

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL XV.]

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1895.

[No. 28

## The Building of the Ship.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard;  
For his heart was in his work, and the heart  
Giveth grace unto every Art.  
A quiet smile played round his lips,  
As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
Play round the bows of ships  
That steadily at anchor ride,  
And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, "Ere long we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch,  
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"  
And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,  
A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature;  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labour might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought.

In the shipyard stood the Master,  
With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there with these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!  
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in motion!  
There's not a ship that tails the ocean  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall!  
Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy every one  
Who sees his labour well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide!

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied.  
Till after many a week, at length  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
And around it columns of smoke upwreath-  
ing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
And amid the clamours  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men:—

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Staunch and straight, a worthy vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole;



THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
Would reach down and grapple with the  
land,  
And immovable and fast

Hold the great ship against the bellowing  
blast!

And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's daughter?  
On many a dreary and misty night,  
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal  
light,

Speeding along through the rain and the  
dark,

Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
The pilot of some phantom barque,  
Guiding the vessel in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright!  
Behold at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place;  
Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,  
In the desolate forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
They fell—those lordly pines!  
Those grand, majestic pines!  
'Mid shouts and cheers  
The jaded steers,

Panting beneath the goad,  
Dragged down the weary, winding road  
Those captive kings so straight and tall,  
To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And, naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them for evermore  
Of their native forests they should not see  
again.

All is finished! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in his splendour's light,  
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Faces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honour of her marriage day,

Her snow white signals fluttering, blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see! she stirs!  
She starts, she moves, she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

## THE HERO.

"REUBEN! Reuben!"

No answer.

"Reuben, my son, it is time to get up." Nor did he feel like getting up. It was very cold. He drew the bed-clothes closer about his head, and turned over for another nap. Meanwhile his feeble old mother made the kitchen fire, pumped the water for the kettle, and went out in the ice and snow to feed the half-frozen chickens.

"Dolly ought to have been milked an hour ago," she thought. "I wonder what ails Reuben, anyhow! He gets up later and later every morning."

About an hour afterward, Reuben came slowly down the stairs to breakfast. He looked somewhat ashamed of himself. But he replied in a sullen tone when his mother spoke about the late hour for milking: "I think we could do without a cow! It is a great bother to milk her morning and night."

"I wish that I could attend to her; but I cannot do everything," said the mother, with a sigh.

If Reuben had looked up just then his heart might have reproached him at the sight of his mother's weary and careworn face. She was a widow, and he was her only son. He intended to be a good son, but he did not go the right way to work. He spent many hours in reading about boys who had done remarkable things, such as run away from home, and come back, years afterward, with fortunes to surprise their friends, and enable their mothers to live like queens! "That is what I want to do for my mother;" he said. But instead of doing he sat and dreamed.

One day he took up a pamphlet that was lying on the schoolmaster's table. In it he saw a story called "The Hero."

"Hallo!" he cried. "What is this about? I want to be a hero."

The story was somewhat like this: A few years ago the traveller might have seen a charming little village—now, alas! no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day, and in a few hours the quaint little farmhouses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around, wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of their burned cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbours even. True, his home and the cows were gone; but so also was his only son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept, and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighbouring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looking up he saw his favourite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive!"

"Why, yes, father! When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed. But the boy said:

"Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero!"

Reuben read the story two or three times, and then he gave a long, low whistle, which meant that he was seriously considering something.

"I wonder now if that is true," he thought. "A hero is one who does the right thing at the right time." There are plenty of chances for me to be that kind of a hero."

## OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine, 38 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.....	5 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Over 20 copies.....	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 12
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 08
Quarterly Review Service.....	0 08

By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,  
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal. Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1895.

### GOING ON.

BY B. T. VINCENT, D.D.

We go on as we begun, of course; eager to gather, to hold, to instruct, to win to Christ the boys and girls his providence has put into our hands. Ingenious we ought to be in plans to entertain, not for mere surface results, but for deep and permanent ones, in a firm hold on hearts and consciences. It seems to be, and may become "cant" to talk too much about the religious design; but the underlying motive in a teacher of the young must be a solid desire to train them as the horticulturist aims to care for the flowers, not to their temporary pleasing, but to their permanent growth. The question of "entertainment" as a part of Junior meeting methods comes in here, and may as well be put now.

