

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

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

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 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. XII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1892.

[No. 35.]

CANOE LIFE IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT the horse is to the Arab, the camel to the desert traveller, or the dog to the Esquimaux, the birch-bark canoe is to the Indian. The forests along the river shores yield all the material requisite for its construction; cedar for its ribs, birch-bark for its outer covering; the twigs of the juniper to sew together the separate pieces, and the resin of the spruce to give resin for the seams and crevices.

"And the forest life is in it—
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily."

During the summer season the canoe is the home of the red man. It is not only a boat, but a house; he turns it over him as a protection when he camps; he carries it long distances over land from lake to lake. Frail beyond words, yet he loads it down to the water's edge. In it he steers boldly out into the broadest lake, or paddles through wood and swamp and reedy shallows. Sitting in it he gathers his harvest of wild rice, or catches fish, or steals upon his game; dashes down the wildest rapid, braves the foaming torrent, or lies like a wild bird on the placid waters. While the trees are green, while the waters dance and sparkle, and the wild duck dwells in the edgy ponds, the birch-bark canoe is the red man's home.

And how well he knows the moods of the river! To guide his canoe through some whirling eddy, to shoot some roaring waterfall, to launch it by the edge of some fiercely-rushing torrent, or dash down a foaming rapid, is to be a brave and skilful Indian. The man who does all this, and does it well, must possess a rapidity of glance, a power in the sweep of his paddle, and a quiet consciousness of skill, not attained save by long years of practice.

An exceedingly light and graceful craft is the birch-bark canoe; a type of speed and beauty. So light that one man can easily carry it on his shoulders over land where a waterfall obstructs his progress; and as it only sinks five or six inches in the water, few places are too shallow to float it. In this frail barque, which measures anywhere from twelve to forty feet long, and from two to five feet broad in the middle, the Indian and his family travel over the innumerable lakes and rivers, and the fur-hunters pursue their lonely calling.

Canoe travel in the Fur Land presents many picturesque phrases. Just as the first faint tinge of coming dawn steals over the east, the canoe is lifted gently from its edge of rock and laid upon the water. The blankets, the kettles, the guns, and all the paraphernalia of the camp, are placed in it, and the swarthy voyageurs step lightly in. All but one. He remains on the shore to steady the barque on the water, and keep its sides from contact with the rock. The passenger takes his place in the centre, the outside man springs gently in, and the birch-bark canoe glides away from its rocky resting-place.

Each hour reveals some new phase of beauty, some changing scene of lonely

grandeur. The canoe sweeps rapidly over the placid waters; now buffets with, and advances against, the rushing current of some powerful river, which seems to bid defiance to further progress; again, is carried over rocks and through deep forests, when some foaming cataract bars its way. With a favouring breeze there falls upon the ear the rush and roar of water, and the canoe shoots toward a tumbling mass of

rapid is thus ascended, sometimes scarcely gaining a foot a minute, again advancing more rapidly, until at last the light craft floats upon the very lip of the fall, and a long smooth piece of water stretches away up the stream.

But if the rushing or breasting up a rapid is exciting, the operation of shooting them in a birch bark canoe is doubly so. As the frail birch-bark nears the rapid from

rush, then falls upon his knees again. Without turning his head for an instant, the sentient hand behind him signals its warning to the steersman. Now there is no time for thought; no eye is quick enough to take in the rushing scene. There are strange currents, unexpected whirls, and backward eddies and rocks—rocks rough and jagged, smooth, slippery and polished—and through all this the canoe glances like an arrow, dips like a wild bird down the wing of the storm.

All this time not a word is spoken, but every now and again there is a quick twist of the bow paddle to edge far off some rock, to put her full through some boiling billow, to hold her steady down the slope of some thundering chute.



SHOOTING A RAPID.

spray and foam, studded with huge projecting rocks which mark a river rapid. As the canoe approaches the foaming flood, the voyageur in the bow—the important seat in the management of the canoe—rises upon his knees, and closely scans the wild scene before attempting the ascent. Sinking down again, he seizes the paddle, and pointing significantly to a certain spot in the chaos of boiling water before him, dashes into the stream. Yard by yard the

above, all is quiet. The most skilful voyageur sits on his heels in the bow of the canoe, the next best oarsman similarly placed in the stern. The bowsman peers straight ahead with a glance like that of an eagle. The canoe, seeming like a cockleshell in its frailty, silently approaches the rim where the waters disappear from view. On the very edge of the slope the bowsman suddenly stands up, and bending forward his head, peers eagerly down the eddying

MAKING DIMES.

THE United States mint in San Francisco is said to be the largest institution of the kind in the world. Just at the present time there is a 'velvety demand for silver dimes, and two of the money presses have for some time been running exclusively on this coin. The process of dime making is an interesting one. The silver bullion is first melted and run into two pound bars. These in turn are run through immense rollers and flattened out to the thickness of the coin. These silver strips are then passed through a machine, which cuts them into proper size for the presses, the strips having first been treated with a kind of tallow to prevent their being scratched in their passage through the cutters. The silver pieces are then put into the feeder of the printing presses, and are fed to the die by automatic machinery at the rate of one hundred per minute, forty eight thousand dimes being turned out in a regular working day of eight hours.

