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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1892.

[No. 29.

## PREPARING FOR SEA.

These are strong, brave, stout-hearted men in the picture here, working away right willingly to get their good vessel ready for her long voyage on the sea. We know they must be strong, because none but strong men could do the heavy, rough work that sailors have to do, and we know too that they are brave, for it takes a great deal of courage to face the unknown dangers of the deep. Only those who have spent days and nights, and perhaps weeks and months away, far out of sight of land, with the boat sometimes toeing and reeling to and fro, now on the top of a huge wave, now down in the trough, with danger, it may be, of being dashed on the rocks or broken in two by the violence of the storm—only those know what stout hearts it needs to face it all. Ought we not to be thankful that we have a Father who is on the sea as well as on the land?

## BRIDGET.

BY SYDNEY CLARK.

SHE was not a girl in the kitchen, but a calf on the farm. How she came by her name is not easy to tell. She was not Irish but Jersey. Perhaps as good a reason as any for her name was the fact that she thought a great deal of Patrick, one of the farm workmen. To her Pat was the best man in the world. She followed him about the farm, as though she were a dog, and when shut up in the pasture with the cows, Bridget would find some way to get through or over the fences, that she might be with her friend. She even followed him on the road when he went to visit his friends. Though she could not go with him into the house, she waited in the yard until he came out, and then walked quietly home with him.

Pat was a good-natured, kind-hearted fellow, who treated horses, cows and calves as though they were almost human, and only lacked the power of speech to make them worthy companions of himself. But Pat had one fault—he liked whiskey. He seldom became intoxicated, but when he did he was thoroughly drunk; and then the good-natured Pat was changed to a man of a very different character.

Patrick became very thirsty for liquor one Sunday, and, after doing up his morning work about the farm, he started for a saloon two or three miles away. Bridget saw him go and wished to follow. It made little difference to her that Pat took no notice of her call, and that he seemed determined to leave her behind. Bridget meant to go along whether he wanted her or not. Making her way through the fence the calf was soon on the road, running and bellowing after her friend. At first Pat tried to drive her back; but as thirst was great and Bridget was determined to follow, he gave up the attempt and she was allowed to go along to the saloon.

Of course, as the calf had no money and would not even drink beer, she was not allowed to enter the saloon. Patiently she waited outside, but no Pat came. He had

forgotten his sober companion without, in the company of the drunken ones inside the saloon.

Late in the afternoon Pat started for home. Bridget's patience was about exhausted, and she gladly welcomed his appearance. But the calf soon noticed something wrong about the man. His

a stranger, and that he was not fit company for her. While she appeared undecided the poor fellow stumbled and fell. As he lay almost helpless on the ground, the calf came up to smell of him as though to make sure that it was not her friend. Perhaps his stupidity, perhaps his strange movements, or it may have been the smell of

That was Bridget's first and last visit to the saloon. She never followed Pat after that when he went for whiskey; nor would she follow him along the road at all. She hardly cared to go with him even about the farm. Instead, she chose the cows as her companions, and remained with them in the pasture lot.

Bridget is a dignified cow now, and may have forgotten her fancy for Pat and her visit to the saloon; but could she speak of it, probably she would say that she was but a calf then, and that no respectable animal who knows what is proper will go to a saloon, or even keep company with a person who goes there to get drunk.

Though but a calf, Bridget was not a fool. When she learned what the saloon did to people she kept away from it. If even a calf can learn that much, surely a boy should learn more and have nothing whatever to do with saloons.



PREPARING FOR SEA.

walk was slow, and he staggered from side to side so that the calf could not follow. She could not understand what was the matter, and may have thought that the Pat who came out was an entirely different man than the Pat who went into the saloon. The clothes were Pat's, but the man who wore them was so unlike her friend that Bridget, after watching him awhile, seemed to get the idea that he was

whiskey about him, settled the matter. After an examination, Bridget walked away and then started homeward, first walking quietly and then beginning to run. She neither stopped nor looked back, but hurried on towards home.

When late in the day Pat staggered home and, slightly sobered, tried to do up his night work, Bridget took no more notice of him than if he had been a stranger.

water. Now watch its curious growth. See! the tail begins to grow smaller, little legs put out from the head, which grows longer and flatter; this goes on until there is no tail left and the legs are fully formed, and then the young toad leaves the water and spends the balance of his life on dry land. So, you see, the toad is very useful and curious, and deserves to be treated kindly.

## TOADS.

THE warty body and great staring eyes of the toad are not pretty, that is certain; but often a mistake is made by judging from appearance, a thing which is most sure to be done when we meet with a toad. If this were all it would only be a mistake, but boys are apt to follow it by an act of thoughtless cruelty, which is really wicked. Ugly as the toad is, he is one of the most harmless and useful creatures found in our fields. In fact, he is one of our best friends, especially so to farmers and gardeners. He eats no grain, cuts down no plants, steals none of our fruit, nor mars our flower beds, but comes out in the night to prey upon the bugs, worms, and insects which do great injury to them all.

