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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1893.

[No. 34.]

Vol. XIII.]

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

The eyry of the eagle is commonly built in a high cliff, but sometimes it is placed on the ground, close to the sea, and at others in a tree. It is built of sticks, in the centre of which is a hollow lined with grass, in which they lay their three or four eggs. They are very strong birds, and dogs, lambs, and even children are carried off by them. The picture shows the nest built at the foot of one of the mountains in Scotland. It can only be reached by a rope let down from the top. The young eagles are hatched, and a boy is endeavouring to steal one of them, but the old eagles are close upon him, and he and his companions fear that they may pluck out his eyes, but the well-aimed stones from the boy above, numb the old eagles, and the boy is only too glad to drop the little eagle and get safely to the top of the rock once more.

## A BOY WITH NOTHING TO DO.

Did you ever see a boy who had nothing to do? I will tell you about one. He was the son of a rich man who had a great number of servants about the house. Willie—for that was the boy's name—had no duties to perform. His fire was always made for him in winter, and his shoes were polished by a servant every morning while he was asleep. Willie had a pony, but he was never allowed to saddle him himself. He had a little dog-cart, but he was not allowed to hitch the pony to it. That work had to be done for Willie by one of the many servants who swarmed about the great house where Willie lived. Willie went to school, but a servant went along to carry his books for him and to take the pony home. Willie always rode to school. The servant went for him in a closed carriage whenever it rained. When it was very cold he was wrapped up in furs and heavy blankets. He was not a sickly boy by any means. He was not really a lazy boy, but his foolish parents took a notion that he ought never to work. His dainty mother did not like to see him wear soiled clothes. She wanted him to have tender, clean, white hands, and soft, delicate skin. He was not even suffered to play with other boys for fear he might get hurt. In the summer time he had to keep in the shade. In the winter his place was by the warm fire.

When Willie grew to be a man he had no strength. His muscles were weak and flabby, his bones were soft, and his nerves feeble. He had no energy, no fire in his spirit, no courage. He went to school nearly all his life, but he never had any spur to drive him forward. When he went into society he was a kind of Miss Nancy. The young men all laughed at him, and all the sensible girls made fun of him. He tried to look after his business after his father died, but he knew nothing about business. His mother lived to see her mistake.

When Willie got his share of his father's estate it soon went. After spending his own money, he began to call on his mother and as she always idolized her boy she did not, could not, deny him anything. It did not take many years for Willie's mother to become a poor woman. She had to sell her property. She moved out of a big,

nearly fifty years old and his mother is a tottering old woman without home or friends.

Do the boys of the corner want to live such a life as Willie did? Too many boys think their parents are cruel and unkind because they make them work and do not give them everything they want. Wise

both weak, what may we expect of a boy or girl?

Life is a battle and full of hard fighting. What could a soldier do with a soft body and a weak brain? How can a young man expect to win his way in the world unless he is strong and vigorous. The youth that enters the world of business without a good foundation in body and mind is like a cripple in a race. He can't keep up with the runners. As soon as a fellow begins to fall behind, his comrades look back at him with scorn. If a boy wants to get an even start with the world he should have something to do. Even a rich boy ought to be required to do some definite task of hard work every day. He ought to be forced to bear heat and cold and hunger and to brave danger. In no other way can he get ready for the battle of life. —*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

## THE RESOLUTE SOLDIER.

SUWAROFF, Russia's great military commander, was a little man, insignificant in everything but that intangible power of mind and character with which physical strength is never to be compared. He had been sickly in his youth, but became hardy under the stimulus of cold bathing and the benefits of a plain diet. Buckets of cold water were thrown over him in the morning, and his table was served with fare which guests would fain have refused, but dared not, lest he should think them effeminate. He despised dress, and delighted in drilling his men in his shirtsleeves, sometimes with his stockings literally "down at the heel." But his hardihood of life and action had its effect on the men he commanded. He was often up and about by midnight, and would salute the first soldier whom he saw moving with a piercing cock-crow, in commendation of his early rising. During the first Polish war he had given orders for an attack at cock-crow, and a spy in the camp carried the news to the enemy. The attack, however, really took place at nine o'clock on the evening when the arrangements had been made; for Suwaroff, suspecting treachery, had then turned out the troops by his well-known crowing. The enemy, expecting the event in the morning, were entirely unprepared, and fell easy victims to his forethought. "To-morrow morning," said he to his troops on the evening before the storming of Ismail, "an hour before daybreak, I mean to get up. I shall wash and dress myself, say my prayers, give one good cock-crow, and then capture Ismail." It was hardly possible to find him off the alert. "Do you never take off your clothes at night?" he was asked. "No," said he; "but when I get lazy and want to have a comfortable sleep, I generally take off one spur."

