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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1897.

No. 23.

## A Little Scotch Song.

The king he has sillor and gowd;  
He greets by himself alane;  
Mony a care has he;  
My wee bit lassie has nane.

Fow are the tears she lets fa';  
Blithe is my birdie and gay,  
Saun' as a t-p by nicht  
An' gleg as a cricket by day.

Oh, but the king wad gie  
A' that a king could earn  
If the big heart o' the man  
Were like the heart o' my bairn.

Gude are the gifts o' God  
That he gies to the wise an' the auld,  
But the best gift o' them a'  
Is to be a wee lamb in his fauld.

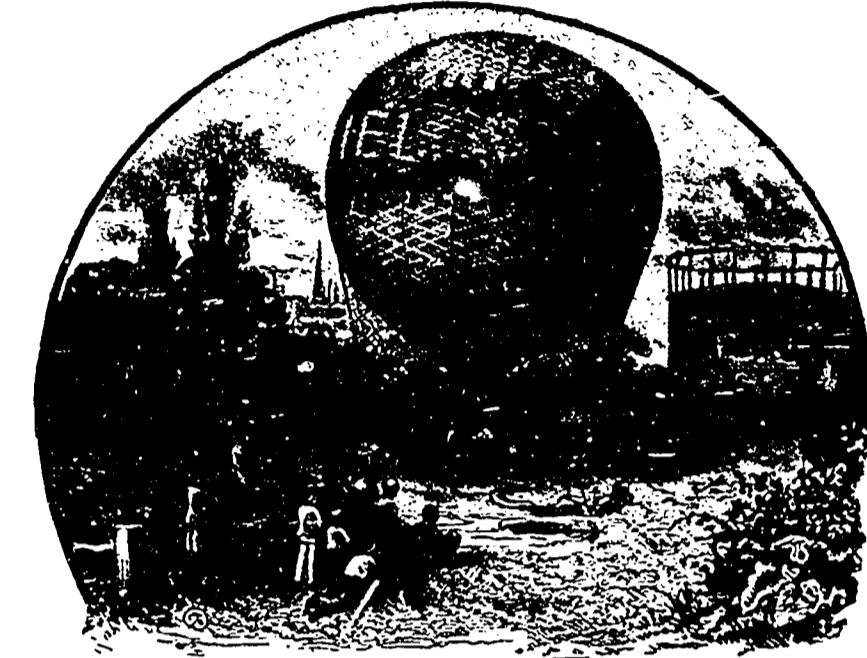
## BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

For over a hundred years men have been trying to navigate the air, but with only indifferent success. It is easy enough to rise several hundred, or thousand, feet; and it is delightful to sail with the wind, and to enjoy a bird's-eye view of the landscape beneath. But to land safely, there's the rub. It is not so pleasant to drift out to sea, or to come bumping along the ground like an india-rubber ball.

In 1782, the brothers Montgolfier, in France, made small balloons of thin silk, which, filled with heated air, rose rapidly. The following year they constructed one on the same principle, thirty-five feet in diameter, which rose high in the air and travelled a mile and a half. The same year Prof. Charles, of Paris, filled a small balloon with hydrogen gas, which travelled many miles. On its descent the peasants thought it a demon from another world, which notion the fetid odour of the gas confirmed. It was exorcised, fired at, and destroyed with clubs.

Gay-Lussac, in one of his ascents, when very high, threw out a common deal chair, which fell in a field where a peasant girl was at work. The balloon was invisible, and it was thought that the chair must have fallen from heaven, but the uncomfortable provision for the celestials was a matter of surprise. The most fantastic notions were conceived as to the possibilities of ballooning—one being a project of invading England with an army descending from the skies.

In 1784, successful ascents were made from Edinburgh and from London. In 1785, a French aeronaut crossed the Channel from Dover to Calais. Air voyaging became very popular. Green, an English aeronaut, made 1,400 ascents, and took up 700 persons, including 120 ladies. He once ascended sitting on a pony suspended from the balloon. He travelled, on one occasion, from London to Wellburg, in Germany, 500 miles, in eighteen hours. M. Nadar, in his balloon "Geant," seventy-four feet in diameter, took up a two-story house,



FILLING THE BALLOON.

weighing three tons. In 1808, a balloon burst at a great height, but spreading like a parachute, let the occupants safely to the ground. This was often afterwards safely done by design. Parachutes were employed with success for descending, even from immense altitudes. One enthusiast, dropping himself from a height of 5,000 feet, with a new-fangled parachute, which failed to work, was dashed to pieces.

The most important recent improvement in the balloon is the guide rope, generally from 500 to 1,000 feet long. When resting on the ground it takes considerable weight of the balloon, and prevents a rapid fall. Its trailing checks the horizontal motion more gently than the anchor, and it gives persons on the ground something to lay hold of in assisting the descent of the aeronaut. The going up is easy enough—*facilis ascensus*—but the coming down, or rather the safe landing, that is the difficulty.

A captive balloon at London, ninety-three feet in diameter, used to take up thirty-two persons at once, 2,000 feet. A 200 horse-power engine was employed to bring it down again. The balloon is yet, for the most part, a huge and dangerous toy, notwithstanding all the efforts made to control its direction. Arago, Coxwell, and Glaisher made it render important service to science. The latter rose to the height of 37,000 feet, or seven miles, in order to examine the constitution of the upper air. He lost consciousness and nearly lost his life at this great altitude. Shortly after

two French scientists died from the rarefaction of the air at those great heights.

