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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1898.

[No. 33.]

God Bless the Boys.

BY IDA M. DENNISON.

God bless the boys—yes, all the boys,
Wherever they may be;
The boy with noble thoughts and clean,
The boy with manly form and mien,
The boy whose mother is his queen—
His future we can see.
God bless the boys, the mothers' joys,
Wherever they may be.

God bless the boys, the worthy boys,
Whoever they may be;
The boys who dwell in marble halls,
The boys whose lives in tottering walls
Are darkened oft by drunken brawls—
Oh, fervently pray we,
God bless the boys whom sin decoys,
Whoever they may be.

God bless the boys, the noble boys,
Wherever they may be;
Tho' human nature in them dwell,
Yet search reveals a heart, as well,
A heart that noble deeds could tell,
Of love and sympathy.
God bless the boys, the noble boys,
Wherever they may be.

God bless the boys, the jolly boys,
Whoever they may be;
How dull would be this mundane sphere
Without the boys that we have here;
We all should die of blues, I fear,
For want of fun and glee;
God bless the boys with all their noise,
Whoever they may be.

SCENES IN CAIRO.

As we draw near to Cairo, the sand-hills begin to show themselves in the distance, and the fertile portion narrows very much. We have still twenty miles to travel, when the cry, "The Pyramids," thrills us, and turns the heads of all to the window. Such a thrill we have felt before, as when the noble dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, came in sight, or the smoke-capped Vesuvius first showed itself, and we shall feel it again when the Holy City comes into view and the Acropolis is seen from afar. Yes, there they are, far off in the purple distance, small but clear, the two great monuments which always come up when we think of Egypt. As we dash along, trees and gardens and villas multiply. Soon the minarets of a great city appear, and about three o'clock we arrive at our destination. Another omnibus, and another ride through scenes that amuse and astonish, and then we descend at a long covered way that leads to the finest hotel in the city. We were fortunate



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

in having had our places engaged beforehand, as every hotel was full to overflowing. Here I first tasted the sweet Nile water, which, standing in porous earthenware jars, is ever cool and refreshing. A Moslem says, "If you once drink of the Nile water, you will want no other until you drink of the water of Paradise."

Our hotel is in the handsome Frank quarter called Esbekieh. The streets are wide, and lined here and there with trees, while gardens are found on all sides. Just in front of the hotel is an extensive public garden or park, enclosed by an expensive iron railing. Here a military band plays nearly every afternoon, sometimes the gayest of French opera airs, and again the strange, monotonous repetitions, and without-beginning-or-end airs of the East. There is in it a great variety of shrubs and bushes, and it is diversified by a small lake. Scattered here and there are places of refreshment.

There were but few women in the park, and all were closely veiled. Look at these three, robed in black silk from head to foot. Naught is to be seen but flashing eyes and white hands and dainty red high-heeled shoes. As we draw nigh, one of them carelessly lets drop her "yashmak," and we catch a passing glimpse of a face bright and handsome, and of eyes large and lustrous. How much rouge and Kohl had to do with its beauty, dependent aith not. Occasionally, while resting in the portico of the hotel, some juggler would make his appearance and perform his feats, or some snake-charmer would bring out two or three serpents from a bag, and coil them about his person. Sitting here, too, we could get a good idea of some of the novelties of Eastern life—novelties as old at least as the good old days of Haroun al Raschid. By the roadside stand a group of donkey boys,

holding their little patient beasts. The latter are well cared for, good-looking with their hair trimmed and coloured, so as to be quite picturesque. No sooner do you set foot on the street than you are assailed by the cry, "Donkey, sir?" "Me good donkey!" "Me donkey George Washington!" "Me donkey Ab. Linkum!" The names seem to be varied according to the supposed nationality of the tourist. "Yankee Doodle," "Ginger Bob," and other familiar names were heard. To ride one of these donkeys becomes the tourist's great ambition. Life is worth nothing until this ambition is satisfied. Certainly the little beasts are a great help in seeing the city. One of the comical sights of the place is to see a very corpulent Turk riding to his place of business. His feet nearly touch the ground, and his extensive corporation almost hides the little creature from sight. The ladies ride in the same way as the men do, but with their knees drawn up nearly to the chin. The boys always run behind their donkeys, and occasionally stimulate their flagging energies with the prod of a goad.

While we are resting, three or four carriages pass by at a moderate speed. Through the open windows we can see ladies within, whose thin veils merely heighten the charms they pretend to conceal. Certainly they seem to be beautiful enough to soften the hard heart of the most determined of anchorites. Each carriage is preceded by two fleet-footed runners, nimble black fellows, dressed in white, with embroidered jacket, gay girdle, bare legs, wearing a light fez, and bearing long wands. They run for hours with but little apparent fatigue. Occasionally they cry out to clear the way.

An Egyptian crowd is always full of interest to a stranger. It is always laughing and good-humoured. A great

variety of dress and feature is scarcely ever seen. The mildness of the climate renders necessary merely the scantiest raiment. Then again there is a taste for colour, and the richest hues vie with one another in splendour. Rags and silk stand side by side. Some of the people were handsome enough, but others were scrawny and unpleasant to look upon. One cannot help noticing in Cairo the large number of men that are blind of one or both eyes. It is attributed to the blinding sun and drifting sand, and also to the vapour from the watered streets of the bazaars. The whole city is a museum of national, religious, social, and industrial peculiarities, ever full of entertainment and instruction for the stranger.