SOME days seem to come from nearer heaven than others, filled with a sweet influence, as if they had walked reverently through holy places before they came to us.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

fine house into a little one, and out of that into a cabin, and then began real poverty. Willie hung around billiard saloons and dram-shops, and lived on scraps until the saloon-keepers got tired of him, and then he took to stealing and forging names to cheques.

At last he landed in the penitentiary. His mother, poor woman, has for years been living on charity. Willie is now

parents never allow their children to grow up in idleness. Every boy and girl ought to have to work. If a father were worth ten millions he should teach his children to labour with their hands. A boy who has never learned to work with his hands is worthless. The body cannot be sound and strong without work. Unless the body is sound and strong the mind is almost sure to be feeble. If the mind and body are

take off your clothes at night?" he was asked. "No," said he; "but when I get lazy and want to have a comfortable sleep, I generally take off one spur."

The Bar.

Why call it a bar? Say, whence derived  
This name for a depot of spirits of evil?  
Was the name of some sly friend of virtue  
contrived,  
Or like the thing named, did it come from  
the devil?

I'll tell you this meaning—'tis a bar to all  
good,  
And a constant promoter of everything evil;  
'Tis a bar to all virtue—that's well understood,  
A bar to the right and a door for the devil.

'Tis a bar to all industry, prudence, and  
wealth;  
A bar to reflection, a bar to sobriety;  
A bar to clear thought, and a bar to sound  
health;  
A bar to good conscience, to prayer, and  
to piety;

A bar to the sending of children to school,  
To clothing and giving them good education;  
A bar to the observance of every good rule;  
A bar to the welfare of family and nation;

A bar to the hallowed enjoyment of home;  
A bar to the holiest earthly fruition;  
A bar that forbids its frequenters to come  
To the goal and rewards of a virtuous  
ambition.

A bar to integrity, honour, and fame,  
To friendship and peace and connubial love,  
To the purest delights that on earth we may  
claim,  
A bar to salvation and heaven above!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1893.

CANADA THE WORLD'S TEACHER.

WE believe that in our beloved Canada, for the instruction of the whole world, shall be wrought out the emancipation of the people from the tyranny of this cruel traffic in the bodies and souls of men. There exists in this country, we believe, a higher moral tone than in any other under the sun, a more pervading and dominant religious sentiment, a greater freedom from the civic corruption that obtains in the great cities of the neighbouring republic, and from the widespread drinking customs and tremendous and consolidated moneyed influence and power of the liquor traffic that obtains in the Old World.

Omitting our French fellow-citizens, ours is a much more homogeneous population than that of the neighbouring Union, whose cities swarm with foreigners, embracing the most restless spirits, atheistic and socialistic agitators, and men saturated through and through by personal habit and transmitted heredity with a craving for strong drink. Our French population itself is one of the most sober, temperate populations in the world, and large sections of French Canada are under the wholesome restraints of prohibition legislation.

JOHN WESLEY.

BY F. L.

II.

FIELD PREACHING.

Though at first he preached in churches and attracted great crowds, Wesley's own life was such a rebuke to the lax clergy of England, and his plain talk and new doctrines so offensive to many, that presently almost all churches were closed against him, and he was compelled to preach not where he would, but where he could, for preach he felt he must; his experience being like Paul's, who said, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

Assisted by his brother Charles, the "sweet singer," and George Whitfield, the eloquent, and in time by many others, he prosecuted his work. These preachers gave themselves no rest, but went up and down the country, preaching generally in the open air, to the crowds that flocked to hear them. Though in some cases the mob was riotous and insulting, many thousands were converted and the work spread, not only over the whole face of England, but also into Scotland, Ireland and Wales. And those classes of people were reached who had never been touched before and who seemed almost incapable of reformation, so coarse, so ignorant, so brutal were they. Such were the colliers of the western counties, the masses of the poor in London, the inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne and its vicinity. But in fact their disciples were from every class, rich and poor, high and low.

ORGANIZATION OF METHODISM.

Wesley always considered himself an Episcopalian, and wanted all his people to join the Church of England. But the Church refused to receive them, and by degrees a new Church had to be formed. It began with the formation of classes. During the first stages of his work Wesley had no preachers, for at that time he never thought of allowing laymen to preach, so when he found a place he was in the habit of appointing a leader among his converts, who would meet and counsel with the rest and receive their contributions. And even after there were a great many preachers, the same system was continued, and the class for mutual help and encouragement is the chief distinguishing feature of Methodism to-day.

