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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vo. XIX.

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1899.

No. 27.

A Gentlemanly Boy.

BY H. L. CHARLES.

A gentle boy, a manly boy,
Is the boy I love to see;
An honest boy, an upright boy,
Is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips,
Lest words that fall may grieve;
The manly boy will never stoop
To meanness, nor deceive.

An honest boy clings to the right,
Through seasons foul and fair;
An upright boy will faithful be,
When trusted anywhere.

The gentle boy, the manly boy,
Upright and honest, too,
Will always find a host of friends
Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,
Finds joy in giving joy,
And earns the right to bear the
name,

"A gentlemanly boy."
—The Evangelist.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Tom Brown's home was away up the Ottawa, in a new settlement, where there was no good high school. So when Tom had learned all they could teach him at the public school, his parents did not know what to do with him. He was too young to go into business, and he was a good student and wanted to go to college. At last some one suggested that Albert College, Belleville, was just the place, so after due inquiry, off to Belleville Tom was sent.

His letters home were full of praise of the college. The school discipline was kind but firm. The school teaching and training were first-class. Out of school hours there was lots of fun—football, baseball, lacrosse, and all the rest of it, and in winter first-class skating. Dr. Dyer was like a father to the boys, the teachers were sympathetic and helpful, and one of the lady instructors was like a mother to Tom, who was sometimes homesick and longed for the holidays.

When the long vacation came, Tom packed his trunk with alacrity and with all his clothes—a queer combination—and set out for his home on the Upper Ottawa. Wasn't there a jubilation in the brown house when Tom got back! If they did not kill the fatted calf it wasn't because they were not glad to see Tom. His younger brothers and sisters seemed as if they would devour him. He had to tell them lots of stories about school life, and especially school games, and Tom had a very good time of it, you may be sure. In the next number we shall see some more of Tom's adventures and games.

THE BOY AND THE FARM.

If you are a farmer and you want your son to be a farmer after you, teach him from his earliest boyhood to respect his father's calling. Instil into his mind the fact that the great men of all ages were sons of farmers. Teach him never to feel shame at the senseless and threadbare jokes of would-be humourists over old Hayseed and his lumbering old market-waggon and his quaintness of speech when he visits the city and stares around at the sights, and does not make half so much of a fool of himself as the average city man when he comes to the country.

Do not fill his life entirely with work. Recreation is as necessary to happiness and to a healthful development of the spiritual and physical faculties as is pure air and there is untold wisdom in the old saw, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Encourage him when he tries to do, even if he fails. Failures which teach us how to avoid future disasters are successes. Make him feel that you rest upon his faithfulness and truth in what-over you intrust to him. Do not blame him when he is not at fault, even if things do not turn out as you have expected. Never disparage his efforts. Continual disparagement breaks a boy's spirit, and there is nothing more inspiring, nothing more refreshing in this world than the broad, courageous, undismayed hopefulness of a manly boy.

Take him into your confidence early. Let him know what you are going to plant in the ten-acre field, and how you propose to make the upland fields pay.

Don't snub him. The man who snubs a boy is unworthy to be the father of a son. Let him have the money he earns.

Do not starve your family for the sake of taking the best of everything to market. A broad and generous soul cannot develop in a starved body. Live in just as good a house as you can own, free of mortgage. Have a pleasant, sunny living-room with the books and papers and music. Encourage your boy to invite his friends there, and yourself greet them cordially when they come. The lack of social privileges at home is one fertile cause of the temptation exerted by city life on the country young man. New England Farmer.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH JOHN?

BY REV. A. J. HAWKE.

It was plainly apparent to all who knew him that John Van Hosten was

One day a gentleman called, and, without waiting for an extended acquaintance, John proceeded to try on his hat, to feel into his overcoat pockets, to hoist his umbrella, and to call attention to a mole on the gentleman's face. His elders reprobated with him, but as soon as he was frustrated in one movement he tried another. He was finally put into the closet, and left to meditate five minutes on his bad conduct, when he promised to do better next time.

"Next time" came the following afternoon, when Mrs. Van Hosten and her daughter had company. Generally, on such occasions, if John was not at school, his mother and sister would contrive to send him to the store with his father, or to his Uncle Edward, two miles in the country. On this particular day John had been sent to the country in a passing farm-waggon, with the privilege of remaining until evening, when Uncle Edward was likely to come to town for his mail. But it happened that his Uncle Edward had a trip to town early in the afternoon, and John wanted to ride, so he came with him.

Mrs. Van Hosten and her daughter had just successfully ushered the new Mrs. De Munsen and her charming daughter, Pansy, into the parlour, and each felt a relief that on the occasion of their rich and stylish visitor's first call, John was far away. Imagine, therefore, the dismay of the hostess, and, later, of their guests, when John came romping into the room and began to monopolize the attention of all concerned with his innumerable questions: "Was the lady's name Mrs. De Monkey?" and, "Wasn't her daughter Miss Chimpanzee?" and, "Did they belong to Barnum's show?" and, "Was it coming to town?"