BE FAITHFUL.

A good many years ago there was a boy growing up in a home of poverty, with no advantages. He was long and lank and awkward, a most ungainly boy. He would lie on the earthen floor at night, when the day's work was done, reading by the dim firelight. There seemed little hope that the boy would ever be a man of power. But the years pass, and we see him President of the United States. One day we see him taking a pen and signing a paper, which sets free three millions of slaves, and writes the name of Lincoln among the immortal names.

Just go on with your daily tasks, doing the best you can, and wait for God's time. It takes months for the apple to grow mellow and sweet on the tree. If you are a disciple of Christ, God is going to make something beautiful and noble out of your life when his work on it is finished. You will not always be struggling with faults, bowing beneath burdens, striving in vain against difficulties. It doth not yet appear what you will be, but there is glory in reserve for you if only you are faithful.

DARING TO SPEAK THE TRUTH.

A boy was found hid away in a steamer. "How came you here?" asked the captain. He replied, "My step-father put me on; he could not afford to keep me, or to pay my passage to my aunt in Halifax." The captain had often been deceived by boys stealing rides on his ship, so he said roughly, "Unless you tell the truth in ten minutes I will hang you to the yard arm." The boy stood bravely, but with tears in his eyes. "Speak the truth, and save your life, boy," said the captain. "May I pray?" asked the boy. "Yes," was the reply. He knelt, and with his eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's prayer. He could die, but could not lie. The captain could hold out no longer. He took the boy in his arms, and told him he believed his story.



MOORE'S GENTLEMAN.



TURKISH LADY.

Our Battle Hymn.

The light of truth is breaking, on the
mountain-tops it gleams,
Let it flash along our valleys, let it glit-
tor on our streams,
Till all our land awakens in its flush of
golden beams
Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

With purpose strong and steady, in the
Great Jehovah's name,
We rise to snatch our brethren from the
depths of woe and shame,
And the jubilee of freedom to the slaves
of drink proclaim.
Our God is marching on.

Our strength is in Jehovah, and our
cause is in his care;
With almighty arms to help us, we have
faith to do and dare,
While confiding in the promise that the
Lord will answer prayer.
Our God is marching on.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 21, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.
BREAKING THE SABBATH.

(Ex. 20, 8-11; Matt. 12, 10-12.)

There is scarcely any one of the Ten Commandments which we are more in danger of violating to-day than the Fourth Commandment—to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. There are many inducements and temptations to forget this command of God. The street cars, the Sunday bicycle, and especially the Sunday newspaper in the United States, have done a great deal to break down the reverence for God's day.

If some one had given us seven precious jewels, and said, "Now, six of these you may use for your pleasure, but this seventh I wish you to take care of for me," we would think it very mean if we refused this slight request.

God asks us to keep the seventh day for our own good. Man and beast need rest on the seventh day. Science has shown that even steam engines and the hardest metals by constant use will "become tired," the engineers say, and need rest. How much more flesh and muscle, the mind and brain?

Sunday is not intended to be a dull and gloomy day, but a bright and joyous one. "The bridal of the earth and sky," old Herbert calls it.

"In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

In glad songs in church and school. In cheerful study of God's Word and reading of helpful books, in waiting upon God in his house, and in the study of his word—thus shall the Sabbath be a blessing and a delight.

ELSIE AND KARL.

Karl came home from school one day and found his little sister in tears.

"What's the matter, Elsie?" he called out cheerily.

"Father's been drinking again," said the child. "He could hardly get home at all, his legs wobbled so. An' the boys made fun of him all along the street and one of them threw a stone which mos' hit him. He's asleep now, but he'll be awful cross when he wakes up. He always is, you know."

Karl put his arm around Elsie's neck. "Don't feel bad," he said. "I know why whiskey makes people tumble down, and go to sleep when they oughtn't to, and be cross. We learned about it in school to-day and we'll tell father when he wakes up and maybe he won't drink any more.

"Whiskey hurts people, 'cause there's a poison in it."

"What poison?" said Elsie with wide-open eyes.

"Alcohol," continued Karl. "There's lots of ' in whiskey and rum and gin, and that's why they make people drunk. If they should drink enough 'twould kill 'em right off quick, and it always hurts 'em."

"There's alcohol in beer, too," Miss White said, "and in wine and cider. Not so much, you know, but enough to hurt you, and make you want more. I'm not going to drink any more beer for breakfast after this, and you mustn't either, Elsie. We don't want to get to be cross and trembly, you know."

"No, let's not," said Elsie, and they ran off to play.

You will be glad to know that Elsie and Karl kept their promise to each other and that they grew up tall and straight and healthy.

They told their father what they had learned about the poison alcohol, and begged him not to drink any more whiskey.

"If I had known all this when I was your age," he said, "I shouldn't have been such a poor, miserable creature, but it's too late now to stop drinking. I should die if I didn't have it."

But he did try, to please Elsie and Karl.

Whiskey, gin, beer and all such drinks hurt people, because they contain a poison, alcohol.

Boys and girls who want to grow tall and strong must not take any drink which has alcohol in it.—School Physiology Journal.