The body of Methodists in one place was called a Society, and the meeting that Wesley held with his preachers annually was called the Conference. This Conference governed the whole Society, though so long as Wesley lived he directed and controlled everything.

A BUSY LIFE.

Wesley was one of the most wonderful men that ever lived. His constant good health, during a long life of arduous toil, seems something marvellous; for after he once began his work, he preached constantly, once, twice, three times, and sometimes as many as four and five times a day, and that not only on Sundays, but every day, through many years, often enduring hardships by way of exposure, etc., but always, with the exception of one severe illness, in perfect health. This was in great measure owing to his temperate and extremely regular habits, to his abstemiousness, and his constant freedom from fret and worry.

Then he was a wonderful man on account of the work he accomplished. For over fifty years he travelled four or five thousand miles every year (and there were no railroads or steamboats then, you remember), and preached during his life between forty and fifty thousand sermons, besides the addresses that he gave, the letters he sent, and the many books he wrote and published. That he was able to accomplish so much was owing to the fact that he was never idle. He lived by this rule that he set himself, "Never be unemployed, never be triflingly employed;" hence his life was literally filled with prayer and work.

INFLUENCE OF METHODISM.

And the influence of his life, who shall estimate it? It was not only that a new Church was established, a young, vigorous, truth-loving, zealous Church—that was the least part of the result, so some one has said—but his revival spread into other

Churches, and into almost every department of national life. The Church of England was provoked to good works, and the diligence and sense of duty to which she awoke was alone worth all Wesley's efforts.

Greene, the historian, writes: "In Walpole's day the English clergy were the idlest and most lifeless in the world. In our own time no body of religious ministers surpasses them in piety, in philanthropic energy, or in popular regard," and this he ascribes to the influence of the Evangelical movement. Literature, which though in some cases polished, beautiful and full of genius, was largely immoral, impure, and blasphemous, was greatly purified, and lives of open shame and profligacy were no longer tolerated.

In the wake of Methodism followed both Sunday and day schools for the common people—things unknown before its time; besides philanthropic efforts of all sorts to remedy guilt, suffering, degradation and all the evils that afflict mankind. And this awakening was not confined to England alone, it has spread far and wide, and our own continent has reaped very many benefits.

And all this has been under God the result of the life of that grand, good man, John Wesley, who should always be held by us in the utmost admiration, veneration and esteem for his beautiful, God-fearing life, work and example.  
Shannonville.

STORIES ABOUT ROYAL PEOPLE.

In the *Young Man* of a recent date, there is a good story of Prince George, the eldest surviving son of the Prince of Wales, told by one of the young man's most intimate friends. While commanding the *Thrush*, the prince observed a young blue-jacket who was being conveyed to undergo sentence for the last of many offences on another ship. Prince George seeing seeds of good in him, took the young man on the fulfilment of his punishment, on to his own ship, put him in the first class for leave, and gave him a clean sheet as regards his past offences. He exacted no promise as to future behaviour, but cautioned the young man as to the consequences of further offending. Then giving him a sovereign, because his pay had been stopped, he concluded his speech with, "God help you to do the right and keep you from the wrong." The young blue-jacket changed his ways and became a good and honest man. Prince George, as commander of the *Thrush*, was in the habit of conducting prayers and Sunday services. His favourite hymns were those he had been accustomed to sing at home with his brothers and sisters, to his mother's accompaniment on the piano.

The *London Daily Telegraph* tells a story the leading personage in which is supposed to be the Duchess of Teck. As a costermonger was beating his donkey, near Barnes, so the story runs, a smart equipage, containing two ladies, drove up from an opposite direction. One of these ladies instructed the coachman to pull up, and after vainly expostulating with the costermonger commanded her footman to descend and take the stick from him. The footman obeyed and the lady then lectured the brutal donkey-driver. The man became abusive, declaring that he would summon the coachman for assault, also the lady for aiding and abetting. In an insolent tone he demanded the name of the woman, and on learning that she was the princess he fell on his knees and implored forgiveness, declaring, "so help his taters," that he would never ill-use his donkey again.

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A boy is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through, the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth five dollars in its natural state is worth twelve dollars when it is made into horseshoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to three hundred and fifty dollars. Made into pen-knife blades it would be worth three thousand dollars, and into balance springs for watches two hundred and fifty thousand

dollars. Just think of that, boys, a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material.