Toads are often tamed and kept in the kitchen to destroy flies, roaches, and moths, which are so troublesome and offensive. A toad will often catch a dozen flies in as many minutes, and it is curious to watch him as he does it. He creeps near his victim, and then darts out a long, spear-shaped tongue and impales the fly and throws it down his throat so quickly that the motion can scarcely be seen.

The life and growth of a toad is a most interesting study. In the spring we often see in the shallow pools of water a jelly like substance, full of little black spots like onion seed. This is the spawn and eggs of the toads and frogs. These are soon hatched by the warm sun, and then there will be a curious little creature, with a round, black head and a long, knife-like tail. The boys call it a "polliwog," but it is generally known as the tadpole, and is the young toad. In this shape it lives only in the

Wise Little Jack

BY CHARLES M. BINSSETT

Two strong, tall, young men, bright,  
Were ruffling about the shore,  
Looking to see what the tide had brought  
To the land with its rush and roar.

Tangle I with kelp and seaweed brown  
Were the driftwood sticks and blocks,  
And Jack and Dan laughed merrily,  
Tossing them high on the rocks.

"They all will make such jolly fires,"  
Said Dan, "when the days are cold!  
And then his hand on a shining flask  
In the sea weed took firm hold.

"And here's what keeps the sailors warm  
When the winds are blowing loud!"  
"This rum," cried Jack, "and it spoils the  
blood,  
And it makes men old and bowed!"

Just then a man with trembling steps,  
Came over the rocks in view,  
And the wind which rendered the boy's warm  
cheeks,  
Made his look pined and blue.

"He was the strongest fat in the Port,"  
Jack pitifully did say  
"And the liquor wrecked him," whispered  
Dan,  
As he flung the flask away.

"Crash!" it went upon the stones;  
Said the sailor as he passed,  
"These things are not to be had by men,  
And I wish, I wish to be!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WILKINSON, D.D., Editor

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1892.

DON'T GIVE UP YOUR BOYS

One of the most eminent pulpit and platform orators of this continent has all his life been troubled with a serious impediment of speech. An American physician whom few surpass in fame, skill and patronage, had St. Vitus's Dance till he was twelve years old. Another professional man whose name is familiar to thousands who read these words, had epileptic fits till he was past ten years of age. The Chief Justice of one of the Supreme Courts of the United States is almost a dwarf. A noted architect is so unprepossessing in appearance that hardly any one would take him for a person of ordinary intelligence, and one of the chief railway lawyers has a miserable voice. Of lame men in the highest position there are many, and the partly deaf entering prosperity are all about us. Don't give up your boys who have some impediment. And do not let them give themselves up. Encourage them to a noble ambition, help them with discretion, they may honour your family name and comfort your old age beyond those whose perfect form and rapidly maturing strength now delight your eyes.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

BY F. P. HAMMOND

SOME time ago I was in the country at Nashville, Tenn., and I call to mind the touching story of a stranger who was seen there planting a flower over a soldier's grave. When asked—

"Was your son buried there?"  
"No," was the answer.  
"Your son-in-law?"  
"No."  
"A brother?"  
"No."  
"A relation?"  
"No."

After a moment the stranger laid down a small flag which he held in his hand, and said, "Well, I will tell you. When the war broke out I was a farmer in Illinois. I wanted to enlist, but I was poor. I had a wife and seven children. I was drafted. I had no money to hire a substitute, and so I made up my mind that I must leave my poor sickly wife and little children, and go and fight the enemy. After I was ready to go a young man whom I knew came to me and said, 'You have a large family which your wife can not take care of. I will go for you.' He did go in my place. In the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded and taken to Nashville hospital, but after a long sickness he died and was buried here. Ever since I wanted to come to Nashville and see his grave; and so I saved up all the money I could, and yesterday I came on and to-day found my dear friend's grave."

With tears of gratitude running down his cheeks, he took up the small board and pressed it down into the ground in place of a tombstone. Under the soldier's name were written only these words: "He died for me."

No wonder the tears were running down that farmer's cheeks. He well knew that soldier had saved his life. Gladly, therefore, he spent his time and hard earned means to do what little he could to express his love and gratitude. If you had stood by the side of that grave and heard him say, "There is the grave of a man who went in my place as a soldier, and died for me; but I don't care; I didn't ask him to go; he might have stayed at home if he had a mind to," what would you have thought of him? But you know that the dear loving Jesus has died a more dreadful death for you; and yet if you are not a Christian you do not love him for it. You have never thanked him for dying for you. You never shed any tears as you have thought of his great love for you. Will you not trust him? Will you not love him as your best friend, and lead others to love him too?

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON.

I suppose every boy and girl on this side of the world has heard of the man in the moon, and has looked many a time for his jolly round face in the great silver ball in the heavens. But our opposite neighbours, the Chinese young folk, look for a rabbit in the moon.