A BOY ON PROHIBITION.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

I am asked to tell this meeting what we boys think about a Prohibitory law for Canada. Well, we go in for it, of course. Why shouldn't we? Ain't they always putting prohibitory laws on us boys, and nobody ever asks us whether we want 'em or not. We can't ride a "bike" as we want to, or go swimming, or skating, or coasting, or snowballing, or anything, without danger of running up against a prohibitory law.

Now, there is a steep hill on the main street of our village, and last winter there was a heavy rain storm, and then a freeze and that hill was like glass; and didn't we boys have a jolly time coasting down that hill until Billy Smith ran into an old woman and scattered her two baskets of eggs all over the hill. Billy didn't mean to do it, but he was just scooting when she got right in his way. He hollered, but before he could holler again an egg went into his mou h and another hit him on the left eye. Now, the old lady wasn't much hurt, and we boys chipped in and bought her some more eggs and better than the ones she lost. Billy says so, and he ought to know.

Well, the very next day there was a sign put up, and it said: "Any boy found coasting on this hill will be sent to the lock-up." Now, only a week before, Tom Guzzle brought a load of wood to town, and then drunk it up at the saloon at the top of the hill and, mad with drink, drove his team heading down the hill, tore away a veranda, smashed a plate-glass window and nearly killed a man who tried to stop 'em. But they didn't prohibit the saloon! Then because a barn was burned last Queen's Birthday didn't the council pass a law that no crackers or fireworks should be let off on any street of the village. Now, I'd like to know how boys are going to show their loyalty if they can't let off fire-crackers and make a racket on Queen's Birthday and First of July!

Now, they never proved that the barn was burned by fire-crackers; but we all know that there was a big fight at that saloon on Dominion Day and one man had his ear bit off! And didn't old

"Flare Up" get drunk at that saloon and then go and set fire to his shop, and it was burned up and himself, too? But they didn't prohibit the saloon!

Then, didn't they prohibit us swimming in the mill pond 'cause we didn't have our clothes on? And who wants to be all fixed up when they go in swimming? And I know lots of boys and girls that ain't got hardly any clothes to wear and what they have is all patched up, 'cause their fathers drink up all their money at that saloon. And the saloon ain't prohibited yet!

Then just because Tom Scorchers ran over a baby carriage that had twins in it and tumbled it over, didn't the council the very next week prohibit anybody riding a wheel on the sidewalk. Now, Tom didn't do it on purpose. The carriage was run right in front of his wheel and he took an awful tumble trying not to do it. And the babies wasn't hurted much, 'cause they were fat and the mud was real soft. Only they couldn't tell one from the other till they were washed.

Now, only last year a man left his team in front of the saloon while he went in to drink, and didn't they get up a row in the bar and frightened the horses so they ran away and smashed a buggy and one of the ladies in the buggy was so badly hurt that she died. But the saloon goes on all the same.

Then, didn't they prohibit snowballing on the street? And I'd like to know when they would have found the body of old Sam Toper if we hadn't seen one of his boots sticking out of a drift when we were building a snow fort? But the saloon where he got drunk ain't prohibited yet!

Of course, if it's right to prohibit bad things, it can't be right to license what makes all the badness. And we boys say it ain't fair to prohibit fighting and swearing and lots of other things, while you license the stuff that make men do 'em all. So, of course, we boys and girls are in favour of a Prohibitory law for Canada now and forever.

"Then hesitate no longer,
The foe 's growing stronger,
The longer we delay;
But, for God and home and right,
Let us rally for the fight,
And work as well as pray."

—Templar Quarterly.

FOOLSCAP.

Everyone knows what foolscap paper is, but not everyone knows why it was so called. An exchange ventures to remark that not one in a hundred that dally use of it can answer the question. The following will tell you how the term originated:

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the English Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for despatches, some of this government paper was brought to him.

On looking at it, and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it, and, on being told, he said:

"Take it away; I have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

The term "foolscap" has since been applied to a certain size of glazed writing paper.—Morning Star.

IT WOULD NOT SUIT.

A Canadian gentleman sends us the following:

The following from Halifax may be an object lesson to dealers in horses and admirers of docked tails. An officer recently arrived wanted a charger, and a citizen undertook to provide one. He produced a very fine mare at a cost of \$200, with a certificate as to soundness. On being taken to the officer the dealer was astonished by his saying it would not suit. "Why not?" he asked. "It is a splendid animal." "Yes," said the officer, "but its tail is docked, and the Queen's regulations prevent us from using it. Her Majesty's orders are that horses with docked tails are not to be used in the service." The result was, as Haligonians are not admirers of docked tails, the mare was eventually sold for \$60, a loss to the dealer of \$140.

Mistress—"Why were you dismissed from your last place?" Up-to-date Servant Girl—"Well, I like your inquisitiveness! Did I ask you why your last girl left you?"

Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?" Little Son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison." "Yes. Why?" "Cause he ain't dead."

The Little Tramp at Our House.

Now I am sure you'd never guess, Tho' 'tis the truth and nothing less, We have such heping loads of fun, As make the walls laugh, every one, With a Little Tramp at Our House.

She strayed away, you see, one day, And where she lived she will not say, But when she saw us going by, Out from the hedge she ran to cry,— This Little Tramp at Our House.

"Let me go with you," was her plea, "Why so? You don't belong to me." "Good evening, Doctor; here's a tramp; Pray do you own the little scamp? She wants to go to Our House."