The application of balloons to the art of war presents great interest on account of the remarkable success with which they were used by the Parisians, in the siege of their city. As early as 1793, an attempt was made to send news by a balloon across investing lines. Napoleon took balloons to Egypt, but the English captured the filling apparatus. The Americans used them with advantage in their civil war, the signals being communicated to the earth by telegraph wires.

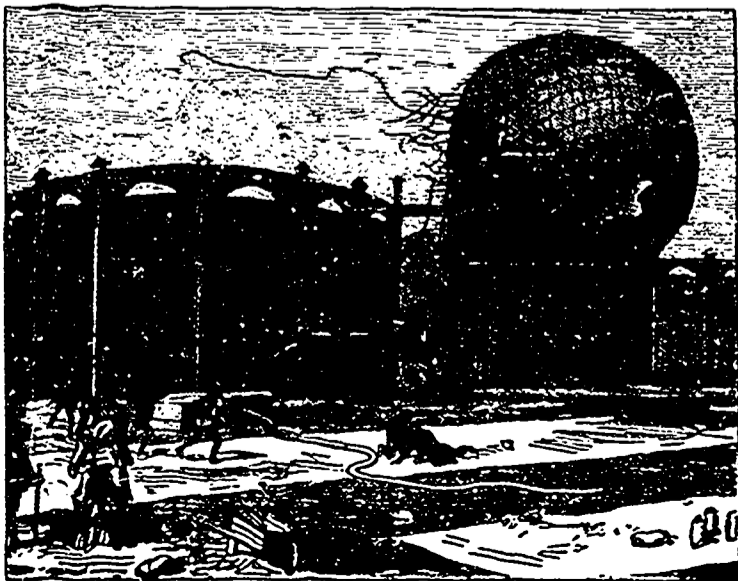
Paris, at the time of its investment, contained several experienced aeronauts. One of these, Godard, had made 800 ascents. The Government established a balloon post, and began the manufacture of a large number of balloons at the railway stations. It was easier, however, to make the vessels than to find captains for them, for experienced aeronauts are comparatively rare, and when once they had left Paris there was no returning. A large number of sailors were employed for this air voyaging. "Our topsail is high, sir," said a tar to his Admiral, "and difficult to reef, but we can sail all the same, and, please God, we'll arrive." The employment of some acrobats from the Hippodrome was less fortunate, as they made use of their skill, when in difficulty, to slip down the guide-rope to the earth, leaving the passengers and despatches to care for themselves.

In four months sixty-four balloons were sent off. Of these fifty-seven fulfilled their mission, the despatches reaching their destination. The total number of persons who left was 165, the weight of despatches was nine tons, and the number of letters was 3,000,000. A speed of eighty miles an hour was reached in a high wind. Gambetta was fired at by the Prussians, and narrowly escaped capture. Several balloons were brought down. The Uhlans gave chase whenever one came in sight, and rifled cannon were brought to bear on them. Thenceforth the ascents were made at night, which added greatly to their danger. The "Ville d'Orleans" drifted out over the sea. At daybreak it was out of sight of land. To avoid falling into the water the aeronauts threw out their despatches.

They scudded rapidly north, and approached land. It was covered with snow and dense forests. The first living creatures they saw were three wolves. They found themselves in Norway. Two of the balloons drifted out over the Atlantic, and were never heard of more.

It was comparatively easy to send messages out of Paris, but how to get the messages back—that was the question. Trusty foot passengers penetrated the Prussian lines with despatches in cipher, concealed in hollow coins, in keys, inserted in a hollow tooth. A balloon took out some trained dogs, but they never reappeared. An attempt was made to connect the broken ends of the telegraph wires by almost invisible metallic threads, but without success. Divers and submarine boats were tried on the Seine; and little globes of blown glass, which it was impossible to distinguish from the bubbles on the water, were floated down the stream, but the frost set in and spoiled the surface of the river for this purpose.

The difficulty was overcome by the use of carrier pigeons. A pigeon post was organized with great success. The charge for private despatches was about eight cents a word, but the Parisians were urged to send their friends questions which could be answered by the single words "Yes," or "No." Post-cards for such answers were prepared and four were conveyed for a franc. These were collected, and printed on large sheets, and photographed one-eighth-hundredth of the original size, on a thin film of collodion, two inches long and one and a quarter inch wide, weighing three-fourths of a grain. This small pellicle contained as much matter as twenty of the large pages of this paper. Each pigeon carried twenty of these sheets, carefully rolled up in a quill, and attached to the tail feathers of the airy courier. They contained as much matter as four hundred pages of this paper, and yet weighed only fifteen grains. When the pigeon arrived at his cot in Paris his precious burden was taken to the Government office. The collodion films were placed between glass plates, and their enlarged image thrown on a screen, like the pictures of a magic lantern. They were then copied and sent to their destination. Some of the messages were of great domestic interest and pathos. We translate the following examples: "Baby is better, she sends a kiss to papa." "All well, you will find charcoal in the cellar." There were many money orders payable to persons in the city. The pigeon post was often interrupted. Of three hundred and sixty-three pigeons sent out of Paris, only fifty-seven returned. Many were lost in fogs or chilled with cold, and it is said the Prussians chased them



A FALSE START.



AN ASCENT.

with birds of prey. Great was the excitement caused by the arrival of these pretty couriers. No sooner was a pigeon seen in the air than the whole city was roused, and remained in a state of intense anxiety till the news was delivered. A contemporary engraving represents Paris as a woman in mourning, anxiously awaiting, like Noah's imprisoned family, the return of the dove.