Once upon a time, the story runs, there was a grand meeting of animals in China to do honour to the god who was their special friend and protector. On a high hill there was an altar built of stone for sacrifice to the deity. The wood was piled upon it, and the priest stood by with his torch waiting for the beasts of the field and wood to come and lay their offerings upon the altar. And first there came from the jungles of Thibet the lion, the great king of the forest. Advancing with stately step he declared with a mighty roar that he would use his great strength for the support of his god; he would crush to the earth and tear in pieces any enemy who dared him insult.

As the great lion entered into the forest, the beautiful and fleet horse pranced forth. Proudly curving his neck, he spoke saying that his duty might rely on his swiftness at any moment. The lion was strong and savage, but where speed was required he was useless. At any moment, he said, he was ready to travel on the errands of the god anywhere over the broad earth; and he would carry his friend into safety, and bring to him news of the treason of his enemies. And then with a graceful leap the horse bounded away and in a moment was out of sight. Then the cow stopped

forth in her peaceful way, and promised to nourish all little children who were in the god's favour; and the patient ox declared that he would draw by and by, great stones to the building of the temple in honour of the deity. The dog offered to sit before the entrance and defend the holy place from all unworthy to enter. The tiger and the leopard, the elephant, and even the antelope, each and all came forth and promised to use their power to the glory of their god. The gay and brilliant birds of Asia, perching in the trees overhead, all sang praises in his honour, and declared that the groves around the temple should ever resound with their songs.

And then, last of all, in the humblest, quietest manner, a little white beast hopped forth from the shade, a timid little rabbit. In a gentle voice he said that he was neither strong, nor fleet, nor graceful, nor in any way useful, and as he had nothing to offer whereby his god could be glorified, he desired to offer himself, and without another word he leaped forward and cast himself on the smoking pile. The Chinese say that the god was so pleased that he placed the modest little rabbit in the moon, and said he should always be kept in honourable remembrance.

STRANGE AFRICAN MONEY.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

TEACHER—Did you ever see African money?

Scholar—I don't think I have; but I suppose it is very much like ours.

Teacher—It is nothing like ours, nor like the money of any other country. In deed, it cannot be called money properly, for the people of Africa have neither coins nor bank bills.

Scholar—What do they use?

Teacher—Sometimes they use beads, ivory, and cotton cloth; and in some sections, especially along the Congo, brass rods.

Scholar—Brass rods! Why, that is the strangest of all! How much are they worth?

Teacher—About twelve cents and a-half by the time they get to Africa, and it takes five of them to make a pound.

Scholar—How large are they?

Teacher—About twenty-six inches long. When Mr. Stanley was in Africa he used these rods; and at one time had four tons of them in his store-house on the Congo river.

Scholar—They must be very inconvenient to carry around.

Teacher—They do not carry them around as we do our money, but keep them stored away, and only bring them out when they want to trade.

Scholar—What do they buy?

Teacher—Whatever they want. There are some things they never buy because they do not wear them; such as boots, caps, trousers, and coats. Their only covering is a piece of cotton cloth wound around the loins of the grown people, while the children are often without even that. You see, they don't spend money on dress, nor waste time in fixing up. One of the evil uses they make of these rods is to barter them for human lives.

Scholar—Do they buy and sell slaves in Africa?

Teacher—A great many grown people, as well as children, are bought and sold even in those regions where white people are. They will give from two to three hundred brass rods for a good, bright boy.

Scholar—Are they sold away from their parents?

Teacher—Yes. They are bought by strangers, who sometimes take them far away from home, and who care nothing for them beyond the labour they get from them. One poor little slave boy came to a missionary and begged him to buy him from his master, for he knew he would be taught and well treated by the missionary. When the missionary had taken him, and he was dressed as English boys are, he put his arms around him, called him his father, and said that he would always live with him. He remained with him until he became a man, and then went out among his own people as a missionary.

Scholar—Are they doing nothing to stop this wicked thing?

Teacher—Yes; missionaries are there labouring among these people, and we hope after awhile there will be no more people or children sold in Africa.

Home Boys.

BY A WHITE-MISSOURI.

These boys that are wanted are good boys,  
Good from the heart to the lip,  
True as the lily is white and pure,  
And who neither will smoke nor sip.  
The boys that are wanted are home boys,  
Boys that are another's right hand,  
That fathers and sisters can trust, too,  
And the little ones understand.

Boys that are good on the hearthstone,  
And pleasant when nobody sees;  
Kind and sweet to their own folk,  
Ready and anxious to please.  
The boys that are wanted are true boys,  
That always do just as they say,  
That drive with a smile or a kind word  
The cares of the household away.

The boys that are wanted are boys with hearts;  
They are wanted for fathers, by wives,  
Wanted to give to the coming race,  
The strongest and purest of lives.  
The clever, the witty, the brilliant boy,  
(They are very few, understand!)  
But oh! for the good, and pure home boy,  
There's a constant and steady demand.

"DRINK WITH THE MANHATTAN."