"Not I," the Doctor said. "Yes, take her; My dog just broke his chain to shake her." And so this little gray-and-white, That bubbles over every night, Came up to live at Our House.

She plays with me at hide-and-seek, And makes me laugh until I'm weak; She jumps out here and pops out there, And has a regular little tear,— This Little Tramp at Our House.

She was a little shadow-cat, Had lived on air, or less than that, But now she is just rolling fat,— This Little Tramp at Our House.

Her favourite dish is melon-rind; She scallops it to suit her mind, Then purrs for more of that same kind,— This Little Tramp at Our House.

She was never, never known to steal— Just helps herself. How would you feel If every time you took some cream The heavens should fall, and lightning's scream,—

We don't do so at Our House.

—Our Dumb Animals.

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER III.

ADRIET.

Despite the fact that his behaviour had been unpleasantly commented on by the owner of the sloop, Master Seabury made a very satisfactory meal, paying no attention whatever to his surroundings until his hunger had been appeased, when he unceremoniously went on deck without regard to his companions.

On emerging from the cuddy an exclamation of surprise burst from his lips. He could see Captain Hiram at the helm in one direction, and the mainmast of the sloop in the other; but everything else in the immediate vicinity was enveloped in a gray mantle of fog, so dense that the water was trickling from the brim of the helmsman's hat, and from every angle formed by his garments.

"Yes, it has overtook us," Captain Hiram said grimly, as if Thomas Hardy had spoken. "It's overtook us, an' drove away the wind. What do you think now, lad, would be your chances, pervidin' there was breeze enough to give the sloop steerage-way, if you should try to make Oldhaven harbour."

"I could do it," Master Seabury replied confidently. "I'd sail right in that direction till I got there," and he pointed over the stern.

"You would, eh? Well, I allow it might be a long time before you ever saw Oldhaven again if you kept on that course. Unless I'm all mixed up, an' I've done my best towards keepin' a straight head, Dollar Island is jest astern of us, an' there's where you count on strikin' Oldhaven."

"Well, you must have got mixed up for a fact," Thomas Hardy said pityingly. "Why, we've been headin' just this way all the time, and of course the stern will be toward the place we came from."

"But you ain't givin' any allowance to the fact, lad, that we swung round when the wind died away, 'cause you was in the cabin an' didn't take note of it. The wind petered out 'bout five minutes before the fog struck us, an' then the current pulled the little craft's nose round till the last time I saw Dollar Island it was right under her stern. I don't allow we've made any great change of position since then."

Master Seabury was rapidly growing bewildered; and owing to this fact he did not make the reply which he might otherwise have done, but stood gazing in silence at the old man fully a moment before he asked—

"Well, what are you going to do about it? We can't stay here, you know."

"That remains to be seen, lad, although I ain't allowin' on stoppin' outside here any longer'n I can help."

"It don't look as if you wanted to get anywhere very soon."

"Oh, I don't, eh?" and one of his ferocious expressions came over Captain Hiram's face, only to disappear as little Ellen, with Samuel Abner in her arms, came into the cockpit from the cuddy. "I was waitin' till you cabin passengers got through dinner before I went to work."

"Do you want us to help you in some way, Captain Hiram?" Ellen asked.

"I reckon if you can take care of that Jones youngster you'll have your hands full, little Ellen; but your brother can sit into the berth I've got in my mind."

"What do you want him to do?"

"Jest take the tiller, an' mind what orders I give. When I sing out 'Starboard,' he's to swing it 'round on his right hand a point or two—that is to say, a couple of inches; an' when I say 'Hard a-starboard,' he's to shove it to the right jest as far as it'll go. It's likewise the same on the other side, except that that is called 'port.'"

"Why don't they call it the right and 'he left side, instead of starboard and port?" Thomas Hardy asked.

"Now you're gettin' beyond me, lad. I s'pose there's an explanation, but I ain't scholar enough to study it out. When you and little Ellen get home, you might make it your business to learn the reason of them names. Now, if you'll take the tiller, I'll get to work."

Thomas Hardy obeyed willingly; for he was thus placed in a position of command, according to his own ideas, and Captain Hiram hauled alongside the little tender which had been towed astern.

Into her he threw a coil of rope and a pair of oars, saying as he began to clamber over the rail,—

"I'm allowin' to pull the Island Queen into the nearest port, little Ellen; an' if it so be this smother don't clear away before night, or the wind hasn't breezed up, we may lay off Dollar Island a good bit longer than will be agreeable to any of us."

"Can you pull this big vessel with that small boat, Captain Hiram?"

"Yes, little Ellen, it's possible, the same as a good many other things can be done, by stickin' at it. It don't seem as though a small pair of oars, no matter how they was worked, would take the Island Queen through the water very fast; but so long as you stick at it, the labour is bound to tell. Now, then, Thomas Hardy, put your tiller a-starboard, an' watch out sharp when I give the next order, 'cause by that time I'll be so far into the smother you can't see me."

Captain Hiram had but just rowed up under the bow of the sloop when he was hidden from view by the fog, and the passengers could only guess at what he might be doing.

Then came the click of oars in the rowlocks, and a cheery hail from the invisible captain,—

"Mind your eye, my hearties! Keep your helm hard up, an' unless I'm way out of my reckonin' we'll soon fetch Dollar Island."

"It's jest as far around to the right as I can get it," Thomas Hardy shouted, and added in a lower tone to his sister, "The old man don't know what he's about if he says the island is behind us, 'cause this boat couldn't have turned around without my seeing her."

