Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

aison
aison
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
ed/ qu ée s
•
•
étails de cet du point de vue une image modification ont indiqués

What Think You?

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

Prais; him, all creatures here below!"
Thus sweetly sang a maiden fair.
Then closed her eyes and bowed in prayer.

One of God's creatures sings no more. But decks the hat the maiden were. The tiny form of singing bird. Whose praise will never more be heard.

Think you the maiden's song of praise A grateful offering to raise To him who notes the sparrow's fall, And heeds the ravens when they call?

WATER AGAINST BEER

"Father," said Frank one day at din-ner, "is a boy who drinks beer stronger

ner, "is a boy who drinks beer at than one who does not?"
"Why no, my boy, certainly not; but what made you ask such a question t"
"Well, you see, some of us boys at school are going to have a walking match next Wednesday, and Tom Gates and I are to walk against Will White and Fred Brown. Now, Will and Fred Brown. Now, Will and Fred both drink beer, and as Tom and I were coming home this noon some of the boys said this noon some of the boys said to us, "You stand no chance of beating, unless you take some beer before you start."

"And what did you say to that, my son.?"

"I told them I did not believe

that beer would help us any, but even if it would we would rather be beaten than to take such polson into our stomachs."
"I am glad to hear you say that, my boy; and now let me te'l you a little story about Benjamin

Franklin, the man who dis-covered that lightning and elec-tricity are the same, and who invented the lightning-rods to

invented the lightning-rods to protect buildings.

"When Franklin was a young man he went to London, England, and while there he worked in a printing office. Most of the men who worked in the office with young Franklin were great beer-drinkers. One of the men used to drink six pints every day. Franklin drank nothing but water. The others laughed at him, and nicknamed him the Water American; but after a while they began to see that a while they began to see that he was stronger than they were who drank so much beer. In fact, Franklin could beat them

with at work and at play.
"One day when they went to bathe in the River Thames they found that their Water American could swim like a fish; and he so astonished them that one of the rich men in London tried to have him start a swimming-school to teach his sons."

Frank was much pleased with his tather's story, and when the time for the race came he and Tom started out with a great deal of courage. For a while after they had started, Will and Fred kept ahead, but after a time they began to fall beliend, until

at last Tom and Frank reached the goal fully five minutes before them. That night Frank said to his father, "I see how it is; when the beer is first taken into the stomach the person feels as though he were stronger; but he soon finds that instead of being strengthened. he is only made weak, and so I mean to let it alone."—Youth's Temperance Evangel.

"Will you have cafe noir or cafe au alt." saked the hostess of Mrs. Parvent the other evening, the hostess having out returned from Europe. "I guess," altered Mrs. Parvenu, wearlly, "I cless I won't take neither—them French pudding is so awful fills, you knew, and I've eat now more than I'd oughter,"

OPERA GLASSES, NOT GUNS.

If the small boy were taught to think-of the suffering of the tuitle or toad, of course the boy would not leave him on his back. If he thought of the starving birdlings in the nest he would hesitate to kill the mother bird. Jeremy Bentham says: "Give your boy an operation of the woods to learn the patience, ingenuity and indus-try of birds." Let him learn to dis-tinguish the song of one bird from another. Arouse his curiosity as to their wonderful rabits and give him the innocent delight which the study of natural history is sure to bring into his life and holiday pleasure. Teach him the cowardical torturing history history the cowardice of torturing helpless birds.

Let him know their value as insecteaters, and that we need a great many
more birds in our woods and near our
homes than we now have.

Insist that the coming generation shall

The much-abused sparrow has friends imong naturalists, who declare him to

be a useful insect-cating bird. Let us encourage birds to build about us by feeding them and putting up bird us by feeding them and putting up bird boxes for their nests. Let us discourage as far as possible the destruction of birds, and endsavour to teach the small boy, and the large boy as well, that a live bird is much more interesting to watch than a dead one, thus we may change his interest in birds from that of a savage to that of a naturalist. One good way to do this is to form Bands of Mercy in schools and elsewhere. If you will write to George T. Angell. 19 you will write to George T. Angell, 19 Milk Street, Boston, asking for information, you will receive full directions free

The man who gets the most good out of a good sermon is the one who is willing to live it.

A-MOT DÁY.

realize the sin of cruelty and the badtendency of any act which gives the question of life or death into irresponsible hands. Jenkin Lloyd Jones says.
"It is the boys I am concerned about more than the sparrows, and I carnestly object to this putting inciplent murder into the hearts of our boys!" And the late Frances E. Willard's words in a rocent letter to Mr. Angell are none too strong: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any that are founded in the name of Christ." man who shoots a thousand birds for auatomical or technical examination learns less than he who carefully studies the habits and thoroughly learns the song of one

A HOT DAY.

How delicious it must be on a hot day to be able to go into the cool waters of a stream or pool and to wade about in it without having any clothes to take off, or having to dry oneself afterwards. Here we see no less than five horses standing in the water together, and two little-feals. How very clear the stream looks and how lazily they all seem to be enjoying it. When they have had enough they will come out and lie down on the grass, and the hot sun will soon dry their wet legs as its rays blaze down on the burnt-up fields.

