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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1895.

VOL. XV.]

A HARD BATTLE.

"A BOX! A box for Reeve and Marcia!" exclaimed papa, as he opened the mail from the North. "And all the way from Chicago, too. From Aunt Emma, I do believe."

When the box was opened, there, in a nest of soft, white cotton, lay two large eggs, ornamented in beautiful colors. And, wonderful to tell, these eggs had covers which, when lifted up, showed them to be full of sugar-plums. But those lovely boxes were very frail, and in their long, rough journey, one of the covers was badly crushed.

"Sister can have that. I'll have the good one," said the little boy.

He was looked at with surprise, for he had always seemed a generous little fellow.

"My dear," asked mamma, "would you do so selfish—so unmanly a thing as that? Run away for a little while, and think about it."

"I don't wish to think about it!" he replied excitedly. "I want the good one."

After that no more was said. He began to walk about the room. His face was flushed, and he looked very unhappy. If he chanced to come near papa, papa did not seem to see him, he was so busy reading the newspaper.

After walking awhile, he went to the other side of the room, where mamma was bathing and dressing his little sister. He was very fond of his mamma. When she was sometimes obliged to punish him, as soon as it was over he would say:

"Wipe my tears! Kiss me!" So now, when his dear mamma did not seem to see that she had a little boy any more, he was cut to the heart.

At last he went into grandma's room. Now, he and grandma were great friends. Many happy hours did he spend in her lap, hearing stories; and she called him her "blessed boy!" But now, alas! she was so busy with her knitting, that she took no notice of him whatever! This was dreadful!

He climbed up into a chair, and sat down. An evil spirit seemed to whisper, "Don't give up;" and so he began again his miserable walk. For nearly one hour did this little boy fight his terrible battle with selfishness, until at last he could stand it no longer. He came to mamma and said, in a pleasant voice:

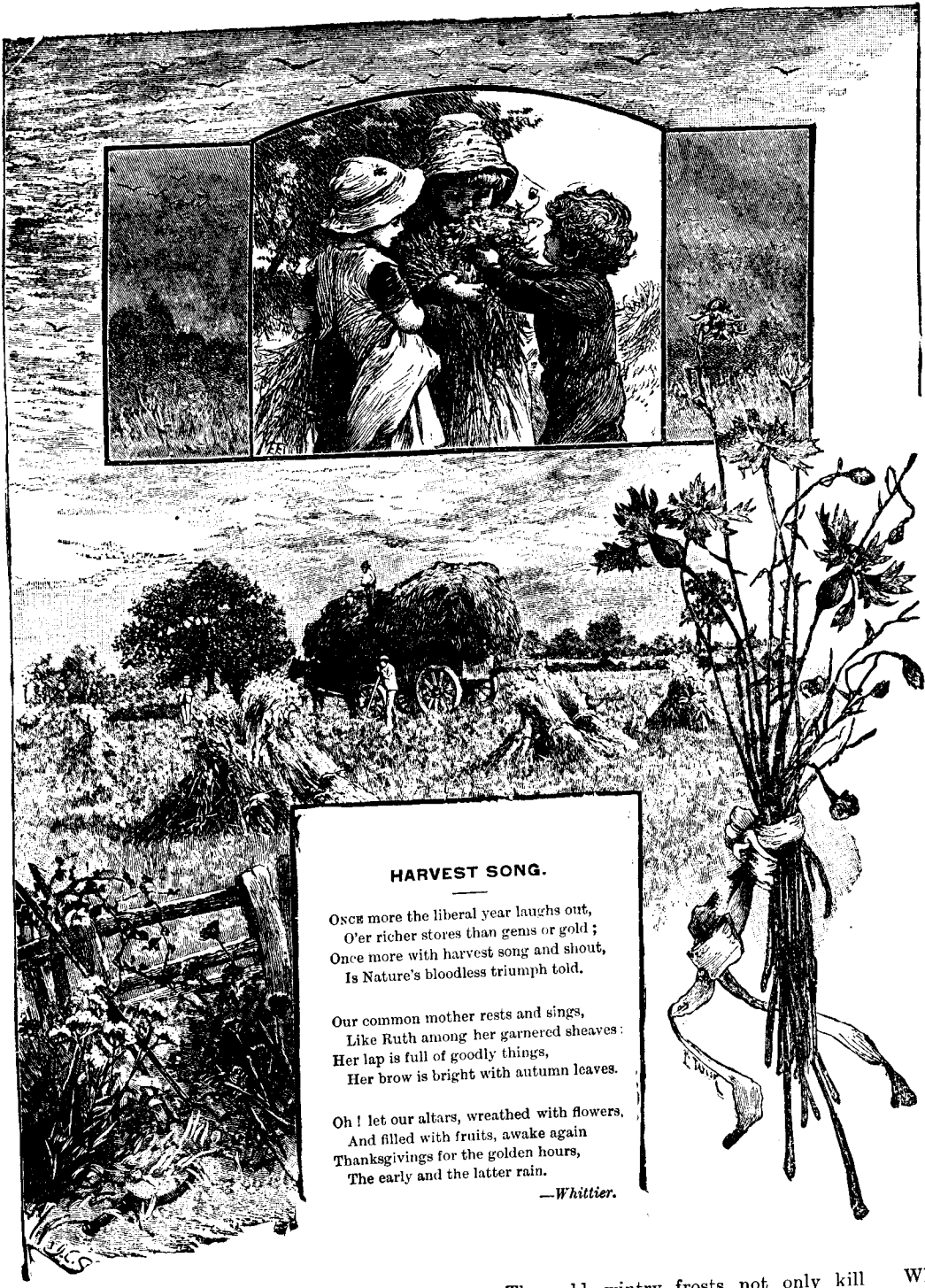
"I will take the broken one; sister can have the perfect one." Then, when papa and mamma had kissed him, and he had rushed into grandma's loving arms, what a load of unhappiness was lifted from his heart!—*Little Men and Women.*

