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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1892.

[No. 30]

## THE KITE.

THAT looks like a very fine kite, and evidently the boys think so. That is Jimmy sitting with the paint-brush in his hand. He has been trying his skill as an artist, to the satisfaction and delight of himself and his friends—the bird in the centre, his latest effort, calling forth a special amount of admiration. This kite is a joint stock affair, each of the boys having contributed some portion of it. Harry is so busy getting the string ready he has no time for anything else just now. Pretty soon their kite will be ready, and will be sailing like a bird itself away over the houses and trees; then, boys, you had better take a firm grip of that string.

## THE SQUIRE'S OFFER.

A RICH man who lived in the country had his house often full of visitors, and everybody flattered him and said how good he was. He had a kind heart, but was frequently so foolish and wicked as to drink so much wine and brandy that his senses were of no more use to him than if he had been born without that great gift of reason which God has given to every human creature.

One day he had been hunting with several of his friends, and they stopped for refreshments at a little inn. On entering the parlour, the gentleman was much struck with the beauty of a little boy who was playing there. He asked him several questions, and found that his name was George, which happened to be the same as his own. The friends stayed some time, and when they were going, the gentleman, who was called the Squire, asked the landlord if he could speak to George's mother. A gentle looking woman soon entered the room, and heard with surprise that this man, of whose riches everybody spoke, wished to adopt her little George.

There was no doubt that it would be a pleasant thing for her boy to be brought up like a gentleman's son and live in ease and wealth, and she and her husband could only get for him just the necessaries of life; but yet, with many thanks for the offered kindness, she refused.

The Squire could not believe what he heard, and her friends begged her to think of what she said; yet, without the slightest hesitation, she repeated her decision. Then he asked in a passion, what could be her reason for refusing his offer.

She hesitated; but, when he angrily insisted upon an answer, she said, "I know, sir, that I can never give our boy any advantages for this world, but when he was born, his father and I promised each other that he should always have the best example we could get for him."

"And do you think," asked the gentleman, "that he will see better manners in your poor hut than in my house?"

"I would rather see Georgie grow up to work hard, than to live in riches and learn to be a drunkard," answered the mother.

The Squire was very angry and went away. But still he often thought of little Georgie with his blue eyes and golden hair; and when his anger was over, he admired the mother who was so willing

## SHOEBLACK JIM.

In a small, crowded room in one of the rear tenement houses of our great city, where the sun's rays were never known to shine, or fresh air allowed to penetrate, our little Jim lay dying.

Months before I one morning saw him standing on the street corner, with his shoes

nothing but a cold tater since day 'fore yesterday."

"And who is granny?"

"She lives in the rear alley on Mutt. My own mother died over on the island, so granny says, and guess I never had any father."

"Did you ever go to a Sunday school or Band of Hope meeting?"

"Laws, no, miss! I've no time. I has to stan' around all day, and then sometimes gets only a couple of shimes. Them fellers with the big chairs takes all the profit of us chaps. Granny says 'tis a hard world."

I handed the child a dime, and told him to get a warm cup of coffee and a roll; then got from him a promise to attend the Band of Hope meeting that afternoon at four o'clock. I hardly expected to meet him again, but was happily surprised to see him walk in—shoeblox on his back—while we were singing, "Fold me to thy bosom." I shall never forget the expression that was on his face as he stood spell-bound in the middle of the floor, and stared at me and the organ. I motioned him to a seat, but he did not move till the music had ceased, and the other children were all seated.

My lesson that day was about the great shepherd that goes out upon the hills and the mountains of sin and gathers in the little lambs that wander away from the sheepfold. I did not know that day that the dear Saviour's hand was already stretched out to receive this little lamb that had many times been found tipsy and also smoking cigarettes that he had stolen from somebody's street stand.

He was a regular attendant at Sunday-school and Band of Hope, and no one joined more heartily in the singing than Jim. One day, in our children's prayer meeting, he gave his heart to Jesus. No one could doubt the conversion of that little heart when they looked into the bright eyes and beaming face that continually shone with heavenly light.

One day a messenger came to me in haste, and said, "Jim is dying. Hurry, please, miss, he wants to see you agin afore he dies."

I hurried, and as I groped my way along the dark alley and up the rickety stairs, I caught the sound of the sweet voice singing, "Fold me, fold me, precious Saviour." I entered quietly, so as not to disturb the singer, but his bright eyes saw me; and he said, "Sing it with me once more, teacher." We sang it through together, then he said, "The next time I sing will be when Jesus folds me in his arms. I'll never forget the hymn, but will remember it till you come up there too, then we'll sing it again."

