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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1896.

No. 32.

## The Fireman.

BY CHARLES UMERS.

Hark! 'tis the clang of the bell!  
And the fireman springs to his feet

(Like a faithful hound at his master's word)  
At the very second the bell is heard,  
In jacket and belt complete.

And away, like the rush of the wind,  
With ladder and rope and reel,  
Mid the shriek of the whistle and hurrying beat  
Of sparkling hoofs through the ruddy street,  
And the ring of brass and steel.

Up, now, through the raging fire  
He clambers, with panting breath—  
Through the shifting smoke and the furnace glow,  
And falters his foot for a moment?—ho!  
What terror has he of death?

Flashes the axe in his hand,  
And his blows fall fast and true;  
In a second the shattered wall gives way,  
And, quick as a tiger after his prey,  
With a bound he dashes through.

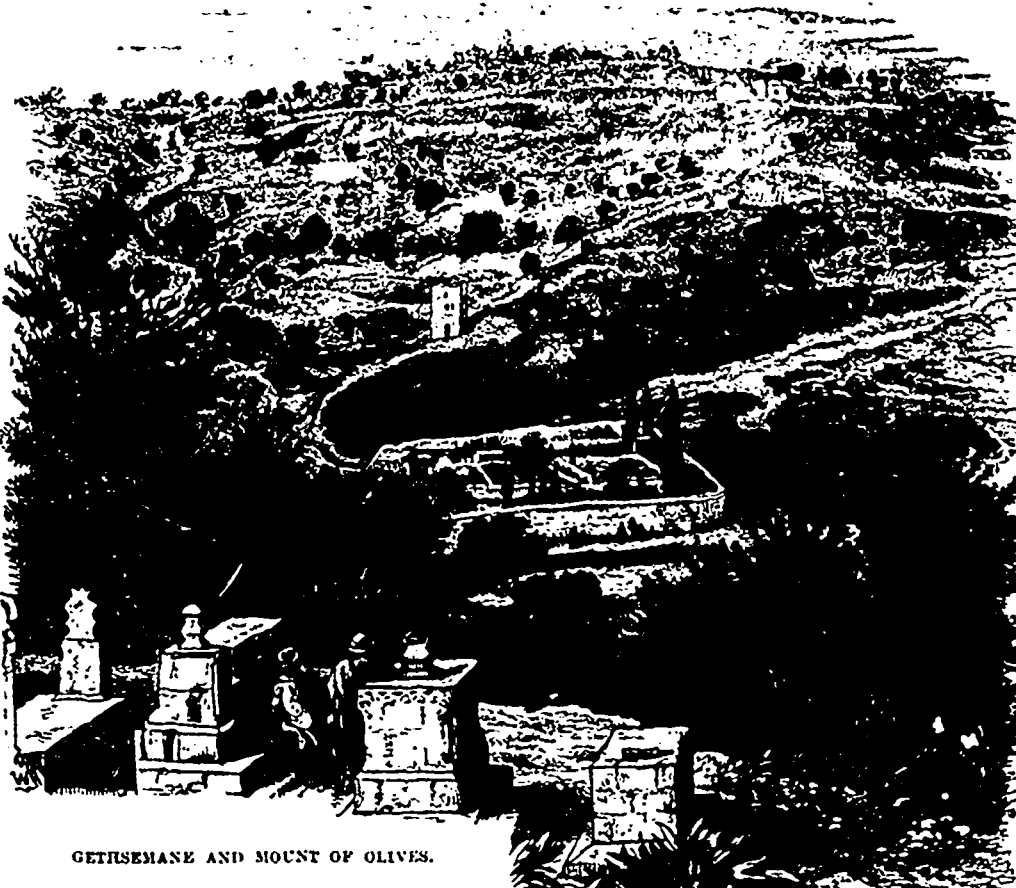
And bearing a drooping form  
From the tottering rooms he flies;—  
But if in vain is a last retreat,  
And he comes no more from the ruthless heat,  
Like a fireman hero he dies.

Fireman, give me your hand!  
You with the brawny breast,  
With the iron arm and the sinews of steel,  
And the big bold heart that the world shall feel  
Its manifest heart and best!

For out of the deeds of men,  
The valour of human strife,  
Where is the hand with a prouder claim  
To the grasp of a king and the kiss of fame,  
Than the hand that saves a life!



WATER-CARRIER.



GETSEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

## THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

### CHAPTER XV.

Ruth went every day to ask for her sick friend, sometimes with a bunch of grapes, sometimes with only a flower in her warm little hand.

But there came a time when Martha met her, with eyes all swollen and red from crying, and told her they had sent to the city for a skillful physician.