A horse's life after all must be very pleasant when they have nothing to do bues.

but to take life easily in the open air on a hot summer's day, as we see them doing in the picture.

"SCHOOL'S OUT!"

"Blessed be the man who invented vacations!" So elaculates a tired teacher. We can imagine a chorus of "Amens" from fifteen millions of pupils, most of whom show more alacrity every afternoon when dismissed than in the morning when they enter the schoolroom:

Just now they are to take a long recess, turning from their books to work, to play, or, let us hope for their sakes, to a mixture of both.

Eight, ten or twelve weeks between lessons is a pretty generous onling; but if the time be reasonably and happly used, it may have an educational value far greater than the boys and girls can realize. During term-time, they are held under a necessary restraint; they are governed without their consent. During vacation, there is far more freedom; and therefore a fairer opportunity

dom, and therefore a fairer opportunity to practice self-government and self-direction; and here's a question for them to ask and answer: "What use shall be made of this summer freedom?"

To go pleasuring by the seaside or at the mountains is possible only to a comparatively small percentage of our young people; a vast majority must remain mostly at home. This is the best thing that could happen; that is, if they did but know it, and cheerfully accept it; and set themselves to making it the best set themselves to making it the best thing. It after years, the sweetest and most fragrant memories will be associated with the fair humanities of domestic life and love. To strengthen and enrich the "family feeling" is about the best service that can be rendered to our land and time.

A vacation at home, what does that mean? What does it offer to a right-minded son or daughter of the house?

Among other delights, it offers a chance to become better acquainted with one's own kindred, and to make your companionship a welcome addition to the life of the household.

Few young people realize how easily it is in their power to brighten and gladden the sober, tollsome days of their parents. Now comes a time when one

parents. Now comes a time when one can lighten the burdons which are patiently carried by the father and mother all the year round.

A few weeks of active industry in house or field, in shop or office,—wherever it will help most,—will rest and invigorate mind and body. And added to these there will be for many a boy or girl glorious hours for quiet interviews with native; hours when the soil opens to all the poets find in earth and sky. to all the poets find in earth and sky, in plants and birds, in the voices of winds and waters, in cloud-scenory and sunsets—possibly even in sunrises! And from all these fresh and winsome ex-periences one may go back to books with a quickened relish and with a deeper sense of the relation between knowledge-wisdom and virtue.—Youth's Companion.

TARTARS AND THEIR HORSES.

They have a way of living with their animals which is truly astonishing—they animals which is truly ascontaing—they talk to them, and when they wish to encourage them they whistle to them as if they were birds. If they do not travel well, they address to them tender reproaches; and when special affort is needed on their part, they say to them, "Come, my doves you know you must go up there, courage, my pets, come, go And when the difficulty is accomplished, they get down from their box and oraise and curess them, allow ing them to rest and breathe-patting them between their eyes, rubbing their noses, streking the hair on their foreheads-between their cars-indeed caressing them in every way, and treating them like much-loved pets.

The devil always has trouble in introducing himself to people who are

Better Than Nothing. BY MARGARET VANDERGIFT.

Oh, the river keeps on flowing, flowing, Till I should think there would be no

And the little boats are going, going, While I am here on the stock-still shore.

And there's a robin, and there's a swal-

Away they go, as fast as they please; And all the other birds can follow, And even the butterflies and bees.

I'd give my crms, and be glad to do it.
For a pair of nice, big, feathery wings.
That catbird looks just as if he knew it— It isn't any wonder he sings!

I'd fly straight up, and over the steeple. And I wouldn't be the least bit afraid; What a stupid thing it is to be people ! But I can do one thing-I'll go and wado !

-Youth's Companion.

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, he chespest, the most entertaining, the

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES.

\$176 St. Catherine St.,

Montreal

8. P. HUESTIS,

Wesleyan Rook Room

Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 28, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS. DISRESPECT TO PARENTS.

(Ex. 20. 12; Mark 7. 10-13.)

"Honour thy father and thy mother," wrote the finger of God on the tables of stone, "that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Our blessed Lord himself set an example or obedience to parents. He was subject to Mary and Joseph, and thus grew in stature and in favour with God and man.

Nothing is more beautiful in this world than to see the mutual love and trust and confidence of parent and child the tender, protecting love of the father and mother, the cheerful and willing obedience of the children.

There are many reasons for such obedience. The long years of love and care of infancy, childhood, and youth, the anxious thought, the daily toil, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of father and mother for the comfort, the training, the education, the launching in life of their children demand the warmest love and affection that they can return. Yet, sometimes, through thoughtlessness and forgetfulness, the young folk neglect to honour, to love, and to obey their father and their mother.

Fow things are more painful than this. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." God's law pronounces solemn doom against this sin. "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." They shall not prosper.

As an undutiful son was driving his old father and mother to the poor-house, his own little boy spoke up and said,
"That is what I will do for you when I
get big." It is the sign of a cold and get big." It is the sign of a cold and cruel heart to be unkind to those who have done so much for us.

have the great virtue of being kind to their parents, and even worshipping their ancestors. Perhaps the continuance of their empire through three thouand years or more is, in part, a fulfil-ment of God's promise that their days shall be long upon the land, who honour their father and mother. Some Indian races of this continent have been very unkind to their parents, and even put-ting them to death; and the Indian race has almost entirely passed away. May this, then, not be, in part, their purish-ment for their sin?