FREEZING THE FARM UP.

PEOPLE who shiver with cold do not always understand the importance and value of the frost. God who "scattereth the hoar frost like ashes," and before whose cold "who can stand?" (Psalm cxlvii. 16, 17), does all his work in wisdom; but many men do not fully appreciate how much a freezing of the ground does to set

at liberty the plant-food locked up in almost all soils.

Water, in freezing, expands about one-eighth its bulk with tremendous force; and if confined in the strongest rock and frozen, will burst it asunder. The smallest particles of soil, which are in fact only minute bits of rock, as the microscope will show, if frozen while moist are broken still finer. This will go on all winter in every part of the field or garden reached by the frost; and as most soils contain more or less elements that all growing plants or crops need, a good freezing is equivalent to adding manures or fertilizers. Hence it is desirable to expose as much of the soil as possible to frost action, and the deeper the better, for the lower soil has been less drawn upon, and is richer in plant-food. We know that in spring the ground "breaks up," and sometimes there are great holes up, and sometimes there are great holes made in the middle of the roads. This is because the water which has expanded in the frost of winter into ice, lifting and moving all the soil, now melts away, and allows the earth to break in pieces and drop down.



HARVEST SONG.

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out,
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout,
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves:
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh! let our altars, wreathed with flowers,
And filled with fruits, awake again
Thankgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

—Whittier.

"HE SAVED OTHERS, HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE."

CARL SPRINGEL was the lame son of a railway official in South Germany. Wilhelm Springel, his father, among other duties, performed that of keeping watch on stormy nights over the great bridge known as the Devil's Gulch Bridge, which spanned a terrible cleft in the rocks, two hundred feet wide and a hundred and fifty deep.

In a ravine below a mountain stream struggled and fought its way into the valley—deep, deep down it seemed to lie at ordinary times, but in winter weather the stream became a torrent of tremendous force, and rose to a terrific height.

Such a sudden swell took place after twenty-four hours of and continued rain.

Wilhelm Springel was, of course, on duty all day, and, not coming home towards evening, Carl set out to pay him a visit at his post, carrying with him his father's supper.

The night was one of black darkness, but the lame lad struggled along on his crutches, the breath half blown out of his feeble body, his ears dinned by the fury of the storm. He was within a hundred yards of the bridge—renowned in the neighborhood as a triumph of engineering skill—when a stronger blast than usual made him totter on his crutches, while, at the same moment, an awful crash made itself heard above the raging of the storm.

It was—it could be nothing else but the bridge giving way, Carl felt sure.

In an agony of haste and terror he pushed on towards the spot, calling frantically on his father's name. But how could he hear him through the tumult?

The lad pressed on still further. He was on the railroad track now, and the first object he stumbled against was his father's hand-truck, the red light yet burning on it, but no father near.

And beyond that—ten yards further? Ah, the sight was too awful!

The dim glare of the lantern showing a cruel gap where the bridge had been; a fearful chaos of shattered masonry and timber, and boiling waters.

"Father, father!" cried Carl again in his horror, but no voice answered.

"He has gone down with the bridge!" shrieked the poor fellow.

For a second or two he lingered as if paralyzed by the sight of the fearful chasm, holding tightly the useless supper can; then a sudden thought filled his soul to overflowing, and gave him new strength to do and dare. The night train! That was due. If father lay below in that awful gulf, who would warn it of its danger?

Who would hold it back from that leap into nothingness which it must inevitably take if left to pursue its course unchecked.

"I must do it," said Carl with clenched teeth.

Up above no signal was shining; there was only one lame boy and a few moments of time to save a train full of human beings.

The boy threw away his crutches, climbed on to his father's truck, and worked it steadily back towards the great city.

What mattered it that he steered straight into the jaws of death? He should stop him and learn the danger ahead.