In the night there came a loud knocking at the door, and a call from Rabbi Reuben to come quickly, that Lazarus was worse. At day-break a messenger was sent clattering away to hurry over the Jordan in hot haste, and bring back from Perea the only One who could help them.

The noise awakened Ruth; she sat up in surprise to see her mother dressed so early. The outer door was ajar, and she heard the message that the anxious Martha bade the man deliver: "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick."

"He will come right away and make him well, won't he, mother?" she asked anxiously.

"Surely, my child," answered Abigail. "He loves him too well to let him suffer so."

But the day wore on, and the next: still another, and he did not come.

Ruth stole around like a frightened shadow, because of the anxious looks on every face.

"Why doesn't he come?" she wondered; and on many another lip was the same question.

She was so quiet, no one noticed when she stole into the room where her friend lay dying. Mary knelt on one side of the bed, Martha on the other, watching the breath come slower and slower, and clinging to the unresponsive hands as if their love could draw him back to life.

Neither shed a tear, but seemed to watch with their souls in their eyes, for one more word, one more look of recognition.

Abigail sat by the window, weeping softly. Ruth had never seen her mother cry before, and it frightened her. She glanced at her grandfather, standing by the foot of the bed; two great tears rolled slowly down his cheeks, and dropped on his long beard.

A sudden cry from Mary, as she fell fainting to the floor, called her attention to the bed again. Martha was silently rocking herself to and fro, in an agony of grief.

Still the child did not understand. Those in the room were so busy trying to bring Mary back to consciousness, that no one noticed Ruth.

Drawn by some impulse she could not understand, the child drew nearer and nearer. Then she laid her soft little hand on his, thinking the touch would surely make him open his eyes and smile at her again; it had often done so before.

But what was it that made her start back terrified, and shrink away trembling? It was not Lazarus she had touched, but the awful mystery of death.

"I did not know that a little child could feel so deeply," said Abigail to her mother, when she found that Ruth neither ate nor played, but wandered aimlessly around.

"I shall keep her away from the funeral."

But all her care could not keep from the little one's ears the mournful music of the funeral dirge, or the wailing of the mourners, who gathered to do honour to the young man whom all Bethany knew and loved.

Many friends came out from Jerusalem to follow the long procession to the tomb. There was a long eulogy at the grave; but the most impressive ceremony was over at last, and the great stone had to be rolled into the opening that formed the doorway.

Then the two desolate sisters went back to their lonely home and empty life, wondering how they could go on without the presence that had been such a daily benediction.

The fourth day after his death, as Martha sat listlessly looking out of the green arbor with unseeing eyes, Ruth ran in with a radiant face.

"He's come!" she cried. "He's come, and so has my father. Hurry! He is waiting for you!"

Martha drew her veil about her, and mechanically followed the eager child to the gate, where Phineas met her with the same message.

"Oh, why did He not come sooner?" she thought bitterly, as she pressed on after her guide.

Once outside of the village, she drew aside her veil. There stood the Master, with such a look of untold sympathy on His worn face, that Martha cried out, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died!"

"Thy brother shall rise again," he said gently.

"Yes, I know he shall rise again in the resurrection, at the last day," she said brokenly. "That brings hope for the future; but what comfort is there for the lonely years we must live without him?" The tears streamed down her face again.

Then for the first time came those words that have brought balm into thousands of broken hearts, and hope into countless tear-blind eyes.

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

Martha looked up reverently. "Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

A great peace came over her troubled spirit as she hurried to her home, where the many friends still sat who had come to comfort them. A number of them were from Jerusalem, and she knew that among them were some who were unfriendly to her brother's friend.



CARRYING PROVISIONS.

So she quietly called her sister from the room, whispering, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee!"

Those who sat there thought they were going to the grave to weep, as was the custom. So they rose also, and followed at a little distance.

Mary met him with the same exclamation that her sister had uttered, and fell at his feet.

He, seeing in her white face the marks of the deep grief she had suffered, was thrilled to the depths of his humanity by the keenest sympathy. His tears fell too, at the sight of hers.

"Behold how he loved Lazarus!" said a man to the one who stood beside him.

"Why did he not save him then?" was the mocking answer.

"They say he has the power to open the eyes of the blind, and even to raise the dead. Let him show it in this case!"

It was a curious crowd that followed him to the door of the tomb: men who hated him for the scorching fire-brands of rebuke he had thrown into their corrupt lives; men who feared him as a dangerous teacher of false doctrines; men who knew his good works, but hesitated either to accept or refuse; and men who loved him better than life,—all waiting, wondering what he would do.

"Roll the stone away!" he commanded; a dozen strong shoulders bent to do his bidding. Then he looked up and spoke in a low tone, but so distinctly that no one lost a word.