After this tirade of questions as to the names and identity of the visitors was satisfactorily answered, Mrs. De Munsen remarked that John was a very interesting little boy. That was suggestive of a series of questions which John proceeded forthwith to ask: "Had she any interesting little boys?" "Was their name John?" "Did she ever wish that their tongues were tied?" Again, by way of variety: "Did Mrs. De Munsen's watch 'go,' or did she carry it 'just for looks,' like mamma?" Then, for fear of slighting some one, he passed the questions around: "Did Mrs. De Munsen's little boy ever let kitty get her nose into the oysters when there was company for tea?" "Did Miss Pansy ever scold her little brother for spilling a soft Easter egg on her beau's new coat?" "Did his mamma put that rug in the middle of the room to hide the big grease-spot in the carpet?" "Didn't Sister Mary think Miss Pansy's hat looked like a robin's nest?"

At this juncture Mary thought of the happy expedient of catching up her seven-year-old brother in her arms, and carry him bodily out of the room. As she did so she met his objections by promising him two pieces of custard pie the next baking, and a big orange, if he would go out and stay with old Henry, the gardener, until the visitors were gone.

In due time John received a severe lecture for being so naughty, and his friends tried to make him see how ugly his meddling habit was. He seemed to understand for a moment, and promised to be careful. But will he? His friends fear that he will keep on asking embarrassing questions, and they live in a state of suspense.

Can some reader give a safe and sure recipe for such a case?

Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for his glory during the day.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

You would have to pay the hired man for taking care of the calves and the colts; why not remunerate your boy? Do not disgust him with farming in the beginning by telling him that he does not need anything but his board and clothes now, because he will have "it all" when you are gone. Give him something now. Five dollars when a boy is ten years old is more to him than five thousand will be when you are dead and gone and he has the farm.

Do not devote all the land to corn and potatoes and "things that pay." The garden and the orchard are important factors in the life on the farm, and the flower bed ought to receive just as much attention as the onion bed where you expect to raise the strongly-flavoured candidates for the first premium at your county fair next fall.

a meddler. His mother was overheard soliloquizing one day, half-hopefully, half-despairingly:

"How can John be broken of that bad habit?"

She was at her wits' end. Scolding and severer punishment did not cure him, and as for simply reminding him of his fault, his father, mother and sister did that in vain every day.

When visitors came to the home, John's presence kept the whole family in suspense, for he was almost sure to betray his weakness. An embarrassing question, or half a dozen of them, would cause strangers to suspect that John's manners had been sadly neglected. Generally other members of the family would be profuse in their apologies for John's behaviour, and in gentle persuasions to induce him to amend it.

The Boys We Need

Here's a boy who's not afraid To do his share of work. Who never is by told dismayed, And never tries to shrink...

The boy whose heart is brave to meet All lions in the way. Who always keeps the right in view, And sim to be a man...

Such boys as these will grow to be The men whose hands will guide The future of our land, and we Shall speak their names with pride...

All honour to the boy who is A knight at heart, I say; Who lends on his shield is this - 'Night-always wins the day' - Western Christian Advocate

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as The Boy, The Christian Guardian, The Western Herald, and their respective prices.

WILLIAM BINGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. 217 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1893.

TEN YEARS OF JUNIOR WORK.

BY REV. T. ALBERT MOORE. Ten years ago, when the Epworth League was organized, besides the classes and the schools, there were many other societies for the children in various churches...

The first official recognition of Junior work was by the General Conference of 1890, when that body gave formal endorsement of the Epworth League, and incorporated it as part of the religious economy of the church...

A new office, that of superintendent of Junior Work, was filled by the appointment of Rev. T. Albert Moore in 1890. Among those who were deeply interested in this department of our young people's work, and gave much assistance, were Rev. A. Carman, D.D., Rev. W. H. Whitrow, D.D., and Rev. M. Phillips, B.D. With their co-operation a constitution was provided, and Junior Leagues were organized in many of our churches...

These Junior Leagues are designed to increase the younger scholars in the schools directly, and indirectly, for the promotion of personal piety. Much good has been accomplished by our Junior Leagues, which give provision of stable aid in training the boys and girls in our schools in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

In 1888, when the Methodist Young People's Societies of Ontario were merged into the Conference organization, it was found that Junior Societies had multiplied, and in each Conference there

was appointed a vice-president for Junior work. These officers were Toronto Conference, Rev. Hudson Toronto, Hamilton Conference, Miss M. Kelly, Hamilton; London Conference, Miss Leary, Barnia; Bay of Quinte Conference, Miss Keen, Peterborough; and Montreal Conference, Rev. G. C. Clendinning, Billings Bridge. At the next meeting of the Sunday school and Epworth League Board, that body also elected vice-presidents of Junior work in the person of Rev. T. Albert Moore. Under the oversight of these workers, and their successors from year to year, Junior work has continued to increase, every annual report telling of growth and expansion.

Besides those already named as being earnest workers for the Junior League, I must mention two others—our General Secretary, Rev. A. C. Crews, who everywhere has emphasized the utility of Junior work; and also Rev. S. T. Hartlett, of Bay of Quinte Conference, who has put forth more and more effort to this department than any other person. His "Junior League Hand Book" is a mine of information for every worker, and ought to be in the hands of every superintendent, as well as in the library of every minister.

With all these, and many other workers, it is not strange that our Junior League has prospered. It goes everywhere with the senior society, and is ever carrying on a splendid work, by training our boys and girls in the work of the Master, so that the coming generation will already know how to work and bear their burdens when the dawning twentieth century will have opened its doors to them, and flung upon them its earliest light.