It was all as Carl knew it would be. Round the curve of the mountain, like a glittering serpent, came the night train speeding on—ever nearer, nearer, till the line trembled under its weight.

Then Carl stood up as well as he was able on his truck, and raised the red light wildly above his head, waving it backwards and forwards to attract the attention of the engine-driver. He had lost all sense of personal danger; he was only bent on saving the train.

"The bridge—the bridge is down!" shrieked the boy.

Only just in time came the warning. The engine-driver, always on his guard at this spot, turned off the steam, and the train, with its crowd of living beings, was arrested on the brink of the abyss.

But where was Carl the while? Carl and the truck?

Hurled into the air by the on-coming train, the boy was never again to be recognized as the living Carl Springel, but was found afterwards a lifeless and mangled corpse among the rocks.

A tombstone stands in a graveyard in South Germany, on which glitters in letters of gold this inscription:

"CHARLES SPRINGEL,

"AGED 14.

"He died the death of a hero and martyr, and saved two hundred lives."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1895.

WHO WANTS THE BOYS?

WHILE the editor was arranging copy and writing articles for the paper a few days ago, his attention was arrested by a modest question from a small boy. He had heard that same question asked by other boys often before, but something in the voice and manner of this particular boy, or perhaps it might have been the mood the editor was in at that particular time, gave more than usual interest to the question.

"Do you want a boy here?"

That was the question. The editor looked the little fellow over carefully, from sole to crown, before he answered. He seemed to be about twelve years old; his clothes were plain, but clean and neatly-fitted. His eyes were blue, and his face was open and honest-looking. He stood with his back to the wall and his hat in his hand, and he must have felt embarrassed under the searching gaze he received, for he seemed restless and anxious, and often changed his position by resting his weight first on one foot, and then on the other. The gaze was slightly discourteous and embarrassing, but it was not so intended. It was merely the blank stare of a mind which had been led into distant fields of thought by what was meant to be a courteous inspection of a boy in search of a job.

"No, we do not want a boy here."

That was the only answer there was for him, but a feeling of genuine interest in the little stranger prompted a desire to think out the easiest and best way to say it. That's where the editor's mind had gone, while the little boy was blushing under a gaze unintentionally rude.

The question is, who does want the boys? There are hundreds and thousands of them here for somebody. They come

this office almost every day, with the anxious question:

"Do you want a boy here?"

No doubt they are going everywhere else with the same question. Somebody is going to get them. They are in search of employment, and those who need their services will certainly find them by-and-bye.

There are really but two places where boys are wanted. Jesus wants boys, and Satan wants boys. There are but two kinds of employment for boys. Satan wants them to do wrong, and Jesus wants them to do right. These two masters pay different kinds of wages, but the pay is sure no matter where the boy decides to employ his time. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6. 23.) "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." (Rom. 6. 16.)

There are several callings in which a boy can serve Jesus unto everlasting life. There are many things which Jesus wants done. There are shoes to black, papers to sell, houses to sweep, errands to run, streets to clean, wood to saw, coal to put in cellars, and many other things which are equally necessary to the world. In any of these things a boy can serve Jesus, and receive the gift of God, which is everlasting life.

There are also many things in which boys can serve Satan, and for which they will receive the wages of sin, which is death. In fact a boy can serve Satan in many of the very things in which he can serve Christ. Satan has shoes for mean boys to black, papers for mean boys to sell, houses for mean boys to sweep, and wood for mean boys to saw. As for the few dimes or dollars a boy gets for the work when it is done, Satan pays in the same kind of money that good boys receive for the same kind of work. But these few dollars and dimes are not really the wages for the labour performed. They are only advanced to pay board and lodging for the workmen, while they are doing the work. The real wages will come in the final settlement, when the job is finished. The work ends only with death, and the wages will not be finally awarded till the last judgment. Then the mean boys, who have worked side by side with the good boys, in the same offices, will receive the wages of sin, and go away into everlasting death, while the good boys will receive the blessed gift of God, and go into life eternal. Yes, Jesus wants all the boys. There is room enough for them all in heaven. When you start out to hunt employment, be sure to go in search of work for Jesus. No matter what your work or condition in life may be, labour with all your might for Jesus; and he will not forget to bring your reward when he comes "from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power: when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe, because our testimony among you was believed, in that day." (2 Thess. 1. 7-10.)

Don't forget that Jesus wants boys.—*Youth's Advocate.*

TOPSY.

SUDEAN, a little girl who was very full of fun, with bright, dark eyes that laughed, lived away over in India. They had a terrible famine there. The mother died and then the father, and no one was left to take care of the little girl. She had stopped laughing, and could only cry: "I am so hungry, so hungry!"