"Father," he said,—he seemed to be speaking to some one just beside him,— "I thank thee that thou hast heard me, and I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me."

A cold shiver of expectancy ran over those who heard. Then he cried, in a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" There was a dreadful pause. Some of the women clutched each other with frightened shrieks: even strong men fell back, as out of the dark grave walked a tall figure wrapped in white grave-clothes.

His face was hidden in a napkin. "Loose him, and let him go," said the Master, calmly. Phineas stepped forward and loosened the outer bands. When the napkin fell from his face, they saw he was deathly white; but in an instant a warm, healthful glow took the place of the corpse-like pallour.

Not till he spoke, however, could the frightened people believe that it was Lazarus, and not a ghost they saw.

Never had there been such a sight since the world began: the man who had lain four days in the tomb walking side by side with the man who had called him back to life.

The streets were full of people, laughing, shouting, crying, fairly beside themselves with astonishment.

Smiths left their hammers to cool on the anvils; bakers left their bread to burn in the ovens; the girl at the fountain dropped her half-filled pitcher; and a woman making cakes ran into the street with the dough in her hands.

Every house in the village stood empty, save one where a sick man moaned for water all unheeded, and another where a baby wakened in its cradle and began to cry.

Long after the reunited family had gone into their home with their nearest friends, and shut the door on their overwhelming joy, the crowds still stood outside, talking among themselves.

Many who had taken part against the Master before, now believed on account of what they had seen. But some still said, more openly than before, "He is in league with the evil one, or he could not do such things." These hurried back to Jerusalem, to spread the report that this dangerous man had again appeared, almost at the very gates of the great Capital.

That night there was a secret council of the chief priests and the Pharisees. "What shall we do," was the anxious question. "If we let him alone, all men will believe on him; and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and our nation."

Every heart beat with the same thought, but only Caiaphas put it in words. At last he dared repeat what he had only muttered to himself before:

"It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not."

While the streets were still full of people, Jesse crept up to Joel, as they sat together in the court-yard. "Don't you think it would be just as easy to cure a leper as to raise Rabbi Lazarus from the dead?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Joel, positively, "I've seen it done."

"Oh, have you?" cried the boy, in delight. "Then Joseph can have his father back again."

He told him the story of Simon the leper, and of his visit to the lonely cave.

Joel's sympathies were aroused at once. Ever since his own cure, he had felt that he must bring every afflicted one in the wide world to the great source of healing.

Just then a man stopped at the gate to ask for Phineas. Joel had learned to know him well, in the weeks they had been travelling together; it was Thomas.

The boy sprang up eagerly. "Do you know when the Master is going to leave Bethany?" he asked.

"In the morning," answered Thomas, "and right glad I am that it is to be so soon. For when we came down here, I thought it was but to die with him. He is beset on all sides by secret enemies."

"And will he go out by the same road that he came?"

"It is most probable." Joel waited for no more information from him, but went back to Jesse to learn the way to the cave.

Jesse was a little fellow, but a keen-eyed one, and was able to give Joel the few simple directions that would lead him the right way.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are going!" he exclaimed. "Shall I run and tell Joseph what you are going to do?"

"No, do not say a word to any one," answered Joel. "I shall be back in a very short time."

(To be continued.)

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.**

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 16, 1896.

Mount Nebo.—Deuteronomy 34.

THE MOUNTAIN.

Deuteronomy, which is the name of the book which contains this lesson, means the second law. It is not a new law, but the first and only law repeated. It is a remarkable book, inasmuch as it is a summary of Moses' sayings and addresses to the people whom he led out of Egypt towards Canaan. From this mountain, Moses was permitted to see the goodly land, which had been promised by God to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for their descendants.

PINGAIL.

This was the part of the mountain on which Moses stood. Moses was a man greatly honoured of God, and was remarkable for the meekness of his character, and yet he erred very egregiously on one occasion, because of which he was not permitted to enter the goodly land. How careful even good men should be lest they bring themselves into condemnation, by disobedience and dishonouring God.

Canaan, you know, is sometimes regarded as an emblem of heaven. Moses saw the good land. Christians sometimes contemplate heaven. By faith they look across the valley, which separates them from their heavenly home, and sometimes sing in triumph,

"Yonder's my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home."

MOSES' DEATH.

When men of eminence die, we expect to read at length all about their lives, and the circumstances of their death. But how little of these do we know concerning Moses. His life was one that excites our admiration. He lived to the age of 120, which is regarded by many as being the period of man's life, rather than threescore and ten, or even fourscore years. There was no ostentation or display about Moses' death and

burial. Nothing of this kind is recorded. In a most artless manner is his death and burial recorded. God buried him. We know not how many myriads of angels were in attendance. Had the Israelites known of the place of his sepulture, no doubt they would have built a monument at the grave. God wisely concealed this from them.