As the smooth pieces are pressed between two ponderous printing dies, they receive the letters and figured impression in a manner similar to that of a paper pressed upon a form of type. At the same time the piece is expanded in a slight degree and the small corrugations are cut into its rim.

The machine drops the completed coin into a receiver, and is ready for the counter's hands. The instrument used by the counter is not a complicated machine. It is a simple copper coloured tray, having raised ridges running across its surface at a distance apart the exact width of a dime. From the receiver the money is dumped on a board or tray; and as it is shaken rapidly by the counter the pieces settle down into the spaces between the ridges. All these spaces being filled, the surplus coin is brushed back into the receiver, and the counter has exactly 1,250 dimes, or \$125, on his tray, which number is required to fill the spaces. The tray is then emptied into boxes, and the money is ready for shipment. The dime does not pass through the weigher's hands, as does the coin of a larger denomination. One and one-half grains is allowed for variation or "tolerance" in all silver coins from a dollar down, and the deviation from the standard in the case of the ten-cent piece is so trifling that the trouble and expense of weighing coins of this denomination is dispensed with.

Show your sense by saying much in a few words.

Save the Boys.

LIKE Dives in the sea I fell
I cannot break this fatal spell
Nor quench the thirst of hell
Nor cool this dreadful, raging thirst
Take back your pledge!
You've come too late;
You cannot save me from my fate,
Nor bring me back departed joys,
But you can try to save the boys.

You bid me break the bonds of hell
And rise and be a man again,
When every street with snare and spell
And nets of hell where'er I tread
No! I must reap as I did sow,
The seeds of sin bring crops of woe;
But with my latest breath I crave
That you will try the boys to save!

These blood-shot eyes were once so bright,
This sin-cursed heart was glad and light;
But, by the wine-cup's ruddy glow,
I traced the path to shame and woe
A captive to my galling chain,
I tried to rise, but tried in vain.
The cup allures and then destroys,
Oh, from its thralldom save the boys!

Take from your streets those traps of hell
Into whose gilded snares I fell;
Oh, free man from those foul decoys!
Arise, and vote to save the boys,
And ye who license men to trade
In draughts that charm and then degrade,
Before you hear the cry, "Too late!"
Oh! save the boys from my sad fate.

—Selected.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

| | |
|---|-------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly | 22 00 |
| Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated | 2 00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Guardian together | 3 50 |
| Magazine, Guardian and Ouard together | 4 00 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly | 1 50 |
| Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 30c., monthly | 0 10 |
| Ouard, 8 pp., 4c., weekly, under 5 copies | 0 10 |
| 5 copies and over | 0 50 |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4c., weekly, single copies | 0 10 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 25 |
| Over 20 copies | 0 21 |
| Sundean, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month | 5 00 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen, 22 per 100 per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100. | |

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. CHAMBERLAIN, 311-1/2 Street, Montreal.
S. F. HERRICK, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1892.

A CHAPTER ABOUT BOYS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I wrote some time ago, for my young readers in Canada, an account of the boys and girls of Egypt and Palestine. I now want to say a few words about those of Europe. I am always particularly interested in boys. It does not seem, at times, so very long since I was a boy myself, though when I begin to count the years I find that it was a good while ago. When travelling abroad I liked to look into the schools, to linger around the playgrounds, to watch the games of the boys and girls, and sometimes I would have liked very much to join them in their sports.

The schools of the East are not, by any means, to be compared with those of Europe or Canada; but the boys and girls seem so bright and quick that they learn with rapidity all that the schools can teach them. But a large proportion of the poor never see the inside of a school. This is not the case in Europe, except, perhaps, in the Turkish Empire, and even there the advantages of education are so well known

that most parents are anxious that their boys and girls should get, at least, a little school training. The picture at the top of this page shows a school at Constantinople, and the noisy, turbulent crowd of youngsters are just as full of fun and fond of play as any group of Canadian boys and girls just let out from school. In one respect the boys of the Levant and Orient surpass those of any other country, and that is the facility with which they learn to speak foreign languages. A donkey boy in Cairo addressed me in half a dozen languages in succession—English, German, French, Italian, Prussian, and Arabic. Another boy in Constantinople, who acted as local guide for a couple of days, spoke English and several other languages well, and I had an extraordinary acquaintance with the city and its places of interest.

It was amusing in Germany to watch the boys going to school. They generally carried their books in a knapsack strapped on their backs like little soldiers, which gave them an erect, firm carriage. Often too, this knapsack was of cowhide with the hair on, which made them look still more like the regular soldiers. Then they went to school at such extraordinarily early hours. I remember at Nuremberg, as I sat at my breakfast about seven o'clock, seeing the boys and girls troop past to school. I asked some other boys at Potsdam what their school hours were, and they said from seven to eleven; but then that was a half-holiday; their regular hours are I think, much longer. They begin to go to school very early and keep it up very regularly for many years. At Salzburg I visited a kindergarten school under the care of some nuns, and afterwards saw an advanced school where the boys learned music, drawing, as well as advanced classics, mathematics and modern languages with a thoroughness probably not surpassed anywhere in the world.