The missionaries found her and took her home to their pleasant orphanage, where she had plenty of food and pleasant playmates, and kind friends to love her. But she played so many pranks that they named her "Topsy;" and sometimes Topsy made a great deal of trouble for her playmates and her loving friends, for she wanted to have her fun whether it was fun to them or not.

But one day she heard the missionary say that Jesus had died for sins. She listened very closely, and soon she gave

her heart to Jesus. After that she felt she must tell others the same sweet story. So she used to go with the Bible-woman into the homes of the women of India and help teach the verses.

One day she saw a strange woman sitting by the roadside on a tiger skin. Her hair was all matted together, as if she had not combed it for years. Her face and arms were rubbed with sacred ashes, and she had a necklace of nuts that were also thought to be sacred. She was dressed in yellow, for that was the way those holy women dressed, and this woman was thought to be so holy that she was worshipped as a goddess, and people used to take the dust off her feet and put it to their foreheads, thinking it very sacred.

What do you think Topsy did? She sat down beside this woman and asked her if she had ever heard of Jesus, and she told her all she could, and then invited her to go and hear the missionary talk.

Of course nobody thought this woman, who was called a goddess by the people of India and honoured by thousands of natives, would accept the invitation of this child. But she did, and you see God helped the little child as much as the grown woman. The missionary talked with the woman and found she was very learned. She could speak in four languages, but she listened to the story of Jesus like a little child, and gave her heart to him.

Then she felt just as Topsy did—she must go and tell the story to others, and she said: "I must go back to every city where I have told the wrong story, and tell the right one." Thousands had come to see her when she was baptized and gave up all her worldly honours, and now she started forth just like a humble water-carrier of India to tell all of Jesus.

Did not our little Topsy help? Is it not worth while to earn, save, and send our pennies to give the Gospel to the little friends over there and to pray for them?

IT'S THE SURE END.

As my husband was riding on the cars one day, he had his Bible with him and sat in his seat reading, and a young man who occupied a seat near looked up and made some remark which opened a conversation. He noticed the young man kept his hands in one position and wondered as to what might be the cause. But soon the young man said, "Drink is what got these things on me." Sure enough, he was handcuffed to the arm of the car seat, and another glance easily detected the officer in charge of the prisoner. And then followed the sad story, how he had taken but one glass too much, and had never thought to injure anyone in all his life, but his brain was crazed, and the crime committed, and now he was taking this journey into the city, thence to the great prison on the hill to spend two years behind stone walls and iron bars. He will be far away now from all his friends, and, like all such captives, his life will be made "bitter with hard bondage."

I thought as my husband related the sad incident of his past life, how he was brought up, dearly loved by his parents, and of the time when he never could think of such a thing as "getting drunk;" but a little downward step at a time took him farther and farther from his real manhood, until under the awful influence of the terrible drink the deed was done, which costs him two years of freedom. But will two years atone for the past? Or a whole lifetime bury the act into forgetfulness? No! no! A blighted life and a lost, lost soul, unless he gets to the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ. And think of it, all from the first glass of liquor!

Then I thought of my brothers, and my own little boy, and our neighbours, bright manly little fellows, growing up to face these awful temptations, will they be of the number to fall into this snare of the enemy? And again I cry unto God, "Hasten the day when the word of the Lord shall be fulfilled."

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth."

"For a nation is come up upon my land, strong, and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of the lion, and he hath the cheek teeth of a great lion." Surely God means legal prohibition.

The Battle of Life.

BY JENNIE F. WILLING.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy.

Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river: here two worlds
meet;

They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned,
Step into the front with a cheerful face;
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again—
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, plane, spindle and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And Pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy—
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might
wear
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,
And the sword the feeblest arm may wield
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can,
For the great reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

September 8, 1895.

A SHORT PRAYER.—Matthew 6. 9-13.

This passage has been called "the Lord's Prayer." It is comprehensive. What does it not embrace? There is adoration, v. 9; a petition for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom in the world, v. 10, 11; a request for present blessings, v. 12; grace to enable us to perform the most irksome duties, v. 12. It is hard to forgive those who injure us, hence we need divine aid to help us in the performance of this duty. The golden rule here comes in—"Do unto others as we would they should do to us," and we are here taught to pray to be forgiven as we forgive others. Verse 13. We live in a world where temptation abounds all around us, and we will especially need divine aid to keep us from falling into temptation or yielding to any kind of evil.

The prayer concludes with the grand doxology, v. 13. How extensive are Jehovah's possessions. His dominion is an everlasting dominion and his kingdom is that which can never be destroyed; other kingdoms rise and fall, but the kingdom of Immanuel can never be overthrown, it is founded in truth and righteousness. He is from everlasting to everlasting, and none can stay his hand nor say, What doest thou?

This prayer is brief. None of the prayers recorded in the Bible are long. Not one of them contains a multitude of words. Even Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, though the longest on record, is by no means so lengthy as many of the so-called prayers that we hear are.

