

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

## THE BARNACLE FAMILY MARINE AND HUMAN.

WHILE cruising around the mouth of an ocean port we gave chase to a vessel bound out to sea, but fast as our launch is we are no match for her. She glides away swiftly through the salt water, and leaves us far behind.

On our way back to port we try our speed with another vessel returning from a long voyage, and are surprised to find that we can hold our own with her. How does this happen? A few days later, after she has discharged her cargo, she is placed in the dry dock for repairs.

We then see great masses of small animals scraped from her bottom, which we find, on inquiry, are called barnacles. These parasites, we are told, gradually accumulate on ocean vessels—fouling the bottom and greatly retarding the speed. In our picture is an excellent view of these troublesome animals, which have fastened themselves to some logs floating in the water.

Thus, all through nature and in our own society, we find many parasites. Useless men who fasten themselves on others, or on corporations, and living at their expense.

### "ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES."

LITTLE BET JACKSON had gone on an exploring expedition one day. Till now she had never strayed very far from the narrow lane, which, with the one or two streets and courts round it, had been all her world.

She kept her bright little eyes very wide open as she shuffled along by the curbstone, looking out for a possible piece of bread or half-eaten apple, which some less hungry child might have thrown away, but which would have been treasure-trove to Bet. The streets were pretty quiet, till by-and-by she turned into one, along which a number of people were going, all in one direction. Where were they going, Bet wondered, and so she followed till she saw many of them turn into a big building, whose doors were standing wide open.

As she stood and watched them she saw that they were nearly all children, boys and girls, some younger, and some older than herself; but they were very different from her, for they had all clean faces and smooth hair, and many of the little girls had warm fur around their necks and bright ribbons on their hats; and Bet stood and stared at them, her eyes growing rounder and rounder as she stared.

"Wot place is this?" she asked a boy nearly as ragged as herself, who was looking in too, with his hands stuck into what once were pockets. She was not afraid to speak to him.

"Wot place is it? Why, a church, stoop'd."

"A church!" repeated Bet vaguely. "Wot do they do there?"

"Dunno. Guess it's only for the big folks—for the swells; but if you wait awhile you'll hear the organ, and then singing inside."

Above Bet's head was a big board on which it was printed in gilt letters, that a Children's Service was held every Sunday

afternoon, but in spite of all the school boards the announcements might have been in Greek for all Bet knew of it.

The children had nearly all gone in now, only one or two stragglers were hurrying up the steps. Sounds such as the child had

the inner side, found herself within a church for the first time. She looked around in as much wonder as a savage might have done, at the gilded organ pipes and the white-robed choir. Another hymn was sung:

to poor Bet, but one new and wonderful idea entered her mind.

There was a Friend somewhere. Some one who wanted her to come to him. All her little life long people had told her to get out of the way, sent her off, not with words only, but with blows often; now some one wanted her. Who could it be? Puzzling over this, the warm air began to make her drowsy after the cold wind without, and she was aroused at last by a stern-looking man shaking her by the arm and saying gruffly:

"Be off with you at once, this ain't a place for you, you're after no good, I'll be bound!"

The service was over and all the people were coming out. The little girl was very much frightened, but presently she saw a very pleasant-looking gentleman, the minister who had preached, coming towards her. Seeing her alarm, he said kindly to the child,

"What little girl is this?"

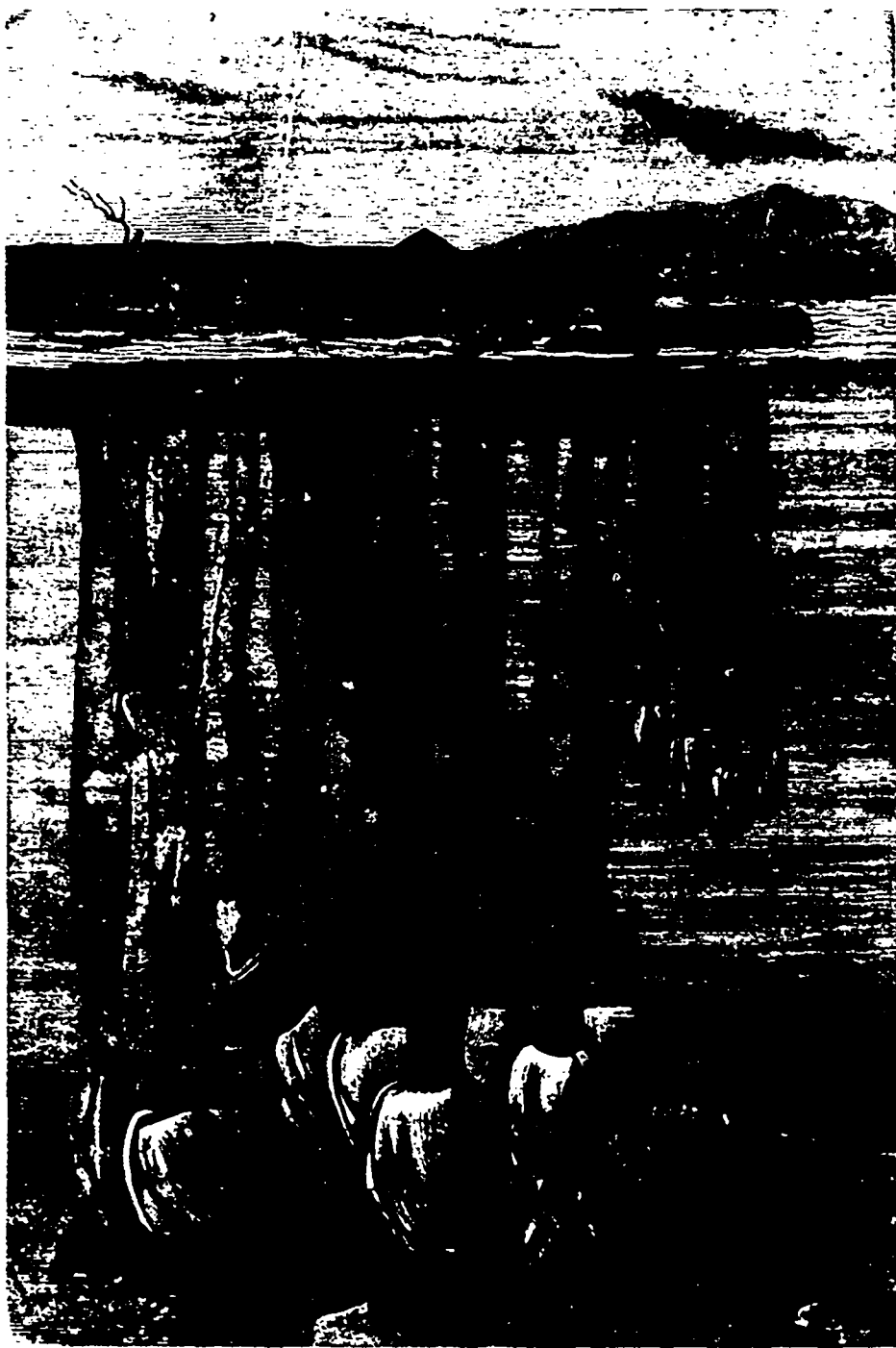
"A little ragamuffin, your reverend once, that doesn't belong nowhere," said the surly sexton.