"To ours to fashion the children's minds, To kindle their thoughts, and their hopes unbind; To guide their young feet in their earliest flight."

And lure them to worlds of unsullied light; To teach them to sing in their gladness hours Of a Father's love, with an angel's powers." -Abridged from Epworth Era.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

There was a W. C. T. U. organized in Luptonville, N.C., which was once looked around for some work which they thought would do the most good.

As there was many children in the charge, they decided that juvenile work should be their department of their union to take up, so they organized a Loyal Temperance Legion.

I am sorry to say that the minister's work was opposed to it.

Why? It took a good while to find out just the reason, but at last it was revealed that the minister had intended to organize a society among the children under the auspices of the church, but not because the L. T. L. was in the field.

The superintendent of the L. T. L. invited him to assist in the Legion, but he found his time "too limited" that he asked to be excused.

When the L. T. L. was started, of course the first thing to be presented was the pledge-card, and many boys and girls signed it; but there was one boy who would not "sign away his liberty" to drink cider. Carl Hammond was his name. His mother was a strong-temperance woman and wanted Carl to sign the pledge, as he was reluctant she did not press the matter.

Carl was always quoting his Uncle Ralph, and he made cider, and Carl said: "I don't see any harm in drinking cider as long as Uncle Ralph makes it. Of course if it was wrong he would not make it, and I expect to take many more good drinks through a straw."

"The fact that Uncle Ralph makes it does not lessen the sin of drinking it," Uncle Ralph lived a mile from the village, and Carl thought he would go up there on Saturday afternoon and see what was going on.

To his delight he found all the men picking up apples for cider making. Carl noticed that all the half-rotten ones were being used, and he was glad, so he asked Uncle Ralph what those were for.

"They are for elder, they are not good to use in any other way, so we make cider," Uncle Ralph said.

"Are you joking, Uncle Ralph? You certainly do not use all those apples for elder." "Yes, I do use them for elder."

thinks about it, and a half-rotten apple is more juicy than a sound one, and I don't want to eat one, but cannot sell the half-rotten ones until they are made up into cider.

"Do you think that is just right, Uncle Ralph?" "Yes, right enough. Everybody makes cider in the same way, and you do not taste the rotten apples when you drink it."

"No, but I would not eat rotten apples, and I do not want elder that is made that way."

"Then you won't drink much cider?" Carl did not say any more, but made up his mind to let Uncle Ralph eat alone, and as he was going home he said to himself:

"I don't wonder those W. C. T. U. women are after the boys if they know how filthy elder is, and I suppose they do, for people say they are finding out everything."

Still Carl would not sign the pledge. He knew his father that cider was intoxicating, and so he thought he should always drink clean elder. A month and more rolled around and Uncle Ralph invited Carl and his friends to go on one Saturday afternoon to take some cider.

"Now, boys, just help yourselves," said Uncle Ralph, "and when you are tired the glass will be empty. Drink all you want, for this is sweet elder."

"When does it get to be sour elder?" asked Hugh. "Oh, I don't know; by spring, maybe."

Carl did not enjoy the elder, but when over he raised the glass to his lips he imagined he saw a rotten apple floating on the cider, and it had a tendency to weaken his appetite. He thought if he could get some new and ask for some of the apples; but, no, he could not forget; and, too, there came a vision of crushed worms, so he gave up the cider.

He had been so taken up with his own efforts to keep from drinking, and had not noticed Hugh's success in that direction, and in fact had forgotten all about him until he heard him exclaim: "How my head aches! Let us go to the house."

Aunt Grace brought a pillow and made Hugh as comfortable as possible on the couch, but it was quite a sick-boy.

"When Uncle Ralph came to the house Aunt Grace told him about Hugh, and she said: "I don't think you did right to let the boys have that cider, especially Hugh. You know he will drink only too well, and Hugh is now drunk. Who is to blame?"

Uncle Ralph said nothing, but went outdoors, and Carl slipped out where Aunt Grace was, and asked: "Is there alcohol in that cider, Aunt Grace?" "Yes."

"When does it form?" "Very soon after it is made it begins to ferment, and fermentation continues until it becomes what we call hard cider; and you see it does not take long for it to ferment sufficiently to intoxicate; but see your uncle calls it sweet elder."

"Look here, Aunt Grace, I have two pledge-cards in my pocket. I would not sign one before, but now I am ready to sign the other. I am just too tired. He has done harm enough."

When Uncle Ralph came in, Carl handed him the card, which he read. Then Carl handed him a pen, saying: "Sign there, won't you, please?"

As for Hugh, he got over the effects of so-called sweet elder, and the first thing he said when he realized the condition he was in was: "I am just too tired."

"I shall join the Loyal Temperance Legion, and shall be only too glad to pledge myself not to drink wine, beer, nor cider." -Youth's Temperance Banner.

HOW HAROLD DISOBEYED.

BY MARY E. JARVIS. "I want you to go down to the Lower Fold, Harold, and get me all the chicken-coops and the hen-house door. Jim is away at market with your father, and Jane is busy. Be sure you do it properly, or you'll get straight back; baby seems so poorly to-day."