This prayer is easy to be remembered. A child who has just learned to talk may learn it, and the sooner it is taught to children the better. The different petitions should be explained to them.

It is of universal application. Our Father, God, is the Father of all mankind. The whole human family are one. Mankind are all related. Use this prayer, practise it, and it will guide you to heaven, which is the headquarters of our heavenly Father.

Only a Working Girl.

I know I am only a working girl,
And I'm not ashamed to say
I belong to the ranks of those who toil
For a living day by day,
With willing feet I press along
In the paths that I must tread,
Proud that I have the strength and skill
To earn my daily bread.

Only a working girl! Thank God!
With willing hands and heart,
Able to earn my daily bread
And in life's battle take my part.
You could not offer me no title
I would be more proud to own;
And I stand as high in the sight of God
As a queen upon her throne.

Ye gentle-folks, who pride yourselves
Upon your wealth and birth,
And look with scorn on those who have
Nought else but honest worth,
Your gentle birth we laugh to scorn
For we hold this as our creed—
"That none are gentle save the one
Who does a gentle deed."

We are only the "lower classes,"
But the Holy Scriptures tell
How, when the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell,
Not with the rich and mighty,
'Neath costly palace dome,
But with the poor and lowly
He chose to make his home.

He was one of the "lower classes,"
And had to toil for bread,
So poor that oftentimes he had
No place to lay his head.
He knows what it is to labour
And toil the long day through;
He knows how we get tired,
For he's been tired too.

Oh, working girls! remember!
It is neither crime nor shame
To work for honest wages,
Since Christ has done the same.
And wealth and high position
Must seem of little worth
To those whose fellow-labourer
Is King of heaven and earth.

PROSPEROUS, RIGHTEOUS,
UPRIGHT & CO.

By E. Donald McGregor.

CHAPTER I.

PRIMROSE COURT wasn't at all like what a primrose spot should have been. There was nothing sweet or bright or clean about the whole place, and I am sure had anyone asked a yellow primrose to grow and smile, and a yellow primrose to grow and smile, and shed fragrance there, he would have shaken his golden head, and said quite decidedly, "Why, I can't! There isn't a thing for me to eat."

Grannie had lived in this cheerless, dingy court just about as long as any one around could remember, but one cold, dreary day she lay dying.

Tom and Pete, her two little grandsons, sat on either side of the heap of straw that was all the bed Grannie had, and when she asked for a drink, Pete would bring a rusty dipper of cold water, and Tom's strong little arms would lift the old woman up until her lips touched the cooling drink. Then she would sink back upon her dirty, dusty bed. At last, when the room had grown full of long, dismal shadows, and the two boys had crouched down on the straw for warmth, Grannie opened her eyes and began to speak.

"Tom, lad," she said, "you must mind and see to Pete. Stick together, and don't be scared to stand up for yourself."

"Where be you goin', Grannie?" Pete asked.

"I don't know," Grannie answered slowly, "but I'm right sure I'm goin' somewheres; maybe it'll be a better place nor this."

"Maybe you'll have a carpet to yer floor an' treacle on yer bread," suggested Tom.

"An' if you can't take us now will you try an' save a place fer us?" Pete asked earnestly.

"Yes, lads," Grannie answered wearily: "when you come, just ax for Grannie's room, an' I most think someone'll tell you where's the Court I live."

For a moment Tom and Pete looked bright over the thought of some day going on a journey to see Grannie, but a shadow quickly darkened their faces.

"Don't go, Grannie," Tom whispered, "an' I'll shine shoes 'nough to-morrow to buy three herrin's for supper." "An' I'll sell more matches, an' we'll have hot taters," Pete said coaxingly.

"I can't, lads, I'm sent fer; the rent ain't up till Saturday. There's bread 'nough in the cupboard fer supper, an' that meal'll keep you from startin' out empty to-morrow, an' after that—"

Grannie's head fell back, her eyes closed, and some way or other Tom and Pete knew that she had gone.

The next day some men carried out of Primrose Court a rough wooden box, and the women who stood by said, "Poor old Grannie, she was a kind un."

Tom and Pete felt very lonely and sad, but they couldn't spend much time crying for they had to work hard for their living. Tom took his shoe-box and brushes, while Pete went out to sell matches, and when night came the two boys came back to their cheerless room, to find no Grannie, no supper.

"It don't feel right, eh, Pete," said Tom. "No, it's lonesome!" Pete answered, with a little shiver, and a sob in his voice.

"Never mind, old man," Tom said soothingly, "we'll go an' get a bowl of hot soup, an' that'll do for fire an' supper too; come on."

Uncle Abe's soup stall was a long distance from Primrose Court, but his soup was so savoury, and his measure so generous, that Tom and Pete seldom thought of going elsewhere. On this particular night it seemed to them that there was an extra niceness to the great basins of steaming broth that Uncle Abe handed out across the little stall counter, and they turned away when the last drop had disappeared, feeling very warm and comfortable. A woman was singing just across the street to a great crowd of people, and Pete said:

"Oh, Tom, let's go over; it sounds good." "All right," said Tom, "come along; let's run afore we get all cold again."