The greatest difficulty in air voyaging is that of giving direction to the balloon; to make it travel through, not with the air. Gifford's balloon, spindle-shaped, one hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet in diameter, took up a three horse-power engine, weighing three hundred pounds, which turned a fan-armed screw one hundred and ten revolutions in a minute. To avoid the danger of exploding the gas in the balloon the chimney was turned downward, and the draught was caused by the steam-blast. This sailed against the wind seven miles an hour and steered well. The aeronaut was thus able to choose his place of descent, and to avoid that dragging with the wind which is so often the cause of the fatal termination of balloon voyages.

The following is a graphic account of a balloon ascension which took place in St. Louis, in June, 1837, and is illustrated in our cuts:

"A little before midnight of June 16th, the balloon was made ready for filling. At 1 p.m., the hour set for sailing, the huge yellow cloth dome was less than three-quarters full. In the strong wind it now and then tore away, as if about to fly to cloud-land without its crew. To the netting were fixed a hundred bags of sand—some of them more than eighty pounds in weight; and added thereto were hundreds of stout men. The bags swung in the air like mere tassels; and the men were often brought upon tip-toe as they grimly held on. The lifting power of the balloon was equal to three tons. Its four passengers, provisions, and fully three-quarters of a ton of paper and sand, also camera and plate-cases, and other traps, made a total weight of two and a quarter tons.

"Now! Let go!" As the aeronaut shouts this, the men release the car. Like a huge bird our ship rises from the ground. We have no sense of going up,—no, not at all. All things else go down, down. The crowds as they cheer and swing their hats, it is they who fall away below us, and fast fade into a mass of tiny specks of life and colour, until the whole city is but a spot upon the wide view of the earth. The last sound to reach us, as we were about a mile high, was the sharp shriek of a locomotive. I saw one express train as we soared above its tiny track, and it looked like a mere toy train a few inches long, which did not seem to move faster than a snail; yet we knew that it was on its way with its usual speed—thirty miles an hour at least. A mile and a half high, and still going up!

"Higher and higher, the earth seems bigger and bigger, as the circular line it makes with the sky grows larger and larger. With two and a quarter tons' weight, still our bird mounts rapidly upward—now two miles, now two and a half. Rivers are mere white threads; and lakes are patches of silver set in a carpet of many hues. The forest trees are bushes, that look as if a small scythe might easily mow them down. The thin air and our rapid upward flight make my head roar, as if with the sounds of noisy drums; I feel dizzy—like one about to faint away. From the discomforts of 96 degrees of heat in the shade when we left the earth, we have come to the chilly comfort of 37 degrees—a drop of nearly 60 degrees in less than an hour. Very soon our ship touches nearly 18,000 feet, a point which is said to be above that ever made by any other balloon this side of Europe.

"An instant later the balloon begins to descend at the rate of fifteen feet per second, which is only one foot less than the distance a heavy stone falls the first second. A few seconds more, and our ship drops so fast that the car seems to fall away from us. Our captain shouts, 'Over with the ballast! Quick!' I gaze over the car. The earth seems to fly toward us—up, up it comes; the fields and woods grow large, and hamlets and cities spring into sight on every hand. At last, after nearly a quarter of a ton of weight is thrown out, our rate of descent slows a little; a third of our drag-ropes trails among the tall forest trees, and we are distant from the earth but 400 feet! And now our balloon comes at last to a pause, and we are safe! It goes up again lazily, a mile high, then descends to less than half a mile, and rises again, falling as the gas escapes and rising as the sand is thrown out. Moore casts out the anchor, or grapnel; with its four sharp prongs of bright steel, it truly has an ugly, hungry look. "Now look out! The sharp anchor

catches hold for the first time. With its greedy prongs it grips the turf, lets go, bounds twenty feet in the air, and lands again. A dozen farm hands chase us for a mile. At last a German farmer's wife, as we sail past her house, gives the long drag-ropes a quick turn about the trunk of a stout apple-tree in her door-yard. This fetches us up with a jerk, and nearly spills us out of the car. Here, tied fast to the tree, we are still two hours in coming to the ground, although aided by a crowd of strong, active men.

"This is not a very pleasant way of travelling, or, at least, of stopping. But we must not, however, despair that the ingenuity of man will yet discover a mode of controlling balloons, which will make sailing through the air one of the safest as well as one of the swiftest and pleasantest kinds of locomotion."

The present writer's only balloon experience was in the city of Paris, in 1879. My last view of this beautiful city, the evening before I left it, was a bird's-eye view from the car of the balloon "Geant," which ascended from the Place des Tuilleries. The French manage this sort of thing admirably. A large space was enclosed by a high fence, above which the monster form of the balloon could be seen, tugging like a new Prometheus at his chains. Indeed, the huge swaying mass, over a hundred feet high, was a conspicuous object far and near. On paying a small admission fee, one enters the enclosure, where an excellent band discourses choice music. Those who wish to make the ascent purchase tickets—price two dollars—at an office. These tickets are all numbered consecutively, and one may enter the car only in the order in which his number is called. I had the pleasure of waiting a couple of hours for my turn. I came within three of getting a place, but had to wait for the next ascent.

The same rule holds good for omnibuses. As soon as twelve persons enter an omnibus, a placard marked "Complet" is exhibited, and no one need seek admission. An enterprising tourist, not quite perfect in the language, complained that he went to every place in Paris except to Complet, as the omnibuses for that place were always full.