The little lamp of life went out. The Great Shepherd had called his little lamb home. There was

Another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
Another soul in heaven."



THE KITE.

to give up all the advantages of wealth rather than run the risk of spoiling her boy's character.

And soon it began to be rumoured that the master of the Hall had changed. As time passed this was known to be true, and then Georgie was sent to school by him, and at last adopted as his son, for he would often say that he owed to the boy's mother more than any one in the world, because she was the first person who had told him the truth about himself.

box strapped to his back, calling out in tremulous tones, "Shine, sir!" But the hurrying business men paid little or no attention to the pleading voice or frail form which was swayed to and fro by the bitter, biting, December wind. As I handed him a picture paper, I asked, "Are you hungry, my boy?" I noticed the pale, pinched cheeks and the large brown eyes fast filling with tears, as he replied: "Yes, miss, I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, but granny is worse than me, for she's had

nothing but a cold tater since day 'fore yesterday."

## An Officer in Red.

BY MRS. M. F. MITCHELL.

An officer in red!  
His name is overhead,  
A host by him is led  
Give him room.

A brown bee is the drummer  
For this is table new corner,  
The herald of the summer—  
Boom! boom!

Each grass-blade holds a lance  
As the shining ranks advance  
And a flag by happy chance  
Floats aloft—

A winged and wondrous thing,  
With many a velvet ring  
For its embellishing,  
On the satin soft.

This army is bedight  
Like form of fairy knight;  
The costume left and right  
Rich and new.

Some flaunt a crimson feather  
At the sparkling summer weather;  
And red and white together  
Hold review.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1892.

## A WORD ABOUT NEW ZEALAND MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. J. CALVERT.

THINGS are coming to our shores of volcanic eruptions, burning lava, and seas of ashes in New Zealand, and we are beginning to think, perhaps, that this is a country angry within herself, and belching out her animosities in fire and burnings. True it is, she has acted somewhat angrily of late, and our sympathies are drawn out towards the sufferers through the late "eruption." No doubt but the Canadian heart will express its sympathies as heartily and faithfully as any other portion of the globe. But do not let us suppose for a moment that these things are general in New Zealand. This is a particular and singular case, and, if I mistake not, is without a parallel either in the history of the island or in Maori tradition which dates back more than ten centuries.

New Zealand has another aspect, other features, the result of other forces, which demand our observation and consideration, standing out as a light in the present darkness, and as a hope in the present distress.

We have elsewhere stated that New Zealand was "professedly religious." She is more than that. The "root of the matter" may be found within her, and many of her Christians are worthy of the admiration of the world. The Maori has laid down his knife and tomahawk and has taken up the paddle and the fishing line, the ham-

mor or the plough. A spirit of liberality has been engendered among them, and the writer remembers hearing from the lips of one of New Zealand's early Christian hermits, that on one occasion, while walking along the road very desolate, thinking of the £50 deficiency he was compelled to report in some branch of his circuit finances, when he met A———, a converted Maori, who enquired as to the cause of his sorrow, and on receiving Mr. B———'s reply handed over the money at once. And there are in New Zealand to-day hundreds manifesting the same piety and equal liberality for the cause of God and the work they hold so dear. But missionary work cannot be confined to efforts put forth among the aborigines. The opposition of the Maori—or of any other savage—is not and can never be such a hindrance to the progress of truth as the scepticism of unregenerate Europeans. We are glad to state that the work is prospering among this latter class. Well do we remember the revival of 1861, when from the Sunday school, from the pew, and from almost all ranks of society, souls were "born again," and the seed, cast no doubt by the early missionary fathers, bore fruit to the honour and glory of God. The missionaries in New Zealand are encouraged in their work. God is blessing them. The pleasure of the Lord is prospering in their hands, and they are rejoicing.

We might point to the political and commercial enterprises of the island, and see in them something—yea, even a great deal—of the teachings of the early fathers, but we have said enough. Is it not sufficient to know that on the right and on the left, on the north and on the south, among the white and native population alike, evidences of grace are found, conversions are frequent, and "Forward" is the universal motto.

When they first their work began,  
Small and feeble was their day;  
Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way:  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail,  
Sin's strongholds it now overthrow,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
He alone the work hath wrought;  
Worthy is the work of him,  
Him who spake a world from nought.

## THE CANNIBALS OF FIJI.

BY SOPHIA S. SMITH.

SUSIE—What have you been reading about, Nettie?

