrible that Master Seabury was glad to return to the cuddy very quickly; and he entered just as Ellen arose to her feet.
 "Why didn't you speak when I hollered?" he asked, too thoroughly frightened to be angry.
 "I didn't hear you, dear. Perhaps I fainted, for I don't seem to remember what happened after I hit my head against some of the timbers. Is anything wrong?"
 "Wrong? We're shipwrecked, that's what's wrong, and never'll see mother again. The vessel is on a lot of rocks, and the water will soon fill her full, for it's coming down on deck in streams."
 Ellen would have looked out, but that Samuel Abner was screaming at the full strength of his lungs, and she considered it her duty to soothe him before doing anything else.
 During ten minutes she alternately sang and talked to the child; and then the fact became apparent that the cabin floor was covered with water.
 "Can you shut the door, Thomas?"
 "It is raining in here."
 Master Seabury made no reply. He

was lying face downward upon the locker, apparently oblivious to everything save a sense of his own danger.
 Ellen started toward the cuddy door, when she became aware that the water was pouring in at the bow, and, turning, was struck by a jet which had found its way between the shattered timbers.
 "We must go on deck, Thomas dear," she said, shaking her brother gently to attract his attention. "The water is quite deep on the floor, and coming in very fast."
 "It's like going out in a rain-storm up there," Master Seabury sobbed.
 "It can't be as bad as it will soon be here. Come, dear; if you are brave now, some one will help us by morning."
 "We'll all be dead before then," the terrified boy replied, making no movement.
 It was impossible for Ellen to do more than urge him to follow her, hampered as she was by the baby; and, hugging Samuel Abner tightly lest he should manage to squirm from her arms, she scrambled to the deck.
 Here the same forbidding view which had reduced Thomas Hardy to helplessness met her gaze; but she was more brave than her brother, and resolutely forced herself to look at the angry, boiling waters, as she tried to decide what should be done.
 After some moments, when the scene appeared less wild because she was more familiar with it, Ellen understood that the sloop was in little danger of sinking, owing to the fact that she had been flung high up on the rocks. The immediate peril appeared to be that she might be dashed to pieces by the furious waves.
 Samuel Abner had not ceased to cry, but his voice was hardly heard above the roar of the waters, and his nurse made no effort to still him.
 Ellen realized that if anything was to be done for the safety of all she was the one who must do it, since Thomas Hardy would be of no more assistance than the Jones baby; and now all her efforts were bent toward getting a thorough idea of the condition of the sloop.
 That the forward timbers of the little craft were shattered beyond all future usefulness there could be no question; and unless the furious pounding of the waves ceased very soon, the Island Queen must be torn into fragments.
 "If we could only get on those rocks!" Ellen said to herself, as she stood in the extreme stern gazing upward at the cliffs.
 Both she and the baby were drenched by the flying spray; yet she heeded this discomfort as little as she did Samuel Abner's piercing screams.
 During five minutes she stood as if helpless; and then it seemed as if the water did not reach as high a point as formerly.
 Leaning over the rail she watched eagerly, hardly breathing in her intense anxiety; and then the cheering fact was apparent. The waves were not decreasing in violence, but they were receding; and it might soon be possible to leave the wreck, and take refuge on the cliff.
 "Come here, Thomas dear!" she cried. "We are on a big rock, and the tide is going down! It can't be a great while before we can get ashore!"
 This welcome intelligence aroused Master Seabury from his stupor of fear; and he came slowly out of the half-submerged cabin to stand by his sister's side, holding tightly to her dress as if for protection.
 "I am certain the water is going down," she said, forced to shout in order that he might hear; for the roar of the waves was almost deafening. "It came over the side of the vessel when I first saw it; and now there are times when you can hardly touch it, even though you lean over."
 Thomas Hardy stood as if stupefied, not even bending his body to ascertain the truth of her statement; and Samuel Abner had grown weary with screaming when the waves outstripped him in noise.
 "In a little while we can step out on the rock; and then we shall have a safe place in which to wait until some one comes. How sorry I am that poor Captain Hiram has lost his vessel through us!"
 The fog had entirely disappeared; and one by one the stars were peeping out, as if eager to see why it was the Island Queen remained in such an unnatural position.
 (To be continued.)

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

American boys are considered the cleverest in the world, but one London boy was clever enough to be a match for any Yankee youth. One day, according to the story, he dashed breathlessly into a merchant's office and demanded:
 "Is the boss in?"
 "Yes, what do you want?"
 "Must see him myself. Most pertickler."
 "But you can't see him."
 "Must, really—Immejt. I tell you it is most pertickler."
 The boy's impertunity at last won him admission.
 "Well, boy, what is it you want?" asked the merchant, with some anxiety.
 "Do you want a orfice boy, sir?"
 "You impudent young rascal! We've got one."
 "Beg pardon, you ain't, sir."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Your boy's just been run over in Cheapside, sir, and he won't never work for you no more."
 The applicant was engaged.