The minister remembered the words of his text, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." He took her home to his own house, gave her a good meal and had her washed and dressed in the neat clothing of his own little girl who had died. He afterwards took her to a good old couple who had no children of their own, who adopted little Bet and made her a happy home.

## REASONING POWER OF ANTS.

ONE morning a gentleman of many scientific attainments sat quietly and alone at his breakfast. Presently he noticed that some large black ants were making free with the contents of the sugar bowl. He drove them away, but they soon returned, seemingly unwilling to leave their sweetened feast. Again they were dispersed, only to return in increased numbers. There was a lamp hook directly above the centre of the table, and to try their ingenuity the gentleman suspended the sugar bowl to a hook with the cord, allowing it to swing clear of the table about an inch. First, the sagacious little creatures tried to reach it by standing on each other's backs. After repeated efforts, all of which were failures, they went away, and it was supposed that they had given up in despair. Within a surprisingly short time, however, they were seen descending the cord by dozens and dropping themselves into the sugar bowl. They had scaled the wall, traversed the ceiling, and discovered another road to the treasure.

A LITTLE Swedish girl was walking with her father one night under the starry sky, intently meditating on the glories of heaven. At last, looking up to the sky, she said, "Father, I have been thinking that if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"



BARNACLES.

never heard before swelled out from the open doors; the roll of the great organ, and the fresh, sweet young voices rising clear and high above it. A daring thought crossed Bet's mind. Why should she not go in too? She cautiously mounted the steps and peered in. No one was looking. Quick as a startled bird she darted across to a half-open door, stole around it, and sheltered by a heavy curtain hanging on

"There's a Friend for little children." Bet caught some words here and there and wondered what it meant. By-and-bye the minister went up into the pulpit and began to speak. "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," he said, and the child behind the curtain listened with straining ears. She could not understand half of what was said. It was like a foreign language

## Our Country Girls.

BY MRS. M. L. WARNER.

Up in the morning early,  
Just at the peep of day,  
Straining the milk in the dairy,  
Turning the cows away;  
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,  
Making the beds upstairs,  
Washing the breakfast dishes,  
Dusting the parlour chairs;

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,  
Hunting for eggs in the barn,  
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,  
Spinning the stocking yarn;  
Spreading the whitening linen  
Down in the bushes below,  
Ransacking every meadow  
Where the red strawberries grow;

Starchin' the fixin's for Sunday,  
Churning the snowy cream,  
Rinsing the pails and strainers  
Down in the running stream;  
Feeding the geese and turkeys,  
Making the pumpkin pies,  
Jogging the little one's cradle,  
Driving away the flies;

Grace in every motion,  
Music in every tone,  
Beauty in form and feature,  
Thousands might covet to own;  
Cheeks that rival spring's roses,  
Teeth the whitest of pearls;  
Give me a blithe country maiden—  
These are the go-ahead girls!

## OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 80
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 6 copies	0 80
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, 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 50
Quarterly Review Service. 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,  
8 Bloor Street,  
Montreal.S. F. HURSTIE,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

## MARSHAL THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

ONE important feature of the Temperance campaign will be marshalling the young hosts in the Sunday-schools and day schools into the armies of this new crusade. We are told that Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, made his little son Hannibal, at six years of age, swear, upon his country's altar, eternal enmity against his country's foes. The victorious march of the Carthaginian conqueror over the conquered Roman territory tells how faithfully that vow was kept.

In like manner the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, in our homes and in our school, the young men and young women who will so largely mould the thought and the opinion of the future should swear eternal enmity against this foe of God and man in our land.