**The Maple Tree.**

BY E. CARSWELL.

Of all the trees in Nature's realm,  
The noble trees there be,  
The boast and pride of other lands,  
The maple tree for me.

It gives its honied blood to make  
The sweetness of the spring,  
The glory of the landscape when  
The frosts of autumn sting.

A solace in the summer when  
It shelters us below,  
And sunshine in the winter,  
With its warm and ruddy glow.

Whether draped in brown or purple,  
In crimson or in green,  
She stands in grace and beauty still  
Midst other trees a queen.

The emblem of our Canada,  
Its leaf shall always stand,  
To represent a loyal race,  
A free and happy land.

That it may say to all the world,  
Wherever it may fly,  
Canadians are British born,  
And Britons they will die.

Then on the glory of the world,  
Revered by young and old,  
We'll weave a golden maple leaf  
Upon its crimson fold.

And then upon their graves will lay  
A simple maple wreath,  
That every passer-by may know  
A Briton sleeps beneath.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1896.

**A BRAVE MAN.**

This is the way John G. Woolley talked concerning the saloon to the fifty thousand Endeavourers who were at Boston: "Somebody must talk plain, and I have no parish to please, no trustees to satisfy, no session to consult, no subscription list to consider, no career to foster; no presiding elder has an eye on me, no bishop counts me in his diocese, and this is Boston, the home of independent thinking and free speech. "Why have we not voted the saloon to death long ago? The answer is simple: The ruling politicians would not let us. How could they prevent?"

Are Christian men slaves? Yes, subject, motley slaves, contraband of machine satesmanship, and annually put up and sold upon the auction block of party.

"Quadrennially the voting church dissolves into a bipartisan mob and goes to the Gethsemane that we call a general election, when the Son of man lies on his face and prays, and saloon-keepers, distillers, brewers, gamblers, and all the unclean brood of politicians, scuffers, and libertines seize him, put a scarlet robe on him, arm him in derision with a reed in his right hand, plait a crown of thorns and put it upon his head, bow the knee before him, and mock him, crying, 'Hail, Saviour of men!' and then spit upon him and smite him in the face. and ninety-five per cent. of the Christian voters stand with the mob and do nothing.

"The voting church, by trying to be true to parties, has been untrue to both Christianity and citizenship. The Christianity that stays in dirty parties loses its savour precisely as the fishes of Mammoth Cave have lost their eyes. Last general election ninety-five per cent. of Christian men consented to shut their eyes to the saloon to help one moderate drinker beat another to the White House, and yet that ninety-five per cent. are continually asking us to propose something practical. Wash your hands; that is practical.

Come up where the air is better, the horizon wider, and where in the skyward silence you can hear God speaking. . . . The battle royal of the centuries is on. The voice of the 'trimmer' is heard in the church and the state, saying, 'Let the saloon alone one more campaign, and let me lead you round about the good by stealth and the aid of enemies.' Away with trimmers, great and small. Cowards to the rear! Call in the pickets! Close ranks! Guide centre! Forward with this new battle-cry, 'The Church for Christ!'"

**ABOUT BEING CAPTAIN.**

I heard a droll story the other day about a company of little fellows who were formed into a club by their teacher. She had planned a great many delightful things for the club to do. They were to go on excursions, to play baseball, to have regular military drills, and I don't know what else which boys take pride and pleasure in.

But all the fine plans came to nothing. Can you imagine why? When they met to organize the club every boy wanted to be captain. Nobody would consent to be in the ranks, and as all could not command, the little teacher gave up in despair.

It is very well to be captains, boys, but Aunt Marjorie wants you to remember that before one can lead one must always learn to obey orders. The great armies which have conquered in the battles of the world have had splendid soldiers to command them, but they have also had columns of splendid men, who were glad to do just as they were told without the least delay, and without any shirking of duty.

A person who wishes to be captain must learn, in the first place, to control himself. You know what the Bible says about this, do you not? "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

A captain who flies into a rage or gets into a fright whenever there are difficulties in the way will never be able to manage his forces. Control yourself, and then you may hope to govern others.

You see that though it is quite simple, yet the office of leader has its grave cares. Before you can guide you must know how to follow, and before you rule others you must have yourself in hand.

Then, too, you must learn a great deal, and be quick to see what ought to be done and prompt in ordering it. "King" means the man who "can" do a thing, and when a boy is Rex or King on the play-ground, or at the picnic, or in the school-room, you may make up your mind that he is a lad who can do some things better than his comrades, and of whom the other boys are proud. Harper's Young People.