The woman's song was over before two pairs of bare red feet could skip across the street, but a man with a red vest and a kindly voice began to speak, and something he said interested Tom and Pete.

"My friends," he began, "I'm going to tell you of a place where there's no sickness or death, where no one is ever hungry, or cold, or sad, and the best of my story is, that every man, woman and child here may find the place if they hunt for it."

Tom and Pete were so eager to hear the rest, but a policeman came up just then and very angrily told the crowd they were filling up the street, and the man with the red vest was crossly ordered to "move on." Tom and Pete followed him down several streets, and there, in the crush of a runaway accident, they lost all trace of the man with the wonderful story.

"He's gone, an' we'll never find the place," Pete said sorrowfully. "Maybe it wasn't true, anyhow!" Tom looked doubtful.

"Oh, but it must be," Pete said positively. "Don't you remember how as Mrs. Case told us one time 'bout men who wore red vests, and how you could always trust 'em and know as they spoke true?"

"Sure enough," answered Tom; "I'd forgotten all about that, but we'll find the place, you just see if we don't."

Then Pete said his feet were cold, and Tom suggested that they sleep all night on the docks.

"It's a good piece back," he said, "an' we're right 'longside of the docks. It'll be most as warm as our place anyhow."

They were slyly creeping round some empty casks, these ragged, dirty, little urchins, when a man's voice sounded loud and clear.

"Well, Bill, where're you bound for?" "Oh, for a place where's lots to eat and no one's ever sick."

"Ha, ha," laughed the first speaker, "and when does your ship sail for this wonderful place?"

"Just half an hour from now we'll be off." The men went on talking, the one on a ship's deck, and the other on the wharf, but Tom and Pete heard no more.

"It's goin' to the place," whispered Pete, excitedly.

"An' we'll go too!" answered Tom, with an emphatic shake of his shaggy little head. "I could hardly tell you how they did it. The night was dark, and they were sly little fellows, and the sailors were busy. You little fellows, and the sailors were busy. You little fellows, perhaps, how they crept in among the bales and boxes, but can you fancy how their hearts beat when the next morning a gruff voice said:

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"The two boys followed him along dark passages, up stairs, and across decks, until they found themselves in the wheel-house, before a man who was laughing heartily at a little girl whom he held in his arms.

"I found these boys stowed away, sir," the gruff-voiced man announced.

"They must be soundly thrashed," the captain said, sternly. "I will not have this kind of work on my ship."

"Please, sir," said Tom, bravely, "we did so want to reach the Place, an' someone said as your ship was goin' straight there."

"What place?" asked the captain.

"Why the place the men talked about where no one were ever sick or hungry, or anything of that sort."

"Where did you hear of this Place, my boy?" The captain's voice had become a good deal kinder.

"Oh, sir," Pete answered eagerly, "it were a man with a red vest who talked on the street corner one night, an' he said as we could all find the Place if we hunted fer it; your ship really goes there, don't it, sir?"

The captain's voice was husky as he answered:

"No, my lads, my ship doesn't go there." "Then we'll have to keep on a-lookin'," Pete said in a disappointed voice. Tom looked puzzled for a moment, then remembering, he said:

"'Bout the thra-hin' sir, I'd better take Pete's too, if you please; he's such a little chap."

The captain didn't reply for a moment; then he said, turning to the gruff-voiced man:

"Take these children away, and see that they are kindly treated. Let them help round where they can."

That was the beginning of a very happy voyage for Tom and Pete. When the landing day came and they found themselves standing ready to leave the great ship, they quite wished the days could go back and begin over again. The captain came to them just before they stepped onto the gang-plank.

"My boys," he said, "I hope you'll find the Place; I don't know enough about the way to tell you how to get there, but my mother's gone there, and you'll surely find it if you hunt for it. Perhaps I may go too," he added thoughtfully. Then putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of silver money, and into each boy's hand he put a couple of dimes.

"That will buy you a meal or two," he said. Then an officer called him aside, and Tom and Pete stepped off the gangway to find themselves alone in New York. They were used to city life, so the noise and bustle didn't frighten them, but they felt very strange and lonely.

"I wish we was in Primrose Court, Tom," Pete said.

"It wasn't much of a place, neither," Tom answered, "but then, of course, it was our place. We'll get on somehow though, Pete, don't you fret. Let's go an' look round a bit afore we turn in. It'll soon be dark now."

The two lads were not specially noticed as they wandered up and down the streets of the great city. Ragged, and friendless-looking they were, but there were so many boys just like them in New York that no one seemed at all surprised at their appearance.

"We ain't goin' nowhere, so we can just go where we like," Tom said, as he and Pete turned away from a window where they had been watching some small tin figures that danced up and down to music.