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing, and so if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch springs, but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horseshoes or watch springs? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time without any intervals for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to have you grow old before your time, but you have ample opportunities for study and play too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.

THE FIRST HORSE CAR.

Horse cars, or "tram cars" as they are called in England, are so common in all our American cities and large towns nowadays that it is hard to realize how recently they were introduced.

"It was in 1831 that I devised the first street car, or omnibus as it was then called," writes Mr. John Stephenson in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "This car was composed of an extension of a coach body, with seats lengthwise instead of crosswise. On the outside of the vehicle was printed 'Omnibus,' in large letters. People would stand and look at this word, and wonder what it meant. 'Who is Mr. Omnibus?' many of them would inquire. I had a shop of my own at this time, and there I built the first horse car. It was run the first time in 1832, from Prince Street in the Bowery to Fourteenth Street. This car had three compartments of ten seats each, entrance being had from the sides. On the top there were also three rows of seats, facing back and front, seating thirty persons."

A Modern Prodigal.

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNCLE BARUM'S OLD COAT.

SACY TERKUNE left her house and her house-keeping to Madge, and remained at Uncle Barum's, not only until after the funeral, but until the cottage was finally dismantled, and the goods carried to Mercy's house on the mountain. Sacy spent night after night, and day after day, searching for that "between" where something was to be found. She closely questioned Letitia.

"He did not say a syllable more," said Letitia, "only—'you will find—if you look between—' and as he is gone, what difference does it make? He wants nothing now."

"But I want to fulfil his last wishes," said Sacy. "He had something on his mind—some gift for some one. It is my duty to find what he wanted found."

However, it was a duty Sacy was not destined to accomplish. She searched and sought, took up the carpets with her own hands, took down the bedsteads, examined the seams of the mattresses and pillows, to see if they had been ripped to afford a hiding-place for anything. Every box and bundle, every cushion and drawer, was investigated. Letitia's room was subjected to the same search when Letitia was away at her teaching. Perhaps Uncle Barum had concluded Letitia's room would be a good hiding-place for treasure. Nothing, however, was found.

Friend Amos Lowell invited Letitia and Samuel to stay with him until the schools in Ladbury closed for the summer.

Achilles brought a waggon, and carried the furniture left to his mother to their



house. Uncle Barum had possessed nothing very fine, but the little that he had, added to what was already in the cottage, served to furnish it very nicely, even the new room had been finished for Letitia upstairs. Mercy sold a few articles, and put the ten dollars that came from them in her trunk. She thought she had a right to save that for Thomas.

But the forty dollars that had been in Uncle Barum's desk, what of that? Forty dollars is a very small sum of money generally; but to a person who has never before had forty dollars at one time, that amount looks large indeed. Mercy's forty dollars occasioned her much thought. Should she save that to help Thomas when he came from prison? Thomas had deserved very little of her; but Achilles had deserved much. For eight years of patient, persistent, unflinching toil, he had cared for her and for the children. Mercy had the element of justice fairly well developed in her gentle nature.

She handed the forty dollars to Achilles one evening. "My son, I know you want to buy some land. Here, make the first payment with this. It is yours; if it were ten times as much you would deserve it all for your goodness to me and your brother and sisters."

"Are you sure you want me to have it, mother? It is all you have."

"No; you children are all I have. This little money is yours. I am glad enough to be able to give you something for once."

"I sold Uncle Barum's horse and buggy and harness, and so on, to-day, for ninety dollars, for Samuel," said Achilles, "and I was going to have Friend Amos Lowell take it at interest until Samuel needs it; but Friend Amos said he thought I had better borrow it myself, and use it in getting the land I want, and I can pay it and the interest on it when Samuel needs it."

"I think that will be a good plan," said Mercy, and she and Achilles sat talking for some time about the land to be purchased and the improvements to be made.

But there was another subject lying even nearer to Mercy's heart, about which she did not speak to Achilles; she knew it would only irritate him. This long silence that had fallen between her and Thomas distressed her. It was nearly a year now since she had heard from him, and she had written to him and to the chaplain. She felt that she must go and try to see Thomas. Perhaps he was sick. Could it be that he was dead? Surely they would have let her know. The trip would be expensive. That ten dollars which she had put in her trunk would not cover it. She must be gone a day and two nights; she would have to get some money from Letitia, eight dollars at least. She felt that Letitia would help her and sympathize with her.