"Unless one of these oars break, I'll soon show you how much you're mistaken," Captain Hiram cried from out the cloud of mist, and Ellen looked up reprovingly at her brother that he should have spoken thus incautiously.

Thomas Hardy shook his head dejectedly, as if to say he was not at all sorry his words had been overheard; but he took good care to make no further remark which might be offensive.

"Now put your helm amidships!" was the order that came from out the fog.

Thomas Hardy looked bewildered, and swung the tiller first one way and then the other, while his sister, understanding that he was at a loss for the meaning of the order, cried,—

"What do you mean by that, Captain Hiram?"

"Hold it straight in the middle—neither to one side nor the other."

"Of course that's what he meant, Nell! Why do you want to make out I don't know a little thing like that?" and Thomas Hardy quickly shifted the helm amidships, fancying he might persuade his sister he was thoroughly conversant with nautical terms, even though she had seen his hesitation when the command was given.

"Is it amidships?" Captain Hiram shouted.

"It's just as near in the middle as I can get it."

"All right. Keep her so."

Then ensued a long time of silence, save for the clicking of the oars; and Thomas Hardy was about to express his opinion once more relative to the old man's knowledge of their whereabouts, when Captain Hiram suddenly appeared alongside.

"Found that the island wasn't where you thought it was, eh?" Master Seabury asked in a tone of triumph.

"Not exactly that, lad. We're in the cove now, where I said we'd land, an' there's no need of pullin' any more, for I'm goin' to drop anchor."

"And is the island over there?"

"True as a die, lad, though I shouldn't have felt so certain about it if we'd been a leetle further off when the smother came," the captain replied as he went forward; and a moment later a mighty splash told that the anchor had been thrown over.

"Well, this 'ere is one of them times when we must turn ourselves into patient waiters," the old man said as he came aft once more, seating himself by Ellen's side.

"Are we to stay here, sir?" she asked.

"There don't seem to be any other way out of it, my child, unless it so be you want to go ashore; but I don't allow there's anything interestin' here, seein' how there's only one house on the place, an' that can't be rightly called more'n a barn."

"How long have we got to wait?" Thomas Hardy demanded almost peremptorily.

"That's a question no one can answer, my lad. We're here till this smother clears up, or the wind comes in strong enough to thin it away so's we can count on holdin' a course."

"I don't think there is very much fun in anything of this kind."

"I ain't allowin' there is, lad; but it's a case of takin' the bitter with the sweet, an' somethin' that man can't help or foresee, though I oughter had sense enough to put back into Oldhaven when I saw how near the bank was."

Master Seabury made no reply, but looked as if he fully agreed with the old man.

"Why don't you go and get your dinner, Captain Hiram?"

"So I will, little Ellen. It would have been strange if you hadn't thought of other folks' comfort instead of your own at a time like this, when some children would be grumblin' or findin' fault 'cause they were in such a scrape."

"It doesn't seem so to me, sir. You have been working, and need something to eat, while we who did nothing have had a hearty dinner."

"Did it taste good, little Ellen?"

"Indeed it did, sir."

"Then I reckon that's jest about as well for me as if I'd been fed right up on turkey. It ain't often I get a chance to do a favour for sich as you. I guess we'd better belay the Jones youngster to that door once more; he's too heavy for you to hold."

"But it seems cruel to tie the little thing as if he was a dog."

"Love you, child, he don't mind it, an' I ain't so sure but it makes him feel at home; for that's a trick Sarah Jones has had with all her children, though you can't blame the poor woman, seein' how she's got seven or eight of 'em, an' the biggest not more'n a baby."

Then, having secured Samuel Abner, Captain Hiram went into the cuddy, while Thomas Hardy sat swinging the tiller back and forth idly, with an expression of discontent upon his face, and Ellen did her best to amuse the captive baby.

When the owner of the Island Queen came into the cockpit once more he gazed around anxiously, as if trying to peer through the gray fog, consulted his watch, and said half to himself,—

"I allow it wouldn't be a bad idee to go ashore an' see what old Hubbard's got in the way of grub. I never keep any great stock of provisions on board unless I'm starting out on a long cruise; an' it ain't no way certain but that we may have to stay here quite a spell, perhaps till to-morrow mornin', in which case we'd be on short allowance."

"Are you counting on staying here as long as that?" Thomas Hardy asked impatiently.

"I was only reckonin' it might be we'd have to, an' thinkin' of pervidin' agin' sich an event."

"I am sure you needn't go for food, sir," Ellen said quickly. "If we keep smethin' for the baby, the rest of us should be able to get along on what there is in the cabin, even if we don't get home for two days."

"There's no necessity of our goin' on a short allowance, little Ellen; an' I shouldn't rest easy a single minute if I thought you was hungry. It's only the cost of pullin' from here to the shore, an' then walkin' a quarter of a mile or more."

"How far are we from the land, sir?"

"Not more'n a stone's throw. I could almost have jumped ashore when I stopped pullin'."

"Why don't you haul the vessel in there, so we can all land?" Thomas Hardy asked.

"'Cause it wouldn't be anyways safe, lad. There are too many rocks hereabouts, an' I don't care to pound a hole in the sloop's bottom. Now, little Ellen, I shall leave you in command, knowin' everything will be kept ship-shape. If it so be you hear me hail, answer in short order, for it ain't an easy matter to run alongside a craft like this in the fog. I won't be gone over an' above half an hour."