The best entertainment is that which, identified with the lesson work itself, is not allowed to be divorced from the work. For the best results, which shall stay, it is essential that it be part of the work. The studies should be in an entertaining fashion. Thus the delight will be remembered with the instruction, and being the lighter of the two (if two!) is less remembered than the instruction. Rather it is the means by which the instruction is remembered. The meeting is thus not interesting as a meeting, particularly, but the things gotten there are interesting. I suggest a few methods:

Have your own little paper every week. One which is before me as I write has four pages, each about three by four and a half inches in size. It can be printed by the "Neo-style" or the "Mimeographic" process with economy and ease. The facility afforded for tracing enables anyone to copy ornamental title-pages, even if not a designer: plain pictures, diagrams, maps, etc., so that quite an original illustrated paper can be gotten up. Its own local

name and church relation, its reference to local facts about the town, church, etc., its lists of new members, graduates, officers, and the like, make it of peculiarly attractive interest. Your own arrangement of adapted lessons become thus possible; or, if other plans are used, their publication in outline in your own paper adds value to them. The preserved files, numbers in which none will miss, secure preserved work in study and helpful frequent review.

There is much profit in a "Palestine Park," or "Model." In the winter this can be made on the floor of the chapel or lecture room. Light rope or heavy twine, secured by screw eyes, that the form may be exact and fixed (and yet easily taken up again), will make coast lines, rivers, and divisions. Common brown wrapping paper can be shaped into mountains, and blocks grouped into cities and towns; sheets of tin will make good reflecting bodies of water. In the summer the yard or the fields will make mammoth maps of the Holy Land, and of even the whole of the Bible lands. Set the boys and girls to journeying over them, following the footsteps of Abraham, the children of Israel, Christ, and Paul. The interest will be unbounded and the profit substantial and permanent.

Every teacher ought to accumulate appropriate clippings in poetry and prose, gathered from newspapers, young people's magazines, and other sources. The brightness of authorship in these days provides charming humorous, pathetic, ethical facilities of this sort, which, judiciously used, will give both pleasure and profit. Do general reading with an eye to this, and your store will be exhaustless and appropriate. Reading those now and then, not to produce startling elocutionary effects, but to give the sense grammatically, rhetorically, and clearly, will awaken interest in a pleasing and useful variety. Stories of animals are to universal liking, leading to a love of, and kindness to, the brute creation. A serial story, carefully selected and read, running through two, three, or four meetings, would have excellent effect.

Calisthenics in simple limitations afford variety and relieve the weariness that comes through continued position. They are amusing and physically beneficial. A sudden change from study to a five-minute arm exercise is like the spice that pleasantly flavours the food.

Blackboard work is always entertaining, unless it be too elaborate. And it is so connected with the lessons that it is the most healthful entertainment. Do not attempt more than you are able to do rapidly and well. Simplicity appeals to the imagination, and the working artist in the boy or girl whose genius you awaken by your unambitious simplicities is delighted. If a good artist in your community will give you an occasional quick, lively, sensible "Chalk Talk," it will be well.

Much sensible, stirring singing is indispensable to a thoroughly good and useful time in gatherings of young or old; but it is especially necessary in such a meeting as yours, dear teacher of the boys and girls. See that you have it. But remember that there is a deal of "fol-de-rol" in music and song nowadays which goes for method of praise; avoid it, and give uplift by good music and good song.

### ORIGIN OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

A LEGEND OF THE SCHWARZWALD.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was dark and the snow was falling fast as Hermann, charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tightly around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near by, and he was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and four little children. He was thinking of them when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow. "Why, little one, have they left thee all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here; thou wouldst be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised the child in his arms, wrapping it in his cloak and warming its cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut he put down the child and knocked at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading the little one, who held timidly to his little finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now, let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed around to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright-coloured lamps in honour of Christmas Eve, with which to make a fête for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a bright light in the little room; and as they gazed it grew into a sort of halo around his head, and his eyes shone with a heavenly lustre. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as in a benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming in awestruck voices, "The holy Child Jesus!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers with dark-green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann picked some and reverently carried them home to his wife and children, who treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them "chrysanthemums;" and every year as the time came round they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor child, according to the words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—From the German.

### Ben's Best Girl.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

NOT a word was missed in spelling,  
Nor was broken any rule,  
So Ben's step was with the music,  
Marching proudly out of school.  
O'er the stile he bounded quickly,  
With a hurrah and a shout?  
And the boys and girls kept asking:  
"What on earth is Ben about?"