She must wait until Letitia came home from Ladbury for the summer, then she could get the money from her, and leave the house and children in her charge. It seemed such a terrible undertaking to go in the cars to a distant city. Mercy had not left the environs of Ladbury since the week that she was married. She shrank painfully from the undertaking; once or twice she thought perhaps she had better let Letitia or Samuel go. But no! poor children, they had been disgraced enough; they should not present themselves before the prison officials as a convict's children; their father should never be seen by them with shaven head and convict garb. This was her burden; she was the one who had taken Thomas Stanhope for better or worse; she must go, and go alone to seek him.

She thought of these things as she worked in the house, while through the open door and windows came the cheery song or whistle of Achilles from the fields that were now his own, and where he was already planting crops for the first time—buckwheat, and broom-corn. He planted crops for which the season was not too late. When her brooding over Thomas and that terrible visit became too torturing, Mercy went out to work among her flowers and vines in the garden, which in the eight years of the reign of Achilles had become as a bower of beauty.

Meantime Letitia had gone back to the house of Friend Amos Lowell. With her went the little blue-painted box of clothing, the box hinged and painted and provided with a padlock by Achilles, when Letitia first left home. When Letitia prepared to

leave the room which had been hers since she went to live with Uncle Barum, she took Uncle Barum's old coat down from the nail where she had hung it the night when he died, and, giving it a good brushing, folded it neatly to be placed in the bottom of her box.

"What are you going to do with that old dud?" said Sacy, who had come up to ask Letitia for the hundredth time what Uncle Barum's last words could have meant.

"Keep it for Uncle Barum's sake. He gave it to me."

"I wonder why he wouldn't get himself a better coat. It did vex Madge so to see him go about in that heavy, faded, old-fashioned rig. Summer and winter he wanted to wear that ugly coat."

"He was old, and his blood was chilly. I think old people become accustomed to some particular garments, and do not like to change them for others, even nicer or more fashionable. They are not so common-fore in the new things. This coat reminds me of Uncle Barum; I can see just how he looked in it." And Letitia, laying the coat in the bottom of her chest, prudently sprinkled it with a little gum camphor.

"He always seemed so economical, and I can't tell where his money went," continued Mrs. Terhune. "Did you know there were only twenty-five hundred dollars in bonds? I thought there would be five or six thousand."

"Farmers don't get rich very fast," said Letitia, packing her few books, and proceeding to fold her garments to lay in the box. "Uncle Barum was only a farmer."

"But he used to lend money, and he farmed many years and was very saving. Did he ever tell you how much he had?"

"No; but he spoke of getting interest, and it was not more than the interest on twenty-five hundred, at four per cent. I do not think that he spent more than that interest and the rent that Philip paid for the farm."

"He might just as well have given the boy that farm out and out, when he went on it, instead of asking rent!"

"Then what would Uncle Barum have lived on?" said Letitia.

"He never hurt himself making presents to you," said Sacy, as she regarded critically Letitia's few plain clothes.

"He gave me constant kindness, a comfortable home, a chance to go to school. He has given mother and the children a number of presents too. He used to tell me that when I was twenty-one, he meant to give me a watch and a black silk dress. I think he meant to be liberal, but he had less money than people supposed."

Letitia went to Friend Amos Lowell's, and there the old coat lay in her chest; it was out of the way and safe from moths. Friend Sara saw it one day, as the chest stood open.

"Seems to me," said Friend Sara, "Uncle Barum might have given thee a better souvenir than that old coat. Will thee try to make it over into a coat for Samuel?"

"I think it hardly good enough," said Letitia; "it is quite threadbare in many places, and I could earn, by sewing, a new coat for Samuel, in the time it would take to rip, turn, and cut over this great-coat. I don't suppose he meant it for a souvenir; he had a kind of affection for the coat from long use, and he did not want Mrs. Terhune and Madge to throw it in the rag bag. He knew I would take care of it, for his sake."

"It is worth nothing but to braid into mats," said Friend Sara, "and thee would not feel like doing that. The old man was like a parent to thee."

"When I go home I shall hang it up in the closet in my room."

"Be sure then that thee hangs it in a cotton bag, tied tight, else the moths may get into it and spread through the house. The bequest would serve thee but a poor turn, if it filled thy house with moths."

However, the coat served Letitia better than that. There was a sudden cold night when she woke up chilly, and realized that she had been premature in laying away Friend Sara's warm quilts. She was glad enough to get Uncle Barum's great-coat from the box, and spread it over her counterpane.

Then one Sunday evening Philip walked home with her from church, and came in to sit for a while, and a rain set in. Philip must go back to the farm, five miles off,

and he had with him no overcoat; he wore only his new spring suit.

"I can lend you Uncle Barum's great-coat," said Letitia. "I'm sure he would have been glad to know it could be of use to you. It will keep you perfectly dry. Be sure and let me have it back safe."