Captain Hiram clambered over the rail into the tender, cast off the painter, and was almost immediately swallowed up by the fog.

Five minutes later he shouted cheerily,—

"I'm ashore, little Ellen! Keep your weather eye liftin', an' don't let Thomas Hardy run away with the Island Queen, though I ain't allowin' he'd get very far in this calm."

"We'll all stay here quietly, sir," Ellen replied; and then Samuel Abner demanded her attention as he fell headlong into the cuddy, giving vent to such a series of shrieks as convinced the tiny girl he was seriously injured.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before this representative of the Jones family was reduced to silence once more, and when Ellen brought him on deck again Master Seabury was nowhere to be seen.

"Thomas Hardy! Thomas Hardy Seabury! Where are you?"

"Here! What are you making such a row for? Can't a fellow walk around but you must begin to screech?"

"But it frightened me when I couldn't see you anywhere."

"You're a regular coward, and always were. I'd be ashamed to get scared so often!"

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing except fixing things."

"But you mustn't touch the ropes, Thomas Hardy. Don't you remember what Captain Hiram said?"

"Oh, he's a regular old woman! Thinks he's got to be jawing somebody all the time. I guess I know enough about vessels to walk from one end to the other without your making a row!"

Ellen was not satisfied that her brother was doing exactly as he ought, and, literally staggering under the weight of Samuel Abner, for she did not dare allow him to walk on the deck, the child went forward.

Thomas Hardy was playing the part of sailor by untying or re-tying this rope or that, swaying down on the taut hal-yards, or hauling in the sheet of the jib, in the most industrious fashion.

"Oh, dear, why don't you let things alone, Thomas Hardy? I am certain you will do some mischief; and what would Captain Hiram say if he found the ship destroyed when he got back?"

"Now, look here, Nell, don't you s'pose I know what I'm about? The idea of destroying a big vessel like this! I'll have things all ready for him when he comes back, so if the fog goes away we can start right off; and that's what I want to do, for we've had enough of this kind of fooling."

"But we haven't been here very long, and surely it can't be such a great hardship to sit still half an hour. Now please don't do that, Thomas Hardy."

"Look here, Nell, I don't want you to interfere so much. I guess I can untie this rope if I want to. It don't hold up the sails, and where's the arm?"

As he spoke Master Seabury cast off the cable from the windlass, and stood with the end in his hand as if to show his sister he was sufficiently well versed in such matters to do as he pleased without the possibility of making a mistake.

She, realizing that nothing could be effected by entreaties, remained silent until he, tired of thus displaying his seamanship, carelessly twisted the cable around the windlass once more.

"There, now, what harm has been done? Girls think nobody but a man can do such things, and I'll show you before we get back to Oldhaven how much I know about sailing a vessel!"

"But why not go into the other end where we were, and sit down quietly? You never was at sea before, and can't be expected to know as much as a sailor like Captain Hiram. It would be terrible if you should do something that was wrong."

"Now, don't go to fussing. Why, if that old pirate never got back, I'd be able to take this boat to Oldhaven. Didn't I bring her most of the way over here?"

"That was when Captain Hiram sat right by your side to explain what should be done."

"Not much, it wasn't. Have you forgotten how long he stayed in the cabin eating his dinner? Didn't I have the whole charge of her then?"

"Yes," Ellen replied hesitatingly; "I suppose you did. But if anything had happened, he was with us; and that is a very different matter from playing with these ropes the way you are doing now. Besides—what was that?" she exclaimed, as a sudden splash was heard.

The cable, having been simply wound around the windlass instead of being made fast, had slipped over the rail, owing to the influence of the current upon the sloop; and the Island Queen was adrift.

"It was only a piece of rope falling overboard,—that's all," Master Seabury replied; but that he was far from feeling as much at ease as he would have his sister understand, could be readily told by the expression on his face.

"Have you lost it?"

"I haven't done anything with it. It just slipped over; that's all. If Captain Hiram wants it, he can go and get it, for all 's care."

"But it has sunk."

"S'posed it has? What's the use of fussing about a little thing like that? He ought to have known whether it would go into the water or not. If he don't attend to his business, I ain't going to bother my head over it."

"Perhaps it wouldn't have slipped over if you hadn't untied it."

"Now you're talking nonsense! Didn't I put it right back where I found it?"

"Yes, you laid it up on that piece of wood; but it doesn't seem possible Captain Hiram would have left it where it could be lost so easily."

"I s'pose the anchor pulled it over."

"And is the anchor on the end of it?" Ellen asked in alarm.

"Course it is."

"But Thomas—Thomas Hardy!—if the anchor is gone, what is keeping us here?"

"Keeping us, you foolish girl! How can we go when there ain't any wind? We've got to stay here, that's all; and it don't make any difference whether the anchor is tied to us or not."

"Of course it does, Thomas, else Captain Hiram never would have taken the trouble to drop it overboard."

Master Seabury made no reply. There was a dim suspicion in his mind that this loss of the cable might mean more than he had tried to make his sister believe; and he walked aft decidedly disturbed in mind.

(To be continued.)

"That is genuine horse sense," said Mr. Murray Hill to Mr. Schenley Park. "What is?"