One thing I particularly liked about the schools, and that was the interest the masters take in the sports and games of the young people. I saw a young schoolmaster in the great park of Sans Souci at Potsdam with about thirty young boys from six to eight or ten years old. They were leaping and gambling about the park "like troutlets in a pool," and each of them had a little round tin box on his back for gathering specimens of plants, flowers, and insects. I had a pleasant conversation with the teacher, who said it made him very happy to accompany the boys in their sports and pastimes and at the same time to interest them in the love of nature and the pursuit of science. At Düsseldorf and Kaiserwerth on the Rhine I also saw a lot of boys and girls on a picnic. They scrambled and gambled around some picturesque old ruins and laughed and shouted and played as heartily as any Canadian boys you ever saw. Many of them also had little tin boxes for their botanical and insect specimens.

One of the best things I have heard about the grim old tyrant Frederick the Great, was that he ordered some loads of sand to be dumped on the smooth walk of Unter den Linden, the great public street of Berlin (so named from the four rows of Linden trees by which it is shaded) in order that the little folks might enjoy that dear delight of childhood, making sand forts and earthen pies. And there to the present day the practice is kept up to the great delight of the youngsters.

On the famous boulevards of the Champs Elysees of Paris, and in other public parks, ample provision is made for the enjoyment of the boys and girls. There are broad spaces for playing ball, trundling hoops, and all manner of ingenious toys which provide for their entertainment. Both in London and Paris are large ponds where elegant little yachts and schooners, fully rigged with snowy sails, can be hired for a few pence, and in sailing which endless delight may be had. It was charming to see them skimming over the smooth surface of the pond before the brisk wind, the boys running along the shore or around the pond with long rods to direct their course.

I was greatly interested in the orphanage and school at Kaiserwerth, begun by good Pastor Fleidner, of which I shall give an account at some future time. I had not very much opportunity to visit Sunday-schools, although I saw some interesting ones in the

East and heard the children sing charmingly in their own language many of the sweet Sunday-school hymns to the same tunes that we use in Canada. But the Sunday-school system has by no means the magnitude nor thoroughness in the Old World, and especially on the continent of Europe, as it has in Canada. Even in England it is apt to be regarded as a school for the poor instead of, as here, a school for everybody.

It was to me exceedingly touching to see at what an early age many boys and girls have to earn their own living in the crowded countries of the Old World. I saw little lads and lasses who ought to be at school carrying great burdens on their heads up steep mountain paths, or dragging waggons through the streets of the cities, sometimes harnessed with a big burly dog. Even the dogs have to earn their living in these countries. It was pitiful to see women toiling in the street, sawing and splitting wood, mixing mortar and carrying bricks like hod carriers in this country.

The most pathetic sight I saw while I was abroad was a representation at Paris of scenes in the life of the young Dauphin of France, son of Louis XVI. You remember that during the terrible French Revolution, one hundred years ago, Louis XVI. and his wife, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, were both beheaded, as were many thousands of others, in the great square, or Place La Concorde, in Paris. After the death of the king the young prince was given up to the care of a harsh, cruel shoemaker and his wife, by whom the poor boy was probably done to death, for he disappears from history and no one knows actually what became of him. The groups of figures that I referred to show different scenes in the closing days of the king and queen, such as his taking leave of his family, his being sent to execution, and the like. But most pathetic of all, and one that brought tears to my eyes, was the group of the little boy who had been born in the purple, the heir of a kingdom, a refined and delicate child, eating his scanty meal of bread and water while his cruel taskmaster and his virago of a wife looked vindictively on. The dear little fellow looked so wan and wistful, was so utterly forlorn, without father, without mother, without sister or brother, without friend or old acquaintance to protect or help. Oh, it was pitiful, and as I thought of my own dear boy across the ocean whom I so yearned to see more to see, I could not keep back the tears which would well up in my eyes. Well might Madame de Stael exclaim "O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" Shakespeare has well said "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Not only did the unhappy king and queen themselves suffer bitter wrong, but the revenge of a merciless mob was wreaked upon this unhappy boy. Fortunately it is for the boys and girls of Canada that they live in a happier land enjoying the protection of just and righteous laws, none daring to molest them or make them afraid.

SIMPLE TRUST.

We are to obey God when we do not understand his design. A clergyman visiting the great pyramid in Egypt in 1880, ascended the great gallery. The descent was along a narrow and slippery shelf, the only light being a bit of candle held by an Arab guide. As they came to a sharp corner, where the path beyond was lower, narrower, more slippery and over a deep chasm, the candle went out. The guide directed the minister to get on his shoulders that he might be carried thus over the chasm. The minister said, "Let me rest one hand on you and the other on the rock." "No, you must rest both on me," was the answer. "I will try myself and you shall help me." "No, you may lay all weight on Arab," he continued. "But wait till I see what you



SCHOOL IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

are standing on." "No, you are quite safe resting on Arab." Seeing there was no alternative he yielded and was carried safely over. Implicit trust in God is never a risk.—Dovec.

THE POOR MAN'S WELL.