Nettie—Something terrible about people eating one another.

Susie—They must have been cannibals, and certainly did not live in our or any other Christian country.

Nettie—They were cannibals of the very worst sort, and lived on the little island of Bau, the capital of the Fiji Islands.

Susie—I should not like to go to such a place.

Nettie—That was fifty years ago, and no one else cared to go there except to fight the cannibals, and if anyone was caught he was soon roasted and eaten. They were delighted to have strangers come to their shores, for they were then provided with a good meal.

Susie—That was dreadful. But do these people still eat human beings?

Nettie—No; through the influence of Christian missionaries, who dared to go among them, they have been won over to Christianity and become kind and gentle.

Susie—This is a wonderful change for such savages. But I wonder they did not kill and eat the missionaries.

Nettie—It does seem that they were miraculously preserved. They were given a home on the top of the hill above the town, and while they often saw the ovens heated to cook the captives taken in war, they were not molested, but left to pursue their work.

Susie—They must have been brave men and had great faith to take them among such ferocious creatures.

Nettie—They did have both courage and faith, and God has greatly blessed both; and to-day there is no safer place to go to than Bau, though it has been said that more human beings have been killed

and eaten there than anywhere in Fiji. Such is the power of religion.

Susie—Well, if the Gospel can save such people, we ought not to be discouraged, but work and pray, believing that God can save all heathen people.

## BEFORE YOU ARE FIFTEEN.

Did any of you boys under fifteen ever think about those children crying "Hosanna" in the Temple? The word "children" is in the masculine—and that means boys. It would be very interesting for you to learn about the Jewish boys and what was required of them. When Christ was a boy he was found in the Temple, and now that he is grown up, he finds boys in the temple; these boys are praising him, and praying to him.

The meaning of the word Hosanna, which they shouted or chanted, is, Save us, we beseech thee; save us, we beseech thee, Son of David. The Jewish boys were proud of David, their second king, and learned that David's son was promised to sit on David's throne.

Jesus listened to them, and said such a beautiful thing about them; he called their prayer and praise "perfected praise." Praise glorifies God, and how this perfected praise must have glorified him!

Boys whom Christ died for and redeemed, you can give the Father "perfected praise."

Did you ever see a boy who gave such praise? What kind of a boy was he?

Is he that boy smoking a cigarette?

Is it the boy reading a dime novel or the low illustrated paper?

Is it the boy who deceives his mother and disobeys his father?

Last night this story was told me of a boy of thirteen. He had been expelled from school for one week, then for one month; the next punishment would be that he would never be allowed to return to the school. His father said to him, "John, if you are finally expelled, I shall put you on board a navy ship."

"You can't do that," he replied, "for I will run away and you can't get the chance."

Around the corner he met a boy the next day, and told him that he had frightened the Governor a good deal worse than the Governor had frightened him.

I wonder, if that boy goes to Sunday-school, I will tell you the kind of a boy that would be likely to be in the Temple, listening to Christ as he taught, and praising the Son of David—but you know yourself—the brave boy, the manly boy, the pure boy, the truthful boy, the boy who obeys his parents, as Christ, the Boy, obeyed his parents.

Such a boy is needed in the Temple, in the school, in the home, the church, in every kind of business, in every spot in God's world.

God needs him. He needs him to work with. The boy who praises Christ, must love him, and obey him, and work for his kingdom to come.

The work begins with himself, and then reaches out until it touches, with a helping touch, everybody next to him. Watching over himself, asking and getting help from God (as St. Paul did), and learning every good thing he can, in every way he can. The boy Christ needs to help his kingdom come is: a boy who loves the truth and hates a lie; who hates deceit in the smallest matter; who loves to look his father and mother square in the face; who can try to say "no" in a brave, blunt fashion, every time temptation comes (God helping him); who can get down on his knees and tell his Heavenly Father that he is sorry when he sins, and take his forgiveness, and try harder next time (for who of us liveth and sinneth not?); who can be willing to begin low down and go up step by step; who can be willing to obey his superiors whether he understands the reason or not; who can be willing to save some of his money and to give some to others; who can be willing to take trouble to keep himself neat; who can keep his lips clean from words that would make his mother ashamed, and his heart from thoughts he who would not tell her, who can be upright in every business transaction; who can—oh, what can he not be, through the strength of this Christ who delighted in the praises of the boys?