In the shop below the corner,  
Soon Ben stopped and looked them o'er—  
"All those valentines just opened,"  
While the girls peered through the door;  
And he whispered to the shopman,  
With his heart all in a whirl,  
"I must have the best in stock, sir—  
'Tis to send to my best girl!"

Was it blue-eyed Agnes Cummings?  
Could it be that black-eyed Bess?  
Or perhaps 'twas Kitty Wilbur?  
No; the shopman could not guess.  
Soon Ben chose one, 'twas so pretty,  
Quite unlike any other;  
Then he whispered to the shopman,  
"My best girl is my mother!"

"Girls, these days, are queer and flighty,  
Very friendly, then so cool,  
Just because a fellow doesn't  
Always walk by plumb and rule.  
But the mothers understand us:  
Mine's the one that I tie to,  
Now I'm off. When mother gets this,  
How I wonder what she'll do!"

"You are right," the shopman answered;  
"Always send to mother, boy,"  
And Ben bounded through the doorway,  
Whistling loudly in his joy.  
Then the girls walked off together,  
Wondering much which one would get  
Valentine—"O just the sweetest;"—  
But those girls are wondering yet.

### A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

WATER is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses; and Samson never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotallers if only for economy's sake. The beer-money will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, poor-houses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do, my good fellow?" mean true respect, is a perfect simpleton.

We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for the labourer's good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house"? If I spend money for the good of the house, let it be my own—and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer-house is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but headaches.

He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together, is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions, and tigers, and eagles, and vultures are all creatures of prey; and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy, and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm-tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public-house for happiness climb a tree to find fish.

CHRISTIAN man, with pitying thought,

Use the ballot in your hand!

Here's the battle to be fought—

Church of Christ, arise and stand!

Shield the million babies sleeping;

Succour all the poor wives weeping;

Break those chains that bind our brothers;

Dry the tears of pale-faced mothers,

Rise and crush this demon fell,

Shut up all the gates of hell.—Bengough.



### JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

July 21, 1895.

NOTHING BUT LOVE AFTER ALL.—Matthew 22, 37-40.

Love is the fulfilling of the Law. The requirements of the Law were very minute and exacting, and the Pharisees, who were a sect of the Jews, added many requirements to the law of Moses on their own authority, and they laid great stress on those outward things which were not of the slightest importance and made the demands of the law to be burdensome in the extreme.

In the passage under consideration Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Church, has so explained the morals of the Gospel that a child or a person of the feeblest mental capability need not experience the slightest difficulty in understanding what is required at our hands.

We all know what it is to love a friend. The child understands how to love its mother. God is to be the object of our love. Our love to our heavenly Father is to surpass all the affection which we bear to the nearest and best earthly friend. He is to dwell in our hearts, the seat of affection; the soul, which is the part which thinks, is to be occupied with thoughts concerning him; the mind that is the intellect is to keep him in remembrance, in short the whole life is to be conformed to him, so that we may resemble him to the utmost of our power. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it, to love our neighbours as we love ourselves. This is sometimes called the "Golden Rule." It can be obeyed if we would always remember that it means that we are not to do to another what we should not like another to do to us. The Ten Commandments and the teachings of the prophets are all comprehended in these two commands of Christ.

Ahoy! Ahoy!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I HEAR a shout, I hear a call to every idle rover,  
Ahoy! ahoy! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.  
Come from your rural haunts and nooks, with faces round and ruddy,  
You've had your plays and holidays, and now's the time for study.

Ahoy! ahoy! the echoes fly along the glen and mountain;  
They mingle with the running stream, and with the plashing fountain;  
And o'er the ocean, too, they go, by verdant peaks and passes,  
To marshal in the wandering clan of rosy lads and lasses.

From northern woods and breezy camps, from southern haunts of fairies,  
From rugged coasts along the east, and from the western prairies  
The signal flies—the shout goes forth to every idle rover,  
Ahoy! ahoy! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.

Make no excuse—make no delay—but with a purpose steady,  
Fall into line, like soldiers true, for every duty ready;  
Let go your fishing-lines and hooks, your bats and balls and rackets,  
And turn your thoughts awhile to books; and put on your working jackets.

Ahoy! ahoy! on ship and shore are voices loudly ringing;  
And breezes to their homes once more a merry host are bringing;  
With sparkling eyes and rosy lips, and full of youthful graces,  
They'll enter through the school-room door, and settle in their places.