THE PARADISE OF BEASTS.

A poor old horse, hitched to a coupe, was sleeping a rainy night before the door of a low restaurant in which women and young fellows were laughing

And the poor, scraggy plug, with his dejected head, his weak legs, a sorry sight, awaited the pleasure of these night-birds to get back to his miserable, stinking stable.

Half asleep the horse heard the coarse jests of these men and women. He had been for a long time accustomed to Even his feeble brain taught him that there is no difference between the squeaking cry of a wheel and the cry of a degraded woman.

And this night he dreamed vaguely that he was again a little colt on a lawn where he used to gambol in the green grass with his mother, who fed him. All at once he fell stiff, dead, on the

sticky pavement.

He came to the door of Paradise. A learned man, who was waiting for St. Peter to open the door, said to the horse.

"What are you doing here? You have no right to enter Paradise. I have the right because I was born of a woman.'

And the poor plug answered timidly:
"My mother was a gentle mare. She
died, old, abused, and I came to find
out whether she was here."

Then the door opened, and, lo! the Paradise of animals.

And the old horse knew its mother,

who recognized her.

And when they She neighed in joy. And when they were both on the celestial prairie, the horse exulted in finding again the old companions of his misery and seeing their happiness, which would last for-

There were horses that had drawn huge stones over slippery pavements; that had been beaten violently, that had suc-cumbed under cruel loads; that with blinded eyes had turned ten hours each day the merry-go-round. There were mares that, in the bull-fights and before the eyes of young girls who had looked on with flushed cheeks, had swept the hot sand of the arena with their rent intestines. And there were others, and

And now they all took their own gait on the great plain of divine peacefulness. Other animals were also happy. Cats, mysterious and refined, obeyed only their Creator. They pawed gently at threads with a feeling of inexplicable import-

Dogs-good mothers-spent their time nursing their young. Fish swam with-out fear of the angler, birds feared no gun. And so it was with all the ani-

There was no man in this Paradise.

"JUST IN TIME."

BY Z. BOND.

I was quite young when it happened, not more than eight years old, and I am not sure that I was that. We were staying at the seaside for a summer holiday, and I remember that together with my loving, merry brothers and sisters we were having really fine times. Sometimes we would go out for a race

before breakfast. I think I was reck-oned to be rather swift on my feet, and I fancy I thought myself smart in that occasionally managed to reach the goal before my long-legged brothers. Then there were those splendid times on the beach when we would pile up the sand into armories or halls, and make long processions of soldiers or crowds of people out of the shells, which we stuck upright in the sand.
Sometimes strangers would come to

ask what we were doing, and this gave us a nice opportunity of describing the meetings that our evangelist father held among the great masses of people in the large cities, and which we imitated on a small scale.

Best of all, there were the evering walks and talks with our beloved mother. But the incident I thought our young readers would like to hear about especially took place while I was bathing. Now, I was not very brave at facing the

sisters, who could do that so skilfully, especially with one out-of-sight foot on the sand, could persuade me to leave the rope of safety attached to the bathing machines. But one day, when the colder weather kept many of the bathers from having a dip, and I was compara-tively alone, I noticed what seemed to be a piece of sen-weed floating on the top of the water.

At first I saw nothing remarkable about it, and my attention was soon elsewhere. Presently it came into sight again, and something unusual about it made me feel I must go nearer. wading through the waters to the utmost limit of my rope, and stretching out my other hand, I just managed to catch hold of what I thought was a seaweed, to find to my horror and un-speakable distress that it was the hair of a human being. Never shall I forget my feelings as I lifted that hair to see the marble-like face that came to the surface of the water. Young as I was, I managed to hold it above the waves while I screamed with all my Young as I might for help. I suppose it was really only a few moments before several people came to my assistance, but it seemed to me a very, very long time. A little later, and the poor woman, who was nearly drowned, was taken to the beach. At last she showed signs of returning consciousness, and the doctor said he thought she would live. A carriage was called and she was taken home to her dear ones, who had all been in great distress over the accident.

A few days later my mother took me to see the lady whom I had saved from drowning. I can remember I felt very shy when I went in to see her. She was still sick then, and in bed, but was slowly recovering. After I had been there for some time the door opened, and in rushed a little girl about my age and size, and before I had time to speak to her she threw her arms around my neck and cried, "I will never forget you; I will love you to the last days of my life for saving my mother." I burst into tears. I could not help it. I will never forget it as long as I live.

Barrie, Ont.

WALTER SAVILLE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY REX.

"There is no use trying to be a Christian," declared Walter Saville, "I am just a disgrace to the Christian profession, and I might as well be an out-and-out sinner at once. I have tried for two years to be a Christian, and yet I get angry, and get into scrapes at school, and if I see a sensational novel. I can't keep from reading it. I might as well stop trying to do right."