A Little Pilgrim

One summer evening, ere the sun went down,  
When city men were hastening from the town,  
To reach their homes—some near at hand, some far,—  
By rapid train, by omnibus or car,—  
To be beyond the reach of city's din,—  
A tram-car stopp'd, a little girl got in,  
A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old;  
Although not shy, her manners were not bold;  
But all alone! one scarce could understand.  
She held a little bundle in her hand—  
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,  
But which did not some bread and butter hide;  
A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,  
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,  
And laid her bundle underneath her feet,  
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,  
She to the porter said, "May I lie here?"  
He answered instantly, "Oh yes, my dear."  
And there she seemed inclined to make her stay,  
While once again the tram went on its way.  
The tall conductor—over six feet high,  
Now scanned the travellers with a business eye;  
But in that eye was something kind and mild,  
That took the notice of the little child.  
A little after, and the man went round,  
And soon was heard the old familiar sound  
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too—  
The tram was full and he had much to do.  
"Your fare, my little girl," at length,  
She looked a moment, shook her little head.—  
"I have no pennies; don't you know,"  
said she,  
"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me?"  
He look'd bewildered—all the people smiled:  
"I didn't know; and who is Jesus, child?"  
"Why don't you know he once for sinners died,  
For little children, and for men beside,  
To make us good, and wash us from our sin:  
Is this His railway I am travelling in?"  
"Don't think it is! I want your fare, you know."  
"I told you Jesus paid it long ago:  
My mother told me just before she died,  
That Jesus paid when he was crucified:  
That at the cross his railway did begin,  
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin;  
My mother said his home was grand and fair;  
I want to go and see my mother there—  
I want to go to heaven, where Jesus lives,  
Won't you go too? My mother said he gives  
A loving welcome—shall we not be late?  
O let us go before He shuts the gate:  
He bids us little children come to him."  
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,  
He knew not why—he fumbled at his coat.  
He felt a substance rising in his throat.  
The people listened to the little child,  
Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled,  
And some one whisper'd as they looked amazed,  
"Out of the mouths of babes the Lord is praised."  
"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;  
"I'm going to heaven. My mother used to sing  
To me of Jesus and his Father's love,  
Told me to meet her in his home above,  
And so to-day when aunt went out to tea,  
And looking out I could not father see,  
I got my bundle—blessed my little kit;  
I am so hungry—won't you have a bit?  
And got my hat, and then I left my home,  
A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam:  
And then your carriage stopped and I could see  
You looked so kind. I saw you beckon me.

I thought you must belong to Jesus' train,  
And are you just going home to heaven again?"  
The poor conductor only shook his head;  
Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled.  
Had conscience by her prattle roused his fears,  
And struck upon the fountain of his tears;  
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl;  
At last he said, "Once I'd a little girl,  
I loved her much; she was my little pet,  
And with great fondness I remember yet  
How much she loved me. But one day she died."  
"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied;  
"She gone to Jesus—Jesus paid her fare."  
Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"  
The poor conductor now broke fairly down;  
He could have borne the harshest look or frown.  
But no one laughed; but many sitting by  
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.  
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.  
"I am so sleepy," said the little one,  
"If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait  
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate;  
Be sure you wake me up and pull my frock,  
And at the gate just give one little knock!  
And you'll see Jesus there!" The strong man wept!  
I could but think as from the car I stept,  
How oft a little one has found the road,  
The narrow pathway to that blessed abode;  
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,  
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.  
A little child! the Lord oft uses such  
To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch,  
Then by His Spirit bids the conflict cease,  
And guides us once for ever into peace,  
And then along the road the news we bear,  
We're going to heaven—that Jesus paid our fare!

NAN'S OBJECT-LESSON.

Nan was very critical on a certain summer morning.  
"I don't like cream toast. I want some peaches," she moaned.  
"But yesterday morning you wished for toast," said the mother. "Jane made this on purpose for you."  
"It's burned," said the child.  
"Oh, no; only browned the least bit too much."  
Nan managed to eat a few mouthfuls, but there was a scowl on her smooth forehead, and her face, that could be very sweet, was decidedly sour.  
"She isn't feeling well," thought mamma. "The morning is hot, and she is tired out with school."  
This was partly true. But Nan was a robust little body, and easily regained her physical losses. The fact was that she had been petted a great deal, and had come to think her wishes ought to be the law of the household.  
After breakfast the seamstress, who was making a frock for Nan, required sewing silk and buttons.  
The child was asked to go to the shop for them. "But, mamma, my toe hurts," was the instant excuse. So Miss Gardner was set at something else till Bob should come up from the office and could be sent on the errand.  
At dinner time nothing was quite satisfactory. The roast beef was too rare; the pudding sauce too tart. Papa exchanged glances with mamma.  
"This must be stopped," he said, but Nan did not understand what they meant. That evening the little girl went up to papa full of enthusiasm about a little drawing she had made. The father scowled in a most unamiable way, and found all the fault possible with it. Nan tried hard to keep back the tears, but finally gave up and went away sobbing.  
"How could you?" said mamma