"I wish we could go somewheres where a feller's toes wouldn't freeze so," said Pete, as he tried to stick his poor, little red feet under a pair of ragged trousers.

"If we could only find the Place we'd be all right," Tom said anxiously. "I wonder"—he paused, for sounds of music rose sweet and clear above the din of the street.

"It's right up them stairs," said Pete.

"Oh, Tom, do let's go up and see what it is!"

"Maybe they'd turn us out," Tom said doubtfully; then he added with determination, "but we'll try it anyway."

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

The angry tree is also a native of Australia. It reaches the height of eighty feet after a rapid growth, and in outward appearance somewhat resembles a gigantic century plant. One of these curious trees was brought from Australia and set out in Virginia, Nev., where it has been seen by many persons. When the sun sets, the leaves fold up, and the tender twigs coil tightly, like a little pig's tail. If the shoots are handled, the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is moved from one spot to another, it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions, like the quills of a porcupine. A most pungent and sickening odour, said to resemble that given off by rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in the natural way.—*The Evangelist*.

THE GENTLEMAN BROWNIE.

BY MARGARET DANE.

MRS STONE was sick with a cold and couldn't go out of doors.

"Dear me!" she said to herself as she looked out of the window. "I'm afraid somebody will fall on my slippery walk, and the wood is almost gone, and if the pump isn't run down it'll freeze! Dear me! What shall I do?"

Little Fred Crosby stood at his window, right opposite Mrs. Stone.

"I've been a-thinkin' 'bout 'sprisin' Mrs. Stone," he said slowly, "'cause she's sick, you know, mamma, and 'cause she's all alone without any little boys to help her!"

"That would be very kind," said mamma. "What do you want to do?"

"She's pulled down her curtains and lighted her lamp!" exclaimed Fred, joyfully, "and I can go right over now! I'm going to put ashes on the walk and pile up her shell wood-box, and then I'm goin' to run down the pump!"

"I can do it," he asserted stoutly, as mamma looked doubtful, "'cause Mrs. Stone showed me how Wednesday night."

He put on his gray ulster and big rubber boots and was across the street in about a minute.

Very softly he laid the sticks of wood one upon the other in the big wood-box till it was full to the top. Then he let the pump down. That was great fun and almost made him laugh out loud because the water gurgled and squeaked so.

And now there was the walk. How fast Fred worked for fear Mrs. Stone might pull up the curtain and see him. But she didn't; and at last the coal-hod was empty and the icy walk was covered.

"Hard at work, Fred?" called Mr. Green, as he spied Fred in the twilight.

"Guess so!" stammered Fred as he shut the gate hurriedly and ran quickly across the street.

"Mr. Green almost told on me, 'cause he talked so loud," said Fred, "but I guess Mrs. Stone didn't hear him," he added, thoughtfully.

But Mrs. Stone did hear him, and when she found her wood-box full she knew all about it.

"Fred is the dearest little friend I have!" she said, wiping her eyes very hard.

The next morning Fred went over to see how she felt.

"I feel very happy, Fred," she said, smiling, "because last night all my work was done for me. I think it must be some good little Brownie who walked out of one of Palmer Cox's pictures to help me, don't you?"

Fred's eyes danced.

"I 'spect it was," he answered. "Which one do you s'pose it was, Mrs. Stone?"

It was such fun being a Brownie that Fred smiled and smiled.

"It wasn't the dude," said Mrs. Stone, decidedly, "nor it wasn't the king! I think it must be the gentleman Brownie!"

"I don't think there is any gentleman one," said Fred, doubtfully.

"Oh, there must be!" answered Mrs. Stone, knowingly, "for this particular Brownie was a true little gentleman."

"I'm very glad you think so," said Fred, "very glad indeed, Mrs. Stone, and the Brownie is, too."

And then he smiled again.—*Youth's Companion*.

VERY CURIOUS TREES.

AMONG the most singular specimens of vegetable life are the bottle trees of Australia. As the name implies, they are bottle-shaped, increasing in girth for several feet from the ground, and then tapering toward the top, where they are divided into two or more huge branches, bearing foliage composed of narrow, lance-shaped leaves, from four to seven inches long. The bark is rugged, and the foliage the same in the old and young trees. The bottle-tree sometimes grows to a height of sixty feet and measures thirty-five feet around the trunk. Many of these trees are supposed to be thousands of years old.

CHAPTER II.

THE owner of the gruff voice had a bright lantern in his hand, and he seemed rather rough and cross. Tom tried to make him understand about the Place that they wanted to reach, but it seemed no use.

"The captain will fix a place for you," he said, firmly. "Come along with me."

The Writing Contest.

BY NORMA BROOK.

The boys were writing in school one day,
From a copy on the board,
Each set to work with a ready will,
To win a much-prized reward.