Just across the street from the United Brethren Publishing House stands a large and elegant edifice, the handsomest business building in the city. On the sidewalk, in front of one of the great rooms of this building, stands a huge tank bearing on its sides the legend, "Drink with the Manhattan." We have observed about various buildings in this and in other cities devices for inducing people to enter. In this, saloons especially excel, using a variety of attractions to allure the unwary on to destruction. But this is not an invitation to a saloon to drink. The great tank is filled with the purest water, kept cold by an abundance of ice. And here stands this cordial invitation, extended to every one who passes, to satisfy his thirst from the generous supply. We recognize in this arrangement an invaluable public benefaction. And it is the very best practical temperance arrangement, a kind of silent lecture that appeals to thirsty men, saying, "Do not go into the saloons; come here and refresh yourself with pure and cooling water." How naturally it suggests the invitation of the blessed Saviour, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

Added to this supply of refreshing water there is given, every Friday evening during the summer and early autumn, from a great platform before the same building, as elegant concert by a large and highly skilled cornet band. The concert, like the water, is entirely free to the public; and thousands throng the streets to hear it. The entire expense is borne by the management of the Manhattan store. Another illustration of the good will of the manager, Mr. Mose Cohen, was given in July of last year, by providing a free excursion to something over three thousand school children, to an inviting grove some forty miles distant, a free dinner for every one being included in the arrangement, the entire expense being borne by Mr. Cohen. It is understood, of course, that this gentleman hopes by his generous treatment of the public to gain a good return in business for his house; and as he has pursued this course some years, it may be presumed that this result follows. But we commend a course that gives to the people so large an amount of the purest enjoyment, especially the generous supply of water so greatly appreciated in a city where all the water is private and paid for with money.

Great results sometimes follow small acts of ours. We should seek opportunities to do good, and expect God's blessing on all we do in His Name.

Summer Concert.

KING SUMMER gives a concert;  
Within his palace-green,  
Where all the fashion, rank, and wealth,  
Of Woodland may be seen

The hall is painted green and brown,  
The ceiling sapphire blue;  
The floor is laid with carpeting  
Of many a gorgeous hue.

Great artists true, and not a few,  
Come flocking at his call;  
And when the concert's o'er, 't will  
Be followed by a ball.

Sweet Robin sings a carol gay,  
With many a shake and trill;  
While Blackbird, on his rustic pipe,  
Exhibits wondrous skill.

Tom Frog has brought his big trombone,  
Phil Woodpecker lifts his drum;  
And Lintels, Fitches, tiny Tits,  
To swell the chorus come.

Jack Sparrow gayly struts about  
With modest Joanie Wren;  
Good Parson Rook hopes wedding fees,  
And caws a gruff Amen.

Queen Rose and Lily Violet sweet,  
And modest Harebell blue;  
Pale Primrose, Daisy, Daffodil,  
Speedwell, and Woodbine too.

A gay selection for the dance  
The rustling breezes play,  
Of waltzes, reels, and minuettes,  
Quadrilles, and polkas gay.

King Summer sends you tickets all,  
Post-paid to every part,  
The court-dress needful is a smile,  
The price a merry heart

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER VII.

A SAD SIGHT.

Mrs. SHAFTO and Sandy were leaving the alley, disappointed and cast down, when a policeman, who seemed to be lying in wait for them, crossed the street, and laid his hand firmly on the lad's shoulder. Sandy withered and struggled, but he could not get himself free from the strong grip. A knot of people, principally the inhabitants of the alley, gathered around quickly, and Mrs. Shafto's rosy face grew pale and frightened.

"What has the boy been doing?" she ventured to ask the policeman; for she was hemmed in by the crowd, and could not escape and start away home, as in the first moment of terror she wished to do.

"He's been doing nothing that I know of just now," answered the policeman; "but we wait him at the station for a few minutes; and I must take care he doesn't give me the slip. Slippery as eels all this sort are."

"Can I go with him?" she asked again. "I'm very sorry for the boy; and my son Johnny will never rest till he knows what's become of him."

"Are you any relation of his?" inquired the man, looking inquisitively at her decent dress and her face, so different from the women who were crowding about them.

"No," she said; "I never saw him till about an hour ago, when Johnny brought him home to our house. But I came here with him to look for his mother and little sister, who has been lost all week; and now his mother is gone away, and not left word where he could find her. Poor boy!"

"Don't you know anything about your mother?" asked the policeman, tightening his hold upon Sandy's arm.

"I've never set eyes on her since last Tuesday night," answered Sandy, earnestly; "she'd been and lost my little Gip, and I swore I'd never go nigh her again till I'd found out where Gip was. It's my little Gip I want, not her."

"Should you know Gip if you saw her again?" asked the man.

"Know Gip!" repeated Sandy; but his voice failed him before he could say any more. "Know Gip! Why? he know

every little black tangled curl on her head; every funny little look upon her face; every tone of her voice, whether laughing or crying. Know Gip! There was not anything else in the world he knew so well, not even hunger and cold; his own little Gip, whom he had nursed and tended from the very hour she was born!

"Come along with me, then," said the policeman, in a gruff, but not unkindly tone; "it's not far to the station, and maybe I can show you Gip."