Let the boys and girls first be pledged in the Sunday-schools. Let temperance instruction be communicated, as it already largely is, in our public schools. Let temperance literature and information be widely diffused in the religious and secular press of the country. Let petitions be poured into the Government for comprehensive measures for the suppression of the drink traffic. Let electors by the thousand

write strong, plain, urgent letters to their representatives in Parliament, Dominion and Local, demanding their earnest support of temperance legislation. Let such legislators be admonished that the voting lists will be studied and that said electors will have no further use for men who withhold their support from this great reform. Above all, let local efforts be made in every village, town or county throughout the Dominion to secure liquor prohibition.

Earnest, unceasing, importunate prayer should be sent up to heaven for the staying of this awful tide of intemperance. But prayer without effort is an insult to God. Prayer should be accompanied by the most earnest and persistent effort to build up God's kingdom in the world and to overthrow the ancient Bastille of intemperance and vice.

## HOW FISHES BREATHE.

A GENTLEMAN, who found small fishes dead, wrote to *Nature* to ask: "How is it with the fish in countries like Siberia? Do they desert those parts of the rivers which are frozen over? or are the currents more rapid, so as to transfer air beneath the ice from unfrozen parts? or, as in some glacier streams, are fish altogether absent?"

Any one who has caught fish through ice three feet thick on Maine ponds will understand that fish live very comfortably, so long as any part of the pond remains liquid.

The waters of Siberia are likely to be abundantly stocked with fish, which will be found in the best condition when their house is sealed with frost.

It is not necessary to suppose that air is carried under the ice from open places in the brooks. There is air enough in the water at all times to answer the purposes of the fish. The presence of the air is best discovered by allowing water slowly to become warm in a vessel of tin or iron.

The air, which is held in the water very much as water is held in a sponge, is expanded by the heat, and may be seen gathering in small bubbles attached to the surface of the vessel. This must be a matter of common observation.

It is this air that supplies the fishes with breath. It may be thought by some that fishes breathe water, for the writer has heard this statement made, but such a view is not correct. The fish has no power to decompose water and get the needed oxygen from that source.

As he is constituted, he needs very little air. He is furnished with but little blood, and this is sufficiently oxidized by coming in contact with air in the water forced through the gills, which are his breathing apparatus.

The effect of the air is seen when the fish is taken from the water. The gills suddenly redden. This is due to the rapid oxidation of the blood. The fish is killed by the excess of air. In the water he gets only the proportion that he needs. Altogether the fish must be very comfortable under the ice during a hard winter.

## WISHING TO BE A MARTYR.

BY MRS. C. W. B. M'COY.

"I WISH I could be a martyr," said little Jemie.

"Oh! Oh!" said grandma, looking up from her knitting. "What a wish! Do you want to be burned at a stake, or thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, or broiled on a gridiron, or nailed to a cross, or racked until every bone is broken?"

"Well—I—don't—know," said Jemie, thoughtfully. "I don't suppose it would be very pleasant; but martyrs will have such a grand time in heaven after it is all over, I most wish I could be one."

Grandma looked very grave as she resumed her work, and picked up several stitches she had dropped.

"You may never be a martyr, my dear little boy," she said, "but you will often be called upon to do very unpleasant things, and by going about them cheerfully and bravely, you will show yourself a little hero—such as God will approve and bless. For instance, when baby cries for your playthings, you can give them up willingly, and let him amuse himself until he is tired. When mamma wishes you to go to Sunday-school, and you mentally object because the weather is very warm,

or your new shoes pinch your toes, you can march off without a murmur, and imagine, if you please, that you are John Rogers going to the stake. After awhile the shoes will get adapted to your feet, and the sweet, soft air will come to you over the green fields and meadows like a breeze sent from heaven. Again, when on a rainy morning you wish to wear your new hat, and mamma says: 'No, son, wait until next Sunday,' instead of pouting and crying to have your own way, you can smilingly put it back into its box and say, 'She knows best; I guess the old hat will do for to-day.' Maybe God will consider these little things in a boy's life a kind of martyrdom, and will reward him for them. Who knows?"—*Exchange*.

## LORD ABERDEEN AND THE BOYS.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, the new Governor-General of Canada, on a recent occasion addressed a party of Dr. Barnardo's boys in the following terms:

Well, boys, you are going to Canada, and I congratulate you, not because of your leaving the Old Country, but because you are to go from the Old Country to Canada; Canada is the place in my opinion. That is no disparagement to other colonies, some of which I have visited as well as Canada, but I know if I had my choice, as an emigrant, I would select Canada.

Now I daresay you have heard a great deal about Canada being a grand country—and all that—and I do not think you will be disappointed. I suppose you will land at Quebec, and when you get to Quebec, and see the woods and scenery, and the handsome city, you will say, "Well, it is a fine country." But I am afraid after you have had a long and tedious railway journey, and when the novelty has worn off, and you begin to find work rather hard, some of you may begin to say, "Well, after all, I would not be sorry to be back in London."

Then is the time I want you to remember the words of advice which you have had from friends here, and to try and recall them. Remember then is the time for putting your shoulders to the wheel; then is the time for pluck and good English honest perseverance and bravery, nothing less than bravery to face what is disagreeable, and what makes one cast down.