Two years provious Walter Saville-

had been converted. For a few months all went weil, but too soon he had allowed the faults of his nature to sway his actions. He lost his earnest desire to do right. He lost a great deal of to do right. He lost a great deal of his joy in doing right, and he was now almost resolved to give over every at-

tempt to do right.
"If I do that," he continued, "I can
make the boys at school afraid to im
pose on me. I can get into folly rackets now that I am seated at the back of the school; I will be my own master in all things."

Walter had been largely restrained from doing certain wrong things that he longed to do, and he felt that if he did not profess religion, he could do what he desired to do, unreproached by conscience.

Yet he was loath to give up every pretence to Christian living. He stifled his regrets, however, and gave himself: up to his evil nature. For a week he felt happier and freer; conscience seemed to be dead. He had yet to learn

that wrong-doing always brings sorrow. It was night. Walter was up in the attic. The light burned brilliantly, but the closely-curtained window revealed none of the light. He knew that his none of the light. He knew that his occupation must be kept secret from his stern, honest, Christian father. So he had told his father that he was going down the street to his aunt's. Then he slipped upstairs, curtained the window, lit the lamp, and prepared for fun. He had many of his treasures here,

among them a pile of musty old books. One of these he took—a "blood and thunder" novel—and began to read.

The story was graphically written, but it was as worthless, morally and intellectually, as most of those are, whose authors have to sustain interest by "coarse bloodshedding." When an coarse bloodshedding." When an author has not the genius to hold attention by his knowledge of human nature, he often resorts to detective stories, ducis, murders, etc., which reuel heart to be unkind to those who bolsterous waves of the sea. I could quire mere inventive power, and the ve done so much for us.

Indicate the country of painting those most exciting whatever faults the Chinese have, they that no personation of my brothers and degrading scenes of life.

Walter was soon at the highest pitch of excitement, and when he blew out the light and went to bed, he could hardly sleep. At last he fell into a troubled doze, tormented by visions a wreck of a train, a murdel, and an execution. Before very long he awoke He conjured up the figure of a man in a group of objects faintly seen in the semi-darkness of the room. Of course he was terribly alarmed, and even after groping across the room and finding what the delusion was, trembling with terror at the dread possibilities which he imagined because of the novel he had read.

In the morning he was sleepy and ross. Of course that made him very cross. became involved in a quarrel, which ended in a fight. The school ground echoed with cries of, "A fight! a fight!" and soon a crowd of boys was gathered. A boy was telling a thrilling story to A boy was telling a thrilling story to some other boys, but at the first intimation of a fight he was descried, and his auditors went to view the fight: A boy in the school, working a problem, left it unsolved when the news of the struggle reached his ears, and went to the place of combat.

place of combat.

Don't blame the boys too severely if an instinct of savagery, inherited from our Saxon fathers, "who lived on the pillage of the world," made them love to view the brutal spectacle of a fight.

Well, the fight ended. Walter's enemy, bruised and battered, went sullenly away. Walter was lauded as a victor.

But the misorphia sense of degra-

away. Waiter was lauded as a victor. But, oh, the miserable sense of degradation which oppressed him. He who was once known as the boy who never fought, was now on a par with the most brutal and degraded fighter in the school. Walter was utterly ashumed of himself himself.

Had he been happier since he had given up all effort to do right? At first the sense of freedom to do wrong first the sense of freedom to do wrong had stifled conscience, but afterwards he had been oppressed by guilt, fear and shame. Walter thought of the time when he had tried, to some extent at least, to do right. He had been happier and nobler then. "I would much rather be a Christian," he said. "I am sick delige wrong." He came hack to of doing wrong." He came back to Christ; and is now a happy, earnest Christian, convinced that virtue alone is happiness below."

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew She was making a pillowcase for her own little pillow. "All this ?" she asked in a discontent-

ed tone, holding the seam out.
"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she complained. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next, Then there was something the matter with her foot and then with her even and so she was full of trouble. eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie

brought it to her mother. "Should I not first send for a doctor?" asked her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could

be.
"Certainly; a little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"Oh, mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now."

Two Handles.

There isn't anything in life, But has two handles to it; And if one fails to lift the weight, The other's sure to do it.
Suppose you quarrel with your friend,
One handle is, "He's wrong!"
But try, "He is my friend!" instead,
And faithful love grows strong.

One handle to our daily lives
Is, "I and what I need!" How can we hope to lift our load With such a selfish creed?
But say, "My brother!" lend a hand
To every fellow-man,
And, lo! the strength of all is ours,
And what we ought we can.

One handle to our griefs is "Lose!"
We cannot bear them so:
The other is, "God's will for us.
More wide than we can know!"
And when we lift, beneath his smile, The burden he has given, Wo learn its meaning here on earth, Its full roward in heaven.

"To a Good Little Boy." BY JEÁN BLEWETT.

There's a cup on the very topmost shelf Of the cupboard built in the wall; On one side a vine is traced on the delf, With forget-me-nots, blue and small; On the other the words stand boldly up.
That were once a pride and joy—

For a legend it bears, this old-fashioned cup, Which runs -" To a Good Little Boy."

Twas bought by a mother, with eyes as blue

As the blossoms pretty and shy, When youth was her portion and love was true.

And the days went merrily by. On the cottage floor, where the sun-beams crept,

Romped her own sturdy lad of three, And but yesterday he played and he slept.