There was no need to grasp Sandy fitfully now; he would follow the policeman faithfully to any spot in London. Mrs. Shafto could hardly keep pace with them, so rapidly did they walk. She could not spare breath to utter a single word; and neither of the other two spoke. Sandy's heart was too full for speech; and the policeman closed his lips tightly, as if no power on earth except his superintendent could open them. Mrs. Shafto was not quite sure she was doing what her husband would like; but she could not bear the idea of Johnny's deep disappointment if she lost sight of Sandy, and they never knew any more about him and lost Gip. Breathless and panting she reached the entrance of the police station, just as Sandy was vanishing through the inner door.

"You can't go in there, ma'am," said a man, just within the entrance.

"It's a friend of the lad's," called back the policeman; "let her come on."

She found Sandy already standing in front of a high desk, over which appeared the head of an inspector, who was rapidly asking him questions, as if eager to get through the business, about his mother, where she lived, how she got her living, how often she was drunk, how many children she had had, and what they had died from.

"Was she kind to you and Gip?" he inquired, with his sharp eyes fastened on the boy.

"Not partic'lar," answered Sandy; "she'd knuckle me in the streets, and search me for coppers if she thought I'd got any. She weren't partic'lar kind you know."

"Did you ever hear her threaten to get rid of her baby?"

"She'd swear at me and Gip when she was in drink," said Sandy, "and wish we was all dead and buried, but she weren't a partic'lar bad mother. I know them as has worse. If she hadn't lost little Gip, I'd not say a word again her, sir. It was all drink as did it. Nobody couldn't be cruel to little Gip, such a good little thing she were, and so pretty."

"Tell me what Gip was like," said the inspector.

Sandy hesitated and stammered. He could see Gip before his eyes now; but how could he tell what she was like? He had not any words in which he could describe her; and he had never thought of her in that way.

"She were pretty," he answered, pausing between each word, "very pretty and good; and she'd such funny ways. She were like nobody but Gip, sir."

"Not like yourself, I suppose?" said his examiner.

"I don't know what I are like," replied Sandy, looking down at his rough big hands and feet; "I don't think Gip were a bit like me."

"How old was she?"

"She were three years old last summer," he said; "another was sellin' ripe cherries the day before Gip was born; that I am sure of, sir."

"Davis," said the inspector, "take the boy to see the body."

But Sandy did not move when the policeman came forward. He caught hold of the edge of the desk, to save himself from falling, and looked around the room with wild terrified eyes; eyes that saw nothing before them. Everything had faded from his sight, and he saw only little Gip's pretty face mocking at him on every side. What was it the inspector had said? Take him to see the body. He knew well enough what that meant. He was not so ignorant as not to know that all the young children who perished in the streets and alleys about his house did not die simply from illness and bad air and unwholesome food. Often he had heard whispers going about from mouth to mouth that such

and such a child had been made away with. But now those words seemed to burn in his brain as if he had never known of such things. He had put away angrily such a thought about his mother and little Gip, when the neighbours had hinted at it. And now she was lying, somewhere close at hand, dead! Not only dead, but murdered! No one touched him, no one spoke to him. His terror-stricken face kept all around him silent for a minute or two.

"Sandy! Sandy!" cried Mrs. Shafto, being the first to speak, and putting her arm round him as she might have done to her own lame son, "my poor dear boy! Perhaps it isn't Gip, after all. Nobody knows that it's Gip. Come with me to look at her. And if it should be Gip, I'll tell you where her soul is gone. It'll be nothing but her poor little body here; but Gip'll be gone to heaven, where Jesus is. You know nothing about it yet; but I can tell you. Come and see, and then I'll tell you all about it."

"Ay! I'll go," said Sandy, catching her by the arm, and walking with unsteady steps, for he felt sick and giddy; "take us to see if it's my little Gip."

They passed on without another word, following the policeman down a long narrow passage, to a room, the door of which was locked. Sandy heard the grating of the key as it turned in the wards, and the opening of the door; but he did not dare to lift up his eyes. He held back for a moment, turning away his head, and shrinking as if he could not cross the door-sill. At last he looked in. The policeman had lit one jet of gas just above a long, narrow table, and underneath the bright light lay a small still figure, about the size of Gip, with a covering thrown over it. The man quietly turned down the covering, and in a gentle tone called Sandy to come in, and look at the dead little face.

Mrs. Shafto led him across the floor, whispering that she could tell him where Gip was really gone to, and that she was happier than he could think. Sandy's eyes had grown so dim again that he could see nothing clearly. There was such a haze before them, that the tiny face and little quiet form all seemed in a mist. Mrs. Shafto could see it plainly, the pinched, worn features, a child's face, with the suffering look of a woman's; but it was at rest now, and at peace, with all the trouble ended, and all the suffering ceased. Her tears fell fast; and she bent over the dead child, and kissed it tenderly. That awoke Sandy, who stood beside her and it as if in some dreadful dream. He rubbed his bedimmed eyes, and looked closely, though shudderingly, at the child.