"Oh, I'll bring it myself," said Philip.

"Where did you get that hideous old coat? I thought I had seen the last of it," said Madge to her brother, as on Thursday evening he stopped at his mother's home, the old coat on his arm.

"Letitia lent it to me when it was raining, Sunday night."

"Great loan that; I would not have the old thing on."

"It may have saved me pneumonia, and I know it saved my spring suit," laughed Philip.

"I suppose you're going to take it back," said his mother. "Are you never going to stop visiting Letitia Stanhope?"

"Yes," replied Philip fervently, "when I can get Letitia to come and live at the Titus farm."

"There are plenty of as nice girls, with more money."

"None as nice to my mind as Letitia, and as for money, a girl like Letitia is a fortune in herself."

"Well, it hurts me to think of my son having a convict for a father-in-law," said Sacy.

"It is a little rough on us, mamsey; on Letitia, most of all, but now it is done it can't be helped. After all we are not to blame for our parents, or responsible for them, but for our children. You could not be praised or blamed on your father's account, mamsey; but if you had brought me up a scamp, then I should be a disgrace to you. Let us forget how bad Thomas Stanhope was, and only think how nice Letitia is."

"I only hope you won't regret your choice," said Sacy, sighing.

"Oh," said Philip with fervour, "if I can get my choice, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world!" He went off with the old coat on his arm. Madge felt indignant.

"See him carrying that horrid old coat as comportedly as if it was a brand new fur-trimmed beaver! And if Letitia would go out and take a walk with him, which she won't, he would be as proud of her as if she were a princess."

"Why not?" said her father, "I doubt if there is any princess who is a better, sweeter girl in her own right than Letitia."

"Well, I suppose we must have the privilege of seeing Phil go over to Friend Amos Lowell's to visit her, all next year," said Madge, much aggrieved.

"No, you will not; he will do his visiting up on the mountain. I hear the teacher on the mountain has resigned her school; she has had it ten years. She is going to be married. Letitia told me this noon that she had applied for that school, so that she could be with her mother. Besides she thought that if Samuel stayed here at Friend Amos Lowell's, that would be enough. I saw one of the school committee this evening, and he said they were glad, indeed, to get Letitia up there."

"She'll have a dull time of it," said Madge, "teaching that mountain school for thirty dollars a month, and living way up there out of reach of any society or amusement."

The fate thus sketched by Madge, did not look doleful to Letitia—joyful, rather. How happy she would be living with her mother once more, and cheering her and comforting her! It made her glad to think how Mercy's face always lit up when turned toward her. And there was Achilles, the faithful brother, the hard worker, who never thought of going out in the evening; how glad he would be to have Letitia talk to, and discuss with him the affairs of the farm and the news in the paper.

When Letitia returned home Mercy explained to her that plan of going to the penitentiary, to see what had become of her husband.

"Poor little mother, it will be a terrible undertaking for you," said Letitia; but as she saw her mother could not be easy in this uncertainty, she agreed to provide the needed money, and to talk over the project with Achilles. "Achilles need not know that you have gone there, unless you choose," said Letitia.

"I had rather have him know. Achilles deserves frank and fair treatment; there

never was a better son, and he might as well know now, as any time, that I cannot give your father up and turn my back on him, when all the world forsakes him. I shall try to help and comfort him."

Letitia did not reply; she wondered if it were possible that her father could ever show himself worthy of such faithful devotion.

Mercy's visit to the penitentiary was, however, indefinitely put off. Patience began to be sick a few days after the home-coming of Letitia and Samuel. She became very ill and the doctor pronounced the disease scarlet fever. Mercy could not leave the child, and was not willing that Letitia should incur the risk run in nursing her. "It is not God's will that I should go to look after your father at present," she said. "My first duty is here among you children. I must take care of Patience myself, and after she gets well, I should not dare to go away for some weeks, lest some of the rest of you should come down with the same disease. No, I must let all that plan go; the Lord will lead the way; all we have to do is to follow."

The Stanhope family were in a fashion of quarantine; they did not need the help of their neighbours, and every one feared the fever. Philip Terhune came regularly to visit them, but Mercy and Letitia would not allow him to enter the gate. He sat on the horse block planted for Friend Amos, and Letitia sat in a swing that had been put up for Patty, and thus for half an hour or so they chatted, and then Philip rode away.

One night Patience was very ill; certain new symptoms had appeared, and it was decided that Achilles should go down to Ladbury, to speak with the doctor, and bring up whatever medicine was ordered. A heavy thunder-storm was raging. Letitia wrote out the message to the doctor, lest Achilles might forget something.