Among the Azores is situated the beautiful island of Fayal, with its orange-groves and profusion of flowers. But notwithstanding the fruit and flowers, there is one thing which Americans who live there miss sadly, and that is fresh, cool water. There are no lakes or ponds, such as we have here and so the people have to use rain water, which they save in large tanks or cisterns.

There are a few wells on the island, which, as the water rises and falls in them twice in every twenty-four hours, are called "tide wells." But there was a "no-many years ago" when the people had neither cisterns nor wells, and were obliged to get water from hollows in the rocks. And this is the story of the first well:

The year 1690 was a year when scarcely any rain fell. The grain did not grow, the cows and sheep died from thirst, and many of the poor people starved. Now, there was a rich man on the island, who had come here to live many years before from another part of the world.

Though he was rich, and might have done much good with his money, he was so stingy and so hard, that the people did not love him at all. But his bags of silver and gold did not buy him water; and at last the thought came to him, "Why! I will dig a well, as people used to do in my country. I will dig it on my own land, and no one shall have a drop of the water but myself."

So he hired men to come and dig the well; but he paid them only a little money and was very unkind to them. They dug and they dug—but no water came. At last they said they would work no longer unless their master would promise them some of the water; and he promised them the use of the well for half of every day.

Now, they dug with more patience, and one morning as early as six o'clock, they suddenly found water. The men claimed the privilege of using the well the first six hours, and the master dared not refuse. As they were drawing the water, they noticed that it began to grow lower and lower in the well; and at twelve o'clock, the master's hour, none was left.

He was very, very angry, and said he would never give the men any work again. However, at six o'clock that night, they again demanded the use of the well. He mockingly asked them if they expected the water would come for them and not for him. Nevertheless they went to the well and, to the master's awe and wonder, it was full of water.

At midnight the master again tried to get water from the well; and, as before, found it empty. He now felt afraid, believing that some divine power controlled the action of the water. He went to the church and vowed before God, that if the water should come again next morning he would dedicate it to the poor forever.

In the morning when the men visited the well, there was the fresh water awaiting them. The master kept his vow, and thus the well became the "Poor Man's Well." To this day the water rises and falls in it twice in every twenty-four hours.

Autumn.

The sick of the mower has ceased,
And the harvest is gathered in;
The corn from its husk is released,
And carefully stowed in its bin.

The fruit is all safe from the frost,
And packed for the winter to come;
No careful that nothing be lost
That will add to the comforts of home.

A voice from the woodlands to-day
Says, plainly, we are all growing old,
As seasons are passing away,
Attired in their carmine and gold.

The winter will come ere we know,
The leaves and the herbage will fall,
And deep hyperborean snow
Will mantle the earth with its pall.

But spring will return with her bloom,
And summer its harvests will bring,
Though we may be laid in the tomb,
And warblers our requiem sing!

The autumn will come with his brush,
Planting leaves with his art of old—
Gray, sullen, and purple and bluish,
Mixed in with the green, drab, and gold.

How much like the seasons is life!
The bud, then the blossom and leaf—
All nurtured in hope, love, or strife,
Then fades, like the forest, in grief!

But winter will come, when the cold
Will freeze all the blood in our veins—
When purple, or dark brown, and gold,
Will remain that little remains.

I pray thee, my Father, to give
Thy grace to sustain while I stay;
Thy Spirit to guide while I live—
To point out the trash and the way.

—Christian Secretary.

gone away, and he should never more hear the tap of his crutches about the house. Sandy was the greatest comfort they had, coming in fresh from his work, with all sorts of bits of news picked up in the street or at the wood-yard, and with curious questions to ask, which diverted them all from their own sorrow. The evenings, when he was sitting with them by their fire, were far less sad than the dark days.

At last the time came when John Shafto had not strength to rise from his bed and come down stairs to the cheery little kitchen, which had been kept so bright for him. He could only lie still now in the low room, with its shelving roof and dormer window, from which he could see the gravestones. The change frightened Sandy, though he could not bring himself to believe that Johnny was going to die, while his face was so happy and cheerful, and his weak voice so pleasant. When the warm weather came again, he said, Johnny would be sure to feel better, and get about once more. He could not bear to think of losing him as well as little Gip.

"Mother," said John Shafto one Sunday morning, after he had lain in bed some days, and knew that he would never more get up and walk about upon his crutches, "mother, you'll take to Sandy, instead of me? I'm always saying to myself, Sandy 'll be like a son to her, and she'll be his mother when I'm gone."

"You're not gone yet, dear heart!" she said, stroking the soft hair from his forehead, and speaking as calmly as she could.

"No, but I'm going, mother," he answered; "and I like to think of you having Sandy to take my place."

"He'll never take your place, Johnny," sobbed his mother.

"Not just at first, but by-and-bye he'll be like your own son," continued John Shafto; "he'll be a good boy, I know, for he loves to hear me tell him of Jesus Christ, and he's beginning to understand it all better now. Mother," and John put his arm fondly around her neck, "I want you to let Sandy have my Sunday clothes, and let me see him go to the chapel with father. I could watch them go across the grave-yard together, if you'd only raise me up in your arms for a minute."