The balloon was tethered to the earth by a strong cable, as thick as a man's arm, which was coiled on a huge drum, turned by two engines of three hundred horse-power. Its diameter was thirty-six yards, and its contents of gas 25,000 cubic yards. It ascended about 1,800 feet, and took up fifty persons at a time. The cable was carried from the drum underground, to the centre of a large sunk space, or pit in the ground, into which the car descended. A gangway was run out from the edge of the pit to the car, by which one went on board. The car and the strong rope that tethered it to the earth are shown in cut on first page.

The strangest sensation about the ascent was, to use a Hibernian privilege, the utter absence of all sensation. The car seemed to be absolutely motionless, without the least jar or tremor,\* but the earth seemed silently to sink and sink, "as if the bottom had fallen out of everything," as some one expressed it. The horizon gradually rose higher and higher, and the city sank, till it looked like a great shallow saucer, rising to the level of the eye on every side. I had been taught that the earth was convex, but if I would believe the testimony of my eyes, I would be sure that it was a great concave disc. I suppose I did not go high enough to perceive its true convexity.

But what tongue or pen could describe the beauty of the scene! It was about an hour before sunset, and the mellow light bathed every object in a flood of pale gold. The grand avenue of the Champs Elysees, stretching for more than a mile, was thronged with carriages, and with gaily-dressed promenaders, and the fountains flashed like diamonds in the sun.

Higher and higher we rose, till the city lay spread out like a map beneath the feet. It looked like a toy city, or like the models of the French seaports and arsenals, which are shown in the Musee de Marine, in the Louvre. Each street and square, the winding Seine with its quays and bridges; the old historic piles—the Palais Royal, the Tuilleries and Louvre, were directly beneath the eye. The view of the far-winding

\* In being hauled down, however, the balloon tugs like a huge giant at his chains, and sways about in the wind. A few days after I ascended it fell over on its side, was caught by the wind, and badly torn, and was not afterwards used. As each passenger left the balloon, he was presented with an elegant gilt medal and ribbon as a souvenir of the ascent.

Seine, of the grand environment of the city, of the girdle of forts which seems almost impregnable to defend it, will not soon be forgotten.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 13, 1897.

Elijah fleeing from Ahab.—1 Kings 19. 1-8.

AHAB.

He was the king of Israel, but though he occupied a high and important position, he was a bad man, and was the cause of much suffering among the people, who were his subjects. You know the passage which says, "One sinner destroyeth much good," and the more influential his position, the greater will be the amount of evil which he will be the means of perpetrating. How important that we should secure good rulers!

JEZEBEL.

She was the wife of Ahab, and therefore was queen of the country, but she was by far the most wicked of the two. Between them, they had been the means of bringing God's wrath upon the nation. For three years and six months there had been such dearth in the land that the people and their cattle had perished, chiefly for want of water. Idolatry was established by royalty, which was the chief sin of the age. The prophets of Baal were hundreds in number, all of whom enjoyed not only the necessities but also the luxuries of the palace. They fared well, so far as the things of this world were concerned.

THE WONDERFUL TEST.

Elijah sent a message to the king, for all the prophets of Baal to meet him at Carmel, where it should be proved who was the true God. Of this wonderful occurrence you can read in the previous chapter. Read it again and again, until you have the incidents engraven on your memory. The God that answered by fire was to be the true God, as the people declared most truly. Elijah commanded the people to put the wicked prophets to death. The command was soon obeyed. No doubt the people felt indignant towards them, as they now saw that Baal, whose wicked prophets had led them astray, was no God, and therefore they soon put them to death. Jezebel sent forth her denunciations against Elijah, and threatened what she would do. Verse 2.

ELIJAH.

This prophet of the Lord, who had done so many heroic deeds, and whose character was untarnished by the least stain of moral impurity, seemed now to be filled with alarm, and fled for his life. You think it strange, that one who had distinguished himself in such a marvellous manner, should become so suddenly afraid. He was a man of like passions with us. Poor human nature is liable to err. Fits of melancholy sometimes come upon some of the best persons. These things are allowed to befall us for our good, and to teach us how much we need strong faith in God.

THE END.

Ahab and Jezebel died in disgrace, as they deserved to do, but see what an honourable career Elijah had. We would like all the members of our Leagues to become familiar with his honourable career and triumphant death. See how marvellously God took care of him. A poor widow was once his almoner; then ravens fed him with flesh and water, and now a miracle occurs on his behalf, under the juniper tree. Behold his grand ascension! He walked with God, and one day they walked into heaven. Elijah loved his home so well he never returned again to earth. So love God and he will care for you.

STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

II.

WINDSOR AND OSBORNE.

Queen Victoria liked to wear the lovely swan's-down when she was young. When she was married and drove with Prince Albert to Windsor Castle, she wore a white satin pelisse profusely trimmed with swan's-down. She wore a white bonnet, too, trimmed with white plumes, and somebody says she looked like a white dove.

As the Queen and the Prince drove near to Windsor, who, do you think, came out to meet them?

"The Eton boys, to be sure!"

Eton is a school, a very old school, not far from Windsor Castle. And it was the most natural thing in the world for the boys to want to see and cheer their Queen and the Prince.

On they came, running, shouting, and waving their hats like mad!

The Queen liked it, for she tells in her journal how the boys "swarmed up the mound, and as the Queen and the Prince descended at the grand entrance, they made the old Castle ring again" with their cheers.

Windsor Castle is very old, and it is one of the Royal Homes of England. It is the property of the nation. When the Queen is there, the flag is kept flying from the great round tower, which you may always see in a picture of Windsor.

Windsor Castle is a huge place, but there are plenty of cosy rooms for a happy family to nestle into, and Queen Victoria's was a happy family. The Queen herself once said:

"We all have our trials and vexations, but if one's home is happy, then the rest is comparatively nothing."