And Mrs. Hayes turned in her weary walk to and fro, and began again to sing the old cradle song with which she was trying to lull the baby to sleep.

Harold dearly loved his little sister, and kissed her soft fingers now as he went out, saying cheerily: "All right, mother, I'll see the chickens added to the list."

He crossed the farm-yard, then through the orchard into the lane. But there he found several boys waiting.

"Here, Harold, we were just looking for you! It's all going to sail our boats down at Brook Hollow."

"But I can't come," said Harold regretfully. "I've got the chickens to feed, and mother told me not to be long. Baby May isn't well."

"Well, you can be back in a jiffy. We can get here in a quarter of an hour, have some fun, and be home by eight. The chickens can wait."

"Perhaps it doesn't matter for half an hour," said Harold, hesitating. "Only mother said—"

"Fatter?" "Of course not!" broke in Ned, rudely. "Come along; you're not a nursemaid to be tied down like that!"

"Fear of ridicule swept away Harold's misgivings, and soon all four boys were hurrying to Brook Hollow, a mile away. There, in the fascination of playing in the brook, more than three half-hours went by.

But the deepening darkness warned them of home and supper-time, and Harold's conscience now woke up in good earnest.

"Look here, boys, I'm off home, and I'm sorry I came. And chicken feed is away, followed by the mocking laughter of his comrades."

"I won't stop to go for a lantern and see to the chickens now," he said, as he hurried to Brook Hollow, a mile away. They are left for once!"

There was a bright light in his mother's room, and on the stairs he overtook Jane tolling up with a heavy load.

"Oh, Master Harold, where have you been? Missus is in such a way for baby's! In a fit. And I'm all strange to the place, and don't know where the doctor is, but he hasn't been here for some time yet. Oh, dear, dear!"

Before she had finished her incoherent tale, Harold was at his mother's side. And he never knew afterwards which part him most—the reproach and grief on his mother's white face, or the sight of his baby sister in the agony of convulsions.

"Run for the doctor at once, Harold! Oh, how could you be so long?"

But to the heart, Harold flew down the stairs and ran as he had never run before, down the lane and across the meadow to his mother's house. Fortunately he was at home, and called at once. The warm bath had relieved the worst symptoms; but it was hours before baby was out of danger. And nobody slept much the next night, as Harold and his father were sitting down to an early breakfast next morning. Jane came in with the coffee, and said:

"You never fastened up them fowls last night, and here Harold and Tom says the hens have been killed seven out of the eight. Leghorn chicks your mother set such store by."

Then the whole story of Harold's disobedience was put out, and very grieved his father looked.

"Let it teach you a lesson, Harold, that will last your lifetime. Never say again about the smallest duty; 'It doesn't matter.'" -The Child's Companion.

Forward, Junior League!

(The following is a composite production by the three superintendents of the Junior League of Parliament Street church, Toronto.)

We are Junior Leaguers, Girded for the fray, And through Christ our Saviour, We will win the day. We will win forward, Bravely on our way, And with strength from Jesus, Watch and work and pray.

Forward, Junior Leaguers! Loyal, firm, and true, Jesus is our Captain,— He will lead us through.

By the pledge we've taken, We have promised true, With strength from Jesus, We will win the day. We his word will study, And pray every day, And to be true Christians, We will try away.

Onward we are marching, In the narrow way, Jesus our great Leader, With us will go, Jesus, help us ever, In our work and play, To stand firm for thy dear cause,— For others live and pray.

To the front of battle, Forward then we go, And through our dear Master, Victory we may win, We will be comforted, Christ our hands will hold, And through dangers lead us, Till we reach the fold.

-Epworth Era.

Canada, our Own Fair Land.

BY W. J. TORLEY.

Neath western skies—two seas between—
A beauteous land far-reaching lies;
Whose sons are bound to Britain's Queen
By fast-linked fetters, loving ties.
Tis Canada, our own fair land,
The home of freemen strong and brave,
Each wins his fame with mind and hand,
A lord by birthright—ne'er a slave.

With honest pride aloft we sing
Our virgin banner to the breeze;
In lands where wooing zephyrs sing
Or borne by winds of northern seas.
Nor dread we what the future brings;
A goodly heritage is ours;
In Nature's bosom hidden springs
Hold needful blessings, vailed with
flowers.

Through hopeful hearts there ebbs and
flows
The gift of sires beyond the sea.
Here blends the thistle with the rose,
The shamrock and the fleur-de-lis.
A loyal race, a noble Queen,
Whose feet are guided from above;
Her life—in light or shadow seen—
Reveals the heart her people love.

O thou whose wisdom never errs!
Whose goodness sometimes seems un-
kind;
Forgive our thought, that ill infers—
Create in us a constant mind.
Give strength to honest hearts and true,
Who strive to wisely shape our laws;
Give strength to dally tollers, too,
Whose hands help on our country's
cause.

Sustain and guard our gracious Queen,
Bless thou the old lands o'er the sea;
Thy brooding love, the bond between
Their hearts and ours, our hearts and
thee.

Guide him whose hand our sceptre sways,
His Consort keep, nor ill betide;
Grant them thy grace through happy
days,
To love and serve thee side by side.