"Why, it's not my Gip at all!" he cried; "she'd black hair, and she were like a gipsy, not a bit like this little gel. No; that isn't Gip!"

He could hardly keep himself from breaking out into laughter, and dancing about the bare, empty room in this sudden deliverance from his agony of dread. But a second glance at the dead face sobered him. What this child was, his little Gip might be somewhere—a terrible thought, which would haunt him all his life long, if he could not find her. They returned to the inspector's office, for Sandy to declare that the child found was not his lost sister; and after being warned that the police would have an eye upon him, he was allowed to go away in the care of Mrs. Shafto, who had voluntarily given her address and promised that she also would keep her eye upon the homeless lad.

(To be continued.)

A BUNCH OF ROSEBUDS.

It is many years since we first saw them. They were dry and shrivelled, apparently ready to fall to pieces at a touch, like the fragile remains of mummies in the catacombs of Egypt. They were old then, having been preserved as an heirloom far toward a century in the family armoire in the old ancestral home. The one who through so many years of life has been to us nearest and truest brought them with her in her maidenhood from her home far over the sea. In the lapse of years since then the buds have grown still more fragile, but their fragrance seems to have lost nothing of its peculiar sweetness. And the same

slender thin of with which delicate hands bound them together so many years still holds each individual bud in its place.

That the buds should now be prized as a peculiar treasure any one will easily believe. They wake up the associations and life of other generations long since gathered to the dust. By their unwasting sweetness they symbolize in beautiful prophecy the permanence of the best things. The enduring power of pure and true friendship, the yet greater permanence of the conjugal love, the changeless love of our divine Saviour, and the blessedness of the overlasting life, are suggested by this enduring fragrance.

A BENEFACTOR.

"Isn't Pullman a blessing?" observed a young person of my acquaintance as she settled herself in her comfortable chair, drew down her shade and prepared herself for the long ride that was to carry her into the "heart of the Adirondacks" for her summer outing. It was just after the train had rolled out of the station and I had returned to my desk that the following paragraph met my eye. If it be true, as we believe it to be, "isn't Pullman a blessing?"—a blessing of the sort that it should be the ambition of every one of our business boys to imitate:

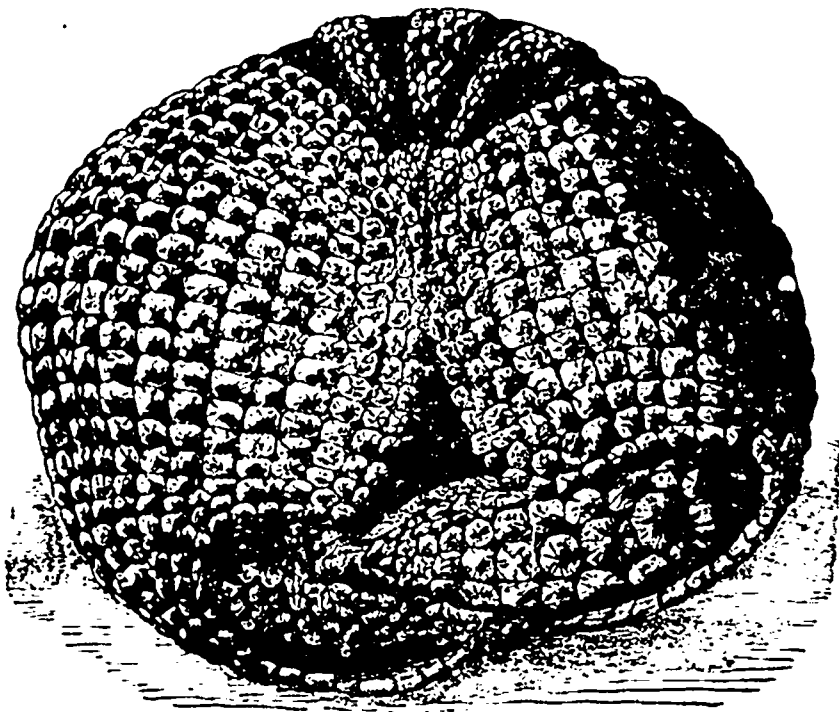
"George M. Pullman, the great manufacturer of the Pullman palace-cars, was once a very poor boy, but by diligent effort and energy rose from one position to another till he became a wealthy man. This is nothing of itself; thousands of others have done the same, but not all have done as well as he in some respects. He wished his workmen to be under good influences and have such advantages as he could give them, so he had out the town of Pullman, just south of Chicago. He built houses which the workmen rent; every one has his yard, and the strictest cleanliness is enforced. It was begun in 1880, and in four years had a population of seventy-five hundred. Being so near to a large city, with temptations on all sides, one would expect it to be like the other manufacturing towns—the home of much vice and disorder. Just the contrary is the case. There are five churches, two school buildings with thirteen teachers, no jails, no magistrates, only one policeman, no poor, no crime, no asylums or needs for them, and the great reason for this remarkable showing is that there are no saloons. From the very beginning the sale of intoxicating drinks was strictly forbidden in any part of the town of Pullman. Every effort was put forth by him to furnish better things for the people. A public library and reading rooms, lyceums, etc., have given them a taste for something better than the saloon can furnish, and, as a consequence, the workmen in the Pullman car factories are sober, industrious and intelligent, and we hear no strikes among them. Such a thing is a crown of glory to any man's life."