We all understand that, I think. By-and-bye, the children "were as many as the days of the week," that was what they said themselves; and they had a little struggle as to who should be "Sunday." But at last the little royal brothers and sisters agreed that the baby should be "Sunday."

There were the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales, and Alice, Alfred, Helen, Louisa, and Arthur, who was the baby. Each one of them has a long list of names, which I cannot tell you, because it would take too much room. They had short pet names, too.

The Princess Royal, whose name is Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, was called "Vicky" and "Pussy."

The Prince of Wales (Albert Edward) was called "Bertie," and a very happy family of children these were. The little "Pussy" often said her lessons to her mamma; and wrote the Queen: "It is a hard case for me that my occupation prevents me from being with her when she says her prayers."

So you see a queen has an "occupation," just the same as other people; and if she performs her duties well, she has plenty to do.

After a few years the Queen and the Prince thought they would like a home of their very own. For as I told you, the English nation owns Windsor Castle, and Buckingham Palace. So they bought one in the lovely Isle of Wight.

This island lies south of England, in the English Channel. The house is called Osborne House. The estate comprises twenty-three hundred acres, and there is a beautiful beach, and groves where the nightingales sing early and late. Prince Albert used to whistle to the nightingales in their own note, and they would answer.

In recalling some instances of his childhood, Lord Macaulay once said, "When a boy, I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed; but now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from beginning to end."

The Daughter's Turn.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

Lay the book down, Isabel, before the story's done;  
Leave your picture, Marion, though the piece be just begun;  
Come from dreamland, Miriam, however sweet the dream,  
Wash the dishes, bake the bread, sow the waiting seam.  
School is over; hasten another task to learn—  
Mother's worn and weary; it is now the daughter's turn.

Watch lest you be wanting in what her heart most needs—  
Earnest, thoughtful service, gentle, loving deeds.  
As her footsteps falter, O may she never miss  
A daughter's strength to lean on, a daughter's tender kiss.  
A lifetime is not long enough your filial debt to learn—  
Mother's worn and weary; it is now the daughter's turn.

“Probable Sons.”

CHAPTER V.  
A PRODIGAL.

“Uncle Edward, nurse and I are going shopping; would you like us to buy you anything? We are going in the dog-cart with Harris.”

Milly was dancing up and down on the rug inside the front door as she spoke. It was a bright, frosty morning, and Sir Edward was leaving the breakfast-room with the newspaper and a large packet of letters in his hand. He stopped and glanced at the little fur-clad figure as she stood there, eager anticipation written on her face, and his thoughts went back to the time when he as a boy looked upon a day's visit to the neighbouring town—nine miles away—as one of his greatest pleasures.

“Yes,” he said, slowly fumbling in his waistcoat pocket; “you can get me some pens and blotting-paper at the stationer's. I will write down the kind I want, and here is the money. Keep the change, and buy anything you like with it.”

He handed her half a sovereign, and Milly's cheeks flushed with delight as she took it.

“I've never had a gold piece of money before. What a lot it will buy!” she said. “Thank you very much indeed. I was wanting to buy something my own self, and I've only a threepenny bit cook gave me, but now I shall be quite rich.”

It was late in the afternoon when nurse and her little charge drove back, and Sir Edward met them coming up the avenue. Milly's face was clouded, and there were traces of tears on her cheeks, and this was such an unusual sight that Sir Edward inquired of the nurse what was the matter.

“She has not been good, sir, I am sorry to say. It isn't often that I have to pull her up, but she has given me such a fright and trouble this afternoon as I am not likely to forget in a hurry.”

“What has she been doing? But never mind; I will not detain you now. I can hear about it when we get in.”

Nurse was evidently very disturbed in mind, for she poured into Sir Edward's ear, directly they were inside the hall, a confused story:

“I was in the grocer's, sir, and I knew I should be there some time; for cook, she gave me so many commissions I had to write a long list of them. I said to Miss Milly, ‘You can stand outside, but don't go a step farther.’ She knows she is never allowed to speak to such people; I've known, as I told her, children being carried bodily off and set down at a street corner with hardly a rag on their backs; and to think of her marching off with him, and never a thought of my anxiety—and the way I went rushing up and down the streets—and the policemen—they are perfectly useless to help a person, but can only stare at you and grin. I'm sure I never expected to light eyes on her again, and I lost my purse and my best umbrella; I left them both somewhere, but it was nigh on two hours I spent, and my shopping not near done, and he the greatest-looking rascal one might see coming out of gaol. I'm sure I shouldn't have been so angry but to see her smiling face, as if she hadn't done any wrong at all, nor disobeyed me flatly, and most likely put herself in the way of catching the most infectious disease from the very look of him, and run the risk of being robbed and perhaps murdered, and not an idea in her head that she was a very naughty child, but quite expected me to see the reasonableness of it all!”

Nurse stopped for breath, whilst Milly's hanging head, heaving chest, and quick sobs showed that by this time nurse's words had quite convinced her of her wrong-doing.

Sir Edward was surprised at the interest he felt in his little niece's trouble.

“I am afraid I cannot understand your story, nurse,” he said quietly, “but I daresay Miss Millicent will tell me herself. Come into the study, child, with me.”

He took her hand in his, and led her away, whilst nurse looked after him in astonishment, and Ford, the old butler, standing by, said with great solemnity,—

“You may well stare, nurse. Mark my words, that child will be able to twist him round with her little finger one of these days. I see it a-developin'; it will be a terrible come-down to the master—but there, I will say that the women always conquer, and they begin it when they're in short frocks.”