Now there is more in this than may appear at first. Some of you may say, "I am only a London boy. If I want to get on, it does not matter very much to other people." But that is a mistake. You are part of a great movement, and a great cause. In the first place you will be, I trust, a credit to the Old Country. But then again to the new country—your new home. Just think of this, that everyone of you may help to build up that new country in the best sense, and promote what is right, and discourage what is wrong. Think what a dignity this will give to each one of you; that you may be helping to build up the fortunes and the credit and the usefulness of a new country! Then again you are going out from a Christian institution. These homes are founded on a religious basis. People will say, "These are Dr. Barnardo's boys, and we will see whether they are the sort of boys that should come from a Christian and a religious institution." Think what a responsibility there is there. Then remember that hard work will not hurt any one.

## THE THREE C'S.

Remember therefore these three "C'S"—"C" for the old country, that is your original country; another "C" for Canada the new country, the country you are to be a credit to; and third and biggest of all "C" for Christianity and what is Christianity but following Christ, the Master who went through the weariness and the toil and showed us what we were to do in the way of perseverance and following his example in difficulties. Now all these ladies and gentlemen here are wishing you well. They have come to give you what the Americans called "A good send-off!" Don't be put out if people say, "Oh, it is a pity they did not send you to the United States."

My strong advice to you all is, stick to the Union Jack and the British soil! They may say, "You go across the borders



LORD ABERDEEN.

of the United States and you will get more wages," but what is the good of more wages if you have to pay more for rent and food? Remember Canada is the best place for development. It has got a great future before it, and that is why I ask you all to help to make the thing a success by sticking to Canada. It is no use talking about good results unless we look to the right source to obtain those results. You have heard that something has been said about the boys not doing well. I was glad to hear the statements made just now by Dr. Barnardo in refutation of all that, but of course the more boys like you who go out, the more will these wrong ideas vanish. You will be the advertisement of the work Dr. Barnardo is doing so well, and as the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, so when they find that these are genuine boys, who can do the work and who are sober, religious and industrious boys, they will say that "you are the boys we want." But I believe those idle stories are falling into discredit, and that people are saying, "Oh yes, we understand that the boys that are sent out here are well trained and tutored boys, and we welcome them." See, therefore, that nothing is done by you that will make the people regret the welcome they gave you. Well, we wish you Godspeed, and we do say with all our hearts "God bless you," and we cannot wish or say more.

## A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

## CHAPTER XVII.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS.

IT was after midnight when Achilles came home with the medicine for Patty, and the news that he had lost the old coat, and that his father was out of prison.

Letitia forgot the coat in the greater news. She had gone to the door to meet Achilles, and they stood without, he holding his horse by the bridle.

"How long has he been out?" asked Letitia.

"Over a week. Parkins in the drug store told me, and asked if he was up here?"

"It is strange that he has not come here yet," said Letitia.

"I just know he is drinking somewhere," groaned Achilles. "And when he has used up whatever he has, he'll come here to turn the home into a den, as he used to! But my mind is made up. Through that gate and over this door-sill he shall not pass! He had his chance, and chose to destroy and disgrace us all. I've had mine and I've chosen to build things up, and take care of you all. The family and the home are mine now, not his; and I'll defend them."

"I shall expect him every minute," said Letitia; "every step I hear, every man I see coming up the road, I will think is father coming home."

"Don't you be afraid or worry," said Achilles. "I'm a man now, twenty-one past, and I'll protect you all."

"What will mother say, I wonder?"

"We won't tell her just yet," said Achilles. "She has enough to worry her with Patty sick, and hearing this would stir her up and take away what little chance of sleep she has. We will keep it quiet until Patty gets well. Perhaps father will never come back."

And so the long sentence was completed; the prisoner was free, the July sun shone for Thomas Stanhope; the fields and the highways were open before him; he had a name and not a number; he no more wore the hideous stripes.

How had it all happened? What had been his fortunes since he became a trusty, in charge of a corridor, and was one of the prison schoolmasters?

His life had passed on with very little change, day like day, and week the counterpart of the week that preceded it. As the end of the time of his imprisonment came in sight, he began to plan more and more what he should do when he was free, and he resolved to open these matters to Mercy in his next letter. And then, thanks to Uncle Barum's little scheme, silence fell between the prisoner and his home.

As week after week passed, and no news came, Thomas began to be very uneasy. He wrote, and wrote again, he persuaded the chaplain to write for him; but all three letters left the post-office in the pocket of Uncle Barum's old coat, and still no news came to the prisoner. Thomas began to assure himself that his family, taking the alarm as his term of imprisonment drew near its close, had preferred to stop all communication with him.

He had made up his mind to write to Friend Amos Lowell, asking him to be his intercessor with the family, assuring them of his deep penitence, and begging them to give him another trial, and allow him to redeem somewhat the past, when that letter written by Uncle Barum arrived, telling him that Mercy had obtained a divorce, remarried, and that all the family preferred that he should not return to Ladbury. There was a check for forty dollars in the letter, payable to the warden of the prison.

If his friend the chaplain had been there to read this letter and advise him, perhaps Thomas Stanhope would not have been so sorely crushed by it, and might still have written to Friend Amos for further news. But the chaplain had just gone away for a month, ill, and Thomas had no one to whom to speak of his great sorrow. The deputy read the letter and sent for Thomas. The deputy was not a very sympathetic man, he had passed more than his quarter of a century among felons, but he regarded Thomas as a "good prisoner," who had made himself generally useful, and had never given any trouble. He was roused to some pity by the anguish on Thomas' face as he read the letter. He essayed to console him.