## FOR THE BOYS.

Dr. LUDLOW, in the *Sunday-School Times*, says: "A portrait painter once told me that the picture of a child younger than twelve would not be apt to look like him as he became a man; but that one taken after that age would show the settled outline of features which even the wrinkles of old age would not crowd out. Your physician will tell you that about that same time the body too gets into shape. If you are to be spindle-shanked or dumpy, the stretch or the squat will have begun to grow on you." A great writer who has had much to do in educating boys, says: "The latter life of a man is much more like what he was at school than what he was at college."

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of the window, and was severely hurt; but with clenched lips he held back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did; for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of a crowd of men dared jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger hands got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. That boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. This was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself making drawings on his pots and brushes, case and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books like Locke's "On the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards.

## WHITEWASHED BABIES.

A MISSIONARY stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow. They danced, they sung, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a dab of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment, but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

Who Bids for the Children?

BY L. L. ORRAM.

Not children of colour; in slave-days  
These grouped by the auctioneer's stand,  
But children of every nation,—  
Children of every land  
"Who bids? who bids for the children?  
The world will soon be their own.  
Free the labourer who digs in the ditches,  
The monarch who sits on the throne,  
None but will give place to the children  
As he lays by his shovel or crown."

Then a man in his Maker's image  
Rose up with a brimming bowl,  
Announced, "I bid for the children—  
Bid for them body and soul;  
In half of Satan's kingdom,  
With its stains, and guilt, and crime,  
I will lead them into the darkness,  
Through lanes of sin and slime."

Then up rose Temperance workers:  
A man with a kingly air;  
And each bearing a glass of water—  
A woman sweet and fair.  
"We bid! we bid for the children!  
In behalf of the kingdom of Light,  
From the siren snare of the tempter  
We will lead them out from the night."

"By paths full of life's sweetness,  
By rivers deep and broad,  
They shall walk in ways of honour,  
By the arch-foe's never trod.  
And when we rest from labour,  
And the world becomes their own,  
They who fought as temperance children  
Shall cast down Bacchus' throne."

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. SHAFTO.

SANDY had no desire to slip away from the friendly guardianship of Mrs. Shafto. Her words had strengthened the new hope in his heart, that the grave was not the end of those children he had seen buried in it, and he wished to learn more about this strange and good news. He kept close beside her, though she seemed less inclined to talk to him than when they were going to look for his mother. She could not trust herself to speak, for her heart was full of the sad and terrible sight she had just left.

Mrs. Shafto was also a little anxious about Sandy, who followed her so closely, as closely as a stray and homeless dog might have done, and for whom she had undertaken a kind of responsibility. Though they were not as miserable and degraded as the people she had been seeing, they were very poor, she and her husband; so poor that, but for her own hard and incessant work as a needlewoman, they would often have to go without sufficient bread to eat. What was she to do with this great, growing lad out of the streets, as wild and ignorant as a young savage; a thief very probably; with no spark of good in him, except his love for his little sister? She knew very well that her husband would grudge any help given to Sandy if it deprived him of the least comfort, or demanded of him any self-denial. But she could not endure the thought of thrusting him away, unhelped and unhelped, into the open street, with no sort of home to find refuge in. She could not treat a dog so; and how much more worth was this boy than a dog! Besides, it was Johnny who had found him first, and brought him home—her lame lad, who seemed to know so well what Christ would have him do, and how to tread gladly in his Lord's steps. She could not go back to the house, and tell him she had cast off Sandy, and left him in the great wilderness of London.

On went Mrs. Shafto, still sadly and in silence, across the square grave-yard, and through the gloomy shop, with its small coffin open on the counter—a coffin that would have just fitted the baby she had kissed. Sandy followed her, his bare feet making no sound upon the floor; but he stopped at the door of the kitchen, for there was a strange person there—not his new friend, Johnny Shafto.

This person was a tall lanky man, about forty-five years old, whose thin long legs were stretched quite across the hearth, as

though no one else needed to sit by the fire. He was lolling in the comfortable padded chair in the best corner, his hands hanging idly from his wrists, and his arms from his shoulders, as if he never had done or never could do one hearty task of work. His face was narrow and gloomy, with straight hair falling over it; and his head drooped, as if he found it too much trouble to hold it upright. He looked up lazily as Mrs. Shafto went in, and spoke to her with a fretful voice.

"What a time you've been," he said, "gadding about on a Sunday evening on other people's business, and I've been wanting my tea this half-hour. Nobody asked me to stay at the school; I suppose they think nothing of me for being an undertaker, without any business either. If I had a thriving trade, and kept a mourning coach or two, it would be a different thing. They never seem to think that I'm a Shafto, and my grandfather was their minister in his time. If my father had done his duty by me, they would have been ready enough, every one of them, to invite me to tea. Where have you been to, Mary?"