SUN SPOTS.

What the spots on the sun are, and what influence, if any, they have upon its heat and light, as transmitted to the earth, have long been puzzling questions. Some scientists attribute bad harvests, pestilence, and weather disturbances, to the appearance or disappearance of these mysterious spots; but nothing can really be proved either for or against such theories, though it is certain that great physical disturbances have often strangely coincided with changes in the sun spots.
 Bayne, in his "Pith of Astronomy," says: "The sun has great activity in its spots, these being sometimes fifty thousand miles in diameter. They are enormous vents for the tempests of flame that sweep out of and down into the sun. An up-and-down rush has a velocity of about twenty miles a second, and a side rush a velocity of one hundred and twenty miles a second."
 "These tempests rage for days and months at a time, and as they cease the sides of the spots fly together at the rate of twenty thousand miles an hour. They strike together and the rising spray of fire leaps thousands of miles into space. It falls again and rolls over the Himalayas of fire as the sea over the pebbles on its beach. If strips as large as this earth were placed in such a tempest they would be mere corks as tossed by an ocean storm."

TOO CONSCIENTIOUS.

Augustus Hare tells a story of an Oxford undergraduate whose morbid conscience made him an oddity. One day a man said to him: "How do you do, R—?" and he answered, "Quite well, thank you."
 The next day the man was astonished at receiving from R— the following note: "Dear Sir: I am sorry to tell you that I have been acting a deceptive part. When I told you yesterday that I was quite well I had really a headache; this has been upon my conscience ever since."
 The note amused the man, whose name was Burton, and he showed it to a friend, who, knowing R—'s weakness, said to him: "Oh, R—, how could you act so wrongly as to call Mr. Burton 'dear sir,' thereby giving him the impression that you liked him, when you know that you dislike him extremely?"
 R— was sadly distressed, and a few days later Mr. Burton received the following: "Burton, I am sorry to trouble you again, but I have been shown that, under the mask of friendship, I have been for the second time deceiving you; by calling you 'dear sir' I may have led you to suppose I liked you, which I never did, and never can do. I am, Burton, yours, etc."

At Wardburg, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without interruption, and in Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one-half months.

In Palestine the swallows are allowed the freedom not only of the houses and living rooms, but of the mosques and sacred tombs, where they build their nests and rear their young.

The most influential classes in India are now advocating the restriction, if not abolition, of child-marriage; the encouragement of female education; more respect and greater freedom for women; the humane treatment of widows and their remarriage, and the prohibition, at least, of Kulin polygamy.

It has been estimated that 10,000 more bicycles have been sold in Russia this year than last.



CAPTIVITY OF THE ISRAELITES.

On Both Sides.

I. What the Rich Little Girl Thought.

Across the way they have such fun
From early morn till set of sun;
And I can hear the shouts and noise
Of all those happy girls and boys.
They work and run and laugh and play,
Through all the bright September day.
They cut the grass, and pile it high,
And chase the chickens till they fly.
They sweep the paths, and I can see,
On early evenings after tea,
They wash the dishes, clear the table,
And then they listen to some fable
Their mother tells them, and their eyes
Grew big as saucers from surprise.
I wonder what she tells about—
Some captive princess, I've no doubt,
And dragons bold, and fairies light,
And brownies comical and bright.
And how those children laugh with glee!
Those brothers two, and sisters three!
I'd be as happy as the day
If I could live across the way.

II. What the Poor Little Children Thought.

Across the way when days are fair,
We see a child with golden hair;
She has just lots and lots of toys,
We never hear her make a noise.
Her home is fine as it can be,
And, oh! her garden you should see!
It's full of all the grandest flowers,
And must be ten times big as ours.
She has a pony, and a cart,
And coachmen prim, and footmen smart;
She wears a clean dress every day,
And never does a thing but play.
She never has to dust the chairs,
And sweep the porch, or kitchen stairs.
When night-time comes, before we go
To bed, we tease our mother so
To tell us stories of the days
When brownies lived, and elves, and
fays,

But of the stories she can tell,
There is not one we like so well
As the one we hear most every day
About the child across the way.
We think it must be lots of fun,
To have whatever you ask, done
By servants who have naught to do
Except to make up games for you.
We'd be as happy as the day
If we could live across the way.
—Journal and Messenger.

A PROBLEM IN BIBLE ARITHMETIC.