"You need your overcoat, Achilles, let me get it," she said.

"I have none. I had outgrown mine so that I could not button it, and as it was pretty good, I sold it to Tim Jedd this spring."

"I'll get Uncle Barum's old coat for you; that will keep you dry as a nut," said Letitia, going for it.

Before Achilles had been gone long, the storm ceased, and the summer night became exceedingly hot and close. When Achilles returned, as his sister met him, he said:

"I have two things to tell you that you will be sorry to hear. I have lost Uncle Barum's old coat, and—father has been pardoned out from prison."

(To be continued.)

ONE WAY.

A YOUNG man in company with several other gentlemen, called upon a young lady. Her father was also present to assist in entertaining the guests. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks; for he had wine to offer. This was poured out and would have been drunk; but the young lady asked, "Did you call upon me or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer. "We called on you."

"Then you will please not drink wine. I have lemonade for my visitors."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided.

The young lady added, "Remember, if you called on me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why, in that case I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down, with their contents untasted. After leaving the house one of the party exclaimed, "That was the most effectual temperance lecture I have ever heard." The young man from whom these facts were obtained broke off at once from the use of strong drink, and holds a grateful remembrance of the lady who gracefully and resolutely gave him to understand that her guests should not drink wine.

Good and evil are two distinctively different roads. Moderate drinking is an attractive little by-path that leads from the former to the latter almost before you are aware of it. It is a short cut that has cut short many a promising career.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

No other city was ever like Venice. It is built on about eighty islands in the Adriatic Sea, and instead of streets there are canals, and instead of carriages, gondolas. For a thousand years or more this city has ruled itself, and was the proud and haughty queen of the Adriatic. It was governed by fifteen hundred nobles. These chose three hundred senators, the chief of whom was called the doge.

On one side of the canal in the picture was the doge's palace, on the other side the prison. Accused persons were tried, and if found guilty, were led across the Bridge of Sighs and passed into prison, and from the sight of mortal men for ever. Here they stayed, if they were not at once put to death, until memory and hope were gone. What sad tales these prison walls could tell!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A.D. 60.] LESSON X. [Sept. 3.  
PAUL SHIPWRECKED.

Acts 27. 30-44.] [Memory verses, 42-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Trusting, v. 30-37.
2. Working, v. 38-41.
3. Saved, v. 42-44.

PLACE.—St. Paul's Bay, Malta.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Paul had appealed to Caesar, and to Caesar he must go. Agrippa and Festus sent him to Rome. He was placed with other prisoners in charge of Julius, a "centurion of Augustus' band," or regiment. Their voyage was full of adventure and peril. They were at length shipwrecked off the coast of Melita.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Shipmen"—Sailors, who had formed a plot to leave the ship. "Nothing"—No regular meal. "Knew not the land"—Even a native Maltese would probably not have recognized the spot. "Rudder-bands"—The ancient rudders were paddles, one on each side of the stern, bound when the ship drifted, and loosed now they were needed to steer with. "Two seas met"—Literally, a two-seaed place. The promontory probably jutted out under the surface of the water, and the ship stranded on this some distance from the land.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That we should trust in the promise of God!

2. That, while trusting God, we should use every effort.
3. That, though we may trust and work, our salvation is of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the shipmen try to do? "To escape in a boat." 2. What did Paul ask the men to do? "To take some meat." 3. What did Paul do when he had taken the bread? "He gave thanks to God." 4. What was finally done to escape death? "They ran the ship aground." 5. What was the result? "They escaped all safe to land." 6. What says the Golden Text? "God is our refuge," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Relation of faith and works.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Is, then, the soul of man created to live forever?

It is immortal, and will not die as the body dies.

What is the other part of man?  
The body, which is flesh and blood.

WAS IT A LIE?

You may judge for yourself. It was in this way:

Irene and Gertrude were sent by their mamma to Aunt Susan's on an errand, and mamma had said, "Don't ask to have Bessie come home with you." For it was a way of these girls to bring their cousin Bessie back with them whenever they went to the old square house on the hill, where she lived with ever so many brothers and sisters.

Bessie was a dear girl, and everybody loved her, but on this particular afternoon the little girls' mamma was very busy, and she wanted them to look after the baby on their return, instead of running off to the attic to play with dolls.

Aunt Susan—poor, careworn woman—was very busy, too, and she could not well spare Bessie, for there was a baby at her home, too; so it was right all around. Was it, though?