She was hastily taking off her bonnet and shawl before getting the tea ready, and now both her face and voice quivered as she answered.

"I've been seeing a sad sight," she said; "Johnny will have told you about the poor boy that has lost his sister? Well, him and me have been to a police station—a place I was never in before, and we've seen a poor dead dear little creature, no bigger than my Mary when she was taken from me; a poor murdered baby, and I cannot get the sight out of my head."

"You've got such a poor head," said Mr. Shafto, "always running on other folks. I dare say you never thought of mentioning that your husband was an undertaker, and had a coffin he could sell cheaply, and would bury it as reasonable as anybody in London; now did you?"

"I never thought of it," she answered. "That's just what I say," he continued, triumphantly; "you never do remember things useful, when we've a child's coffin in stock. Why don't you shut that door?"

Mrs. Shafto stepped back to the doorway, and whispered to Sandy to sit down in the dark shop for a few minutes, till tea was ready. Then she shut him out of the bright little kitchen, and went softly up to her husband, speaking in a voice lower and unsteadier than usual. "Dear John," she said, coaxingly, "it was our Johnny that brought yonder poor lad to our house. He's taken such a fancy to him, it would grieve him sorely if we turned our backs upon him. Maybe Johnny won't be spared to us much longer; and I could never forgive myself if I'd hurt him about anything. Besides, don't you remember, John—you that are such a scholar yourself, and your grandfather minister at the chapel—how the King says, when the Last Day is come, that he counts all we do for these poor creatures of his as if it were done to him? It looks as if God had brought this boy and Johnny together, and we must not set ourselves against anything he does."

"Where is the boy?" inquired Mr. Shafto.

"He's in the shop, in the dark. I'd light the gas, and give him something to eat there, if you think he's not fit company for us. But it's not pleasant to eat among coffins and plumes. And, dear! how ever shall we be fit company for angels? Though my Johnny'll be fit for them, I know; only I'm afraid I shall never be."

"I suppose you'll have your own way," grumbled Mr. Shafto.

"But I want it to be your way too, my dear, fully and freely," she continued, patiently. "I want you to feel, when Sandy's eating our morsel of bread, that he's here in the place of the Lord Jesus. I'm sorry I never thought to say my husband was an undertaker, and would bury the baby reasonably. I know I'd have made it a pretty shroud, poor thing! But that's past and gone; and you must forgive me, John. Why, that's rhyme I've made, you hear. Ah! you're a great scholar, and I don't mind you laughing at me. I may call Sandy in, and put him in a corner where you need not see him, if you like, for Johnny's sake, you know?"

"Well, he may come in," said Mr. Shafto, drooping down his head again, and stretching out his legs still farther across the warm hearth.

Mrs. Shafto opened the door quietly and called Sandy in a whisper, placing a chair for him in a corner, as much as possible out of sight of her husband, who did not appear to take any notice of the boy. But he groaned aloud several times, causing Sandy to start nervously, for his mind had been over-strained, and his body was faint with excitement and fatigue. Mr. Shafto's groans seemed to betoken some now and dreadful calamity, and Sandy could scarcely keep himself from bursting into a vehement fit of crying.

But it was not long before tea was ready, and Mrs. Shafto went to the foot of a staircase, which wound like a corkscrew, up to the two long rooms in the roof. She called "Johnny!" and the next moment the tap, tap of a pair of crutches sounded on the crooked staircase slowly and laboriously, till he reached the last step, and his pale face and dazzling eyes peered in at them from the darkness. It was a radiant face, unlike any that Sandy had ever seen, with a happy smile upon it, as though he had learned some great secret, and could never more be overwhelmed by sorrow.

"Where is Sandy?" he asked, for his eyes could not see him in the sudden light; "have you found little Gip, mother?"

"Not yet, Johnny," she answered, cheerfully; "there's Sandy. Go and sit by him, dear heart; and he'll tell you about what we've been doing."

John Shafto sat down by Sandy, with his hand through his arm, ready to listen eagerly to all he could tell him, asking him questions, and talking about little Gip in his low pleasant voice; until Sandy felt that, even if little Gip were lost, he would have another friend who would love him, and whom he could love. They whispered together till bed time, forming plans for seeking and finding poor lost Gip.