A teacher being asked how many scholars were in his Sabbath-school, replied: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho on the seventh day, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of Haman's sons; subtract the number of each kind of unclean beasts that went into the ark; multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh; divide by the number of stones David selected to kill Goliath; subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; multiply by the number of anchors cast out at the time of Paul's shipwreck; and subtract the number of people saved in the ark, the remainder will be the number of scholars in the school."
How many were there?

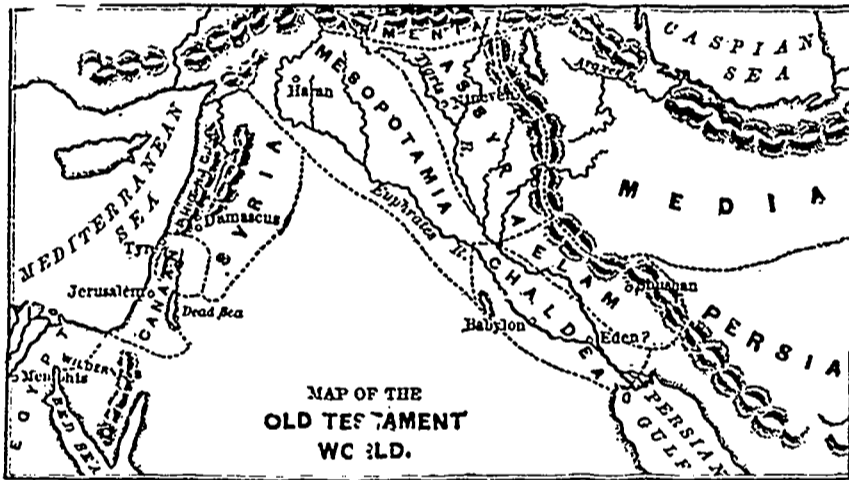
LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 18.
CAPTIVITY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

2 Kings 17. 9-18. Memory verses, 13, 14.



LAND OF THE CAPTIVITY.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever.—1 Chron. 28. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Beginning of Sin, v. 9-12.
 2. God's Warning, v. 13.
 3. The Warning Rejected, v. 14-17.
 4. God's Anger, v. 18.
- Time.—722 or 721 B.C.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Fruit of disobedience.—2 Kings 17. 1-8.
- Tu. Captivity of the ten tribes.—2 Kings 17. 9-18.
- W. Rejected of God.—2 Kings 17. 19-29.
- Th. Prophecy of captivity.—Hosea 10. 1-3.
- F. Consequences of sin.—Isa. 1. 1-9.
- S. Punishment of pride.—Isa. 9. 8-17.
- Su. Sin of rejection.—Matt. 21. 33-43.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Beginning of Sin, v. 9-12.
Of what sins had the children of Israel been guilty?
Where did they set up idols?
Where did they burn incense?
What provoked the Lord's anger?
What forbidden thing did they do?
2. God's Warning, v. 13.
By whom had God warned the people?
What had the prophet said?
3. The Warning Rejected, v. 14-17.
In spite of this what had the people done?
What had they rejected, and what chosen?
What false gods did they make and worship?
To what evil did they compel their sons and daughters?
For what did they sell themselves?
What warning is given to each of us?
Luke 13. 3.
4. God's Anger, v. 18.
How did Israel's sin affect the Lord?

How did he punish them?
Who alone was left in the land?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. The power of evil associations?
 2. The nature of true repentance?
 3. That God hates sin?

HOW BIRDS MIGRATE.

Birds fly, in their migrations, along well-recognized lines or roads, usually along mountain ranges and river courses, says Professor Bickmore. There is a little island in the North Sea, opposite the mouth of the River Elbe, where several of these lines of flying birds converge. The island of Helligoland is only about one-eighth the size of Central Park, and is two hundred feet above the sea level. There is a lighthouse upon it, and in foggy weather thousands of birds are attracted by the light, and come down to the island, when the wary natives secure many for their food. There are said to be more birds about this little island than upon any other spot in the world.

The same thing happens at the lighthouse at Point Lepreau, in the Bay of Fundy, when the birds, losing their way in the fog, rush down to the light, and are frequently battered to death against the glass panes of the light. Indeed, all along our Atlantic coast thousands of migrating birds are killed every year by dashing themselves thus against the panes of lighthouses.

The weaker birds generally migrate only by night, but the stronger ones advance also by day. They depend upon their sight for guidance, but it is miraculous how they pick their way across the trackless ocean! The migration of any one class of birds—like the geese, for example—is very interesting. They start out with a slow, orderly

march, forming a long line across the country, swimming, in unbroken ranks, across the rivers in their way. Then the leaders begin to fly, going gradually higher and higher, until they are high up in the clouds. All behind follow them, and thus they go through the air together. When a leader is tired he drops out, and waits for the rear of the column, which he joins when it comes to him.

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