"Come, Stanhope, keep a stiff upper lip; this is rather rough on you, but such things will happen. It is part of the penalty of getting into the stripes. Women get divorced even from square men often, and your wife has done pretty well to wait seven years. Women find it hard to earn their bread sometimes. You are not so bad off, man; here are forty dollars that I'll keep on the books for you, and you have laid up about twenty. Next Thanksgiving you will get out, on account of good conduct, no doubt, and sixty dollars and a new suit will set you up in the world. You are not an old man, and you're strong. If I were you I would go to Texas and hire on a cattle ranch; this little matter of the stripes won't follow you there."

The deputy felt that he had been exceedingly friendly to Thomas in this disquisition, and giving him his letter, dismissed him again to his duty. Thomas went, in an agony of mind; his future was robbed of hope; he had now suffered the sharpest punishment of his crime; he cared nothing for having his sentence ended; the outside world had no attractions, now that Mercy and the children had forgotten him. He had no thought of replying to this letter, and brooding over it alone he became unable to even speak of it. When the chaplain returned it was too late to be taken into Stanhope's confidence. Thomas could not now go to the chaplain and unfold his new sorrow; the chaplain, having six hundred troubled and troublesome prisoners in his care, could give only general

attention to those who were not sick, or who did not personally seek him out.

Thus some weeks passed on, and Thomas in increasing gloom bore his new burden. Uncle Barum died and was buried, and Mercy laid her plans for going to see Thomas. Then the dullness of life in the penitentiary was broken in upon by an event.

One of the prisoners, a desperado sentenced for manslaughter, became greatly incensed at the deputy, and determined to have revenge. The man worked as a cutter in the clothing shop, and the knives used by the cutters are long, slim, and amazingly sharp. The man made a practice of concealing one of these knives in his sleeve when he left the work-room, watching his opportunity of meeting the deputy.

The opportunity came as the prisoners were marching out from dinner; the deputy happened to be standing in the shadow of a building opposite the door of the dining-room. Out of the file leaped the convict, with murder in his heart, and with upraised knife flung himself on the unarmed deputy. Thomas Stanhope was the man who walked next behind the would-be murderer, his hand upon his shoulder. He leaped instantaneously after him, and throwing his arms about him destroyed the force of the descending blow. The man made a second thrust, but Stanhope's hand closed over the knife; as the assassin drew the weapon back, Stanhope was severely cut. By this time, scarcely a minute having passed, the deputy had recovered from his surprise, and one of the guards had drawn a pistol. Finding himself likely to be overpowered, the prisoner who made the attack tried to fly, but as he dashed down the prison yard, the excited guard shot him. The file of prisoners was disordered into an excited throng, which the guards were trying to reduce to quiet. On his face, on the stone pavement, dead, lay the man-slayer. One of the guards tore a handkerchief and tied it tightly about Stanhope's wrist, trying to stop the flow of blood leaping in great jets from his wound. The deputy took a long pencil from his pocket, and made a fashion of tourniquet to stop the bleeding, and Thomas was taken to the hospital.

In a fortnight the wound was entirely healed, and as Thomas was expecting to return to his hall, the deputy-warden sent for him.

"Stanhope," he said, "I am glad you are quite well, and the surgeon tells me your hand will not be permanently injured. Your sentence would have expired next November, but in consideration of your bravery the other day, the governor has sent you a full pardon. You are free. You will find a freedom suit all ready for you. You can go at once. I wish you good luck. Be sure and don't drink any more; it was drink brought you here, and it might bring you back, as it has hundreds of others. You are a square man now, keep square. I see you are all right when you are sober. You have laid up twenty dollars, and you had a check for forty; I will add twenty more, as my personal gift; you saved me an ugly cut the other day; how will you have the money, bills or coin?"

"Coin," said Thomas, hardly knowing what he said. Free! Able to go out! No longer a convict, free! but where should he go? Who cared for him now? He took the money, went to the cell where his new citizen's clothes had been placed, made his few preparations for departure; they were simple enough; he brought nothing into the prison, he took nothing from it. He asked for a piece of canvas, and made a money belt; in this he put seventy-five dollars, and five he put in his pocket. He thought of going to see the chaplain, but at the gate he met him with a party of friends, coming to examine the penitentiary. There was no time for conversation; the chaplain shook his hand, wished him well, gave him a Bible from his own pocket, and bade him "go right home." Go home! Oh mockery! Home! He had no home, no wife, no family.

The prison gate swung to behind him with a loud clang. He was free to choose his own way. It seemed as if he were lost; lonely, dazed in this wide world, he who had been shut within four walls for eight long years. It seemed, too, as if every one who saw him knew him for an ex-convict, in spite of that good new suit of

citizen's clothes and the straw hat. He felt alarmed and nervous in the throng upon the streets. Then great nature seemed to call him; he remembered fields, streams, woods, hills, flowers, birds, silence, freedom, the broad blue horizon on every hand. Evidently no city could stretch on and on forever. Whichever way he went, whether north, south, east, or west, he would come at last to the city limits and reach the free country. And so, with no aim but this, he went his way straight on toward the north. He had been imprisoned so long that weariness came to him soon in walking; his limbs shook; there seemed to be too much air in the world; his lungs felt drowned in it; he was overpowered, oppressed with that very freedom which he had once desired.

