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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1893.

17

[No. 29.]

## OFF FOR A ROW.

It is a fine thing in summer to live near some large pond, river, or lake and to be able to go out in a boat of your own when you please. Not only is it great enjoyment to sail over the calm blue waters with the sweet, pure air blowing on your face, but if it be a row boat you own the exercise of rowing is one of the most beneficial you can take. It strengthens and broadens the chest and makes the muscles of the arm stronger. Thus in many gynasiums boys and girls who cannot go out rowing upon the water are made to go through all the motions of rowing in the large gynasium room. But those who can go out in their little row boat have the additional benefit of the open air. The young man and young lady seen in our picture are fortunate enough to own this very commodious boat; and they are not selfish, for their little brothers and sisters are to enjoy the day on the water also. The young lady and the young gentleman can both row well and the little ones have already learned to sit very still in the boat, so that they will not upset it. If you are fortunate enough to have a boat of your own I hope you are no less unselfish than this young man and his sister, for it is from sharing one's good things with others that the greatest happiness is derived from them.

## ONE OF THE "WHOSOVERS."

BY J. F. COWAN.

He was an umbrella mender, grizzled and grimy. He had finished putting a new rib in mamma's brown silk umbrella, and replaced the ferrule on the end of aunt Mag's Henrietta, under the watchful scrutiny of two pairs of brown eyes that had peered through the window-pane. The man had lain the work down, after two or three approving openings and shuttings, and was gathering up his tools, with a glance now and then at the window, as a sign that he was ready for his money.

"Let me," said May, as mamma put her hand in her dress pocket and started to call Bridget.

"Ye—s," was the half reluctant answer, and the next minute a tiny, white hand was holding the money close to the tanned and sooty palm that opened to receive it.

"That's ever and ever so much to make in such a little while, isn't it? We watched you, Tony and I, and Tony says he means to be a scissors grinder and umbrella mender when he is a man; he says it is better than being just a bookkeeper, like papa, and bending like a figure two over a desk."

The man looked hard from under his shaggy eyebrows to see if the little one was poking fun at him, and then growled something about "twasn't much when you had no one to care for you and no place to call home."

"Did a fire burn you out?" was the

quick, sympathetic question, and the brown eyes looked tender. "Aunt Eunice was burnt out last week. Couldn't the firemen put it out?"

"Not that kind of a fire," muttered the man, in a low, thick tone, with a queer, half-ashamed look in his eye.

"Aunt Eunice's stable boy set her house

purpose, little girl," he was moved to explain; "but you can't understand."

"Oh, yes, I can; I know you wouldn't do that. You don't look bad, like Aunt Eunice's stable boy, and God wouldn't love you if you—oh, dear, what am I saying? Mamma says he loves us no matter what we do, but he doesn't love our bad

and child both in their graves, and here I am, an old wreck and no one to care for me. Who told you to say that about him loving forever?" His lips trembled and his eyes lighted with an intense look.

"Mymamma did," answered May, "and she knows."

"Are you sure—but I s'pose, of course, she does, though; such a fine lady as she is—"

"Why, of course my mamma knows, and it's right there in the Bible, in the 'whosoever' place, you know, and it says 'I.e. 'world,' an' that's all around, and I guess you are part of the world, aren't you?"

"A purty small part, missy. But just wait a mimit: I had a little girl like you once, an' I dreamt of her last night, an' it made me kind of hungry for—"

"Then you must come right round to the kitchen door, and Katy will fix you up something to eat," and she ran into the house to tell of the talk she had had with the funny, dark man.