THE BOY THAT GAVE OTHERS THE CHANCE FOR LIFE.

WHAT would the little fellow do? What would any one of us have done in that situation? He had ventured out upon the ice, his skates upon his feet. He was drawing a sled and two of his mates. Just ahead he saw water. It was an ugly discovery. He knew what it meant, an air-hole, and in his very course, an air-hole, as if a dragon had come up to breathe and to lie in wait for the little fellow and the children he was drawing along. He discovered the hole too late for escape, the escape rather of one of the two parties. One could be saved, one had a chance for life. Which would it be, the boy on the skates, or the children on the sled? He did not have much strength to lay out on any rescue. He was only nine. What could you expect of a boy of nine with little limbs and muscles? He had, though, a big heart. That how was nearer, and either skater or the sled must go into it. "I'll give those on the sled the chance for life," thought the boy on skates.

The decision, the rescue-effort, the sacrifice—all was soon over, and the water closed above the boy who had given others the chance for life. They were saved; he was drowned.





THE ARMADILLO.

THE ARMADILLO.

This is a curious animal which lives in Central and South America. There are five different kinds of them, classified according to the number of their teeth and toes. The one in the picture has four toes on the fore feet and five on the hind. We cannot see them, for when his picture was taken he was rolled up in a ball. You see he is covered with a peculiar coat of mail, which is a great protection to his soft skin. They are harmless animals, and when pursued do not attempt to fight but simply begin to burrow in the ground, and as they do so with wonderful rapidity they are seldom caught. They are also remarkably swift runners, often outstripping a man. They go abroad mostly at night, although some kinds venture forth in the daytime.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 30.] LESSON IV. [July 24.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And his name through faith in his name hath made this man strong.—Acts 3. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Gospel blesses the bodies and the souls of men.

INTRODUCTION.

We have now an account of one of the signs and wonders mentioned in the last lesson. This one is given because it had such far-reaching results.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Lame.—From his birth. Mentioned to show that the cure must have been from God. Gate.—called Beautiful—Probably the gate east of the temple, between the court of the Israelites and the court of the Gentiles, called Nicænor's gate. It was of Corinthian brass, plated with gold. It was fifty cubits—seventy-five feet—high. Fastening his eyes.—He saw that the man had faith. Such as I have give I thee.—The Divine power, which was better than gold. Every person gives of what he has. If he has goodness or faith or love or courage, he can impart these to others. A bad man imparts what is bad. Therefore, be good if you would do good. Took him by the right hand.—An expression of sympathy and aid to his faith. Praise God.—The truly healed in soul always wants to praise God, and to express their praise. This healing was a type of what Christ still does for the bodies and souls of men. Christianity cares for all the poor and sick in a multitude of ways. Faith can still do wonders of healing. It also gives happiness and

peace to the sick, promising that all things shall work together for their good. Porch . . . Solomon's—A cloister, or portico of marble columns thirty-eight feet high. It was 600 feet long, across the eastern side of the court of the Gentiles. The God of Abraham—Your God, who had done so many wonders for your forefathers. Through faith—Both of the apostles and the lame man.

Find in this lesson—  
Where to go for help.  
What to do for those in need.  
What all who are healed should do.  
The way to be saved from sin.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What was one of the signs and wonders wrought by the apostles? "A beggar was cured of a forty years' lameness." 2. At what place? "Near the Beautiful gate of the temple." 3. In what way? "Peter took him by the hand and said: 'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.'" 4. What did the lame man do? "He arose and went into the temple, walking, leaping, and praising God."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

31. Is the person of the Divine Spirit often mentioned in Scripture? Yes; from the beginning of the Bible to the end—but especially in the New Testament.  
32. How is he generally spoken of? Sometimes as a personal agent, and sometimes as an influence or gift coming down from God.

THE DRINK CURSE.

THERE is no doubt but drink is the curse of the civilized world. It has always been a source of national degradation and weakness, the great obstacle to moral and social progress. Mr. Gladstone stated in the House of Commons that the drink had infested on the world greater evils than war, pestilence and famine combined. Canadian judges have declared from the bench that four fifths of the crime committed in this country is a direct result of the drinking custom. The Supreme Court of the United States, in an official decision, averred that a greater amount of misery is shown by the statistics of every State to be attributable to intoxicating drinks than to any other source. Every man can look about him and see the distress, suffering, and ruin wrought by this arch-destroyer.  
The appetite for liquor is an acquired habit, save in a few cases where it is apparently hereditary. The chief means of acquiring the habit in this country has been the abominable custom of "treating." It is stated by even casual observers that the "treating" custom is on the decline. Self-respecting men no longer frequent bar-rooms, and when they do go into these places they generally try to avoid the front door. This is something gained.