Eternal God!—in faith we pray—
Breathe thy blest spirit o'er our land,
Throughout our nation's bright'ning way
Let peace and love lead hand in hand.
Still may thy truths in hearts sincere
Our country's bulwark ever prove;
Our children will thy name revere,
Till "rolling years shall cease to
move."

Ottawa, 1882.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

At noon they would sit in sight of their work to eat their dinner. "I think that sialal's just a little too high," Urias would say, squinting critically. "And how does that cresting suit your views, Heman?"

"Fine," Heman would say; "but if this house is wanted to be fancy, why don't you put some sticks crossways and notched up in those gable ends?"

"Well, it would look kind of quill!" Urias would reply, "and we might paint them red."

Riding home, as they passed some house which Urias had built, he would say with due pride, "That house stands just as true as when I made it; hasn't sagged one bit. It looks real frilly round the top of the porch where I put that trimmings, don't it, now?"

Sometimes he would tell incidents out of his past experience. "You see that house over on the hill, boy—Reed's house? I'll tell you a little ditty about that."

"I was building that house for Reed. He was in a hurry, and I was, for I had a barn to set up for Maybanks, and a corn-bin to shingle beyond that. I'd worked one day till dark, and got the balloon frame up, and I tell you, Heman, I felt so tired that I couldn't strike another blow. Well, I went home and had my supper, and dropped on the lounge in the kitchen and went to sleep. I slept so hard and was so tired, D'rexy just covered me up and left me there. By-and-bye I woke up and heard a shutter banging and the clock striking ten. The moon had risen and the wind along with it. I went outside and said to myself, 'If this wind keeps on, that frame will be blown over by daylight. I can't afford the time nor Reed the lumber.' So I tied on my hat and buttoned my coat, and off I set toward that house. It was light enough, a great round moon, like a brass plate. Well, I got there, and I seized the longest board I had, and laid it slanting across

the end, for I was bound to stay that frame. I nailed it to a stud nigh the middle. Then I drove a big nail in at the bottom, and run up my ladder, and whacked a nail in at the top. Then I put another brace on that end, and ran round to the other end. The thing was shaking and threatened. 'No, you don't come down,' I said, 'and three braces went on there. Then I put two on each side the front door, and two each side the back, and one in each gable end. 'No,' I says, 'to make sure I'll lay a stay or two along that roof.' So up I goes. The wind was high, and it was powerful hard work wrestling with those big boards alone in the wind. But I said to myself, 'Rias, this is what the Lord gave you your muscle for; and, man, you've got no time to waste, while it is clear as preaching that you have to do honest work by your neighbour.' So, you see, I exhorted myself like a preacher while I was laying on. After a while I was done. That house was firm as a rock—well stayed as a frame need to be. I got home by two o'clock, and D'rexy never knew till morning that I'd been out working of a night."

Could the admiring Heman fall to take a lesson in honest zeal? He longed to begin a man's work in the world, to have opportunities of making himself felt, of doing something worth while. He counted the gardening, milking, cow-driving, wood-cutting, the hundred and one things he did for Aunt D'rexy and Aunt Espey, nothing. They felt differently about them, and dally wondered how they could have gotten on had not Providence sent to them that boy.

"I've been to school long enough," said Heman; "I'm past thirteen, and I've got through all the classes in our district. If I go next year I'll have to go to the village. I want to work, like a man."

"And what work do you want to do?" asked Urias.

"I don't know. Sometimes when I stop before the blacksmith's shop and see the forge and the red furnace, the sparks flying, the red iron hissing in the water, I think I'd like that. See how broad my shoulders are, and look what a muscle I have!" Heman contracted and expanded his arm, marking with pride the swelling biceps.

"Yes," said Urias, "you're a biggish lad; you stand on a good big leg and foot. What else do you want to be?"

"Some days I think I'd like to be a farmer; there's nothing like the fields and orchards. Other days, when I work with you, I think I'd rather sit up on the ridge of a roof and pound on shingles, than be President. Then when I go over to the mill and yard for lumber, then I'm sure I'd rather keep a lumber-yard than do any other thing, the wood smells so nice, and is so clean, and shines so yellow in the sun. Say, Uncle 'Rias, all is so nice I don't know which is best."

"That's so, sonny," said the gratified Urias; "your head's level. You'll have time enough to get your mind made up. You can work with me and get your taste of farming and carpentry, and you'll know at last if you want either of them. I may be able to set you up in a lumber yard myself before long, or a big blacksmith's shop yonder in the village."

"Whoop! Uncle 'Rias, that would take loads of money!"

"Perhaps I'll have lots of money some day," said Urias, mysteriously. He was overflowing with a secret which made his hard features radiant, and brought the simple childish look into his blue eyes. Finally, one Saturday, out in the wood lot felling trees with Heman, the desire for sympathy overcame Urias. They were sitting on a log eating dinner.

"I say, Heman, you're not to tell Joey, but when Luke Parks went off to Africa to pick up gold and diamonds lying round loose like stones in what they call the Transvaal, I took stock in him, and so did some others."

"Why, how? You believed he was going to get rich there?"

"Yes, you bet! Why, boy, if I'd been young, like Luke, I'd have gone, too; but I couldn't leave D'rexy and Aunt Espey, and you so young. So I and some others put money into Luke's pocket; he's honest, and we gave him three hundred apiece, four of us, and he's fiv. When he comes back rich we'll share even; if he makes half a million, we'll have a hundred thousand each. See? But it's more likely to be a million."