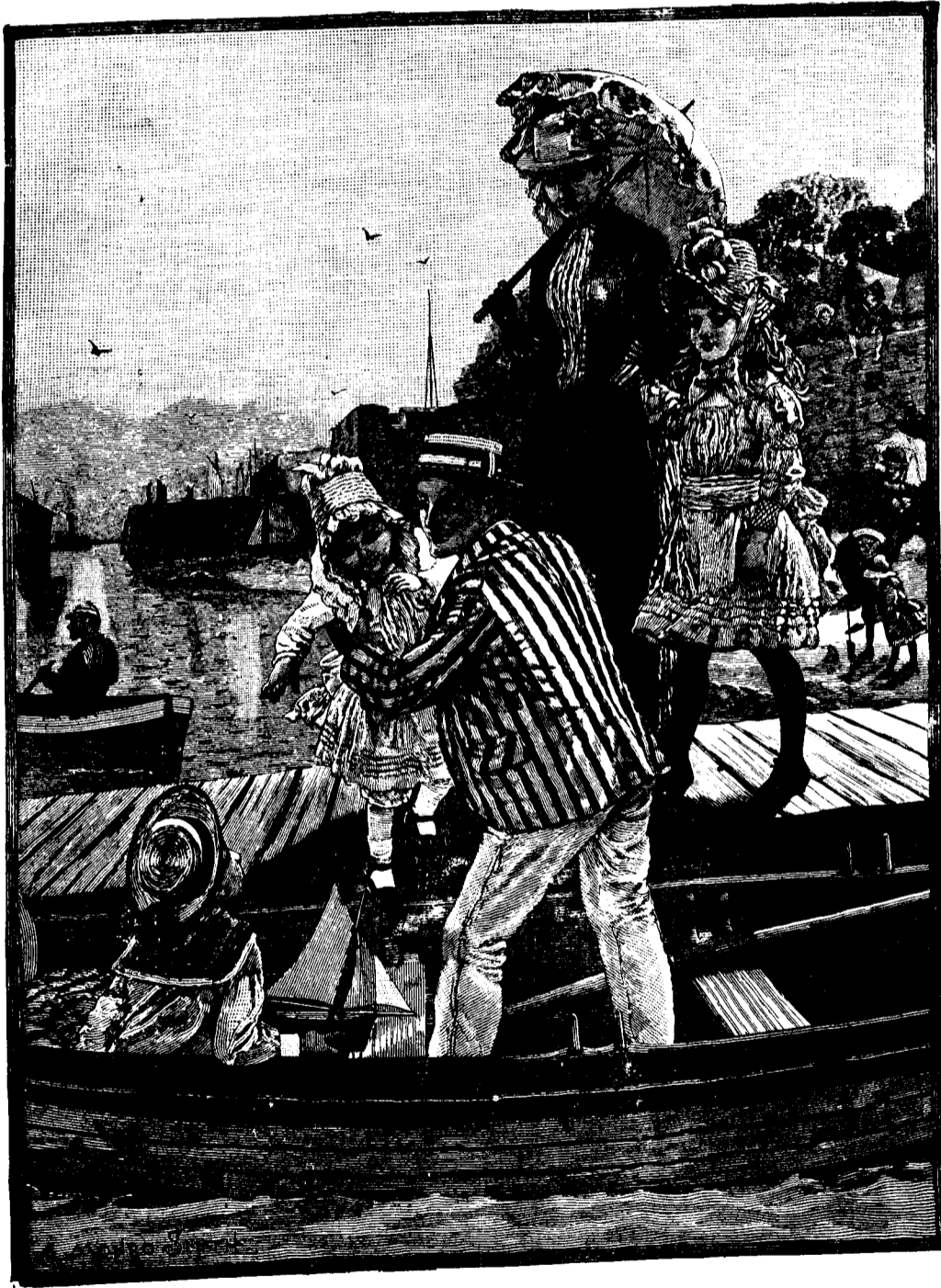
But when mamma came to the window he had gone. He had hurried off, muttering to himself: "It used to be there; it used to be there; but I had forgotten it, and I never got hold of it that way before, nohow. I must see! I must see!"

"Gone to get rid of the quarter in the nearest saloon," said Katy, when asked if she noticed which way the umbrella man had gone.

But Katy was mistaken for once, though it would have been a safe prediction any other day for the last ten years of his life. He had gone straight to a bookstore, and, in an unsteady voice, as though uncertain whether the name had been changed or the stores still kept what he wanted, asked for a cheap Bible.

"I've got the money," he growled, as the clerk stared in surprise, and the next minute he hurried off with his prize.

No one knows how it happened—the papers said it was a tramp stealing a ride—but next morning, when a mangled form was found beside the railroad track, face unrecognizable and nothing about the clothing to identify him, lying half wrapped in some tattered shreds of clothing was a new, five-cent Testament, and the corners of the leaves were turned down in the beginning of John's Gospel, and there were smutty finger marks around the verse near the middle of the page in the third chapter, and the underscoring made with the finger-nail to the words "world" and "whosoever." They buried it with him in the potter's field. Who knows the rest? Only God?



OFF FOR A ROW.

on fire because he was angry and drunk. Did any set yours?" asked May.

Again the man seemed as if struggling with some suddenly awakened emotion. "Suppose I set fire to it myself, little girl," he muttered; "but you don't know anything about it," and he was about to take himself away, but something in her look stopped him.

"I don't mean that I set a house afire on

ways. Of course, he'd have to love us, because he did once and he's always alike. Did the fire burn much?" she continued.

"A pretty home like yours, and a wife and little girl," answered the man; "but he can't love me after that, after making the wreck of myself that I have. No, he can't love such a sunken old wretch as I am. The fire I built was with whiskey. I drank until all I had was gone and my wife

it with him in the potter's field. Who knows the rest? Only God?

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavour to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

## A Health Alphabet.

As soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet;  
 Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;  
 Children, if healthy, are active, not still;  
 Damp sheets, damp clothes, will both make you ill;  
 Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;  
 Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;  
 Garments must never be made too tight;  
 Homes will be healthy if airy and light;  
 If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,  
 Just open the windows before you go out;  
 Keep your rooms always tidy and clean;  
 Let dust on the furniture never be seen;  
 Much illness is caused for the lack of pure air;  
 Now, to open your windows be ever your care;  
 Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;  
 People should see that their floors are well swept;  
 Quick movements in children are healthy and right;  
 Remember the young cannot thrive without light;  
 See that the cistern is clean to the brim;  
 Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;  
 Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain;  
 Very sad are the fevers that come in its train;  
 Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;  
 Xerxes could walk full many a league;  
 Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;  
 Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

—Chatterbox.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1893.