“I don't see the remarkableness in a gentleman taking notice of his own sister's child,” returned nurse testily; “the wonder is that he should hold her at arm's length as he does, and treat her as if she were a dog or a piece of furniture, without any feelings, and she his own flesh and blood, too. There's no ‘coming down’ to have a spark of humanity in his breast occasionally.”

And nurse sailed upstairs, the loss of her purse and umbrella having considerably ruffled her usually even temper.

Sir Edward seated himself by the study fire, and Milly stood before him, one little hand resting upon his knee and the

other holding her tiny handkerchief to her eyes, and vainly trying to restrain her sobs.

“Now, suppose you stop crying, and tell me what has happened!” her uncle said, feeling moved at seeing his usually self-contained little niece in such grief. Milly applied her handkerchief vigorously to her eyes, and looking up with quivering lips, she said,—

“I didn't mean to be naughty, uncle. Nurse hasn't been angry with me like she is now for years, and I'm so unhappy!”

The pitiful tone and look touched Sir Edward's heart, and, on the impulse of the moment, he did what he had never as yet attempted; lifted her upon his knee, and told her to proceed with her story; and Milly, after a final struggle with her tears, got the better of them, and was able to give him a pretty clear account of what had happened.

“I had bought your pens and blotting-paper, uncle, and was going to a picture-shop to spend the rest of my money when nurse had finished at the grocer's. I was standing outside, when I saw a man coming along. He limped, and his hat was broken in, and he was so ragged that I thought he must be a probable son, and then I thought he might be Tommy going home, and when I thought that, I couldn't think of anything else, and I forgot all about nurse, and I forgot she told me to stay there, and I ran after

him as hard as I could. I caught him up, and he looked very astonished when I asked him was his name Tommy. He said, ‘No,’ and he laughed at me, and then I asked him was he a probable son, because he looked like one. He said he didn't know what kind of a person that was. And then I had to explain it to him. He told me he had never had a home to run away from, so that wouldn't do; but he really looked just like the man I've seen in Mr. Maxwell's picture, and I told him so, and then I found out what he was, and I was so sorry, and yet I was so glad.”

Milly paused, and her large, expressive eyes shone as she turned them up to her uncle's face, and her voice dropped almost to a whisper as she said,—

“I found out he was one of God's probable sons. When I asked him if he had run away from God, he said yes, he supposed he had done that, so of course he was ragged and unhappy.”

“That is not always the case,” put in Sir Edward, half touched, half amused. “Sometimes it is very rich people who run away from God, and they get richer when they are away from him.”

“But they can't be happy, uncle. Oh, they never can be!”

“Perhaps not.”

“Well, I talked to this poor man till we had walked quite away from the shops, and then he turned down a lane, and I went with him; and we were both rather tired, so we sat down together on some doorsteps inside an archway, and he told me all about himself. His name is Jack, and his father and mother are

dead, like mine; and he got drunk one night, and fell down and broke his arm, and then he went to a hospital; and when he got well and went back to his work again, his master couldn't take him, because some one else was in his place, and he couldn't get any work. I asked him were there no pigs to keep, but he said there weren't any in London, and he was there, and for six months, he told me, he had been ‘on the tramp’; that's what he called it. I asked him what that meant, and he said just walking on every day to no place particular. And he said something about going to the bad, which I couldn't quite understand. Then I asked him why he didn't go back to God, and he said he had been a good boy once, when he went to Sunday-school, and he had a very good uncle who kept a baker's shop in London, and who wanted him to go and live with him, but he wouldn't, because he was too good for him. And I asked him why he wouldn't go to him now, and he said he couldn't tramp back again to London, it was too far, and he had no money. So then I opened my purse, and we counted over my money together, and he said it was seven shillings and a sixpence, and it would be just enough to take him back, if I would lend it to him. So of course I did, and he asked me my name and where I lived, and I told him.”

“The scoundrel!” muttered Sir Edward.

Milly paused. “Why are you looking so angry, uncle? I was so glad to give him the money; and then we talked a good deal, and I begged him not to be one of God's probable sons any more. Fancy! He wouldn't believe God loved him, and he wouldn't believe that God wanted him back! I told him I should be quite frightened to get away from God, and he—well, he almost didn't seem to care, he said no one cared what came of him, whether he was hung dead, or not; and I told him no one cared for me much except nurse, but God did. I feel he loves me, and I know he loves Jack just the same; doesn't he, uncle?”

“And when did nurse find you?” inquired Sir Edward, evading this question.

Milly's little face, which had been gradually brightening with the interest of her story, now clouded over again, and she hung her head.

“She was fearful angry with me; she was quite hot and red, and she snatched me away, and said that Jack was a thief and—a vagabond, or something like that. She scolded me all the way home, and I don't think she will ever love me again. She said it was just a chance she found me, and if she hadn't come along that lane I should have been lost forever! And she was angry most of all because I shook hands with Jack and wished him good-bye. I don't think nurse would run and meet a probable son if she had one; she thinks all ragged people are wicked. But I'm—I'm dreadful sorry I was disobedient. Do you think I have been very naughty, Uncle Edward?”

Sir Edward twisted the ends of his moustache slowly. “I think you were naughty to run after a strange man like that, and I quite understand nurse's displeasure. You made her exceedingly anxious.”

“And is God very angry with me?”

“God is not pleased with disobedient children.”

“May I kneel down and ask him to forgive me now?”

Sir Edward hesitated. “I think you had better go to the nursery and do it there.”

“I don't want to see nurse till I have done it. May I? Will you ask God to forgive me too?”