Well, on and on, and finally the houses were less closely placed; the sidewalks narrowed, and were lost; grass grew by the waysides; there were wide, vacant spaces, where cows and goats fed; chicory and daisies bloomed by the pathway. How long it was since he had gathered a flower! Then there were broad fields and country roads; and wild blackberry-vines with berries upon them; and horses and kine were pasturing in meadow-lands. The farm-houses were far apart, the sun was setting; he was so weary that he could scarcely drag one aching foot after the other; he was faint for food, he had eaten nothing since breakfast. By the roadside he finally found a little house where he asked for supper and a night's lodging.

"There's only one room," said the man, evidently a carter, "and my hand has that, and he is sick."

"Can't I sleep in the barn?" said Thomas, too exhausted to go farther, and referring to a little tumble-down stable.

"Well, no; the mules and cart are all I have, and I can't afford to keep them insured. I never let any one sleep there, for fear of fire."

"I won't smoke, if that's what you fear," said Stanhope.

"I wouldn't trust any one; the risk is too big."

"There's two single beds in the lad's room," spoke up the woman who was cooking supper, "and as for sick, he's only got a bad cold. He's had it for four or five days." She needed the money, and preferred to have the proposed lodger stay.

"Take the vacant bed, if you want it," said the man; "fifty cents for supper, bed, and breakfast. It's cheap enough."

Thomas, too weary to do more than crawl, entered and sat down. The coffee and bacon and corn-bread refreshed him.

"You seem pretty well done up," said his host, "for coming only from town; 'tain't over nine miles."

"I've been sick for two weeks in the hospital, cut in my hand."

"Oh, that accounts for your tirin' so quick. Where are you going?"

"Wherever I can find work."

"Losh! ain't there work in the city?"

"I'm tired of the city. I was raised in the country, and when a man has been sick, he longs for country quiet and air."

"Well, that's so," admitted the carter, and began to talk about the roads and distances until Thomas presently recovered his ideas of direction and locality, and knew where he was. Going up to the attic he slept, but, waking by times, heard the sick lad moaning or talking in his sleep. He took him a drink twice, and shook up his pillow and smoothed his bed-clothes. In the morning he asked him how he was.

"Oh, I feel pretty bad. I'm all broke out with something; reckon I've got the chicken-pox. Ever had it?"

"I guess so," said Thomas, paying little attention. All night he had dreamed of home. He must once more see Ladbury; the home where his father had lived; the grave-yard where his parents and his children slept. He must look once more on the cottage on the mountain, where he might have been so happy, so honourable, so content. He would disturb no one; he would not make himself known; he would only look from afar on the paradise of home. And so this new Enoch Arden started on his way.

He had no desire to make speed; the quiet and beauty of the summer world comforted him, and seemed to remove from body and soul the stain and shadow of the prison. He wandered on, catching a ride

now and then, getting meals and lodgings as he could; a well-dressed, quiet-looking, well-spoken man, whom no one feared or suspected; and so, one Friday, he was climbing the mountain where had once been his home. He moved but slowly that day; he was feverish and stopped to drink wherever there was water; he felt so tired, so weak; his bones ached; his head throbbled and ached; he was not hungry, but faint. He thought it strange that after his out-of-doors life and plain food, and no drink but water, for the past ten days, he should feel so wretchedly ill.

He passed the Titus farm, where Mercy had lived when he had known her as a girl. O Mercy, gentle, patient, kind one, how hard had been your lot, until even your heart had failed! Blame Mercy for finally casting him off? Not he. How false he had been to every promise! He deserved to be cast off.

There was no sign of Uncle Barum about the old place; strangers were there. He asked a lad where was Barum Titus.

"Dead, oh, a good many weeks ago!"

On then, and finally across the shoulder of the mountain, there was the tall dead pine-tree called the "Eagle Tree," and there the guide-board that he knew, and yonder was the Canfield place, and there the Gardiners' farm; he knew them. They had improved a little in eight years, but where was his home—where the paintless, porchless, fenceless, unkempt, broken-windowed home of Thomas Stanhope, drunkard? It had stood there, the guide-board pointing to it like an index finger. But what house was this that stood there now? Here was a green door-yard with trees and two large round flower-beds brilliant with bloom; a paling-fence neatly kept; even those adjuncts of a hitching-post and a horse-block. Here was a cream-coloured house with a porch draped in grape-vines, and with two bright red benches and a rocking-chair invitingly placed upon it. There was a swing, hung upon a frame over a little board platform, speaking of attention to some child's pleasure. This house had a bay window; it had two dormer windows on the newly-painted roof; it was evidently a house kept in scrupulous order. No one appeared in sight; but door and windows were open, and on a line in the grassy back-yard hung a washing. Thomas observed that the clothes were whole and white, and there were pillow-cases and red-bordered towels. Yonder was a neatly fenced barn-yard; a rebuilt barn painted red; a lusty crowing and cackling of fowls was heard; from the pen came now and then a squeal of pigs; in the hill-pasture two cows fed; and yonder, on the upland, worked a tall, strong man, his red shirt and wide hat coming out strongly against the wooded background, and every motion betraying vigour and energy. A little lad worked with this man; could this be Mercy's new husband?

Certainly, Mercy must have married a man with some money, and plenty of goodwill, or this change could not have been wrought in her broken-down home! Poor Mercy, what a life he had led her in that house! Was it not well that she had found kindness and plenty at last?