Such a pretty babe on her knee!

He followed her down to the garden gate On her way to the little town, "Now, hurry right back, and don't you be late

He said, with a pout and a frown. He was always wanting a long sleighride.

So she bought him a tiny sled, And a nice little box of sweets beside To go into his mouth so red.

Was there anything else? she asked herself.

She could buy for the laddle small It was then that she saw the cup of delf.
Which stands on the shelf in the wall, "For a Good Little Boy"-Ah! that meant him,

With a face as sweet as a rose!

"He is good," she said, and her eyes grew dim, "From his curly head to his toes."

So she carried her treasures, one by one, To the cottage down in the lane, Where the winter sunbeams blithely

shone On his face at the window-pane

He was proud of the sleigh, with its jingling bells, And the box was a thing of joy, "But the cup is best," he lisped, "for it

That I'm such a good little boy!"

And there, on the very topmost shelf, The old-fashioned cup it has stood, Since a day long ago, when she owned to herself

That her boy was no longer good. There comes very oft a man in his prime To look at it standing there, And, looking, he dreams of a long-past

time And the mother, tender and fair.

'Little mother," he says, "your eyes so

blue. They faded out with the tears; Oh, poor little mother! your heart so

It broke with the weight of years! And always I long when the day is done, And the night falls, silent and calm, To have you and hold you, my own dear

To tell you how sorry I am!"

true.

There is dust on it now, but, believe me, dear:

It was once a pride and a joy, With its legend of love, so bright and so clear

That runs :- "To a Good Little Boy."

Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER IV. IN THE FOG.

Ellen stood gazing over the rail at the point where the cable had disappeared, had really been done, until Samuel Abner diverted her attention by beginning to cry most vehemently.

Since there was, so ta. as she could judge, no change in the condition of affairs because of the loss of the rope, there seemed to be no reason why she should not give all her attention to the baby; and, with a view of soothing his supposed distres, the carried him into the cuddy.

The remnants of the dinner were still on the swinging table; and after the Jones baby had been treated to a large plece of corned beef he appeared to be in a more placid humour, but nearly balf an hour elapsed before Ellen-dared leave him long enough to go on deck.

The little sloop was still enveloped in the dense fog, therefore nothing could be seen to determine whether she had changed her position since parting com-

pany with the anchor.

Master Seabury was sitting near the tiller, holding it firmly with one hand, and looking ill at ease, if not remorse-

ful.
"Why are you doing that, Thomas Hardy?" Ellen asked curiously. "Surely you don't think it possible the vessel could go through the water while we

are in the harbour?"
"I guess it can't do any harm if I hold this," Master Seabury replied, in an unusually mild tone.

As a matter of fact, he had a very good idea of what might have hap-pened, although he did not propose to make his sister acquainted with it. While she had been in the cabin caring for Samuel Abner, he revolved the matin his mind until becoming convinced that the sloop would drift out of the harbour, now she was no longer held the anchor. рà

That this was true he understood by the fact that she had tugged at the cable with sufficient strength to detach it from the windless, whereas, had there been no force of current against her, the rope would have remained in place, even though it was only loosely passed over the timbers.

Believing this, Thomas Hardy realized that he had foolishly and wilfully plunged them all into a position of the gravest danger; but yet, without knowing exactly why, he thought it best to keep his sister in ignorance of the fact

as long as possible.
"Captain Hiram promised to be back in half an hour, and we must listen in order to answer if he hails, for he said it might be necessary for us to let him know where the sloop was."

'He hazn't been gone as long as that

yet."

was in the cabin quite a while, and—"
A gurgling cry of distress from the
Jones baby caused little Ellen to return
hurriedly to the cuddy where the hurriedly to the cuddy, where she found Samuel Abner in quite a critical condition.

He had swallowed one end of a slice of salt meat, and was in danger of strangulation.

"Come and help me, Thomas Hardy!" she cried. "I am afraid I've killed the baby; I should have known better than to give him so much meat !"

Master Seabury made no move toward answering his sister's cry for help. believed the sloop was moving through the water, and fancled it was absolutely necessary he should remain at the helm in order to keep her headed in the direction where he believed was Oldhaven.

Had he had more experience, he would have needed to give but one glance at the sails to see that they were not draw-ing, and known that she did not have steerage-way if carried along wholly by the current.

Fortunately Ellen did not really need her brother's assistance. She had appealed for aid without expecting any. for Thomas Hardy was not a boy who could be of much service on such an oc-casion; and in a few moments the danger had passed.

The meat was speedly removed; and Samuel Abner forgot his previous suffering in the desire to regain possession

of the tempting morsel.
"No, I sha'n't allow you to have any thing of the kind," Ellen said decidedly, as she carried him on deck. "Can you

tie him to the door as Captain Hiram-did, Thomas-Hardy?"

"I must stay right here," Master lea-bury replied curtly, not during to look

at his sister.
"Why? What need is there of any work like that when we are so near the

"I s'pose I can if I want to, can't I ?" and Thomas spoke so angrily that his sister looked at him in astonishment, Noting the palior of his face, she was

about to ask if he was sick, when an unusual sound broke the stillness.
"What can that be?" she asked; and wettention a

directed to it, he grew actually livid with fear. He had no idea as to what it might

be, but, understanding better than did Ellen the condition of affairs, feared some terrible peril was close at hand; and as a matter of fact Master Seabury had good cause for fear, although he could

not say why.