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny! I cannot!" she cried, falling on her knees, and hiding her face on her boy's pillow. He stroked her cheek tenderly with his wasted fingers, whispering, "Poor mother, poor mother!" It was a long time before she could recover herself, or finish a sentence when she began to speak it, but at last she conquered her tears and sob.

"Do you wish it very much, dear heart?" she asked. "It would be hard to see Sandy in your Sunday suit, but if you really wish it—"

"Oh, mother, I do," he said; "it's as if Sandy was my own brother, and little Gip my sister. I think of them so when I lie awake at night. I feel as if I almost knew how Jesus longs to find those who are lost, and have them with him in heaven. I found Sandy, and now it seems as if he belonged to me, and must share all I have. If we could only find little Gip before I die!"

It was a very sore trial for Mrs. Shafto, but she went through it bravely for Johnny's sake. She brought out his Sunday suit from the drawer in her own room, where she kept it neatly brushed and folded up; and she looked for a clean collar and necktie, such as John Shafto had been used to wear. It seemed almost as bad as stitching Johnny's shroud—a sorrowful task that would fall upon her before the spring was over. She hid them on his bed; and then went down stairs to find Sandy, and bid him go and dress himself in her boy's best suit.

This was a very important and difficult business to Sandy; and John Shafto lay watching him with quiet but very great delight. His old rags had disappeared one by one, and he had learned to keep himself clean and tidy; but he had never put on any clothes at all to be compared with these, though they were rubbed a little at the elbows and knees, and all the seams were somewhat frayed. He brushed his hair before the small looking-glass, and tried steadily to part his rough, strong curls as smoothly as John Shafto's fine and thin hair. Very carefully and slowly he put on the clean white collar, and did his best to fasten the blue necktie

under his chin as neatly as John would have done. But, after all his efforts, he felt sure he did not look like him, and he was almost ready to cry with vexation and disappointment. His brown healthy face and rough hands were very different from John's delicate appearance.

"Come here, Sandy," said John Shafto, in his low, feeble voice; "come here, and kiss me."

He had never asked him to kiss him before, and Sandy felt frightened. But he bent over the pale, sunken face, and touched it as softly with his lips as he had been used to kiss little Gip when she was asleep.

"Why, nobody 'ud know you now," said John, looking at him with critical and admiring eyes; "I don't believe your mother 'ud think who it was if she met you in the streets dressed like this."

"But little Gip 'ud never know me!" cried Sandy, dejectedly. He was proud of his new clothes; but if they were to stand in the way of his finding Gip, he would rather return to his old rags. He began to think that perhaps he was out of the way of finding her, now that he had been lifted out of their old life. What good would it be to him if he lived well, and had a comfortable bed to sleep on, and wore fine clothes, if his little Gip were starved, and cold, and almost naked? He would give up all, even Mrs. Shafto and his friend Johnny, and go back and down to the former degradation and misery, if he could only save Gip by doing so.

"But you know little Gip," answered John Shafto; "you couldn't pass by her, and not know her."

"Ay!" said Sandy; "I'd know her if there were thousands and thousands of little girls; I'd pick her out among 'em all."

"That's what it is," murmured John Shafto; "we don't know Jesus Christ, but he knows us. I see plainer how it is. He is seeking us just as you are seeking Gip. All the world is like little Gip to him, lost, and miserable, and starving; and he couldn't be happy, even in heaven, till he has found us. I think he must be troubled, like you are about Gip; but he will find us all some day, though we do not wish him to find us."

"But can he find us when he likes?" asked Sandy, lifting up his sorrowful face to look at John.

"Not when he likes," answered John. "or all the world would be safe and happy now. It's like as if little Gip kept running away from you, and hiding herself anywhere she could get out of your sight. That would be very hard for you, wouldn't it?"

"Ah!" said Sandy, with a heavy sigh; "but little Gip 'ud never do that with Sandy."

"But that's what we do with the Lord Jesus Christ," continued John Shafto, solemnly; "we run away from him, and hide anywhere, anywhere so that he should not find us. Oh! Sandy, if all the world would only be found by him!"

"I'll be found!" cried Sandy. "See, Lord Jesus! I'm lost from you like little Gip from me. Find me, wherever you are: find me, and let me never be lost again. And when you've found me, please let me find my little Gip."

"Amen!" whispered John Shafto, his face smiling brightly; "He'll find you, Sandy, never fear: and little Gip as well. Now go down, and I'll watch you and father walk together across the yard to chapel."

Sandy stole slowly down stairs, half ashamed of his new costume; but when he stepped into the kitchen, and saw Mrs. Shafto at the sight of him fall into a chair, and cover her face with her apron, he forgot all about it, and ran to her side.

"Has anybody hurt you?" he asked earnestly; "isn't there nothink as I can do for you? I'm very strong, and I'd do anythink in the world for you and Johnny. Only say the word. What are I to do?"

"Nothink!" she answered, still sobbing, and laying her head upon his shoulder, upon Johnny's jacket, whilst Sandy, in utter amazement, ventured to touch her blue ribbons gently with his finger; "nothink, my boy. Only I saw you come down in these clothes, and you looked partly like Johnny, and yet so very, very different! It's not all trouble, dear heart! that I'm crying for. I know where he's

going to, and I'm sure you'll be a good boy; but I can't help crying a little. There, you must go now. Mr. Shafto's quite ready, and it's high time you were off; and I'll run upstairs, and hold Johnny so as he can see you."