Keeping along the field back of the road, and as much out of sight as possible, Thomas went his way, his head bent, his limbs shaking, scarcely able to crawl, until he came to a log house, long unused except as a winter shelter for sheep. He drank heartily at a spring near, ate a biscuit which he had in his pocket, and climbing into the upper part of the place, lay down on some clean straw. He was devoured by mental and physical anguish. Loss, remorse, despair attended with great bodily misery and pain.

(To be continued.)

### WHAT HIS FATHER LEFT.

THE famous artist, Mr. Hubert Herk-omer, London, says, "In renouncing tobacco and alcohol my father left us a legacy of priceless value; and I hope many generations may bless him for it as I do now." A splendid epitaph for a son to be able to write on his father's tomb. How many other sons there are away down in "darkest England" who with equal truth might say, "My father by his love of alcohol left us a legacy of ruin and disgrace."



DR. COKE, FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

**THE PRINCE OF MISSIONARIES.***Stories of Early Methodists.*

BY DANIEL WISE, D.D.

In the spring of 1763 a dignified old gentleman and his son were seen seeking admission at the gate of Jesus College, in Oxford, England. They had come from the picturesque town of Brecon, Wales, of which place the father was mayor. The son was a lad who had just passed his sixteenth birthday. He was short for his age, but remarkably handsome.

No doubt that venerable father cherished high expectations of his son's future goodness and greatness. He was a Christian gentleman, and his fondest wish was that his handsome boy might become a good minister of the English Church. His proudest hopes were fully realized. His son became a very useful minister of the Gospel, the father of the missions of the great Wesleyan Church, the prince of modern missionaries, and the first Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. He wrote his name not in water, but in deeds which will never die. It stands high on the roll of immortal worthies whose names will always be cherished by good men on earth, and which are also "written in heaven." Do you ask the name? It is THOMAS COKE, LL.D.

## AT COLLEGE.

Being the son of a rich and honourable gentleman, and being also handsome, lively, and fond of gay companions, Thomas at once found himself surrounded by a set of wealthy young men, who like the unjust judge, "feared not God, neither regarded man." Many, if not most, Oxford students at that time were notoriously wicked. They courted this young student's society, invited him to their midnight carousals, to their dancing and gambling haunts, to the theatre, and tempted him to do deeds which he knew to be both wrong and ruinous. At first these things shocked him, but after giving himself to their practice awhile, his feelings changed, and he found pleasure in deeds which hurt both his body and mind, caused him to neglect his studies and began to corrupt his heart.

Happily for himself, as well as for the world, he did not walk long in that evil direction. When in the midst of his uproarious companions, he could not help thinking of the beautiful lives of his father and mother. When alone, that "still, small voice," which is God's whisper to erring hearts, bade him reflect, and gently

moved him to study that dear old book, the Bible, which contains God's thoughts. His gay fellow students laughed at him, but he had the courage of his opinions and, therefore, despised their ridicule, and stuck nobly to his college duties. Hence in due time he was graduated with honour, and returned to his home in Brecon, crowned with the approval and respect of his instructors.

## A "PRIEST."

He now became very popular in Brecon society. He was elected mayor. He was very active, partly in business and partly in studies suited to his purpose to enter the ministry. After spending three years in this way, he was ordained, first a deacon, and two years later a "priest;" but it was not until he was twenty-eight years old that he entered fully on the work of a minister by becoming curate of the parish of Petherton.

Dr. Coke now began to reap the fruit of his previous studies, which had so filled his mind with Bible knowledge, that his sermons were rich in good thoughts. But his sermons were like sweet music, in that though they charmed men's ears they did not persuade them to lead better lives. Dr. Coke, up to this time, though moral and sincere, and an admirer of our Redeemer, had never taken Christ into his heart as his personal Saviour and King.

But the reading of certain good books, and some conversation with one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, and with a pious peasant who was a Wesleyan, led him to perceive that he ought to seek the forgiveness of his sins through faith in the Son of God. And then his preaching became a thing of power. It startled many, and led some to become children of God through faith in the Lord Jesus.

But others became very angry. They spoke bitter words against him. They plotted for his removal, and when he was dismissed from his church by his rector, they actually rung the bells of the church in token of their joy. Years after, those same men, grown wiser and better, made their bells ring out a joyous welcome when he made a casual visit to Petherton.

## HIS "GRIT."

There was real manly grit, as well as Christian meekness, in Dr. Coke. He showed the latter by speaking kindly of his enemies. He displayed the former, by standing outside the church doors to preach the farewell sermon he was not suffered to deliver from the pulpit. His foes had gathered baskets of stones with which to drive him from his post. But though Coke

had the meekness of a lamb, he also had the courage of a lion. His bravery inspired his friends. They stood by him. His enemies were awed, and he faithfully warned them to "flee from the wrath to come." As viewed by men, the rich, learned, handsome, honourably connected Dr. Coke made a great sacrifice when he turned his back on the honours and emoluments of the Church of England, and devoted himself to the hard toil of an itinerant life.

## HIS HARDSHIPS.

Dr. Coke's preaching was so tender, simple, and rich in good thoughts, that it drew crowds, and won many to better lives. Yet, like Wesley, he was often assailed by vile mobs, which insulted him with hard words, and tried to strike him with sticks and stones. Once they drenched him with a fire-engine. Nothing daunted, however, he went all over England preaching the Gospel. He took no holidays, but filled every fleeting hour with work for his heavenly Master.