Irene "did the errand," as the children used to say, and then, oh, how she did dislike to part with Bessie!

"I wish Bessie could go home with us, don't you, Gertrude?" she asked, looking anxiously at Aunt Susan.

"Yes, I do wish she could," echoed Gertrude.

"Can't I go, ma?" asked Bessie.

Aunt Susan looked more careworn than ever, as she thought of the stout men from the farm, and the hearty men from the shop, and the boys from school, coming in presently, all of them with appetites like wolves; and the baby ready to wake; but she looked at the three children—who were waiting for her decision with such anxious faces you would have thought all their happiness in life depended on it—and her

gentle mother heart reproached itself for selfishness.

"You may go, Bessie," she said.

But all the way home Irene's sensitive conscience reproved her for acting contrary to her mother's wishes, so that she was not happy even with darling Cousin Bess at her side.

Irene's mamma looked a little surprised, but she spoke pleasantly to Bessie, and allowed the little girls to go to their play among the old spinning-wheels, and boxes of dresses, piles of disabled umbrellas, and antiquated cooking utensils, stowed away under the rafters of the sloping roof. A most fascinating play-ground was that.

But Irene was not happy. Yet when her mamma asked, "Did you invite Bessie to come home with you?" they both said, "No, ma, we didn't. She come without our asking her."

Irene said to herself, "I have not told a lie," but somehow she felt in her heart as though she had. What do you think about it?



Nice to be a Boy, But Not a Man.

BY GRACE S. BURGESS.

TUMBLING on the fresh, green grass  
Shouting as my playmates pass:  
"Come and tumble here with me,  
This is jolly fun, you see!"  
Flying kites, and cracking whips,  
Carving toys and floating ships,  
Hunting squirrels, digging worms,  
Trading knives on easy terms,  
Climbing to the chimney top,  
Never being told to stop  
As I run, or jump, or play,  
Save when mother says, "Now, Ray,  
Come and help me quick!" or when  
The bell has rung for school, and then  
With my sister, looking sweet,  
Close beside me on the seat,  
Riding to the district school  
Where there is not one bad rule,  
And doing many other things  
I cannot think of now—each brings  
Only happiness and joy;  
Oh! 'Tis nice to be a boy.

Going down to town, and there  
Meeting ugly men who swear,  
And run against you rough and rude;  
No matter where you are, intrude  
Men who use the weed and smell,  
How, I doubt if I could tell;  
Nasty though, and have them say  
In such a confidential way;  
"Take a cigar?" If you say, "No,"  
"Getting pious, Jim? ho! ho!"  
Have them most insulting shout,  
Then pull and jostle you about,  
And finally: "Well, come and drink?"  
Before you've time to even think  
They drag you in where whiskey's sold:  
And you must take the drink when told  
Or be ridiculed; I know,  
For my pa is used just so;  
Nice to be a man? no! no!

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"THE truth shall prevail." Wycliffe uttered these words in 1378 when summoned to a meeting of convocation at Blackfriars and forbidden to circulate the Scriptures. The prophecy is fulfilled. The house where the words were spoken is now occupied by the British Bible Society. The building of the Religious Tract Society of London stands upon the spot where the Bibles were once publicly burned. Voltaire's house in Lausanne is now occupied by a depository of the American Bible Society. Copies of the Scriptures are daily being sold in Florence on the square where Savonarola was burned for preaching the repentance of the Gospel.

ALWAYS A POISON.

YEARS ago an aged and eminent man said: "If there is a particle of depravity in a man's heart a glass of brandy will find it out and stir it up." And what is true of brandy is true of alcohol in every shape. From the time of Noah till this day its effects have shown that it has an affinity for the worst parts of our nature. Hence we cannot be too careful in guarding young people against it. Strong drink is everywhere and always a poison. Let us firmly resolve that we will have nothing to do with it.

WEARING THE CANGUE IN CHINA.

THE most common of the lawful modes of punishment in China is the wearing of the cangue. This is a square collar made of boards. The person's crime, and the time which he is to wear the cangue, are written upon the upper or front side of it. He is placed, in the day-time, in the street near the spot where he committed his offence; in the evening he is taken away by the constable of the neighbourhood, and in the morning he is returned to his usual place of exposure, where he begs his living, unless his friends supply him with food. This is done from one to three months, according to the offence.

By an ingenious apparatus lately invented it has been shown that in Glasgow on a wet morning there are 7,500,000 dust particles in a cubic inch of air. It is calculated that in London nearly 100,000 tons of sulphur are produced annually by coal consumption and thrown into the air.

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WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.  
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