In a day or two there was to be a ride into the country, a lunch with a friend, and a return by moonlight. Nan supposed that she would go as a matter of course. But she soon found out that she was to be left at home.  
"It is too much trouble to take you," said papa.  
"And your toe," added mamma.  
"And the warm weather which you are afraid of," continued papa.  
"My toe is better," pleaded Nan.  
"But the lunch won't suit your fastidious taste," said papa. "The Browns live very plainly."  
Nan ran sobbing to grandma's room. The dear old lady drew the child within her loving arms.  
"Do you not see," said the gentle voice, "that your father and mother are trying to show yourself as in a mirror? Papa found fault with your drawing that you might see how very unpleasant it is to be criticised. You took great pains with your little sketch, but mamma takes pains every day in ordering the dinner, and Jane takes pains in cooking it. You wish to have the pleasure of the drive, and the visit; but you do not care to be helpful when help is needed and so give pleasure to others."  
The lesson was a very plain one, that even a child could understand. It was hard to see the carriage drive off without her on that bright afternoon; there were tears and sobbing, but the experience was not in vain.  
When the father and mother came home that night, they found a subdued, appreciative little girl who was very glad to be talked to and kissed, very pleased with the flowers and bonbons that had been sent to her by the little Browns, and very resolute in her determination to be sunny and satisfied with what came to her instead of sour and complaining.—Examiner.

LIE—NEVER.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector, among either passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old, the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth! Of course he was carried before the first mate.  
"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate sharply.  
"My step-father put me in," answered the boy. "He said he could not afford to keep me or pay my fare to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."  
The mate did not believe the story. He had often enough been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship bound to this country finds, one or two days out to sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome, as well as expensive. The mate suspected some of the sailors had a hand in the little boy's escapade, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story—nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and, seizing him by the collar, told him unless he confessed the truth, in ten minutes he would hang him at the yard arm. A frightful threat indeed!  
Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and before him the stern first officer, with his watch in his hand, counting the tick, tick of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, tears in his eyes; but afraid?—no, not a bit!  
Eight minutes were already gone. "Only two minutes more to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth and save your life, boy."  
"May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.  
The officer nodded his head; but said nothing. The brave boy then knelt down on the deck, with clasped hands and eyes turned heavenward, and said the Lord's Prayer, and then prayed the dear

Lord Jesus to take him home to heaven. He could die; but lie—never! All eyes were turned toward him, and some broke from stern hearts.  
The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this—a poor, unfriended child willing to face death for truth's sake.  
He could die; but lie—never! God bless him! Yes, God stands by those who stand by Him. And the rest of the voyage, you may well think, he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; everybody now was ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the conduct of this dear child.—Sel.

THE CROOKED TREE.

"Such a cross old woman as Mrs. Barnes is! I never would send her jelly or anything else again," said Molly Clapp, setting her basket hard down on the table. "She never even said, 'Thank you,' but 'Set the cup on the table, child, and don't knock over the bottles.' Why don't your mother come herself instead of sending you? I'll be dead one of these days, and then she'll wish she had been more neighbourly." I never want to go there again, and I shouldn't think you would."  
"Molly! Molly! came quick and see Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry tree!" called Tom through the window; and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as Molly flew over the green to the next yard.  
Her mother watched with a good deal of interest the efforts of two stout men as, with ropes, they strove to pull the crooked tree this way and that, but it was of no use.  
"It's as crooked as the letter S, and has been for twenty years. You're just twenty years too late, Mr. Daws," said Joe, as he dropped the rope and wiped the sweat from his face.  
"Are you sure you haven't begun twenty years too late on tobacco and rum, Joe?" asked Mr. Daws.  
"That's a true word, master, and it's as hard to break off with them as it is to make this old tree straight. But I signed the pledge last night, and with God's help I mean to keep it."  
"With God's help you may hope to keep it, Joe," responded the master. "Our religion gives every man a chance to reform. No one need despair so long as we have promises of grace to help."  
"That's my comfort, sir," said the man, humbly, "but I shall tell the boys to try and not grow crooked at the beginning."  
"Mother," said Molly as she stood by the window again at her mother's side, "I know now what is the matter with old Mrs. Barnes. She needn't try to be pleasant and kind now, for she's like the old tree; it's twenty years too late."  
"It's never too late, with God's help, to try to do better, but my little girl must begin now to keep back harsh words and unkind thoughts; then she will never have to say, as Joe said about the tree, 'it is twenty years too late.'"  
—Child's World.