So John Shafto, held up in his mother's arms, watched Sandy and his father walk together side by side across the grave-yard. When they reached the tablet on the chapel-wall, Mr. Shafto paused a moment, and Sandy, turning round, waved his cap for John to see him, though it was impossible for him to catch a glimpse of John in the dark, low room.

"He'll be a good boy, I know," murmured John Shafto; "and now, if he could only find little Gip!"

(To be continued.)

MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

BY SOPHIA S. SMITH.

NETTIE—Gertie, where are you going?
Gertie—To the Mission Band. And where are you going?

Nettie—To the store. Uncle John gave me fifty cents last night, and I want a new ribbon and some candy.

Gertie—I wish you would come with me. I know you would enjoy it.

Nettie—What do you do there?

Gertie—We sing and pray. Miss Wells gives us a subject to look up each time, and then when we go again we have to tell her all we have learned about it. Then she tells us a beautiful missionary story, and we give in our pennies.

Nettie—What do you do with the money?

Gertie—Once every year it is sent to Japan to help support a little girl in one of the mission schools. Don't you want to help us?

Nettie—I don't have much money and I need some new ribbons.

Gertie—But you could do without the ribbons. Miss Wells says that the money we give by denying ourselves is a more worthy gift, and more enjoyable, than if we did not feel it at all.

Nettie—I suppose so; but it is hard to give up what you want very much.

Gertie—There is where the self-denial comes in. The Lord loves a "cheerful giver."

Nettie—I feel that you are right, and I know that I ought to do it. I'll give up my wishes for this once, anyway, and go with you.

Gertie—And I am sure you won't regret it; neither will it be the last time. So come along or we shall be late.

BEAUTY THAT ENDURES.

"MAMMA," said Nelly Brown to her mother one day, "do you think I am really beautiful? Mrs. Wilson said to me this morning, 'Nelly, you are very handsome, and you will by and by be a very beautiful woman.' Do you think so too, mamma?"

Mrs. Brown gazed at her daughter in silence a few moments, as if at a loss for a fitting answer to Nelly's question. She knew that Nelly was indeed beautiful; yet she regretted that Mrs. Wilson had praised her beauty so marvellously, because she feared that such praise tended to feed vanity in her daughter's heart. At last she replied: "Yes, my child, God has given you a beautiful face, and you no doubt found its praise by Mrs. Wilson was like a sweet morsel under the tongue; but let me repeat to you the words of a thoughtful old writer, who said, 'As another attracts us, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth lasts; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, real worth, like the diamonds, never lose their power.' These are true graces. You know that beauty may be defaced by disease and lose its power to attract admiration; but beauty of the soul outlasts the life of the body and commands the lasting admiration of men, of angels, and of the King of moral beauty himself. Therefore, dear Nelly, be grateful to God who has given you a lovely face, but don't fail to seek him to adorn your soul with a beauty like his own."

Nelly made no response, but, turning from the mirror before which she was standing, she looked heavenward and said in her heart, "O, blessed Lord, give me a beautiful soul." — Our Youth.

LOST IN LONDON

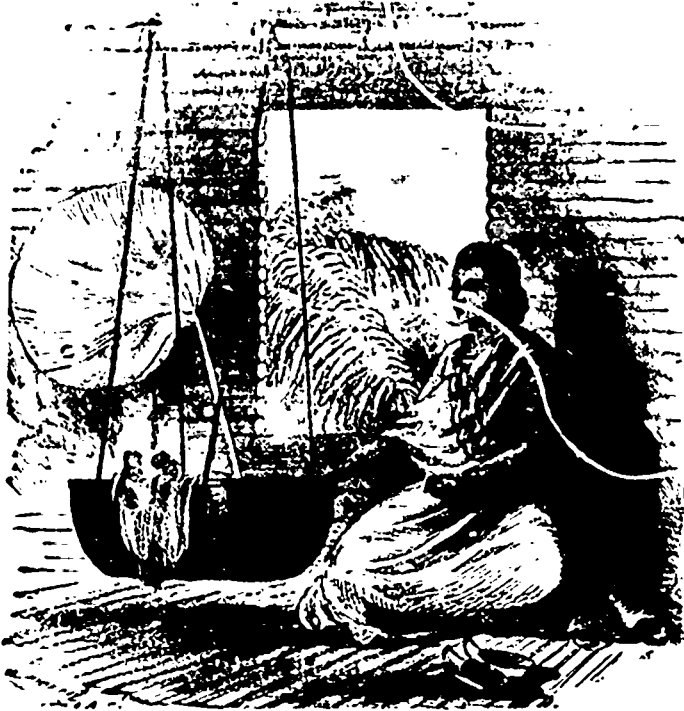
By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHNNY'S SUNDAY SUIT.