A little rabbit scurried over the path among the dry leaves; a red-capped woodpecker began to drum on a branch; the breeze rose and whispered low through the woods. All these sounds wove themselves together and fell as words upon the boy's ear: "They that

will be rich fall into a snare." He marvelled that the man did not hear it. It was so plain, but no, the man who had striven so hard for bread heard another refrain: "Plenty of money! riches! riches!"

"I took the money I had in bank, boy," said 'Rias, picking up his axe to go to work again. "I didn't tell her. Those riches are going to be a surprise to her." Then Heman understood that he was not to mention this affair, and his boyish heart sank, for he was sure the outcome would be ill.

More than ever he was restive and wanted to be doing a man's work in the world, to help hold a "airs straight." If they began allowing round wrong," he said to himself. They told him he could closer his school-going with the close of the spring term in May. There was some comfort in that.

One March day he came home from school and found D'rexy and Aunt Espey talking earnestly, so that they could not even nod at him. He saw that tears were dropping over D'rexy's firm round cheeks. He went and put his arm about her neck, pressing her head on his stout young shoulder. She clasped his hand, but went on talking.

"Yes, Aunt Espey, I believe I've done wrong. I say that 'Rias was clean carried away by Petty's glib tongue. But then 'Rias is so set on it! and after all, Aunt Espey, it's all 'Rias' money, he earned it by terrible hard work."

"No, D'rexy," said Aunt Espey firmly. "It's as much yours as his. Women ought to feel and know that their work indoors, and their economizing, are just as much earning, and make what is got together just as much theirs as a man's. The law sees that, D'rexy, and that's why the law gives a woman a chance to save herself, by not allowing a mortgage to be laid, or real estate bought, unless she signs the papers."

"You see," continued D'rexy, "'Rias had some money in the bank, and I'm sure he's gone and invested that some way, or he'd had that to invest with Petty instead of laying a mortgage on his place. Oh, Aunt Espey, it took so many years to get this place clear and comfortable and a bit in the bank for safety. And here we are mortgaged again!"

Heman's shoulder shook a little; he knew that the bank money had gone—to Africa.

D'rexy pulled him closer. "Uncle 'Rias had bought part of Petty's new trading schooner," she said; "he thinks it's going to pay fine. Somehow I'm timorous. I lived down there on the coast when I was young, and so many wrecks and drownings made me feel the sea was pretty uncertain. I'd rather trust the land. But maybe 'Rias knows best, and it will be safe."

"Yes, and don't you cry, Aunt D'rexy. I'll be out of school soon, and I'll work like a house afire, and you'll have all my money; and if Uncle 'Rias loses some, he and I will earn plenty more don't you see?"

D'rexy looked encouraged. Heman felt cheery enough. School-days were slipping by like beads from a string, and he had what Urias called "so much conniving" with Joey to attend to.

"What won't those boys be up to next?" said Urias one afternoon, as he sat on the porch cutting up seed potatoes. "Do you hear the whistles Heman and Joey have been making? They call 'em sirens, and they're like a steam engine going off. Then they've set up what they call an observation and signal station, in the big cherry tree, and in the shop they're getting up some kind of a telegraph with wires and strings and tin cans, such as they read about in their magazines. Boys are all ways at some contraptions."

From far they could be heard coming down the road, Joey limping, Heman striding, each of them blowing on his siren a deafening strain. Happily these country people, reared amid the clarions of cocks, the shrill roulades of guinea-fowls, the shrieks and squeals of pigs, the full chorus of calves, sheep and cows, were regardless of any noises that could be produced; nothing distressed their well-accustomed ears.

"We've got a set of signals made," announced Heman, tearing in at the gate. "Long, hard call—'attention!' Three short ones—'trouble!' Lots of little ones—'hurry up!' Oh, they're fine. Hark to them, will you?"

"Fine!" said 'Rias. "If you'd slice some of these potatoes, it would be finer than all the signals you could blow. Sit right down here and get to work. Tomorrow being Saturday, you can plant 'em. Bet I can cut quicker than you can," said Heman, seizing a pan and pulling out his knife; "cut 'em good, too."

"That's you," said Urias, gratified. "You're the right kind of a boy, you take hold and do what you can, and you

don't perrickety. Some boys are always pouting if they can't be riding in the band wagon and carrying the flag."

(To be continued.)

DEWEY AND THE POWDER BOY.

When the order to clear for action was given in Dewey's fleet on that memorable May morning in Manila Bay, one of the powder-boys hastily took off his coat, which slipped from his hand into the water. In the inside pocket was a photograph of his mother. The boy had just been looking at it, had kissed it and restored it to what seemed to be a safe place. He asked permission to jump overboard and recover the coat and when he was forbidden to do this he went to the other side of the ship, leaped into the water, swam to the coat and saved it. For disobedience he was put in irons and held for further punishment. Commodore Dewey wondered why he had risked his life and disobeyed orders for the sake of a coat, for the boy had said nothing about the photograph. In answer to the commander's kind questions he disclosed his motive. The commodore's eyes filled with tears and he clasped the boy in his arms. Orders were given that the little fellow should be released. "A boy who loves his mother enough to risk his life for her picture," said Dewey, "cannot be kept in irons on this fleet."—New York Independent.