## "THAT IS MY MOTHER."

THE following incident was related by Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island, at the National meeting of the Woman's Christian Union, at Philadelphia:  
 "There came a woman to me with the question, 'Do you know where my boy is?' and gave me a little clue. For five years she had not looked into his face; and she thought she had traced him under an assumed name to such a prison, and would I find out for her? I located that man in such a prison, to stay there such a time; and then came a letter asking me if I would go to him, with the words, 'Couldn't you come and see me, and take a mother's message to my boy?' Mothers, can you think what message you would have sent that boy? She was in an elegant home. I sat down to a beautiful table with her. She handed me a picture, and told me to show it to him. I said, 'That is not your picture?' 'Yes,' she said, 'that is mine before he went to prison; and here,' she said, handing me another, 'is mine after I had five years of waiting for Charley.' I

went with those two pictures to the prison. I called at an opportune time; he was in the dark cell. The keeper said he had been in there twenty-four hours; but in answer to my pleadings he went down into the dark cell, and the man announced a lady as from his mother. But no reply. Said I, 'Let me step in;' and I did so. There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there sat the boy from Yale College. I said, 'Charley, I am a stranger to you; but I have come from your mother, and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her.' Said he, 'Don't mention my mother's name here. I will do anything if you will go.' As he walked along the cell I noticed that he reeled. Said I, 'What is the matter?' He said he had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours. They brought him something; and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread, without any butter, and I think a tin cup of coffee. By-and-bye as we talked I pressed into his hand his mother's picture. He looked at it and said, 'That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world.' He pressed it and held it in his hand; and I slipped the other picture over it. He said, 'Who is that?' I said, 'That is your mother.' 'That my mother!' 'Yes,' I said, 'that is the mother of the boy I found in the dark cell after she had been waiting five years to see him.' He said, 'O God, I have done it!' And then he said, 'No, the liquor traffic has done it. Why don't you do something to stop it?' He then said, 'I began drinking at home. It was on the table with my food.'

"Friends, in the name of God, and home, and native land, let us have our homes pure! I tell you we cannot have the wine socially and not reap the whirlwind sometime."—*The Issue.*

## WORDS AND BIRDS.

"If words were birds  
 And swiftly flew  
 From tips of lips,  
 Owed, dear, by you,  
 Would they, to-day,  
 Be hawks and crows,  
 Or blue, and true, and sweet—  
 Who knows?"

"Let's play, to-day,  
 We choose the best:  
 Birds blue and true  
 With dove-like breast.  
 'Tis queer, my dear,  
 We never knew  
 That words, like birds,  
 Had wings and flew."

The very next time you open your lips and speak, won't you please notice what kind of a bird it is that takes wing and flies out on its mission?

You and I are not fond of the harsh and fretful notes of the hawk and crow. We have heard their disagreeable cries in the midst of a lovely summer scene, and we know how they seemed to put everything out of harmony; how the beautiful music of nature was turned to discord.

Do you know any boys and girls whose words have such an effect? In the midst of a merry game, somebody says an unkind or a hateful word to another. Away it flies from the scornful or angry lips, its black wings darkening the sunshine; its disagreeable cries putting to silence the music of happy, laughing voices. All gentle, cheery birds shun the company of hawks and crows. They scold and complain from morning to night, but they have it mostly to themselves. No other birds can tune their voices to such a key. No other birds care to sing in their chorus.

Is not the same true of boys and girls who speak unkind words and are fault-finding and peevish? Does anybody seek their company or love to talk with them, except those who are like them and sing in the same key?

Then there is the bright and friendly bird that everybody loves, dear little robin-red-breast, with his cheery, hopeful note. How glad we always are to hear his first call in the springtime, telling us winter is over and summer will surely come. When the rain was falling heavily from the dark clouds, haven't you heard the robin's

"Good cheer! good cheer!" and grown lighter-hearted, too?

There are boys and girls in your schools and your homes, whose words bring good-nature and cheer on their swift, bright wings, and everybody gives them hearty welcome. They are cheerful and bright like the notes of the robin and bluebird, or gentle and loving like the dove that coos outside your window. The sun shines brighter where these sweet word birds fly. The flowers are gay, and all nature, as well as all hearts, happier because of them. You may "choose the best." It is for you to say like what kind of birds your words shall be. But if you would have them sweet and gentle, you must look after their nesting place, and see that only such birdlings dwell there. In your heart your words have their homes. They are thoughts at first, you know. And these thoughts grow to words, and then they fly from the heart to the lips and away, just as the birdlings grow and find their wings and go flying from the nest. Keep the thoughts sweet and pure and loving, and the words will never be croaking, hateful hawks and crows, but "birds blue and true," birds of love and good cheer.

## THE MAGIC POWER OF LOVE.

Two or three years ago the superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home, in Boston, received, one morning, a request from the judge that he would come up to the court room. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond even what he was accustomed to see. The judge pointed to them and said:

"Mr. T—, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly, I'll take them all," was the prompt reply.

"All! what in the world can you do with them all?"

"I'll make women of them."

The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than all the rest, and asked again:

"What can you do with this one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T— repeated, firmly and hopefully.

He took them all home. They were washed and dressed and provided with a good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the rest of the children. Mary was the name of the girl whose chance for better things the judge thought was small.