"I know what it is!" Ellen suddenly exclaimed, the look of apprehension passing quickly from her face. "Don't you remember, Thomas Hardy, how much we heard it when we came from home ?"

"What is it.?"
"Nothing but the paddle-wheels of a steamer. Perhaps it is the very one

that brought us here," Ellen replied with a laugh; and then the smile left her face as she saked, "but why is she so near the island? I am certain big boats

don't stop here, for mother said so."
"It sounds as if she was coming right for us, don't it?" Thomas Hardy asked in a tremulous voice, and his oyes aud-donly filled with tears.

"It surely doer. O Tommy! suppose she should sail into this harbour and run over us? While it is so foggy her sailors can't see our vessel! I do wish Captain Hiram would come! We must shout for him; perhaps he is near enough to hear us."

Thomas Hardy could no longer keep his fears a secret. Although not a his fears a secret. Although not a sailor, he universtood full well to how much dauger they were exposed, and the truth came to his lips.

We have drifted out to sea. Ellen "cried wallingly. "When I untied

he cried wailingly. "When I untled that rope, there was nothing to hold the sloop in the harbour where Captain Hiram left us. That's why I have stayed here with the rudder, so's I could steer her into Oldhaven.' Ellen stood gaing at him in fear and

astonishment until the full truth of his statement came to her mind; and then, instead of reproaching her brother, she took Samuel Abner in her arms, hugging him tightly as if it were possible to shield him from the impending danger.

"Why don't you say something?" Thomas Hardy asked angrily, his face growing more livid as the beating of the

paddles sounded nearer and nearer.
"What can I may?" Ellen asked piteously. "If we are really drifting around as you think—"

Of course we are. How long has Captain Hiram been away? More'n an hour; and before this he's been down to

the shore hollering for us."

"But he couldn't find the sloop while the fog is so thick."

"What's the use of talking such foolishness? Why, you can't see from this place to the other end of the vessel; and here's a steamer coming right down on What are we going to do, Ellen?

What are we going to do?" Now the elight semblance of courage which Master Scabury had retained deserted him; and relinquishing his hold of the tiller, he threw himself upon the deck in the anguish of terror

Thomas Hardy's loud wallings fright-ened samuel Abner to such an extent that he also began to cry piteously; and poor little Ellen was thus left worse than alone.

She attempted to arouse her brother by proposing that it might be possible to do something toward warding off the impending danger; that by uniting their voices there was a possibility those on board the on-coming steamer would hear their cries; but Thomas Hardy was insensible to all her arguments, and for an instant she cat motionless giving not so much heed to the perils which threatened, as to the desire to soothe the suf-

ferings of her companions. The sloop was rolling to and fro on the ocean swell, having cleared the pro-tection of the island, her sails swinging from side to side and har boom creaking on the spar; close at nand the reverberations of the paddle-wheels telling of the mighty-fabric which was churning its way directly toward them. The gray fig enveloped everything in a sombre mantle, shutting out from view the huge vessel which might soon send the young voyagers to a watery grave, and at the same time concealing their little craft from those who would willingly avert the threatened destruction, while from out the gloomy mist came a sweet, clear

"In the hollow of thy hand are we upheld.

Thomas Hardy no longer gave words to his terror; the baby hushed its wailings, and clung confidently to the tiny nurse; while she, having no thought for herself, realized only the fact that her service of song was relieving the sufferings of others.

Nearer and nearer sounded the beating of the heavy wheels upon the water, and when the noise in little Ellen's ears was like that of thunder, a hoarse voice could be heard even amid the tumult, shouting:

"Port! Port for your life! There's a craft of some kind in our course!" Little Ellen bardly heard the words, or, if hearing, did not understand their import, but continued her song until suddenly there appeared from out the log, hardly a dozen yards away, a pon-erous white mass, glinted here and there with yellow metal. There was a mo-mentary vision as of gigantic arms waving in the midst of a cascade, and then the gray fog intervened once more as the Island Queen danced madly to and fro in the wake of the steamer, which

course; but that deviation had been sufficlent to save the three children from a cruel death.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN HE WANTED.

In the following incident there is a hint for those of our boys who are looking forward to a business career. The workers in demand in the business world are not those who know how to cover up an error skilfully, but those who do not allow themselves to make errors.

A leading firm advertised for an as-sistant book-keeper, and as each applicant for the position appeared, he was conducted to the office of the senior proprietor, who at once asked him the question: "What do you do when by mistake you make wrong entries in your ledger ?

The first applicant replied that he usually made a corresponding entry on the opposite side of the account, "By error," or "to error," as the case might be, which would balance the erroneous entry. "We shall not need your services," said the proprietor, and the young man was politely dismissed.