How many of us have spent weary, wretched hours over our mathematics—and to those to whom figures do not come with ease, what a task it is! There was, however, a young French lad, named Blaise Pascal, whose father had to hide his books so that the boy might not study mathematics too much. At the age of twelve, Pascal rediscovered for himself elementary geometry. At sixteen, he composed a treatise on Conic Sections, and at nineteen he invented a calculating machine to aid his father, who had taken a position in the Treasury Department of the French government. You see this boy could not be kept down, so great were his gifts. Though he died in 1662, before he was forty years old, he lived long enough to become one of the greatest philosophers and scholars of his time; to-day his writings are read all over the world, and he remains one of the most astonishing of the famous men of all times.—Old Heads on Young "Chubbies," by Arthur Hoebel, in the June St. Nicholas.



A POLYNESIAN IDOL.

## A POLYNESIAN IDOL.

The whole of the inhabitants of the vast Polynesian Archipelago, in the Southern Pacific, were at the beginning of the present century idolaters. The vast proportion of them are now Christians. Never even in the days of the apostles, nor when the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, have the triumphs of the Gospel been so marked and so glorious. In the Fiji Islands, where only a few years ago the inhabitants were the most degraded cannibals on the face of the earth, there are now 900 Wesleyan chapels, 240 other preaching places, 54 native preachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,200 class leaders, and 106,000 attendants on Methodist worship out of a population of 720,000; and this is very largely the result of the labours of the heroic missionary, John Hunt, a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to man's estate with no education, and died at the early age of 36. Yet in twelve short years he became the apostle of Fiji, and brought nearly the whole nation to God.

The picture above shows the character of some of the hideous idols, which the South-Sea heathen in their blindness used to worship. But, thank God, they are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and turning to the living and true God! Our own church has its missionaries among the heathen, whose labours have been gloriously blessed. We hope that every school and every scholar in Canada will have a part in the grand work.

Shall we whose lamps are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The light of life deny?  
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!  
And you, ye waters, roll!  
'Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole!

Fogg couldn't understand why the baby should cry because, as its mother said, it was cutting a tooth. When he discovered that the real state of the case was that the tooth was cutting the baby, he said he didn't blame the baby for crying.

In the alphabet, as not infrequently in life, the y's are far down in the list; but you will always find them in goodly society.

## WAS IT YOU?

Mr Bad-temper and Mr. Cross-words were great friends. They were always going about together, and the worst of it was that, when people did not shake them off, and say, "You are too disagreeable, and I won't have you near me," they were very sure to make them just as hateful as they were. Frowns come on faces and pouts to lips that before had been very pleasant to look upon.

There was a very dear lady who had lived seventy-eight years. Her face was just as sweet as sweet could be. So one day I asked her if she had ever known the horrid Mr. Bad-temper and Mr. Cross-words, and, if so, how she made them stop troubling her.

"Oh!" said she, "I will tell you all about it. Mr. Bad-temper and Mr. Cross-words were always popping up near me just when I didn't wish to see them, and I am sorry to say I began to grow like them; but then Mr. Shut-your-mouth came to help me. He told me just to put my lips together tightly whenever I felt I must

say things like Mr. Cross-words, and each time I did so would be easier than the first, and that, before I knew it, Mr. Smiles would come along, looking so good-natured that I should have to laugh, and, instead of saying, 'You mean thing,' and such naughty words, I should hear myself say, 'I am sorry I wanted to speak hateful words,' and very likely I should put up for a kiss the very lips that had wanted to pout.

"You try it," concluded the dear lady, "and see how happy you will be."

I had been listening so earnestly that I had not seen a little boy come into the room. But he too had heard, and the next day, when he was walking in the garden with his mother, I overheard him say:

"I love you dearly, mamma, and I am going to make Mr. Shut-your-lips and Mr. Smiles stay so near me all the time that those ugly men, Mr. Bad-temper and Mr. Cross-words, will have to go away and stay away."

And he skipped down among the roses, his dancing eyes just as blue as the sky; and Mr. Smiles was so close he was almost treading on his heels.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

## LESSON VII.—AUGUST 16.

DAVID'S CONFESSION AND FORGIVENESS.

Psalm 32. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-5.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Create in me a clean heart. O God; and renew a right spirit within me.—Psalm 51. 10.

## DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (Psalm 32). Answer the Questions. Get ready a Lesson Story.

Tuesday.—Read Paul's description of human nature (Rom. 7. 14-25).