During the afternoon the teacher said to Mr. T—, in reference to her:

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a single smile, and failed."

Mr. T— said afterwards to himself that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only seven or eight years old.

After school he called her into his office, and said, pleasantly:

"Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman adopted her, and she went to live with them. I miss her, and now I should like you to take her place, and be my little pet. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents, and told her she might go to a store near by and buy some candy. While she was gone he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned in a few minutes, he said to her:

"Mary will you clean up my office for me! Pick up those papers and make it look real nice!"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—treating her just like a kind father would—wrought the desired change. She went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant, and half fearful of some mental wanderings, she went up to her and said:

"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh! I've got somebody to love me!"

the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down on earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love, that poor little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of joy or kindness for her. It was this certainty that some one loved her and desired her affection, that lighted the child's soul and glorified the child's face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its comfort and beauty, running like golden threads through it all, she finds the love of her father and mother.

## A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

## CHAPTER XI.

UNCLE BARUM AND LETITIA.

THE summer holidays had begun. Over the sweeps of farm-land about Ladbury the rattle of the reaping and mowing machines was heard, as they laid the harvest low; the noon air quivered with fierce heat, the birds were silent in their mid-day cover, the blackberries hung large and ripe in the rugged thickets of pasture lands.

That surprise which Mercy and Letitia had arranged for the boys had been a grand success.

How well the little room looked in the drab paint, the cheap brown paper with the bunches of roses on it, the curtains of flowered calico, the bedstead newly painted and covered with the new quilts. There were no bureau, chairs, or wash-stand, but boxes covered with patchwork or flowered calico did duty bravely for all these. Mercy had bought a little looking-glass, and turned a small box into a comb-case; Friend Amos had contributed a blue bowl and pitcher, and Friend Sara had donated a blue wooden pail and three gay lithographs.

In fact, Achilles declared the room complete, and in need of nothing but a rack for his beloved newspapers, and a corner-shelf to hold two or three books—the joint possession of himself and Samuel. Samuel said nothing, but he brought in a little brown jar which he had found broken on the roadside, mended it neatly with putty, painted it red, and set it on the window-sill to hold flowers.

"Samuel," said Achilles, "is just like a girl, he has to have flowers about." But in spite of his half-jibing speech he made Samuel a hanging-basket of the first cocoa-nut shell that he found, and asked Mrs. Ladley for a vine to plant in it. There was one good thing in this Stanhope family, they were very considerate of each others' particular tastes; that goes far toward making a happy home.

The front porch was also finished, the benches were placed on it, the grape-vines, which Achilles had planted the previous year, were trained upon the corner posts. Achilles spent considerable time sitting on a fence across the road, "getting the effect" of this porch, toward which his desires had for four years been tending.

"When I can get a nice big dormer window set in the roof of that room Tish is to have some time," he said, "that house will look fine." Then he turned his admiring gaze toward the barn. It had new clapboards, a repaired roof, a new door, and a gay coat of red paint. It was a barn to be proud of. "Some day," said Achilles to Letitia, "I shall have a waggon and pair of horses, and ten acres more of land, and then I can make my living off the place, without going to work for other people. Mr. Ladley says he'll sell me that ten acres alongside of our pasture and barn-yard."

"I'll help you," said Letitia. "Next summer I think I can get a summer school, and make as much as fifty dollars in vacation. That would buy—what?"

"It would buy me a pair of colts, about eight months old, and I'd raise 'em!" cried Achilles. "O Letitia, if you could!"

"Come in to dinner," said Letitia, "your noon hour is half gone."

Achilles was working for Mr. Ladley building fence, and being nearer his own home than his employer's, and, moreover, tempted by some dumplings which Mercy promised, he was to dine at home.

That afternoon, as Letitia and Mercy sat on the porch with their sewing, Letitia saw a gray man and a gray horse, coming at a steady pace up the road.

"Mother," she said, "there's the man I thought might be Uncle Barum!" She dropped her work and rose. Mercy rose also.

"It is! it is Uncle Barum! he shall not pass without speaking this time!" cried Mercy. And running into the road with Letitia, she held out both hands crying: "O Uncle Barum! stop! stop!"

Uncle Barum slowly turned the gray horse toward the block that Achilles had set for the convenience of Friend Amos Lowell, in mounting and dismounting.

"Yes, yes, Mercy," he said, "your house now looks fit for a decent man to come to."

As soon as he alighted, Mercy threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "O Uncle Barum, I have wanted so much to see you, for so long!"

"You took a precious poor way of showing it," said Uncle Barum. "Come in, uncle, come right in," said Letitia.

"Yes, yes, now there is no one at this house that I don't think unfit to meet," said Uncle Barum.

"I'll lead your horse around to the barn," said Letitia.

"No, you won't. I'll take him myself, and see what sort of a barn you keep," retorted the old man.

They let him go to the barn by himself, and they concluded from his stay there, and from seeing him walking about the barn-yard, examining the water-trough, and looking into the pig-pen and the chicken coops, that he was investigating their affairs.