That night, after Mr. Shafto had gone to bed, Mrs. Shafto made up a place for Sandy to sleep on the kitchen hearth, with an old mattress and a brown moth-eaten velvet pall out of the shop, which had not been in use for years. It made so grand and magnificent a bed, that Sandy was almost afraid to lie down upon it, and could scarcely believe it was not all a dream. Once when he awoke, before the fire had quite burned out, and saw the polished warming-pan twinkling, and the steel balls glittering in the dim light, he sat up to rouse himself, and think where he could be. Then the remembrance of the lame boy's tender face and pleasant voice came back to him, and he went to sleep again with a strange sense of peace at the thought of the new friend he had found.

(To be continued.)

A LION PAINTER.

It is probable that you have seen—ever if you did not know it,—a celebrated print of a lion's head, by Rosa Bonheur. It is perhaps the finest ever painted; and the life of the woman who could produce such a strange masterpiece is full of interest.

Rosa Bonheur, the greatest animal painter of her time, is sixty-seven years old, yet she says she has still work enough in her mind to fill two lifetimes. In 1850 she bought an old house in the little village of Br, on the banks of the Seine, not far from the forest of Fontainebleau. There she has lived and wrought ever since. She has added stables and a studio to her house. In the stable and grounds she has had from time to time a veritable menagerie of animals, including lions, chamois, bears, gazelles, and an elk. It is refreshing to read that her studio contains not an article of bric-a-brac and scarcely anything that is not needed in the work of the great artist. She has been always an early riser. She says the morning is the best time for work. She spends much time outdoors, walking or riding in a little carriage which she herself drives. At her work and outdoors she wears a man's clothing, with a peasant blouse. Her life has been devoted to her art, pure and simple, and rich has been her reward. There are some wrinkles in her face now, but neither her marvellous mental nor physical powers are weakened one whit. Her enthusiasm keeps her always young.

MOVE ON.

"Move on," said a policeman the other day to a group of idlers who were standing on the pavement; "move on and allow the people to pass." "Move on," said the master of a shop to one of his apprentices whom he had caught gazing into a window, when he should have been going on an errand. "Now, move on. What do you think the world would come to if every one, like you, kept standing still and never moved forward?"

"Dear me," said a schoolmaster to a pupil, "how could you be so stupid? Look here; you have got 6 from 9-3. When will you know better? For the last three months you have been trying to learn subtraction, and now do not know any more about it than when you first began. Instead of progressing you are at a stand-still. Why don't you move on?"

"Look, Bill, look at Jim yonder, he must be getting on—new coat, new trousers. Why, I declare! a new suit altogether. Where can he get his money from? He has no more wages than we have, but he looks much more respectable. How is it? It puzzles me."

"Why, just this, Dick; when we're spending our money at the 'Black Bear,' he is 'moving on.' His garden is full of fruit, ours are full of weeds; he is happy, we are miserable; and I, from this time, mean to try to 'move on.'"

"Move on," said a minister to his hearers; "move on in religion, faith, and charity. 'Move on;' let it not be said that you are behind hand in religion; keep faithful to the end; and although ever moving, be ever firm, so that when you arrive at the appointed resting place, you will be ready to exchange mortality for immortality."

OUR SUMMER BOARDERS.

ONE spring a little brown bird built her nest in the honey-suckle beside the dining-room window, and became, almost from the first, a pensioner of the family. Sometimes grandma would lay a long thread on the window-sill, and again a horse-hair or a wisp of straw, and all these donations were quietly and no doubt thankfully received, to be woven into the nest.

The little home was finished, at length, and very soon the eggs appeared. Then Mother Bird began her patient sitting upon them, and now it was that her friendship with the human family became an established fact.

One day when she had flown away for a few minutes' rest, grandma tied a tiny pasteboard box to the side of the nest. The bird returned, circled about in alarm for a short interval, and then settled cautiously into her place. Assured by experiment that the box was no trap, she put her head daintily within it, and drew forth the bit of worm that canny grandma had placed there.

Next day grandma came cautiously to a window, and ventured to drop some bits of boiled egg into the little manger. The bird looked startled but did not move, and when the charitable hand was withdrawn she put her head forward and pecked up the welcome food.

Day by day the same programme was carried out, and surely never was bird more daintily fed. Berries, meat, and crumbs found their way regularly to her ladder, and there can be little doubt that she contented the Father Bird that this was the promised land, and her benefactor a grand old angel.

"I fancy she'd eat out of a spoon now," said grandma, one morning, and though Uncle Will begged her not to destroy the fine fabric of the bird's trust in her by trying it too far, she persisted, and held a tempting spoonful of food under the little beak. Peck, peck! Of course Mrs. Bird liked it, and of course she ate it all up, and twittered for more.