Wednesday.—Read a bright offer made to sad people (Joel 2. 12-19). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read a good honest con-

fession (Ezra 9. 5-15). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read a penitent's plea for pardon (Psalm 51. 7-19).

Saturday.—Read of how we can be more clean within (Ezek. 36. 22-31). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the praise offered by one forgiven (Psalm 103. 1-18).

## QUESTIONS.

I. Confession of sin, verses 1-5.  
1. What is meant by transgressing? What is God's forgiveness like? 2. How does God regard the forgiven one? From what must we be free? 3. What is the effect of trying to hide our guilt and fear? 4. How was God's hand heavy upon David? 5. When did he acknowledge his sin? How did he show that he was in earnest? To whom did he confess?

II. Confidence in God, verses 6-11.  
6. When saved ourselves, what should we do? May we seek the Lord too late? To what does David compare God's judgments? How does he describe the believer's safety? 7. From what is God our refuge? Show that a great change had taken place in his case. 8. Whom does he seek to instruct? 9. If we fail to follow the advice of good men and seek the Lord what then? 10. What will follow sin? 11. Why should Christians rejoice? Is shouting ever justifiable? To what kind of heart does Christ compare the good ground?

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Timidity causes many to keep their griefs to themselves. The silent mourner is the greatest sufferer. When God's Spirit strives with us we should lose no time in seeking the Saviour. Religion is valued most in great danger. When saved God does not leave us to ourselves. If gentle means do not avail God will use severer ones. People pay dear for the pleasures of sin. Religion is good for this life.

## HOW GLACIERS MAKE SOILS.

Up on the sides of the mountains the frost keeps splitting the immense edges of rocks into large and small pieces. These sometimes fall of themselves, and sometimes the snow avalanches carry them down. So the ice river, or glacier, has mixed in with it large numbers of rocks and stones of various forms and sizes. Some of these fall down into the cracks to the very bottom; others are carried along the sides, and grind with tremendous force against the rocks there. The moving ice grinds not only the sides of the gulch, but also grinds to powder the stones fallen in where they are under hundreds of thousands of tons of ice, it may be. They also grind and crush, and wear off the bed. These stones are in great part ground to fine soil. When this material flows to, or is pushed to, the lower end of the gulch, it is carried away by the water, and deposited as soil, far away. Why, the Arve river is so charged with this crushed rock, that it looks almost milk white, and as it runs swiftly you can see its white waters fifty miles down stream, where it enters the clear blue Rhone. Then the white Arve water is plainly seen for a mile, before it mixes with and is lost in the clear Rhone. The Rhone river, for many miles below its head, at the Rhone glacier, is also white with the ground-up rock. But it enters the upper end of the broad Geneva lake (or Lake Leman, as it is called on the map), which is fifty miles long and eight wide. Here it spreads out and runs so very slowly that the ground rock sediment, or soil, sinks to the bottom, and the water flows off beautifully clear at the lower end, near the city of Geneva.

Many glaciers are to-day making soil in Switzerland, which is carried off in the Arve and Rhone, and deposited in part in Southern France, and in part carried into the Mediterranean many hundreds of miles from Mount Blanc, where it was formed. The soil supplied to the Rhine river is carried to and enriches portions of Germany, far north. Other rivers, like the Ticino, flow south-east and carry new soil to portions of Northern Italy. Various streams are doing the same in many other directions.

A large part of Greenland and of other far northern lands, is almost covered with glaciers, which are grinding down the mountains and carrying them into the ocean.—Selected.

## Father and Son.

"I must look to the sheep of the field, See that the cattle are fed and warm, So, Jack, tell your mother to wrap you well,

You may go with me over the farm. Though the snow is deep and the weather cold, You are not a baby, six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay, But the sky was as blue as June, And father and son came laughing home— When dinner was ready at noon— Knocking the snow from their weary feet, Rosy and hungry, and ready to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said,

"That I feared I could scarcely get through."

The mother turned with a pleasant smile—

"Then what could a little boy do?"

"I trod in my father's steps," said Jack;

"Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face, And a solemn thought was there;

The words had gone like a lightning flash

To the seat of a noble care:

"If he treads in my steps, then day by day

How carefully I must choose my way!

"For the child will do as the father does, And the track that I leave behind, It shall be firm, and clear, and straight.

The feet of my son will find: He will tread in his father's steps, and say,

'I'm right, for this is my father's way.'

Oh! fathers, treading life's hard road, Be sure of the steps you take;

Then the sons you love, when gray-haired men,

Will tread in them still for your sake: When gray-haired men, their sons will say,

"We tread in our father's steps to-day."

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