Achilles had ordained that every day Samuel should gather up a certain amount of stones, draw them in his small hand-cart, and lay them up into a wall, which in the course of two or three years was to grow into a nice stone wall, cutting off a good field. Achilles was a great lad to plan for far-off consulates. It was thus that he accomplished so much. The old Saxon proverb, "Do the next thing," was deeply imbedded in his nature, and, as he told Samuel, it was step by step, and a little at a time, that did the work.

Samuel at his work beyond, and a little above the barn-yard, saw and recognized the visitor. He dashed down to the barn and greeted him with childish rapture.

"O Uncle Barum! have you come? How long you have been! Did you know I expected you? Why didn't you come before? Is that your horse? You'll stay all night, won't you? Did you see mother? Wasn't she glad? Tish is home, did you know that? Now you'll see Kill, won't you? Uncle Barum, didn't I tell you our place had got to be real nice? Is it as nice as you thought it was?"

"Your tongue's hung in the middle more than I thought it was," said Uncle Barum gruffly, "Do you ever stop talking?"

critically at his surroundings and at his niece.

"You've picked up here, Mercy," he said, "better than ever I thought you would. I had heard of your improvements here, but they beat all I expected. Never would have thought you could do so well in four years. Shows what it is worth to cast the drink devil out of the family. I reckon if the Lord Christ was in the world, going about now, the most devils he'd have to cast out would be the whiskey ones. You've picked up yourself. You look more like old times than you did six years ago."

"I did not know you saw me six years ago, uncle."

"Yes I did. I've seen you more times than you thought. But after that scoundrel got his deserts, I just thought you had no one to hinder you, and if you wanted to see me you could come."

"I had no idea you would let me come, uncle."

"My latch-string has always been out for you, Mercy, whether you knew it or not," replied the old man.

"Uncle! I always knew you had the kindest heart! But I had four children. I had nothing against the children Mercy. My quarrel was with the scoundrel!"

"Uncle," said Mercy, carefully ignoring his reference to her husband, "you were very good and kind to me, and I was very ungrateful and disobedient to you, and I have long wanted to ask you to forgive me. I did write you two or three letters, but you sent them back unopened."

"I wanted nothing to do with you, Mercy, so long as the cursed scoundrel was around," said Uncle Barum with great emphasis.

"After that, uncle, when I had so much trouble and poverty, I did not go to you, for I thought you would believe it was not merely forgiveness but help I wanted. Now you see I am well, and comfortably here in my home, and we need nothing but what our hands can earn, and I can tell you how much I have repented, and ask you to say you forgive me."

She had her hand on Uncle Barum's shoulder, as he sat in her big rocking-chair. Uncle Barum reached up and took her hand.

"Yes, yes, Mercy, I've forgiven you. I have nothing laid up against you or your children. That girl there looks very much like you when you were her age, but she looks, too, as if she had more sense than you had. I say, Letitia, if that's your name—I like it, too, for a name, it was my mother's—I say, you wouldn't run away to get married, would you? You wouldn't marry a scoundrel that drank, would you?"

Thus called upon to pass judgment on both her parents, poor Letitia turned crimson and tears stood in her eyes.

"No, she would not," said Mercy quietly, "there are some things which a girl can learn by her mother's experiences."

Uncle Barum pushed Mercy into a seat near him, and still held her hand.

"What's a woman get married for, any way, long as she's got some one to take care of her, and give her a home? What does she get by marrying, but hard work and no thanks for it, and a raft of children to share her troubles with. What did you get married for, Mercy?"

"Why, Uncle Barum," said Mercy firmly, "I loved Thomas. There was much in him to love. He was as promising a young man as there was in the country then. He loved me, and I loved him, and I do yet."

"Well, Mercy," said Uncle Barum with conviction, "you are a greater fool by a long shot than I thought you were! I always told your mother that that name she gave you would ruin you, and so it has. You are too soft for this world. You never could show proper respect for yourself in laying up an injury, you poor child!"

The tone of these last words and the look that went with them, suggested to Letitia that Uncle Barum's heart was not nearly so fierce as his general language and demeanor.

"Mercy," said Uncle Barum, "when you ran off you left me no one to tie to but Cousin Sacy Terhune."

"I hope she has been good to you, uncle."

"So, so, as good as she knows how to be; she has an eye to the main chance, has Sacy, but she is a sensible woman."

"And she has nice children, I hope."

"Two children; the girl is about the age of Letitia here—Madge. I don't like her much, she's a proud chit. Don't speak to you, does she, Letitia? She always seems ashamed of the way I talk and dress. I tell her I wa'n't learned grammar the way she is, and I dress to suit myself. She says my old coat is horrid; it's a good coat. I've only had it five or six years, good, solid stuff. I mean to make it do me the rest of my days. She turns up her nose at it, and hopes I'll sell it for rags when I go to live in Ladbury. But my old coat will last me out, it is worth more than her popinjay fixin's, hey, Letitia? What do you say?"

"I should say you had a right to wear what you pleased."