Daily did she take her meals from the spoon, and grandma promised herself the pleasure of teaching the little birds equal confidence and self-possession. Alas! she never did. Perhaps only two creatures know exactly why Tom Tigercat, who lives next door, and the mourning mother, who, for days after they were hatched and had disappeared, sat chirping sadly in a tree near by.—*Youth's Companion.*





HIRAM LAWRENCE, THE SAILOR BOY.

## HIRAM LAWRENCE, THE SAILOR BOY.

BY MARY F. BASTIAN.

HIRAM's father died suddenly one bleak winter day, and Mrs. Lawrence was left with her four little children to fight the battle of life. Hiram was the second child. He was one of the brightest scholars at the village school. His home was by the sea side, and he was very fond of the water. He would often go down to the beach after school and play sailor with some of his companions. His uncle George, who was captain of a big ship, gave him a nice little sail-boat when Hiram was a little boy, and this he used to sail on the little creek that emptied into the sea.

One day Hiram, who knew that his mother found it hard to support her family, made up his mind to help. His uncle, Captain Hunter, was soon to sail in the *Sea Gull* on a long trip from New York to San Francisco. Hiram told his mother that he would like to sail in his uncle's ship, earn a little money and do something to help her. Mrs. Lawrence could not think of parting with any of her children, even though it was so hard to support them. When uncle George came to visit them Hiram told him how anxious he was to help his mother, and then Mrs. Lawrence told her brother of Hiram's wish to ship with him in the *Sea Gull*. Captain Hunter talked the matter all over with them, and it was agreed that Hiram should sail with the *Sea Gull*, and should perform certain duties and be paid a certain sum.

During the last few weeks that Hiram was to be at home Mrs. Lawrence was constantly thinking of her dear boy and it was with many a headache that she gathered his things together and packed them, with her own little Bible, in Hiram's sailor-bag. Hiram was a sunny, hopeful fellow, and as the day of departure approached he became somewhat excited over the novelty of the trip and the many strange things he was sure to see.

The day came when the last load was stowed away in the hold of the *Sea Gull*. The hatches were battened down, the great hawsers hauled in, and the big ship began her long journey, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the receiving and sending of parting salutations amid smiles and tears. The noble ship passed out of the

harbour into the open sea, and soon was well started on her voyage.

Hiram soon became used to the strange motion of the vessel and really enjoyed his surroundings. His kind disposition, his willingness to work, and happy face, soon made him a favourite with officers and sailors. He saw many new sights, and had many new experiences. The Southern Cross, of which he had heard his father speak, seemed entirely different from his idea, but the sight of it made a deep impression on his mind. He was very much amused at the sports of the sailors when the vessel crossed the line, although he was sorry for the rough handling some of the new sailors received at the hands of old Neptune. The run around the Cape was dangerous, but the scenery was simply grand. The run up the west coast was very pleasant, and in good season the *Sea Gull* sailed through the Golden Gate and anchored in the harbour of San Francisco. Here Hiram found some letters from home, and he lost no time in answering them and giving a full account of the voyage. He also proudly sent his mother some money—the first he had ever earned. In San Francisco he met some friends of his father, who took good care of him while the *Sea Gull* was getting ready for the return voyage. They took him about the city and showed him a great many strange sights. The return voyage was made in good time, in spite of a fearful storm which was encountered off the coast of Chili. Early one morning Hiram came on deck and Captain Hunter told him to look through the glass. He did so, and saw the land. As the vessel sailed on along the coast Hiram climbed to the top of the main-mast and let his soul drink in the sight of the old familiar places. In a few hours the *Sea Gull* entered the harbour and dropped anchor. The big anchor had hardly touched bottom before a little row boat, in which Mrs. Lawrence was sitting, put off from the shore and approached the *Sea Gull*. The widow's heart rejoiced when she saw her sailor boy waving his hat to her from the ship, and when she lovingly embraced him in the presence of the ship's company many an old tar brushed away an unbidden tear.

ARE YOU PRAYING BY NAME FOR YOUR UN-  
SAVED SCHOOL-MATES?

## EUGENIE'S VALOUR.

THE cholera scare that has afflicted Europe to a degree has recalled an incident of the time when Napoleon III. was at the height of his power. The cholera prevailed to a frightful extent at Amiens, yet never a day passed that the Empress did not visit the hospitals to superintend, so far as she could, the noble work of allaying the sufferings of the stricken. One morning a curé rushed into the ward where the Empress was consoling a dying man.