SUNSHINE.

The Parliament Street Junior League, Toronto, has no special Sunshine Committee, but has resolved itself into a "Sunshine Committee of the Whole," with the object of bringing the light of the Sun of Righteousness into the hearts of those about them. With this end in view they usually spend about an hour on Sunday afternoons, after Sunday-school, in visiting the old, infirm, and sick people in their neighbourhood. They sing, read the Bible, and pray, and in this way have brought many rays of sunshine into the lives of some who know but little else than suffering.

The Farmer's Wife.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the sky are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.

The men are wanting their breakfast early;

She must not linger, she must not wait,
For words that are sharp and looks that are early

Are what the men give when meals are late.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary;

Oh, for an hour to cool her head,
Out with the birds and the winds so cheery!

But she must get dinner and make her bread.

The busy men in the hayfield working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy and call her shirk-
ing.

And she never could make them under-
stand.

They do not know that the heart within her

Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,

Plenty of it, and "just on time."

And after the sweeping, and churning,
and baking,

And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,

Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says as she patches their frocks and hose,

For the world is quick to censure mothers

For the least neglect of their children's clothes.

The husband comes from the field of labour;

He gives no praise to his weary wife,
She's done no more than has her neigh-
bour;

'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and the weary tussle,
When life is done, and she lives at rest,

The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters shall call her blest.

And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,

And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

Christ With the Worthies.

(Daniel 3. 25.)

BY MIMON TUCKER CLARK.

Never was a stranger story by the pen
of prophet told,
In that grand-at of all histories, the
wonder-book of old,
Than the story of the Hebrews, in the
fiery furnace's glow,
When a spirit walked with Shadrach,
Meshach, and Abed-nego.

Much I marvel how the monarch called
that fourth one by his name,
When as yet so many years must pass
before Messiah came
As the Lord of light and glory, with the
sons of men to talk,
And with carpenters and fishermen by
Galilee to walk.

O thou Crucified and Risen, when eter-
nity began,
Thou wert counselling the Godhead for
the happiness of man;

From the rolling world's creation has
thy precious blood been shed,
And a thorny crown been platted for a
more than kingly head!

In the furnace of affliction though my
soul be sorely tried,

I shall never be quite overcome with
Jesus by my side;

For may not a sinful soul to-day as well
the Master know

As the wicked king of Babylon three
thousand years ago?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

LESSON III. - JULY 16.

THE HEBREWS IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

Dan. 3. 14-28. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us.—Dan. 3. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. Courage, v. 14-18.

2. Trial, v. 19-21.

3. Triumph, v. 22-28.

Time - Between 587 and 568 B.C.

Place - The plain of Dura, near Babylon.

LESSON HELPS.

14. The preceding verses shed light upon those of the lesson. "Belshazzar"—Then king of Babylon, a rich, proud, and cruel king. Three of the many Jews were accused, and they because of envy. They had been set over the affairs of the province, and there was an effort to put them out of office. Their enemies tried to cover up their baseness with the cloak of religion. The charge was "they serve not thy gods." Nor worship the golden image which I have set up.—The king emphasizes the pronoun "I."

15. Music in all lands and ages has been the accompaniment of religious rites and ceremonies. Music, as we know it, is almost a modern art. This is owing to the improved musical instruments and the genius of great composers. "Who is that God?" Asked in haughty scorn. It is hard for us to conceive the arrogance of the ancient king, who was regarded as a superior being. His will was nearly all powerful, his anger terrible when he was thwarted.

16. "We are not careful"—That is, care full. We have no anxiety; no cause to have, for Jehovah is (1) able and (2) willing to rescue.

"In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright."

17. "He will deliver us"—The deep feeling of faith, the glad note of prospective triumph. Faith makes the timid brave, and robs death of its sting.

18. "We will not"—Courage makes a man positive in his assertions of what he will or will not do. Moral courage is the kind the world needs.

19. "Full of fury"—Blind, unreasoning fury. How strange when he had seen many proofs that Jehovah reigned. When fury enters the soul reason and wisdom depart. "Seven times more"—As hot as possible. The word seven expresses the intensity of the heat.

20. "The most mighty men"—The chief officers; those who excel in power, not in physical strength.

21. "Their coats, their hosen, and their hats"—Their cloaks, their turbans, and their loose, flowing garments.

24. "Astonied"—Old English for astonished.

25. "Like the son of God" Rather like a son of the gods. The king had neither Christian nor Jewish ideas. He spoke as an idolater, which indeed he was. See verse 28. "God hath sent his angel."

27. "The fire had no power" The test of Innocence by a fiery ordeal was familiar in the ancient world. This was a miraculous interposition, and the king and his officers knew it.

28. "Blessed be the God" etc. A noble testimony (1) of a heathen, (2) produced by noble conduct and (3) the presence of the saving Jehovah.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus teaching humility.—John 13. 1-17.

Tu. The humble exalted.—Luke 14. 7-14.

W. Humility in prayer.—Luke 18. 9-17.

Th. Grace for the humble.—1 Peter 5. 1-7.

F. A rebuke to pride.—Mark 9. 30-37.

S. Greatness of service.—Matt. 20. 20-28.

Su. Christ's example.—Phil. 2. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Courage, v. 14-18.