"Yes, yes; that's what I say. That's what Philip says. You remember Philip, Mercy? Little boy when you ran away. Now Philip Terhune is a young man worth owning. Twenty, Philip is. He lived with me from he was twelve to fifteen, and I never saw a better boy. Then he went to Ladbury to the High School, and graduated, they call it—last year. Now he is with Homer Perkins, learning stock-raising. Philip Terhune will be about the best stock-raiser in this State. He has sense, and grit, and honor, and dash in him. If you had picked out such a lad as that, Mercy, I'd have put up with it maybe. But there were no such lads in those days, and nothing would do you but the scoundrel, Mercy. I'm going to live in Ladbury. I shall hire that little house with the front yard full of roses—I always did like roses—and the pillars in the porch—the house Amos Lowell owns."

"Oh, that is such a pretty little place!" cried Letitia.

"Yes, yes; a pretty little place. Leased it for five years."

"Won't you miss the farm and be lonely in town, uncle?"

"I'll keep the farm and ride out there every day or two. I'll be busy in town. Jacob Terhune, Sacy's husband, has been appointed post-master at Ladbury. Did you know that, Mercy?"

"I saw it in the paper Mrs. Canfield lent me last night."

"Well, I'm going to help Jacob quite a bit in the post-office on busy days, and that will take my time, and I'll see my old friends to chat with. Sacy and Jacob will live the next block to me."

"I'm glad you won't be alone, uncle," said Mercy.

Samuel had thrust his curly head inside the door and announced to Letitia, "It's done." Letitia went out.

"Hurry and make the fire then," she said, "and then you may go and wash and dress clean for supper. Pick me first a few little flowers to put on the tea-table in the glass. I shall make it a party to-night, on account of Uncle Barum. How nice that you picked so many berries this morning! I will make some biscuit, and have fried chicken, and you can get me some cucumbers from the garden. Ah! there comes Patience from her sheep-earning. Now she can set the table, as soon as she has put on her pink frock and spoken to Uncle Barum."

Patty, being skilfully engineered around the house by Samuel, made her best toilet in the bedroom, and was duly presented to Uncle Barum, who said she was a fine child, placed her on his knee, and kept her there so resolutely that Letitia had to set the table herself.

However, Samuel came down from the attic, washed and in a clean shirt-waist, and did her good service, his tongue flying as fast as his hands.

"Didn't I tell you Uncle Barum was nice? Ain't you glad he came? Did you think he would? Wasn't mother glad? Think he'll come again? Won't he think you know how to make a good supper? What do you s'pose Kill will say?" and so on.

Finally Achilles came and gave his grand-uncle manly welcome. Letitia announced supper, and gave Uncle Barum a seat by her side. Samuel was so well provided with good things that he was busy eating, but after five minutes' silence he began: "Uncle Barum, I killed and plucked this chicken. It was a yellow one, Uncle Barum. Kill, do yellow chickens

taste different from other chickens? Uncle Barum, don't Tishia make nice biscuits? Uncle Barum, a most usually we eat brown bread; we have biscuits on your account to-night. Ur de Barum, I picked these berries. Kill, I've got a dollar and ninety cents laid up in my box now, from berries—strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries. Kill, if with the rest of the berries and nuts and mushrooms, I get four dollars, can't I buy one book after I get my cap and shoes, and those things, Kill?"

Finally, exhorted by all the family and threatened by "Kill," Samuel addressed himself sedulously to chicken and biscuit, and subsided.

"Letitia, you are a good housekeeper," said Uncle Barum.

"She is that," said Mercy. "She can keep house as well as I can."

"Well, Mercy," said Uncle Barum, "you were ungrateful, and ran away with a great scoundrel—"

"Uncle Barum," said Achilles promptly, "the person you mean is my mother's husband and our father, so please do not say what you feel about him—before us."

Mercy and Letitia looked inexpressibly surprised at this new departure of Achilles; Uncle Barum gave a grim smile and concluded:

"Well, Mercy, you ran away, and left me alone. You say you are sorry. I give you a chance to show it. I am going to the village and I don't want to live alone any longer. I want Letitia to come and live with me, as you ought to have done. She can go to school all the same and graduate, if that is what she wants. I think I have a better right to her than Friend Amos Lowell has."

"Friend Amos, Uncle Barum," spoke up Achilles, "was the first man to lend us a hand to help us up when we were flat down. But we owe you a good deal; you took care of our mother for over fifteen years, and were like a father to her."

(To be continued.)

BOYS, DON'T HURRY.

BY C. H. S.

Lucy Scott, in her little book, "Boys and Other Boys," says, "A boy of fifteen once came to a school where he was an entire stranger. Noticing he was slow in making acquaintances, I asked him why he was not more social. He replied, with a smile, 'I shall be as soon as the right boys show themselves friendly.' And so he waited several weeks, coming in and going out in his own quiet, modest way, until the best students, who had held aloof at first, welcomed him as one of themselves. Had he grown weary in his solitary walks, and encouraged the mischief-loving, free and easy class, who were ready to give a 'hail fellow' to anybody and everybody, he need not have waited three days for comrades."

Boys, don't be in a hurry. Wait! Don't take the first cigar or cigarette, or the social glass to please any other boy. Wait! Suppose they say you are "tied to your mother's apron-strings," this anchorage has saved to the world some of its best men. When others want you to go into bad company, and say, "You dassent," have courage to say, "No, I don't dare." Wait, as the other boy did; you'll get the right kind of companions in due time.