The next applicant said he disposed of wrong entries by expert erasures, and

was dismissed as being too skilful for a mere book-keeper. Applicant after applicant appeared. Each one had some ingenious method of adjusting wrong entries, and each was quietly dismissed. with the assurance that his services

wore not wanted. At it in unassuming young man appeared. The merchant asked the usual question. "How do you proceed when you make wrong entries in your ledger?" The applicant looked bewildered for a moment, then answered that he never made wrong entries in his ledger. "You are the man we have been waiting for," said the merchant. "You may consider said the merchant, yourself engaged."

AN UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son; Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good minister preaching, for their house was next door

to the church:
"Dan," said Willie, "It is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight."

In some way white Willie was listening he felt asleep. Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to slay and did not mind triffes. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wisc, black face, and with one car ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject.

"Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg. and other tricks. While the dog was thinking, the name "Daniel" fell on his ready car. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his fore-paws drooping, close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, the sharp barks said, "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer. The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, took Dan in his arms and said: "Please scuse Dan, papa; I went to sleep and he runned away."

Then he walked out with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but he made a resolve that if he ever preached on "Daniel" again that he would not forget to tie up his

dog.-Our Little Ones.

STANLEY'S CAT.

Here is a good story of Henry M. Stanley, after his return from Africa, when writing his "Dark Continent." He used to spread his reference maps on the floor of his room, and on one day, after searching for a map which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant, who found it near the fireside, with Stanley's cat on it asleep. He started to turn the cat off, when Stanley said:

"Never mind—don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the map until the cat wakes up." The cat slumbered on and not until she rose did the famous exhad turned ever so slightly in her pierer reach for his map.



WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION TEMPLE.

THE TEMPERANCE TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

It was in 1883 that the writer was first impressed with the idea that the National W. C. T. U. should have, as an outward expression of the great work it proposed doing in the world, a building that should adequately express its purpose, and also be a source of large revenue with which temperance work, both in State, nation, and the world, could be prosecuted. As the years went by, the Lord seemed to deepen the impression upon her heart that she must undertake the work. With the hearty impression upon her heart that she must undertake the work. With the hearty co-operation of our National President, Miss Willard, the Woman's Temperance Building Association was incorporated July, 1887, for the purpose of erecting national headquarters for the W. C. T. U. The temple cost \$1,100,000. Of this

The temple cost \$1,100,000. Of this mount \$600,000 has been raised in stock. It is bonded for \$600,000 more, allowing a surplus of \$100,000 for necessions. ary expenses which will accrue before rentals are due

The lot on which the temple is built has a frontage of 190 feet on La Salle Street by 96 on Monroe. It is owned by Marshall Fleld, and is worth at a low estimate \$1.000,000. We have leased it from him for two hundred years, withcut revaluation, at a rentar of \$40,000 a

It is used as the headquarters of the National, State and city organizations, and a hall on the first floor to be called "Willard Hall," in honour of our late beloved leader and president, Miss Wilinrd. The hall seats about seven hundred. From Willard Hall the incense of prayer ascends every day in the year for the suppression of the liquor traffic and the salvation of the drunkard.

The corner stone was hid with impressive ceremonies, November 1, 1890.
Mrs. Ellen K. Curtis wrote the following charming poem on laying the corner-

A splendid pageant in a city street: Rich banners waving, and a sea of heads:

concourse vast where two great highways meet

As river flood that to a lakelet spreads.

Tis not the coronation of a king. Or celebration of a warrior's boast; It is a far more rare and wondrous

thing That fills the streets with this unwonted host.

"Not less a thing than that which ne'er was done Or dared before, in all the ages past

Which never yet was dreamed beneath the sun

In wildest vision of enthusiast.

" It is the setting of a ponderous stone For woman's enterprise, by weman's

To signalize her coming to her own And rightful place, in home and native land.

"Her place-not that of ornament or

Of pagan's victim mediaeval saint— But that of one who builds foundations

Whose hammer-stroke is neither weak nor faint."

A GIBL'S SONG.

At the time of the terrible accident a year or two ago at the coal-mines near Scranton, Pa., several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful.

The majority of the miners were Germann. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men, and despair at their own balked efforts.

A great toob of ignor ant men and women assimbled at the mouth of the mine on the evening of the third day in a condition of high nervous tension, which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmur arose that it was folly to dig farther, that the men were dead, and this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine-owners.

A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near me

was a little German girl, perhaps eleven was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from eide to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn, familiar to every German from. hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle:

"A mighty fortress is our God."

There was silence like death. one voice joined the girl's, and presently another and another, until from the whole great multitude rose the solemn

With force of arms we nothing can, Full soon are we o'erridden, But for us fights the godly Man

Whom God himself hath bidden; Ask ye his name? Christ Jesus is his name."

great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found—alive. Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn.—Our Young Folks.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE RISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES

> LESSON IX.-AUGUST 28. ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

2 Kings 6. 8-18. Memory verses, 15-17. GOLDEN TEXT.

angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them -- Psalm 34. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Elisha the Prophet, v. 8-12. 2. The Army of Syria, v. 13-15. 3. The Army of God, v. 16-18.

Time.-Probably between 893 and 884. Places.-Dothan, a little town north of the city of Samaria; the capital of Syria; the court of Israel in the city of Samaria

HOME READINGS.