"The determination of the United States that Cuba shall have a stable Government."

A Maine paper tells of a wood-chopper who goes about his work with a huge cow-bell attached to his back. The man has resolved to put his pride in his pocket and to run no chances of being shot for a deer by any foolish sportsman.

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Grandma and Little Jim.

BY EMMA B. LENTE

She sat with mind and memory dim,
And crooned an old-time, tender hymn,
And knitted socks for Little Jim,
For little Jim whose feet were still,
Unbidden by his own wild will,
Their resting place a far green hill.

She knew not that her mind was dim,
Or that she hummed the same old hymn,
While knitting socks for Little Jim,
"I scarce can keep him shod," said she,
"His feet are busy as can be,
And all day long trip merrily.

"You ought to see our Little Jim!
His father says he is a limb,
But still he well-nigh worships him!"
The old face wore a happy smile,
The worn hands knitting all the while,
For Jim beyond the church-yard stile.

"There was a little boy that died;
I know we all felt sad and cried,
But it was never Jim that died,
It is a wonder how he grows,
His chubby cheeks are like a rose;
You'd scarce believe how much he knows."

And so dear Grandma, eighty past,
Knit on, nor know, though hurrying fast,
How long one sock and ball could last,
Nor seemed to heed, for all her care,
The stitches raveling here and there,
And the strange stillness everywhere.

When she grew tired over-much,
And needles clicked with aimless touch,
Then she would rise, and with her crutch
Slow totter to the door to see
If Jim were playing happily,
And wonder where the child could be.

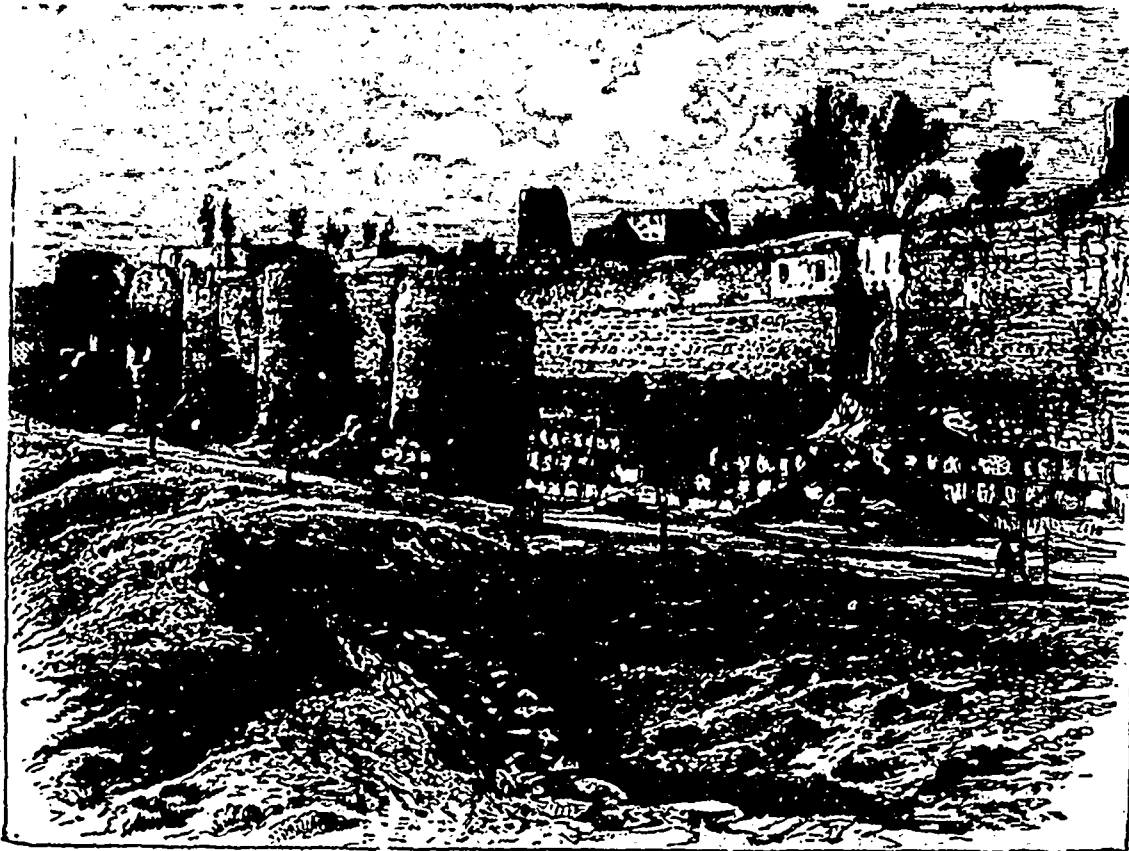
Then smile, and say: "How I forget!
He hasn't come to breakfast yet;
He sleeps so late, the little pet!"
So she would sit with memory dim,
And knit, and croon her tender hymn,
And slowly journey nearer him.

"May I bid?" cried a man to the auctioneer, over the heads of the crowd.
"Certainly, sir. Now, what am I bid for this fine piece of jewellery?"
"I bid you, sir, a very good-morning!"
cried the man. And there was a stir near the door.

"Now, look here," said the professor to the infuriated bull, "you are my superior in strength, I am your superior in mind. Let us arbitrate this matter, and see which should by right get the better of our controversy." "Oh, no," replied the bull, "let's toss up for it." Later: The professor lost.