HOLD FAST, BOYS.

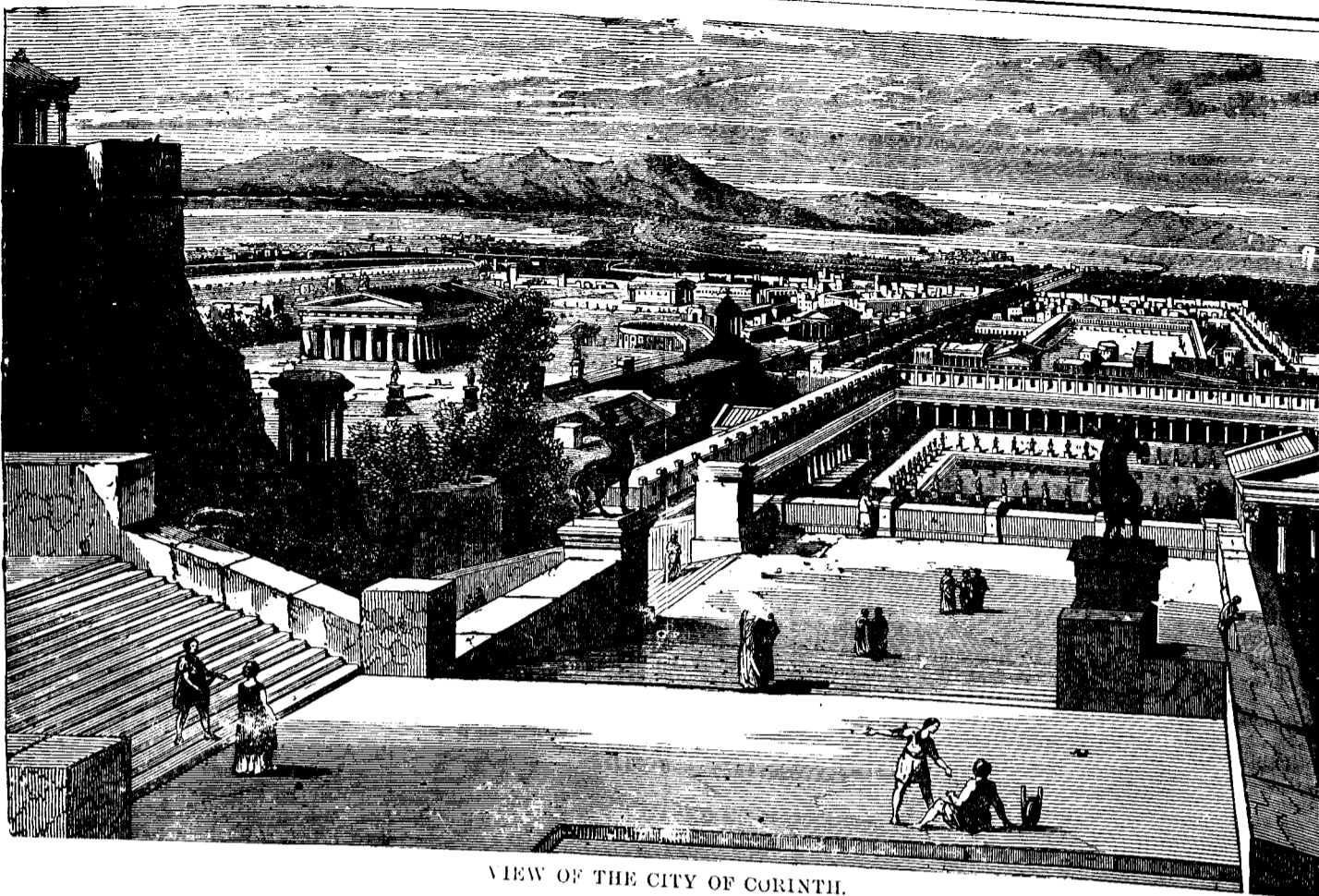
HOLD ON to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

HOLD ON to your hand when you are about to punch, strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

HOLD ON to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

HOLD ON to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

HOLD ON to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games, and revelry. Advance.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CORINTH.

CITY OF CORINTH.

CORINTH was one of the most splendid but also one of the most corrupt cities of Greece. It had an evil reputation in its day akin to that of Berlin, or Paris, or Vienna of the present day. When a man became utterly corrupt he was said to have become Corinthianized. But even here a church was established and all that is left of the worship Paul found are a few moulds. Even the names of the gods sound strange in our ears and there is none to do them reverence.

A LITTLE WORKER.

BY AUNT LIZZIE.

No boy or girl is too young to do good and help other people. Little Charlie Steele is a little bit of a boy, but he has done a big boy some good, and if the big boy keeps his promise, he has a chance to make a useful man.

Charlie lives on an island. All around is water. On this island is a large school where girls and boys are sent who have been bad and who will not obey their parents. They are taught in this school to do different things. They have lessons to learn, and they are made better boys and girls by the kind teachers. Charlie's father is the minister who preaches to these children. A great many of the boys have learned to chew tobacco or smoke. Some of them, I am sorry to say, love to drink beer or whiskey.