I hear a shout, I hear a call to every idle rover,  
Ahoy! ahoy! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.  
Come from your rural haunts and nooks, with faces round and ruddy,  
You've had your plays and holidays, and now's the time for study.

—The Independent.

The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,

BY

Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER IV.

DISCOURAGED.

"O World! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed!"—Longfellow.

JACK hurried down the street, a thousand angry thoughts surging within him. He felt too reckless to care where he went or what he did. After walking aimlessly for a few moments he stopped at a lively stable and hired a horse and rig for the purpose of going out to Farmer Barton's to see whether he could find work there for the summer. He had spoken to him about it once before, and partly made an agreement with him. Now, he felt that his school days were over, for the present, at least; his money nearly all gone, and the best thing he could do would be for him to apply himself at once to hard work.

As he drove down the street, the trying ordeal he had recently passed through came before him again, making him feel so despondent that he suddenly reined his horse in front of a saloon, and tying him up, he went in, determined to forget his unhappiness for a time at least.

There were plenty inside to welcome him, and when he came out (oh, sad to say,) he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing. Fastening his horse he jumped in, and obliging to the spirited animal, he urged him on at an alarming rate of speed. By the time he reached the end of the street he was urged him on. People rushed to doors and windows breathless, to see what the result would be. They soon saw, for, as the horse turned the corner, he suddenly shied to the left, and the driver was thrown out on the hard sidewalk, while the terrified animal rushed madly on down the street.

"Poor Jack!" That was what Miss Grey

said as she saw the sad scene from her window, and seeing him fall, she hurried down the street as quickly as possible. Already a crowd had collected, and people stood back as she made her way through to the unconscious boy, for where she was known she was greatly respected.

"Shall we take him home?" asked one of the men who stood near.  
Miss Grey's thoughts flew swiftly to that home where she knew he would meet with nothing but harsh words and unkind treatment; then she said in a clear, commanding voice:

"No; take him to my home, please, yonder white cottage."

A look of surprise flitted over the faces of the rough, uncultured men who stood near. Some of them loungers at the very saloon where Jack had just been, and they wondered why this young lady was so deeply interested in him.

"He is one of my boys in the Methodist Sunday-school," explained Mildred, with gentle dignity. And without another word, and with grave, earnest faces they lifted their unconscious burden and bore him to the white cottage.

Mildred hurriedly preceded them, and entering the room where her father sat, she hastily explained:

"It's poor Jack Harding, papa; he has been thrown out of a rig and very much hurt, I fear, and knowing that he would not be kindly cared for at home, I have told them to bring him in here. Did I do right?"

"Quite right, dear Mildred," said he. "I am sure the Saviour would have tenderly cared for him had he been here, and we will do as we know he would have done."

Mildred lost no time during this conversation; with deft fingers she made ready the spare room—that dainty room with trimmings all of pale rose-colour, which had been her special care and pride. When they brought Jack in he was placed on the snowy white bed, regardless of the fact that his clothes were soiled and dusty. She would give him the best she had in the Master's name.

"We must have a doctor," said Mr. Grey, with decision; "he may be very much hurt."

Fortunately a doctor had witnessed the accident, and he now appeared on the scene, thinking perhaps his services might be required. After a careful examination he said his injuries were not serious, and a night's rest would bring him around about right.

When the soft flush of sunset threw its rosy light in the room that evening, Jack opened his eyes to find Miss Grey sitting by his side, and her father at the foot of the bed.

He looked puzzled and confused for a few moments; then he remembered everything, and with the remembrance came a feeling of remorse, bitter and keen. His eyes filled with tears as he said:

"Oh, Miss Grey! I do not deserve this! How could you have me brought here?"

"Because you are one of my boys, Jack," said she, kindly.

"Did you know I had been drinking?" asked he in a low voice.

"I feared the worst," said Mildred, sadly.

"And yet you would not give me up; you are indeed a true friend! I believe you would stand by me no matter what happened!"

"Yes, Jack, I would. I am determined to win you for Christ, and I can work and wait patiently long years if need be, if only I see you one of his at last."

"The Saviour has need of you in his service, my dear boy," said Mr. Grey, kindly.

"You would make a labourer worthy of his hire if only you would give yourself up into his dear keeping."