FLOWER-SELLER, DAMASCUS.



THE WALLS OF DAMASCUS, THE CITY OF NAAMAN.

THREE BOYS.

"Let me tell you," says Miss Frances Willard in The Young Crusader, "about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So the boys set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practising strict economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her oldest boy, only fourteen, treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron, and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on the table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do; and the two younger ones followed his example right along. Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly

boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked but respected and admired them. All the girls in town praised them; and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything that boys like better. They all married noble and true women, and to-day one of those boys is president of a college, goes to Europe every year, almost, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my own 'beloved physician'; while a third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Col., and a member of the city council."

Sowing and Reaping

BY ELLEN A. LUTZ

A sower went forth to sow the land,
In the springtime of the year;
He scattered the seed with a lavish hand,
And watered the earth with a tear.

As he cast the grain on the hard, cold clay,
His heart was heavy and sad;
He finished his task and went his way,
Knowing not that the earth was glad.

For the clouds of heaven brought dew and rain,
And the sun brought fervent heat,
To water and bless the barren plain,
Till it blossomed in golden wheat.

So a toiler went forth to sow the Word,
In the barren fields of sin;
And, oh, how the reapers praised the Lord,
When they gathered the harvest in!
Howell, Mich.



TOBACCO-SELLER CUTTING TOBACCO.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 21.

NAAMAN HEALED.

2 Kings 5. 1-14. Memory verses, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved.—Jer. 17. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Smitten Soldier, v. 1-4.
 2. Naaman's Journey, v. 5-9.
 3. The Prophet's Command, v. 10-12.
 4. A Perfect Cure, v. 13, 14.
- Time.—Between 830 and 884 B.C.
Places.—Damascus, the capital of Syria; Samaria, the capital of Israel, about one hundred and ten miles apart.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Naaman healed.—2 Kings 5 1-7.
Tu. Naaman healed.—2 Kings 5. 8-16.
W. Christ's healing touch.—Mark 1. 35-45.
Th. Gratitude for healing.—Luke 4. 11-19.
F. Obedient faith.—John 9. 1-11.
S. Grace abounding.—Rom. 5. 12-21.
Su. The source of cleansing.—1 John 1.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Smitten Soldier, v. 1-4.
Of what man of valour does the lesson tell?
Why was he held in honour by the king of Syria?
What affliction was on him?
What captive had the Syrians taken?
To whom was the maid a servant?
What did she say to her mistress about Naaman?
What report was brought to Naaman?
2. Naaman's Journey, v. 5-9.
What did the Syrian king say that he would do?
What presents did he send to the king of Israel?
What was the letter which he sent?
How was the king of Israel affected by the letter?
What question did he ask?
What did he think was the purpose of the letter?
Who heard of the king's distress?
What message did he send to the king?
What did Naaman then do?
3. The Prophet's Command, v. 10-12.
What message did Elisha send to him?
How did Naaman receive this message?
What did he expect Elisha would do?
What did he ask about the rivers of Damascus?
4. A Perfect Cure, v. 13, 14.
What did his servants say to him?
What did Naaman finally do?
What was the effect on his leprosy?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That a child can serve God?

2. That God can bring good out of seeming evil?
3. That God can work great results by small means?

A HINDU GIRL'S TRAINING.

One of the greatest cares of the Hindu mother is to bring up her daughter to home life, and to make her a good housewife. When a girl is seven years of age the mother teaches her to cook and to clean the pots. Clothes are changed and washed every day. The little girl washes the smaller clothes on a stone. She sweeps the kitchen, she fetches the utensils, she slices vegetables, she pounds and grinds the spices, she takes out the small pebbles from the rice, and cleans it in water.

If she has an infant sister or brother, she lulls it to sleep in the cradle. The mother teaches her to sew, and to embroider, and to make her toilet, which is simple. One part of it is that a small, round mark of red paint is made on her forehead. The absence of this mark denotes a widow. The mother teaches her to prepare cakes, puddings, and sweetmeats; also preserved pickles and other things for use in the rainy season, which begins at the end of May and lasts to about the middle of October. She is taught never to talk loudly or to laugh, even at home, at the pitch of her voice.

IN SMOKEY TOWN.

After a long period of suspension the iron-works of a Western city resumed operations and the black chimneys poured out dense clouds of soot over the town. Ruskin would have anathematized it for its hideousness, and daintily-clad women looked upon it with horror, but a little girl, hungry and cold, whose father had been for months without work, clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"Was there ever anything so beautiful as to see the smoke in the chimneys again! That big piece is a shawl for mother, and those cunning little bits tumbling down are shoes for baby, and, oh, there comes such a lot of the smoke, maybe it is really a hat for me; anyway, I know it's shoe-strings."—Youth's Companion.

There was an embarrassing scene at a recent wedding in Yorkshire. All had gone merrily until the bridegroom was called upon to produce the wedding-ring. In vain he felt in his trousers pocket for the indispensable trifle. Nothing could be found, except a hole through which the ring had evidently fallen into the boot. What was he to do? "Take your boot off," said the parson. The suspense and silence were painful. The organist at the parson's bidding struck up a "voluntary." The young man removed his boot. The ring was found, also a hole in the stocking, and the worthy minister remarked, evidently with more than the delay of the ceremony in mind, "Young man, it is time you were married."