What did the king ask of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego?

What demand did he make?

What threat did he utter?

What reply did the three make?

In whom did they trust for deliverance?

What is the Golden Text?

What was their decision?

What lesson may we here learn?

Acts 5. 29, last clause.

2. Trial, v. 19-21.

How was the king affected by the reply?

What command did he give about the furnace?

What did he order to be done with the three Hebrews?

How were they prepared for the trial?

What does Peter say about a fiery trial? 1 Peter 4. 12, 13.

3. Triumph, v. 22-28.

What fate befell the king's servants?

Where were the three Hebrews?



WATER-PEDDLERS.

What strange question did the king ask?

Whom did he see in the fire?

What was their condition?

What did he say the fourth was like?

What promise was thus fulfilled? Isa. 43. 2.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. Concerning faith in God?

2. Concerning fidelity to duty?

3. Concerning help in trouble?

The heathen king's command.—Try to picture the scene, the wide plain, the gathered multitudes, the golden image.



the king's words, and the burst of music, at which all the heathen followers of the heathen king fell down to worship.

A WONDERFUL MAGNET.

Probably the largest and strongest magnet in the world is that at Willet's Point, New York. It came to be made by accident. Major King happened to see two large fifteen-inch Dahlgren guns lying unused side by side on the dock and immediately conceived the idea that a magnet of enormous power could be constructed by means of these cannon, with a submarine cable wound around them. The magnet, which stands about ten feet from the ground, is eighteen feet long, and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the guns. It takes a force of 25,000 pounds to pull off the armature. A seemingly impossible experiment was performed with some fifteen-inch solid cannon balls, the magnet holding several of them suspended in air, one under the other. The most interesting experiment was the test made of a non-magnetic watch. The magnet was so powerful that an ordinary watch was stopped stock still as soon as it came within three feet of it, while an American non-magnetic watch was for ten minutes held in front of the magnet, and it did not vary the hundredth part of a second. A sledge-hammer welded in a direction opposite to the magnet feels as though one were trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind.—Chicago Railway Review.

WATER-PEDDLERS.

In many of the towns on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande del Norte ("the Grand River of the North"), which separates Texas from Mexico, water is scarce, although a river flows beside them. They have few cisterns for rain-water, and no springs, hydrants or pumps. Quite a number of men make their living by selling water. The city of Matamoros refused to allow a company to erect waterworks to supply the city, because it would deprive the water-peddlers of their business.

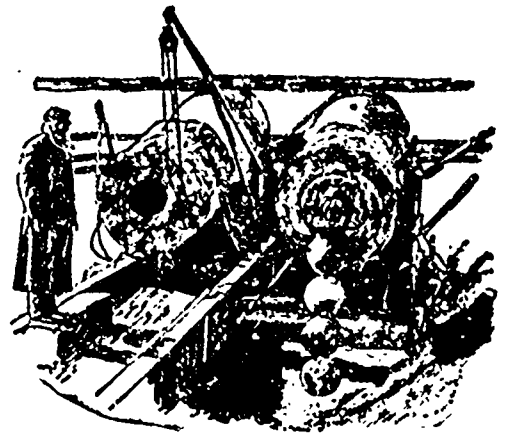


WATER-PEDDLERS.

Every peddler has a barrel with a piece of plank or scantling nailed across each end. In the middle of the plank is a stout spike or iron pin, to which is attached a piece of chain reaching beyond the edge of the barrel, and to the ends of the chain are attached rawhide or other kinds of rope. The barrel has at one end two large wooden plugs. To fill it, the Mexican goes up to his knees, or deeper, in the water, pulls out both plugs, and the water rushes in at one hole, while the air in the barrel goes out at the other. When the barrel is filled, the peddler turns it over on its side, steps inside the rope, and walks through the town seeking a customer.

The peddlers are queer-looking men, with dark complexion and long, straight, black hair, like Ind'ans. They wear wide-brimmed, low-crowned "sombrosos" (hats), trousers rolled up to the knees, or higher, and are almost always smoking a cigarette. Sometimes a peddler saves his money, and buys a "burro"—a donkey not much higher than a table—and, either tying the rope of his barrel to the saddle or putting the rope around the burro's neck, gets astride the little animal, and enjoys a ride while going around with his barrel of water.

Just imagine a man wearing a hat with a brim as wide as a small parlour centre-table, with no shoes, with trousers rolled above his knees, riding a donkey so small that he has to hold his knees up to keep his feet from dragging on the ground, and with a barrel of water rolling over the ground after him!



A WONDERFUL MAGNET.

Vacation Song.

BY FRANK D. SHEPHERD.

When study and school are over,
How jolly it is to be free,
Away in the fields of clover,
The honey-sweet haunts of the bee!

Away in the woods to ramble,
Where merrily all day long
The birds in the bush and bramble
Are filling the summer with song.

Away from the stir and bustle,
The noise of the town left behind;
Vacation for sport and muscle,
The winter for study and mind.

There's never a need to worry,
There's never a lesson to learn,
There's never a bell to hurry,
There's never a duty to spurn.

So play till the face grows ruddy
And muscles grow bigger, and then
Go back to the books and study:
We'll find it as pleasant again.

—Every Other Sunday.

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