It was strange how the thought of little Gip took possession of John Shafto's mind. The winter days, dark and cold, had fairly set in, and he could not creep along the street with his crutches, looking wistfully at the ragged children whom he found in numbers about them. Yet if the summer warmth had filled the air, he could no longer have gone in search of her, for the little strength remaining to him was slowly ebbing away; and he was surely going down to the grave, the dark passage through which he was to reach his father's house beyond. But he scarcely seemed to feel the painful steps of the journey he was making, so full was his mind of little Gip. Perhaps it was because he and Sandy talked of little else; or because there was always a faint vague hope in his heart that when Sandy came in from his work of an evening he would bring the joyful news that Gip was found. With this hope stirring in him, he never missed watching for Sandy's return; and when the usual hour would come, he turned the gas in the shop window higher, so that Sandy might see his face looking out beside the hatchment as soon as he turned into the grave-yard. A whistle would bring him to the door in time to open it as Sandy reached it; and he always looked to see if there were not a little tattered figure standing beside him in the darkness. But Gip was never found; and the hearts of both boys grew hopeless and very sorrowful about her.

Mrs. Shafto thought but little of Gip in comparison with her boy, who was soon to be lost to her. She kept her kitchen cheery and cozy, and wore blue ribbons in her cap, and tried to wear a smile upon her face for Johnny's sake; but no one knew how heavy and sad her heart was at times. She must keep up, she said to herself, lest she should make her boy miserable and low-spirited on her account; but it was very hard work. Mr. Shafto could not master himself as she did, having had no long practice in self-denial; and often he would sink down in his easy chair, hide his face in his hands, and groan aloud, when he thought how soon John would be



KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

ABOUT THE KARENS.

Last Sabbath was especial missionary collection in the Bible-school which George and Nellie Hatton attended; and the superintendent announced that the money then collected would be sent to spread the truth among the Karens.

On their way home from school, the brother and sister talked it over, and as they found they knew little about the Karens, they decided to ask their papa about them. As usual, they found him ready for their questions, and glad to answer as far as he could.

"The encyclopedias tell us that the meaning of the word 'Karen' is 'wild man,'" said Mr. Hatton. "Though I do not know why they should be called thus; for from all I glean from the writings of those missionaries who have laboured among them, they seem to be a meek and peaceful race, though, as a nation, ignorant and uncivilized."

"Where do they live?" asked Nellie.

"In the mountainous districts of Burma and Siam, though according to their traditions they are not natives of those countries. Instead, they say they came from far to the north-west of their present home; but followed along the mountain ranges until they came to Burma."

"The Burmese seem to be their natural enemies, treating them as slaves when possible; often subjecting them to the most cruel persecutions."

"Do they live in such houses as we do?" asked George.

"No; the climate there is so warm that they do not need the protection of such houses as ours. They are built of stout posts and bamboo, and thatched with palm leaf. The floor is made of a matting of split bamboo stretched over a strong timber frame work, which is raised six or eight feet above the ground. The entrance is reached by a ladder, sometimes very rudely constructed; and when the inmates are within, if they do not wish visitors, they draw the ladder up.

"Housekeeping there is certainly performed under difficulties. The water must be drawn from a curbless well by means of a bucket and rope, and is often very muddy water when thus laboriously obtained; the fire is built out of doors, and at a sufficient distance from the house to insure safety, and all their cooking utensils are of the rudest sort. Much of their food is such as we would turn from in the most absolute disgust.

"Then the natives have no idea of privacy in the home. They came into the missionaries' bedroom, sometimes, before they had arisen in the morning, and could not understand their desire to be alone, at least while performing their toilet."

"Why, I should think they would know that by themselves," said Nellie.

"But that among the lower classes is the least of all their troubles. Fashion do not

change there as often as they do in America; and the fashion in that warm country is to wear as little as possible."

"How do they travel there?" asked George.

"Sometimes upon elephants, sometimes upon ponies, and sometimes in carts drawn by buffaloes, or occasionally by oxen. The carts are made with solid wooden wheels, and without springs. The buffaloes are said to have a strange antipathy to white people; and when they know they have such a passenger, they sometimes treat them to a most unceremonious shaking up.

"Here is the picture of a Karen mother putting her baby to sleep in what we would probably call a swinging cradle; but which she would tell you was a 'poquette.'"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 37.] **LESSON X.** [Sept. 4.

PHILIP PREACHING IN SAMARIA.

Acts 8: 5-25. Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And there was great joy in that city.— Acts 8: 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

It is our duty and privilege to preach the gospel to all the world.

HALFS OVER HARD PLACES.