“Your prayer will be quite sufficient.” Milly slipped off his knee, and then, kneeling down with folded hands and closed eyes, she said softly,—

“Please God, will you forgive me? I'm so sorry I disobeyed nurse and ran away. And please take care of Jack, and bring him back to you, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.”

“Now run along to nurse, and don't cry any more,” said Sir Edward, as he rose from his seat.

Milly looked back wistfully as she reached the door.

“Do you think nurse is still angry?”

“Tell nurse from me that she need not scold you any more; the loss of your money ought to be a lesson to you.”

“But I didn't lose it, uncle; I lent it to Jack; he wouldn't let me give it to him; he said he would send it back to me in a letter.”

Sir Edward laughed unbelievably, and Milly trotted upstairs to be received with open arms by nurse at the nursery door. “There! never mind, my dear. I have been very angry with you, but you'll never do such a thing again. Come and have your tea. I've had a cup already, and feel wonderful better. Now, don't cry any more; bless your little heart, I can't bear to see you in tears.”

With that nurse took her up in her arms; and poor, tired little Milly whispered as she clung to her,—

“I was afraid you would never love me again. I've told God I'm sorry; do you quite forgive me?”

“Quite, my lamb,” was the reply; “and as to loving you, I shouldn't give over doing that if you were twice as troublesome.”

(To be continued.)



MILLY GOING SHOPPING FOR HER UNCLE.

NOT A GOOD PLACE FOR DOCTORS.

The Westminster Gazette tells a good story in connection with the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's advocacy of temperance:

He had been on a visit to one of the three or four small towns in England which have no public-house. Although there were 4,000 people there, the doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice as to going to the place to practice. Sir Benjamin, placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders, said:

“Take my advice, and don't. Those tetotalers not only have no accidents, but when wounded, heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing.”

**Wishing.**

One day a lonesome hickory-nut,  
At the top of a waving tree,  
Marked, "I'd like to live in a shell,  
Like a clam, beneath the sea."  
  
And just at this time a clam observed,  
'Way down in a tossing sea,  
'I'd love to dwell in a hickory-nut  
At the top of a lofty tree"

Thus both of them wished and wished  
and wished,  
Till they turned green, yellow and  
blue;  
And that, in truth, is just about what  
Mere wishing is likely to do.  
—Harper's Young People.

**PLAIN TALKS TO THE BIG BOYS.**

BY AN HER BROWN.

Most men let others mark out their course for them. Most boys are what other boys make them. Most characters are formed by accident, not by mature purpose. Nearly every failure is caused by another's influence. Is there a smoker in the land who did not get his first friendly start from a boy companion around the fence corner or behind the barn? Is there a drinker who started the habit alone and because he wanted to? Is there a business or social wreck who cannot, in part at least, trace his misfortune to the influence of a false or misguided friend? If so, the exceptions prove the rule.

Companionship is a leading force in life. Every boy of health and spirit has his friends. They are of two kinds—the helpful and the hurtful. Rare it is that the influence of a fellow being, of like age and habits, crossing one's life in youth, does not distinctly mar or improve the character. It is as natural for a boy to like another boy and want to be with him as it is for him to breathe. It is quite as natural, also, for him to absorb from that other boy whatever of good or bad he has to give off. Any man who remembers his boyhood need not be told that the chance influence of a companion, picked up on the street, in the school, or in the shop, may strike deeper and last longer than the thousand-times reiterated advice of mother or father or minister.

All this is a queer phase of human nature, but it is true, and, being true, must be reckoned with in the plans which surround every youth's life. My point is that the wise boy will bridle this force and put it to work for him, rather than let it creep in and undermine him. Later in life we know it is easier to discriminate and select among our associates. But then our character is formed and their power over us is limited. It is unfortunately in the period from twelve to twenty, when the nature is plastic and impressions form quickly, that companionships come mainly by pure chance. The real time to select and discriminate is at the outset. I truly believe that as much hangs upon what kind of a boy you select to run with, to get deep into your inner life and confidence, my young friend, as upon the selection of your school, your Sunday-school, or even your church. Saal this companion, then, be the one who happens to live nearest in the block, or sit nearest in school, or ride the same bicycle?

How will you utilize this influence for good? Here is the way: By manly independence, backed by a little judgment. Be yourself the leader, not the trailer. Set the standard as conscience dictates. Then you will mould instead of being moulded. Associations will form on the line of natural selection. The boy of impure thoughts and habits will not take long to find out that you are not his kind, and he will hunt another fellow. In his place one will turn up who has aspirations and ideals like your own. If he does not turn up, hunt him up. You

will find he wants you, for friendships of the higher sort are not so common. Cultivate and elevate such a friendship when formed. Help each other in every little thing that builds up Christian manhood. Encourage each other to despise the mean, the shiftless, the unclean. Surprisingly quick others will see this type of manliness (which, after all, is attractive to boys), and you will be the nucleus of an ever-widening group. You will make sure your own character, and become a silent preacher of the Gospel of the manliness of Christ.