"I am sure you can hardly believe it, but I do honestly long to be good," said Jack, sorrowfully; "but everything seems against me. Only this morning the world seemed so bright and beautiful, and I said to myself that I would try to do just what is right, and oh, what a failure I made of it all!"

"It is never too late to begin rebuilding," quoted the minister, cheerily.

"I suppose not," said Jack, sadly; "but the keeping of my resolutions depends entirely on circumstances. I can be good when it is smooth sailing, not otherwise."

"Why do you drink, Jack, when you see the evil effects of liquor right in your own home?" asked Miss Grey, sadly.

"Have you already acquired such a liking for it that it is hard for you to break off?"

"No," said Jack, "honestly I have not; I do not crave for liquor, but I drink because I get so desperate that I don't know what to do with myself; but I do sincerely promise you right here that I shall never again taste liquor as long as I live."

A glad light crept into Mildred Grey's eyes, while her father said:

they knelt down, and very earnest and pathetic was the prayer that followed.

We might just here say to Jack Harding's credit that he kept his word.

"What went wrong to-day, Jack? What brought you to this?" asked Mildred presently.

Then came the sorrowful recital of his trouble at school; he told her everything, and ended by saying:

"Miss Grey, as sure as I breathe I did not cheat any! I never knew the book was in my desk until after the essays were written! Do you believe me?"

"Of course we do, Jack!" said both Mildred and her father.

"And," said the minister, "if you will but trust in the Lord he will bring forth thy righteousness as the noon-day."

"Yes," said Mildred, "I feel confident that in some way the mystery will be solved, and your innocence proved."

"I don't know," said Jack, sadly, "everything looks against me."

"Do you suspect anyone?" asked Mildred, presently. "You need not fear to tell us; you know we are your friends."

"Well," said Jack, "between you two and me, I suspect that miserable scamp, Bob Pierce; he was the one who first spoke to the teacher about the book being in my desk; he would do anything to cause me trouble; but how he could get into the room unobserved and place that book there I cannot imagine."

"The truth will all come out, I am sure," said Mildred; and leaving her father to talk with him she got supper ready and soon returned with a tray filled with tempting eatables for Jack.

"I ought to go home," said Jack. "I am so sorry to stay here and put you to so much trouble."

"Don't you say anything about going home until morning, and not then if you are not well enough," said both Mr. Grey and Mildred.

"Will your people be anxious about you if you do not return? Will it be necessary to send them word?" asked Mildred.

"No," replied Jack, bitterly, "they will not miss me, or hardly notice my absence."

So Jack slept in that pretty room that night, and in the morning he felt almost as well as ever, and took his departure, with many thanks to the people who had proved themselves to be his true friends.

(To be continued.)

The First Tangle.

ONCE in an Eastern palace wide  
A little child sat weaving;  
So patiently her task she plied  
The men and women at her side  
Flocked round her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,  
"You always work so cheerily?  
You never seem to break your thread,  
Or snarl or tangle it, instead  
Of working smooth and clearly."

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,  
Our silk so frayed and broken,  
For all we've fretted, wept and toiled,  
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled  
Before the king has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,  
So full of care and trouble;  
And pity chased the sweet surprise  
That filled her own, as sometimes flies  
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the king,"  
She said, abashed and meekly;  
"You know, he said, in everything"—  
"Why, so we do!" they cried, "we bring  
Him all our trouble weekly."

She turned her little head aside;  
A moment let them wrangle;  
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,  
"I go and get the knot untied  
At the first little tangle!"

O little children—weavers all!  
Our broidery we spangle  
With many a tear that need not fall,  
If on our King we would but call  
At the first little tangle!

THE STRONGEST DRINK.

"Now, father, I hope you did not forget to go to the post-office," said Miss Ettie Freeman, tripping downstairs to meet her father, on his return from the village, one bright morning.

"Oh, no! I went to the office," replied Mr. Freeman, as he hung up his hat, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Then I hope you brought me a letter," said Ettie, wistfully.

"Two of 'em, my dear." And Mr. Freeman produced the envelopes from his pocket, and gave them to Ettie.

"Two! Oh, how nice! Thank you, father. Now I shall reward you by bringing you a fresh drink of water, for I know you must be thirsty after your walk."

"I am very thirsty and warm, and wishing for the cool drink," replied Mr. Freeman, smiling. He waited in the hall a moment, while Ettie tripped away, presently returning with a pitcher of fresh, cold water and a glass.