Then Philip—The evangelist, one of the seven deacons (6: 5). *Unclean spirits*—Called unclean because they defiled both body and soul. *Paralysis*—Paralysis. *Simon*—A sorcerer, or magician. He pretended to be a great man, and to do wonders. He probably had a knowledge of natural science, and used it as fortune-tellers and sleight-of-hand performers and spiritual mediums do now. *Be witch'd*—Amazed. *They believed Philip*—He brought good news of salvation, not merely marvels, and he confirmed his word with greater deeds than Simon dreamed of. *Baptized*—To profess their faith in Jesus, as Jesus himself commanded. *Simon . . . believed*—With his mind, not his heart; believed that the miracles were real, but did not trust Christ to yield himself up to him. *They sent . . . Peter and John*—To endorse the movement, to help it on, and to see that the Samaritans were true converts. This was a great step, for there was a great prejudice against the Samaritans. *Receive the Holy Ghost*—i.e., not the ordinary influences, but such as appeared at Pentecost; some visible power of tongues or healing or experience to fit them for their work in spreading the gospel. *Thy money perish with thee*—Not a curse or wish of evil, but a statement of fact, that Simon was lost if he kept such a heart as he had. *The gift of God, etc.*—This was a total

misunderstanding of the nature of God's gifts. *Repent*—There is hope for the worst of sinners if they repent. *If perhaps*—But there is danger that they will not repent. *In the gall of bitterness*—The bitterness of the bitter. The gall was the seat of venom in poisonous serpents. Such is the bitterness of sin. *In the bond of iniquity*—i.e., chained and fettered by sin. *Then answered Simon*—Simon was sorry for his danger, not for his sin.

Find in this lesson—
A foreign missionary.
His friends at home.
A false disciple.
The lessons we are to learn from each.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. How far had the gospel now been preached? "As far as Samaria." 2. Who appeared among the converts there? "Simon the sorcerer." 3. Who were sent to them from Jerusalem? "Peter and John, that they might receive the Holy Ghost." 4. What did Simon ask them? "That he might buy the power of imparting this gift." 5. What did this show? "That Simon was not truly converted." 6. What was Peter's reply? (Repeat verses 20 and 23).

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the Spirit's work in believers? He enlightens their minds to understand the Scriptures; bears witness with their spirits that they are the children of God; helps their prayers; purifies them from inward and outward sin; and fills their hearts and lives with perfect love and every grace.

Our Temperance Meeting.

Would you have me tell to you
What school boys and girls do?
Listen, then, till I am through.

We together come each week,
Sit and learn, recite and speak,
And the truths of temperance seek.

Little soldiers in the fight,
We are working with our might,
For the pure, the good, and right.

For the temperance boys, you know,
Into temperance voters grow;
They their colours always show.

Won't you join us, heart and hand?
Help our little temperance band
By its pledge to firmly stand.

We no duty would neglect,
We do all you can expect,
And our officers elect.

With our service we go through
Just as older people do,
And new members take in, too.

We delight to pave the way
For a brighter, better day,
By our acts, and what we say.

Perhaps you do not understand
How our work is done and plan'd;
How our forces we command.

If you don't, why, then you should;
Call on us, we'll do you good.
Come next week! We wish you would.

THE LITTLE SINGER.

No bracelets nor necklaces had she; no white silk dress had she ever seen, and common white muslin even she had never worn. She was bare-footed and though the morning was warm, she had wrapped an old shawl around her to hide the holes in her dress. A neat little girl was Mandy, or at least she would have been if she had known how; she always washed her feet in the fast running gutter puddles after a hard rain, just because she liked to see them look clean; but she had no needle and thread at home, nor patches; and her work among the barrels, picking for rags, was not the cleanest in the world. Yet on this afternoon did this little girl, Mandy, give a concert. Her audience was an organ grinder, who stopped to rest a bit, an old woman who was going by with a baby and a little boy with a load of chips. The words she sang were:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;"

and the chorus repeated as many times, "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,

I've been redeemed," I don't know how many times over.

"Where did you get that?" asked the organ-grinder.

"What!" said Mandy, startled and turning quickly.

"That! that you are singing."

"Oh, I got it at Sunday-school!" And she rolled out the wonderful news: "I've been redeemed; been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"I don't suppose you know what you're singing about," said the organ-grinder.

"Don't I, though," said Mandy, with emphatic little nod of the head. "I know all about it, and it's quite true. I belong to him. He's going to make me clean inside, and dress me in white some day, stay with him forever and ever. I've been redeemed; been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Away down the street, as far the organ grinder could hear, as he trudged on, there came back to him the faint sounds of the chorus, "I've been redeemed." Nobody threw bouquets to Mandy; nobody said she had a sweet voice. But the organ grinder kept saying the words over and over to himself. They were not new words to him. Years ago his old mother used to sing those first ones, "There is a fountain." He had never heard the chorus before, but he knew it fitted; his mother had taught him. And away back, when he was a little boy, a minister had said to him once, "My boy, you must be sure to find that fountain and get washed." He never had. He was almost an old man, and it was years since he had thought about it, but Mandy's song brought it all back. What that the end of it? Oh, no! The organ grinder kept thinking and thinking, and by-and-bye he resolve to act. He sought the fountain and found it; and now if he knew the tune he could sing, "I've been redeemed!" Many times he says the words over and over. Is that the end? Oh, no! It will never end. When Mandy and the organ-grinder stand up yonder, and she hears all about the song she sang as she picked over the rags, it will not even be the end.—*The Day-spring.*

10 Cents

A BARGAIN IN BOOKLETS

PICTURES

FROM THE

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

WITH

Appropriate Texts and Hymns

A packet of six beautiful Booklets, printed in coloured inks, with illuminated covers, for

10 Cents

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUBBARD, HALLOWELL.