When Coke was thirty-seven years old, Wesley ordained him superintendent or bishop for America. He came to this country, and with the consent of the American preachers, ordained Mr. Asbury as joint superintendent or bishop, with himself, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was organized by the Conference which met at Christmas, in 1784. He then made a grand missionary tour of several thousand miles in the United States; after which he returned to England to renew his labours in our fatherland.

## HIS JOURNEYS.

The story of Coke's remarkable labours during the next thirty years is very, even intensely, interesting, but cannot be told in this brief sketch. You must be content at present to know that he made eighteen voyages across the Atlantic, not in immense steam palaces, such as float on the ocean to-day, but in small vessels with wretched accommodations, and often commanded by captains who hated every good thing. One such commander actually threatened to throw him overboard, as the Jonah who brought them stormy and contrary winds! But nothing could daunt his noble mind, or keep him from toiling for the good of men. Hence, when driven from stress of weather to the West Indies, he found a mission among the poor negroes of those islands. He planted the Wesleyan banner in Nova Scotia. He also sent missionaries to Africa, to Wales, and to some of the wildest parts of Ireland. During twenty-eight years, the missions of the Wesleyan Conference were principally managed by him, and his great soul lives to-day in the missionary spirit of that powerful body, which knows him as the father of its grand missionary work, which now covers many lands.

When Coke was sixty-five years of age, he set his heart on going to India to found a mission among its swartly millions. Most men at that age desire rest; but his heroic soul was eager to crown its earthly career with a great act of self-denial. His brethren at first declined to consent, chiefly because they dare not add such an expensive mission to their list. But standing before them with tears in his eyes, he said:

"If the Connexion cannot furnish means, I will gladly defray the expenses of an outfit to the extent of \$30,000!"

This act of sublime self-devotion won the Conference to his plans. Six young ministers were given him as assistants. On the last day of the year 1814, he set sail with his devoted little band, full of exultant hope that his voyage might result in great blessing to thousands of the dusky sons of India. His hope was realized; but he did not live to see it. On the morning of the third of May following, when his attendant entered his cabin, he found the venerable missionary stretched lifeless on the floor. The next day he was buried in the sea; but such men as Dr. Coke never die. They live in their work. The words they speak, the books they write—and Dr. Coke wrote several—the missions they found, the churches they build, and the converts they make, are like seeds which grow and multiply, and spread from age to age. Think of what evil such a man as Coke would have done, and could have still been doing if, instead of turning away from his wicked fellow students at college, he had spent his life in self-indulgence, in

doing wicked deeds, in setting a bad example. And while you think of this difference, let young Coke's example nerve you to put away evil from your life, and resolve to be, first, a disciple of the adorable Jesus, and then a benefactor to your race. Such a resolve will be sure to make you happy, and it may lead to your becoming a blessing unto thousands!

**LESSON NOTES.**

## THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A.D. 61.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 10.

PAUL AT ROME.

Acts 28. 20-31.] [Memory verses, 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.—Rom. 1. 16.

## OUTLINE.

1. Paul to the Jews, v. 20-27.
2. Paul to the Gentiles, v. 28-31.

PLACE.—A private house in Rome.

## CONNECTING LINKS.

In due time Paul, with his guard, reached Rome, where he was heartily greeted by the Christian brethren, and thoughtfully listened to by the Jews.

## EXPLANATIONS.

"This cause"—"The fact of his being a true brother Jew in undeserved bonds." "Saying"—In thus quoting, the apostle places those rejecting on the same footing with the fathers who rejected Isaiah and other prophets. "Therefore"—Because the Jews were so obdurate and irrecoverable. "Departed"—Making a formal separation between them and the apostle. "Own hired house"—To procure the means, Paul was, doubtless, aided by brethren in Rome and at a distance (Phil. 4. 10, etc).

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That bonds cannot prevent the preaching of the Gospel?
  2. That a doctrine which is unpopular may yet be true?
  3. That not all who hear the Gospel are saved?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Paul call to speak with concerning his imprisonment? "The chief men of the Jews." 2. What did they say? "We have heard no harm of thee." 3. What did they desire? "To hear him concerning Jesus." 4. What was the result of Paul's preaching to them? "Some believed, and some believed not." 5. Unto whom, besides the Jews, is the salvation of God sent? "Unto the Gentiles." 6. What did Paul testify? Golden Text: "I am not ashamed," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The freedom of the will.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

In what else is your soul different from your body?

"My soul is that within me which thinks, and knows, desires and wills, rejoices and is sorry, which my body cannot do."

Is not your soul, then, of great value?

"Yes; because it is myself."

Did God create you?

"Yes; he made me, both body and soul."

.....NEW.....

**Scripture Text Cards.**

15c. per Packet of 12 Cards.

- JOYFUL PRAISE. Monotint Landscapes and Flowers.  
SONG OF VICTORY. Pretty floral cards with Scripture Texts.  
WORDS OF LOVE. Floral cards with Scripture Texts.  
ROYAL GREETINGS. Floral cards with Scripture Texts.  
WHEN HE COMETH. Floral cards with Scripture Texts.  
UNDER HIS WINGS. Pictures with Bible Verses.  
DIVINE HELP. Floral Sprays with Bible Verses.  
DIVINE HELP. Monotint Landscapes and Flowers.  
JOYFUL PRAISE. Landscapes, Birds and Flowers.  
SONGS OF JOY. Birds and Floral Sprays.  
WORDS OF LIFE. Landscapes and Flowers.

William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.  
C. W. COATES, Montreal. S. F. MURSTIN, Halifax.