**AN INCIDENT IN NANSEN'S TRIP.**

The meeting of Stanley with Livingstone in Africa is the only passage in history that can be adequately compared to Nansen's meeting with Jackson in the Arctic desert. Nansen had left his ship, and was on foot with a companion returning from the limit of his journey. He thought he heard a shout, the first strange voice for three years. Mounting



LETTING DOWN THE GRAPNEL.—(A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW).

an ice hummock, he distinguished a man. They approached: "I raised my hat; we extended a hand to one another, with a hearty 'How do you do?' Above us a roof of mist shutting out the world around, beneath our feet the rugged packed drift-ice, and in the background a glimpse of the land, all ice, glacier and mist. On one side the civilized European in an English check suit and high rubber water-boots, well shaved, well groomed, bringing with him a perfume of scented soap perceptible to the wild man's sharpened sense; on the other side the wild man clad in dirty rags, black with oil and soot, with long, uncombed hair and shaggy beard, black with smoke, with a face in which the naturally fair complexion could not possibly be discerned through the thick layer of fat and soot which a winter's endeavours with warm water, moss, rags, and at last a knife, had sought in vain to remove. No one suspected who he was or whence he came.  
"Jackson—'I'm immensely glad to see you.'  
"Thank you; I also."  
"Have you a ship here?"

"No; my ship is not here."  
"How many are there of you?"  
"I have one companion at the ice edge."  
"As we talked, we had begun to go in toward land. I took it for granted that he had recognized me, or at any rate understood who it was that was hidden behind this savage exterior, not thinking that a total stranger would be received so heartily. Suddenly he stopped, looked me full in the face, and said quickly:  
"Aren't you Nansen?"  
"Yes, I am."  
"By jove! I am glad to see you!"  
"And he seized my hand and shook it again, while his whole face became one smile of welcome, and delight at the unexpected meeting beamed from his dark eyes.  
"Where have you come from now?" he asked.  
"I left the Fram in 81 degrees north latitude, after having drifted two years, and I reached the 86 deg. 15 min. parallel, where we had to turn and make for Franz-Josef Land. We were, however, obliged to stop for the winter somewhere north here, and are now on our route to Spitzbergen."  
"I congratulate you most heartily. You have made a good trip of it, and I am awfully glad to be the first person to congratulate you on your return."  
Nansen tells many touching stories of his experiences. On Christmas Day they had blubber or some mess, and then passed the time in conjuring up visions of what their friends were doing. "Ah! it is morning—they will be getting up—they will be at breakfast—they will be reading letters—they will be turning over Christmas cards—they will be at church, singing, praying for those two despondent ones in the pit, far away, hidden in the Arctic night." Are they alive? Will they ever come back? Most melancholy musings! They could not read, they had no tobacco, there was only blubber pudding. The only luxury was sleep—oblivion.

**The Toys Talk of the World.**

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

"I should like," said the vase from the china-store,  
"To have seen the world a little more."  
"When they carried me here I was wrapped up tight,  
But they say it is really a lovely sight."  
"Yes," said a little plaster bird,  
"That is exactly what I have heard;  
There are thousands of trees, and, oh,  
what a sight  
It must be when the candles are all alight."  
The fat top rolled on his other side;  
"It is not in the least like that," he cried.  
"Except myself and the kite and ball,  
None of you know of the world at all."  
"There are houses, and pavements hard and red,  
And everything spins around," he said;  
"Sometimes it goes slowly, and sometimes fast,  
And often it stops with a bump at last."  
The wooden donkey nodded his head;  
"I had heard the world was like that," he said.  
The kite and the ball exchanged a smile,  
But they did not speak; it was not worth while.  
—St. Nicholas.

**A NOVEL BAROMETEE.**

It has taken a clever Frenchman to discover a kind of barometer which may be safely called unique. An English journal tells about it:  
It is nothing more nor less than the figure of a general made of gingerbread. He buys one every year, and takes it home and hangs it by a string on a nail. Gingerbread, as everyone knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft, while in dry weather it grows hard and tough.  
Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant: "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Perhaps he may reply: "The general feels soft. He would advise you taking an umbrella." On the other hand, if the gingerbread is hard and unyielding to the touch, it is safe to go forth in one's best attire, umbrellaless and confident.  
The Frenchman declares that the general has never yet proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and would advise all whose purse will not allow them to purchase a barometer or aneroid, to see what the local baker can do for them in the gingerbread line.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES

**LESSON XI.—JUNE 13.**

**PAUL'S ADVICE TO TIMOTHY.**

2 Tim. 1. 1-7, 3. 14-17. Memory verses, 3. 14-17.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.—2 Tim. 3. 15.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Young Disciple, v. 1-7.
  2. The Holy Scriptures, v. 14-17.
- Time.—Written probably about 66 or 67 A.D.  
Place.—Written by Paul while imprisoned at Rome.
- HOME READINGS.**
- M. Paul's advice to Timothy.—2 Tim. 1. 1-11.
  - Tu. Paul's advice to Timothy.—2 Tim. 3. 10-17.
  - W. Faithful endurance.—2 Tim. 2. 1-13.
  - Th. Example to believers.—1 Tim. 4. 6-16.
  - F. The sure word.—2 Peter 1. 16-21.
  - S. The perfect law.—Psalm 19. 7-14.
  - Su. In the heart.—Psalm 119. 9-16.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Young Disciple, v. 1-7.  
How does Paul describe himself in verse 1?  
What is "the promise of life"?  
In what sense was Timothy his "dearly beloved son"?  
In what way had Paul served God?  
What service did he render to Timothy?  
What did he greatly desire?  
What did he constantly remember?  
What does he exhort Timothy to stir up?  
What spirit has God not given us?  
What three spirits has he given us?
2. The Holy Scriptures, v. 14-17.  
What does Paul exhort Timothy to do?  
What had Timothy known from a child? Golden Text.  
What were the Scriptures able to do?  
How were they given?  
For what are they profitable?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The value of early religious teaching?
  2. The value of the Holy Scriptures?
  3. The value of Christian companionship?

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