One big boy, who has a kind heart, is very fond of little Charlie, and dearly loves to play with him. One day Charlie said:

"See here. If I play with you, you've got to promise you will never drink beer or anything else that is bad. You've got to sign a pledge. I won't play with a boy who will ever drink."

"Well, I'll promise, Charlie, for I've heard your father preach about it. I guess I'll be better off without even beer."

So Charlie ran in the house for a pledge-card, and the big boy put down his name.

That night Charlie got thinking it over, and he said to his papa:

"I say, papa, I guess I didn't do right with John; I guess I ought to make him give up tobacco too."

"I don't believe you can, Charlie, for he will chew it if he can get it."

"Well, then he can't play with me, and I'll tell him so."

The next day Charlie saw the boy and said:

"See here. You've got to give up tobacco as well as beer."

"Oh, no, no; a little tobacco won't hurt me. I can't promise never to use any more."

"Very well, then you can't play any more with me," and Charlie stood up very straight and walked away like a little man.

"But we'll be friends, Charlie."

"No, I won't have anything to do with a boy who uses tobacco. You can't play with me ever again."

"But I like you, Charlie, come back and I'll promise." Charlie turned round with a very bright face.

"All right, then I'll get a new card," and off he ran to his father's study, where he got a pledge-card, which the boy signed, promising to give up tobacco as well as strong drink.—*Water Lily.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A. D. 57.] LESSON V. [July 30.

PAUL AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 1-12.] [Memory verses, 2-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.—John 16. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Holy Ghost Declared, v. 1-5.
2. The Holy Ghost Conferred, v. 6, 7.
3. The Holy Ghost Resisted, v. 8-10.
4. The Holy Ghost Attested, v. 11, 12.

PLACE.—Ephesus, in Asia Minor, the seat of worship of the Asiatic Diana.

CONNECTING LINKS.

The Jews of Corinth brought legal proceedings against Paul, but were unsuccessful. The Jewish opposition then descended to rioting. After "a good while," Paul journeyed to Ephesus, to Casarea, to Antioch, throughout Galatia and Phrygia, back to Corinth, everywhere making converts and strengthening the Churches.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Upper coasts"—The inland provinces. "Not so much as heard"—They had had only the teachings of John the Baptist, like Apollos, who is mentioned in the closing verses of the last chapter. "John's baptism"—With a promise of turning from sin to God. "Hands upon them"—The miraculous gift came with the laying on of apostles' hands. "Spoke with tongues"—Praised God in a new and strange manner, which was

an unmistakable indication of divine power. "Prophesied"—Gave Christian testimony. "Three months"—During these months Paul "reasoned" and taught at the Jewish services on the Sabbath-days. "Disputing"—Trying to prove to the Jews that Jesus is the Saviour. "Divers"—Several people. "That way"—The gospel way of faith. "Separated the disciples"—Holding their meetings apart from the Jews. "The school"—Probably of a Greek rhetorician. "All who dwelt in Asia"—By Asia is here meant the lands on the western end of Asia Minor. "Special miracles"—Miracles even more wonderful than at other times. "From his body"—Clothes which had touched Paul were taken to the sick.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That we should believe on and receive the Holy Ghost?
2. That the Holy Ghost will confer special gifts?
3. That these gifts should be used for the good of men and the glory of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Paul ask the disciples whom he met at Ephesus? "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" 2. When Paul had spoken to these disciples, in whose name were they at once baptized? "In the name of the Lord Jesus." 3. What followed the laying on of hands on those who were baptized? "The Holy Ghost came upon them." 4. What promise had our Lord made concerning the Holy Ghost? Golden Text: "When he, the Spirit," etc. 5. What did Paul do in the synagogue? "Spoke boldly concerning the kingdom of God." 6. What miracles did God do by the hands of Paul? "Cured diseases and cast out evil spirits."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The baptism of the Holy Ghost. Verse 6.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is meant by saying that God is holy? That his nature is perfectly good and without the possibility of evil, and that he cannot allow sin in his creatures.

How is God righteous and just? His laws and government are righteous; and he will reward and punish justly.

How is God faithful and true? His words are always true, and his promises can never fail.

GOUGH AND THE CIGARS.

THE least meddling with liquor or tobacco should be avoided. A famous temperance lecturer, who once in a while indulged in a cigar, tells us that, on one occasion, he had engaged to attend a meeting of children. Before he went, a friend said to him.

"I have some first-rate cigars; will you take a few?"  
"No, thank you."  
"Do, take half-a-dozen."  
"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half-a-dozen in your cap."

I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors, I kept my cap on, for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Towards the close of my speech, I became much in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits and the saloons, I said—

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and cold water. Now then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

And taking off my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up to the steps of the platform with one of those

dreadful cigars, saying, "Here's one of your cigars, sir."

It is hardly possible to taste liquor or have anything to do with it without being found out; indeed all secret sins sooner or later come to light.

SOME one has pleasantly said that the best side of the saloon is the outside. Though a pleasantry, it is as true as true can be. There is no place in or about this haunt of destruction and death like the outside. Our boys and girls should make a note of it, write it with pens of iron upon their hearts, and honestly and sincerely resolve to remain on the outside of the rum saloon for all time to come.

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