The refusal of self-respecting women to marry drinking men is still another gain. Within a short time there have been reports of at least two matrimonial alliances suddenly broken up because the young women discovered the smell of liquor about their intended husbands. When society frowns on the drinking man he will become less numerous. As to the habitual drunkard, he is every day coming to be more regarded as a dangerous person, not entitled to be at large. An eminent physician, Dr. Crothers, says that "the liberty of the inebriate and the meane is equally dangerous, the moment a man becomes a drunkard he forfeits all rights to liberty, and becomes a ward of the State, and should be controlled." Enforce this doctrine and drunkards would also be less numerous.—Truth.

Thou Shalt Not.

BY CLARA SCHILL.

WHEN old Mount Sinai's brow was wreathed  
In clouds and smoke, and lightnings played  
About it, while the thunder breathed  
Their warnings forth to hearts dismayed,  
When all the mountain quaked, and God  
Descended on that awful spot,  
And talked with Moses face to face,  
Jehovah uttered, "Thou shalt not."

Through all the ages passed away,  
That warning voice rang loud and clear;  
It plainly speaks to us to-day,  
And woe to them that will not hear!  
Concerning every evil thing,  
The flagrant act or secret thought,  
The person's sin or nation's crime,  
The changeless law is "Thou shalt not."

Our nation sanctions and defends  
The liquor traffic. Year by year  
Its deadly, subtle power extends  
From East and West, from far and near,  
A mighty wail of woe is heard;  
A protest comes from hall and cot,  
While rulers bid defiance bold  
To him whose word says, "Thou shalt not."

And think you that our God is deaf  
To bitter cries of dark despair?  
And all unheeding of the grief  
That these poor burdened victims bear?  
Nay, verily, God is not slack  
Concerning promises we're taught,  
And woe to all who proudly spurn  
The just commandment "Thou shalt not."

Oh, let us rise while Mercy pleads,  
And save our land from Rum's fell sway!  
God's grace is pledged for all our needs,  
He calls us—shall we not obey?  
The opposing forces are arrayed—  
This conflict is with meaning fraught,  
Rum's banners plead for compromise,  
The host of God say, "Thou shalt not."

Oh, let us gird the armour on,  
Against the powers of darkness stand,  
Yea, and if need be stand alone  
And hold the fort at his command.  
Our cause is just, our Leader true;  
The foe may toil and rage and plot,  
But we shall triumph in the name  
Of him who first said "Thou shalt not."

"NOBODY'S BUSINESS."

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

"WELL, it is none of my business anyhow. If the fool insists upon going to the devil, why, he will have to go," and Mr. Marshall looked as though the matter did not concern him in any way.  
"You are mistaken, Mr. Marshall, in thinking this is none of your business, for it is your business—as much as it is mine or any one else's. A young man like Howard Youngs will not go to ruin alone, for he will be sure to take some one else with him. And besides, it is a moral stigma upon any neighbourhood when a bright young man like Howard rushes along to ruin, and no hand is reached out to save him." And Mr. Eaton, as he said this, looked sober and thoughtful.  
"How serious you look at everything, Eaton. Now I believe that Howard Youngs will do just as he pleases, and would not be influenced by you or me, or in fact by any one. Then why worry over what does not affect our interests in the least. I'm sure as long as he does not trouble me I shall not molest him. I mean thoroughly to mind my own business."  
"Well, perhaps you are right, but your

reasoning sounds very much like the one who asked, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' I think that you will see your mistake later on, although I sincerely hope that the devil will keep his hands away from your own boy."

"Don't borrow any trouble about my son, Eaton, for it is as much as you can do to look after Howard Youngs," and Mr. Marshall laughed just as he always did over trivial matters.

Two years passed after the above conversation occurred before Howard Youngs reached the end of his course "the devil," as Mr. Marshall expressed it. Probably his master did not mean to have the life which was completely in his own power cut off so suddenly, for the misguided young man was doing too much for Satan to be taken from the world by one for whom he was labouring so faithfully. But he had violated nature's law, and the law was just in meeting out the deserved penalty. So he died after a two weeks' carousal, and was laid away in the grave ere he had fairly reached manhood's golden land. Poor boy he died just as do many others who have been robbed of all that makes life beautiful. He sleeps in a dishonoured grave without even a single stone to record his name to those who pass by it.

But this sad fact is not all, for he, also, did drag others along with him, until the roof felt the demon's breath upon the faces, and then the struggle for liberty was long and terrible. One of his best companions was the son of Mr. Marshall who believed in "minding his own business." When the terrible truth became apparent to the deceived father, there were frantic efforts to save his son, and also a humble confession to his neighbour Eaton. Other boys too were tempted, and fell, almost every family in the community of the evil influences springing up and bearing fruit from two or three fast young men.

So it was somebody's business besides the poor victims who went to ruin. Other homes were filled with sorrow and other lives were haunted with sad memories long years, because there was none to reach out a helping hand to a wanderer away from a pure life.

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