M. Elisha at Dothan.—2 Kings 6, 8-13. Tu. Good for evil.—2 Kings 6, 19-23.

W. Safety.—Psalm 125.
Th. Faith gives courage.—Psalm 27.
F. God with us.—2 Chron. 32. 1-3.

S. Who against us?—Rom. 8. 24-32. Su. Trust in God.—Psalm 37. 1-10.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Elisha the Prophet, v. 8-12.

Who waged war against Israel?
Who warned the king of Israel of the enemy's plans?

What was his warning? What did the king of Israel do when warned?

How was the Syrian king affected by these results? Who did he think had revealed his

What did a rervant say about Elisha? 2. The Army of Syria, v. 13-15.

What command did the Syrian king



What was he told? What preparation did he make for taking the prophet?
What did Elisha's servant see in the

morning : What did he say to his master? Who protects God's people from their

enemies? Psalm 34. 7 3. The Army of God, v. 16-18.

What prayer did Elisha offer for the servant?

How was the prayer answered? What did Elisha ask for his enemies? What answer to this prayer came? To whom should we pass over all our rights of vengeance? Rom. 12. 19.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS

Where in this lesson are we taught-1 That God knows men's thoughts?
2. That God can defeat wicked men's plans ?

3. That God can protect us from all our foes ?

MISS WILLARD'S CHILDHOOD.

peep at the home in which Miss Millard's ear life was spent leaves no room for dt .bt as to where and how the character of the woman was formed. It was in an atmosphere of love and of devotion to duty that the girl learned her first lessons of life. There is nothing in all Miss Willard's

There is nothing in all Miss Willard's childhood, says a writer in Christian Work, more beautiful than the love and harmony that existed between the sisters—Frances and Mary. One of its pleasantest expressions was a habit, early formed, of nightly asking forgiveness for any word or act that might have been analysed or act that might have been unsisterly, and thanking each other for the kindness of the day, a habit continued till the younger said

good-night to earth.

The home life was almost exclusively the educator in Miss Willard's case. Until she was twelve years old her mother was her only teacher, and, even after that, school was limited. But the home was one where books were loved, and while she was still young Frances learned not only to read but to study, and to put her thoughts into writing.

Better than all for the young girl was the fact that the home she loved so well was a Christian home. In it Sunday was observed with almost Puritan strict-

Miss Willard tells of a Christmas that fell on Sunday. In order that no secular matters might disturb the peace of the day of rest, the Christmas presents were given on Saturday evening, and then, with praiseworthy self-denial; laid aside until Monday.

laid aside until Monday.

Fortunately for the other two young members of the household—Oliver and Mary—their presents included a Sunday book for each, while instead of the book.

Frances had a long-desired but strictly week-day elate. That slate was a treasure, but—to-morrow was Sunday, and it was a treasure prayatiable for and it was a treasure unavailable for more than twenty-four hours. A happy idea finally came into the longing little mind. Frances asked her mother:
"Might I have my new slate if I'll

promise not to draw anything but meeting-houses ?"

The plea was so natural, and so wellsustained, that Frances had the elate, her mother even drawing for her a pattern church.—Youth's Companion.

SWALLOWS ABOUT TO MIGRATE.

Which of us has not seen the swallows, at the close of autumn, congregate together in great. numbers preparatory to flying south to a warmer climate? While watchfluttering ing them fluttering about and chattering, which of us has not wondered where they all

go to during the long winter, and how they find their way so easily to such distant lands? It is the natural indistant lands? It is the natural instinct placed in them by God that leads them to know they cannot withstand the cold of a long winter, and that guides them unerringly to those clime where more congenial weather prevails.

in the winter.

In Great Britain the swallows begin to migrate about the end of October, and fly in large numbers across the Channel and through the south of Europe till they reach the African coast, where they remain and enjoy the warm winter months. When the great heats of Africa return with the summer they go back to England; this is about the middle of May. In America the swallows-ily south for the winter, departing a few weeks earlier and arriving from the south a month or so later than in Eng-

Faces That Follow

By MRS. E. M. MASON, -

Author of "Things I Remember," etc. With numerous illustrations by J. W. Bengough.

Cloth, \$1.00.

CONTENTS: The Parsonage—Mr. Oldtime—
The Supreme Affection—A Timely Warning—
The Itinerary Horso—Nicodems—Brave Benjamin—Home—Parental Matters—Impressions
—Mutual Confidences—Taste—The Aristoracy—Betrzyed—Mismated—Some Precions
Things—Restitution—Pledges—Fact, not
Fanov. Fanoy.

"We were profoundly impressed with the keen insight into character, the happy descrip-tive touches, the earnest religious spirit of its

"A vein of genius and a fine sense of humour. run through it. It contains the most tremen dous indictments of some of the sins of the age we have ever read, and some of the most touching pathos.
"It is an addition of distinct value to our

Janadian literature."-Methodist Magazine.

Many side-lights are thrown on the life of the itinerant Methodist pastor and his wife, especially on the country circuits. One is frequently reminded of Samantha and Josish Allen. The book is bright and sparkling, displays a good deal of literary shility, and will be found both interesting and profitable."— Christian Guardian.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL. S. F. HUESTIS, HALIPATE