"Thank you, dear," said her father, as she poured out the glass of pure, sparkling fluid. "And thank God for clear, cold water!" he added, raising the glass in his aged hand. "The best drink mortal lips ever quaffed, and one of heaven's choicest gifts to man!"

"It is rather better than strong drink, isn't it?" remarked Ettie, holding her pitcher with both hands.

"Strong drink! Why, what do you mean, child? Water, clear water, is the strongest drink on earth! What other draught has power to sustain life in man, beast, bird, and even insect? So great a power that without it we must die. What other liquid can raise the drooping plant from the earth, nourish the field of springing grain and the mighty oak tree, until even the ground cries out for water, cold water; and is scorched and parched without it? What is it that moves all the mighty wheels and engines of the manufacturing interests? Water power. What bears great ships and steamers to the farthest quarters of the globe? Water power. What falls over the cliffs of Niagara with such restless strength and force that the skill and energy of man have not yet been able to control it? Water. What is it sweeps along in mighty currents, through a thousand channels, beautifying and fertilizing the length and breadth of every land in the wide, wide world? Water. What comes into our homes, and assists in the preparation and purifying of everything we eat and wear, of our dwellings, and even our bodies, keeping them pure temples, meet for God's indwelling? Water, again. And when our homes are wrapped in seething flames, what comes once more, and stronger even than the devouring fire, conquers and puts it out, and saves for us our household goods? Still water. And yet we take a creature which cannot be made without the help of water, and call it 'strong drink.' Here is the strong drink," and Mr. Freeman held high the sparkling glass—"the drink which makes men's limbs strong, their eyes bright, and their cheeks ruddy. Which fills home with happiness, pockets with money, and the whole land with prosperity, and is for this world the 'water of life' to man. Again, I say, 'Thank God for cold water!'"

And he raised the glass to his lips, and drank the refreshing draught, with a pleasant smile.

"Thank you for the new idea, father," said Ettie, as she received the empty glass.

"When I hear anyone talk of 'strong drink' hereafter, I shall tell them what you have said of cold water, the best and strongest drink of all."

BRYANT'S TENDER CONSCIENCE.

THE following very pretty anecdote is told of the late William Cullen Bryant, the poet, by a former associate in his newspaper office, which illustrates the good man's simplicity of heart. Says the narrator:

"One morning many years ago, after reaching his office, and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and remarked:

"I cannot get along at all this morning."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh, he replied, 'I have done wrong. When on my way here a little boy flying a kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite, but I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him.'"

This tenderness of conscience went far toward making the poet the kindly, noble, honourable and honoured man that he was, whose death was felt as a loss throughout the land.



JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.

**JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.**

Our picture represents a Jewish high priest as he appeared when, in the days of Israel's prosperity, he offered sacrifices in the temple for the sins of the Hebrew people. The clothing that he wore was very beautiful and very costly, and nearly every article had some significant meaning. He wore a long, violet-coloured robe fastened with a belt or girdle which was richly embroidered. The skirt of the robe was fringed around the bottom with a row of little bells and pomegranates, and on his breast he wore a golden breastplate which sparkled with jewels. The turban on his head was snowy white, and on the front of it, in golden letters, were these words, "Holiness unto the Lord."

**WHY READ?**

BY WM. MATTHEWS, LL.D.

"If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading." Who that has ever communed with books will not echo these words of Sir John Herschel? Who will not sympathize with Dr. Johnson in his reply to the question, Who is the most miserable man? "He who cannot read on a rainy day." A taste for reading is, indeed, of all instruments of gratification, one of the noblest and surest, because it unites profit with delight, and the pleasures that flow from it never pall, but gather strength with increasing years.

Reading is the key to nearly all knowledge, the chief instrument of self culture. Books are the storerooms, the granaries, of almost all the knowledge that the obser-

ventions, experience and researches of successive generations have accumulated since the world began. At a trifling cost they offer us the intellectual wealth that myriads of labourers have been amassing with toil, and pain, and self-sacrifice for thousands of years.—*Golden Rule.*

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.**

B.C. 1491 or 1490.] **LESSON III.** [July 21.

**NADAB AND ABIHU.**

Lev. 10. 1-11. **Memory verses, 9-11.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee.—Lev. 10. 9.

**OUTLINE.**

- 1. God's Wrath, v. 1-7.
- 2. God's Warning, v. 8-11.