"Oh, your majesty," cried the curé "two hours ago my vicar was breakfasting with me, and now he is dead."

Eugenie smiled placidly.

"That is well."

"Well?" replied the curé in amazement.

"Yes, it is well," she answered. "When once the cholera becomes as violent as that it ceases."

The Empress was right; from that day the plague abated. Eugenie's valour did much to fortify the people against the epidemic to which very many, I am told, fell victims through sheer fright alone.

## The Last Roll-Call.

THROUGH the crowded ranks of the hospital,  
Where the sick and the wounded lay,  
Slowly, at nightfall, the surgeon  
Made his last slow round for the day.

And he paused a moment in silence  
By a bed where a boyish face,  
With a death white look, said plainly  
Here will soon be an empty place.

Poor boy! how fast he is going!  
He thought as he turned, when a clear,  
Unflinching voice, through the stillness  
Ringing out like a bell, called, "Here!"

Ah, my boy, what is it you wish for?  
"Nothing," faintly the answer came;  
But, with eyes all bright with glory,  
"I was answering to my name."

In the tranquil face of the soldier  
There was never a doubt or fear—  
"They were calling the roll in heaven,  
I was only answering, Here!"

The soft, dim rays of the lamp-light  
Fell down on the dead boy's face;  
In the morning the ranks were broken,  
For another had taken his place.

Far away in God's beautiful heaven,  
They are calling the "roll" each day,  
And some one slips into the places  
Of the ones who are summoned away.  
—*Christian Standard*.

## LESSON NOTES.

### THIRD QUARTER.

#### STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A. D. 30.] LESSON V. [July 31.

PETER AND JOHN BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

Acts 4. 1-18. Memory Verses, 8-11.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4. 12.

#### CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is the Saviour and only Saviour of men.

#### CIRCUMSTANCES.

A well known lame man had been cured by Peter and John, in the court of the temple, and he accompanied them in their worship—walking, leaping, and praising God. This drew great crowds into Solomon's porch, where Peter was preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to them when he was interrupted by the authorities.

#### HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

*Captain of the temple*—The head of the band of Levite sentinels who kept guard over the temple. *Sadducees*—A sect of the Jews, whose name was derived from Sadoc, their founder. They were a small but influential sect—the unbelievers and materialists among the Jews, denying the existence of soul, angels, and a future life. Hence they were opposed to the preaching of a risen Christ. *Eventide*—It was three o'clock when the lame

man was healed. It must now have been as late as six. *Five thousand*—The whole number of male converts, including the three thousand of Pentecost. *Rulers*—The whole Sanhedrim of seventy one members, composed (1) of *elders*: heads of families, leading men; (2) *scribes*: teachers of the schools, interpreters of the law; (3) *the priests*: the heads of the twenty four courses, and the leading priests, as mentioned in verse 6. *Annas*—He was the high priest elected and acknowledged by the people, while *Caiaphas* was the legal high priest appointed by the Romans. *By what power*—They wished to accuse them of magic or sorcery, which was punishable by death. (Exod. 22. 18.) Note the boldness of Peter, who, a short time before, had denied his Master. *This is the stone*, etc., quoted from Psalm 118. 22. *Salvation*—From sin, to holiness, to heaven. *None other name*—The name includes all that there is in Jesus, of power, divinity, humanity. *Must be saved*—Why can we be saved only by Christ? (1) He only brings God's forgiveness. (2) The promise is only through him. (3) He has the power of the Spirit by which the heart is changed. (4) He is the sum of all goodness. To reject him is to reject goodness, and hence be unsaved. *That they had been with Jesus*—They had seen them with him, and recognized the manner and the doctrine and the same kind of good works. *We cannot deny it*—Facts are the invincible argument for Christianity. Its good works prove its divine origin.

Find in this lesson—

Two kinds of hearers of the Gospel.  
Two men in whom a great change was wrought.

Who is our only Saviour.  
How to grow like Jesus.

#### REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who now began to persecute the Christians? "The rulers of the Jews." 2. Did this put an end to their increase? "They increased to five thousand men." 3. How did Peter defend himself? "By preaching Jesus Christ, and pointing to what Christ had done." 4. What did they say about Jesus? (Repeat verse 12.) 5. What was the source of Peter's wisdom and courage? "He had been with Jesus, and was filled with the Holy Spirit."

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

33. How is the Holy Spirit an agent? In the works of creation and providence, but more particularly in the work of salvation.

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