**TIME.**—B.C. 1491 or 1490.

**PLACE.**—The plain before Mount Sinai, probably the Wady er Rahah, before Ras Sufsafeh.

**INTRODUCTORY.**

The Lord had just signified in a miraculous manner his acceptance of Aaron and his sons as priests, by kindling the fire upon the altar and consuming the sacrifice. The fire was never to be extinguished. The sin here charged is probably that of using other than this hallowed fire from the altar of sacrifice in their presentation of incense. Prayer can only be acceptably offered on the basis of an adequate atoning sacrifice; and God can only be acceptably approached in the way that he has himself prescribed. Other irregularities have also been suspected, as that they had

not yet been authorized or directed to offer incense; that this was not the appointed hour for its presentation; and it has been inferred from Lev. 16. 1, 2 that they may even have ventured into the holy of holies.—*Green.* Verses 9, 10, 11 intimate broadly that the priests were drunk when their crime was committed.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M.* Nadab and Abihu.—Lev. 10. 1-11.
- Tu.* The incense altar.—Exod. 30. 1-10.
- W.* Privileges of Nadab and Abihu.—Exod. 24. 1-10.
- Ta.* Cause of stumbling.—Isa. 28. 1-7.
- F.* Unfaithfulness of priests.—Ezek. 22. 23-28.
- S.* Uzzah's presumption.—2 Chron. 26. 14-21.
- Su.* God's goodness and judgment.—Nahum 1. 1-10.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

- 1. *God's Wrath*, v. 1-7. Against whom was God's wrath shown? What sin did they commit? See Exod. 30. 9. What swift punishment came to them? What similar judgment came to some who defiled the ark? 2 Sam. 6. 6, 7. What did Moses say about this affair? What direction had the Lord given to the priests? Exod. 19. 22. What answer did Aaron make? What command did Moses then give? To whom was this command given? How did they carry out the bodies? What did Moses forbid to Aaron and his sons? What would these forbidden acts express? Why were they to be so careful? Who were to lament the calamity? What words might a Christian use in such a case? See 1 Samuel. 3. 18.
- 2. *God's Warning*, v. 8-11. What further law was given to Aaron and his sons? (Golden Text.) How long was it to be in force? What distinction would this show? What duty was committed to these priests? What is the duty of all God's teachers? See Isa. 52. 11. What is a good motto for all Christians in regard to strong drink? Rom. 14. 21.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
- 1. Reverence in God's service?
- 2. Obedience to God's commands?
- 3. To abstain from strong drink?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

- 1. Why were Nadab and Abihu destroyed? For offering strange fire. 2. What caused them to offer strange fire? Intoxication from the use of wine or strong drink. 3. What was its effect upon them? It made them unable to distinguish between holy and unholy. 4. What command did God therefore give to Aaron? Golden Text: "Do not drink wine nor strong drink," etc. 5. What is the lesson we ought to learn? "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The wrath of God.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

- How many sacraments has Christ ordained in his Church? Two only: Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. Were these sacraments to abide always? Yes; until the Lord's coming at the end of the world.

**Telltales.**

Pussy-willow had a secret that the snow-drops whispered her, And she purred it to the south wind while it stroked her velvet fur; And the south wind hummed it softly to the busy honey-bees, And they buzzed it to the blossoms on the scarlet maple trees; And these dropped it to the wood-brooks brimming full of melted snow, And the brooks told Robin Redbreast, as they chattered to and fro; Little Robin could not keep it, so he sang it loud and clear To the sleepy fields and meadows: "Wake up! cheer up! spring is here!" —*Youth's Companion.*

**A ROUSING BOOK FOR CANADIAN YOUTH.**

**FOREST, LAKE AND PRAIRIE.**

*TWENTY YEARS OF FRONTIER LIFE IN WESTERN CANADA—1842-1862.*

BY

**Rev. John McDougall**

With 27 full-page original illustrations by J. E. Laughlin.

Handsomely bound, with original design in ink and gold.

Only \$1.00.

Here, in a book of 267 pages, our veteran missionary—a veritable "hero of the plains"—has given us the experiences of the first twenty years of his life, all of which has been spent on the mission fields of Ontario and the far Northwest. What stories of travel, and hunting, and fishing, and canoeing, adventures with Indians, and the wild, free life of the Western plains—we cannot half describe the thrilling pages; the boys must have the book for themselves. The illustrations are very fine and add very much to the interest.

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUBERTIS, HALIFAX.



MODERN SAMARITAN PRIEST.