Their teacher had promised to give a book,
For the neatest copy shown—
To the boy whose writing in his book
Should look most like his own.

Teddy and Bill, with a rush and a will,
Bent over their writing page,
And wrote, and wrote, with never a pause,
At the teacher's work to gaze.

But Frank studied well, as he set to work,
The copy placed on the board
And slowly and carefully as he wrote,
He compared them word by word.

Now, which of these three boys, do you think,
When the copying was done,
Was the boy who in his teacher's eyes,
The coveted prize had won?

Why Frank, of course, you rightly say:
Then, please, just remember this,
All our life we are making copy,
And the prize is surely his

Who finds the one great perfect Copy,
And keeping it ever in view,
Proves, word by word, that his copying
Is being written sure and true.
Toronto.

What answer was made to his request?
Why did he receive this inheritance?
(Golden Text.)
What was the former name of Hebron?
Verse 15.

Why was it so called?
What great blessing came to the land?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. To follow God's commands?
2. To plead God's promises?
3. To expect God's rewards?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who came to Joshua with a request for an inheritance? Caleb, one of the spies.
2. On what did he base his request? On the promise made by Moses.
3. Why did Moses promise Caleb an inheritance? Golden Text: "He wholly followed the Lord God of Israel."
4. What was the nature of the work which his request involved? Difficult and dangerous.
5. What was the only help he said he needed? That the Lord would be with him.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's fulfilment of promise.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What are the privilege and duty of parents who dedicate their children to God in baptism?
Their privilege is to claim the fulfilment of

vain, when two noble coloured sailors offered to take him without pay. The boarding-house rejected us. We went to the English marine hospital, to be rejected in like manner. The two negroes poured out the most awful maledictions upon the English consul, to whom I appealed in vain, and the sick man joined them until I ordered them to stop, in the quick, sharp tones they were accustomed to hear on deck, and not an oath was uttered after that.

"I then had him carried to the boat-house of Nicola, a kind Italian boatman. He let me leave him in his bunk until I could run and call our doctor. The common sailors are generous fellows, faithful to each other unto death.

"Small chance for this poor fellow," said Dr. Riach; "but give him this prescription; it is all I would do for him to-night."

"The druggist first refused to make up the prescription, saying 'it would kill any man.' But I compelled him to do so, and administered it myself.

"The sailor lived. His name was Marcus Brown. He was only twenty-five years old, but had sunk low in ignorance and vice. The missionaries not only nursed him back to health, but led him to peni-

Brown, who has been a sort of sailor's missionary in the Sandwich Islands, and has done a great deal of good among the seamen of all nations. He has told me how he was dying in Constantinople and how you rescued him, and so on. Now, I want to know how much of this is a sailor's yarn, or is it all true? For he seems to be a man of great simplicity and sincerity.

"Why, the sailor, Brown!" I replied. "I had forgotten him. It is all true, and I bless God that I hear from him again."

The reader will see in this brief story that we can rarely know what good may result from a simple act of kindness and humanity. Once in a while a good deed is done the results of which may become known, but not often. Constantinople, Boston, Erie Canal, Honolulu, and Paris, with twenty-eight years between, do not often come together to reveal what is done. But no good deed is lost. "God will multiply your seed sown, and increase your fruits of righteousness."

A Dream of Christ.

"DREAM happy dreams, my dearest,"
Sang Mary to her child:
"Thy mother watches o'er thee,
My own, my undefiled!"

"Dream of the fame and glory
The world will one day give;
Dream of the life triumphant
Which thou shalt one day live;

"Dream of the royal sceptre,
Dream of the kingly crown,
Dream of thy throne exalted,
Thine enemies put down!"

"I saw in my dreams a Man, mother,
Desolate, outcast, worn;
A reed in his hand for a sceptre,
On his head a crown of thorn.

"I saw him by all forsaken,
Bearing all pain, all loss;
I saw him, mocked and derided,
Dying upon a cross.

"It was thy child, sweet mother,
Exiled from love and home;
Nay! let me wipe thy tears away!
Thus shall his kingdom come!"



THE WRITING CONTEST.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1445.] LESSON X. [Sept. 8.

CALEB'S REWARD.

Josh. 14. 5-14. Memory verse, 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.
—Josh. 14. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's Follower, v. 5-8.
2. The Lord's Reward, v. 9-14.

TIME.—B.C. 1445 or 1444; about seven years after the fall of Jericho.

PLACE.—1. Gilgal; but not the old camp ground. This place was about fifteen miles north of Jerusalem. 2. Hebron; the place from which the grapes of Eshcol came; one of the oldest cities in the world.

CONNECTING LINKS.

The defeat of Ai; the stoning of Achan; the capture and destruction of Ai; public blessings and curses at Ebal and Gerizim; the trick of the Gibeonites; the battle of Beth-horon; the conquest of the north; the division of the land.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Caleb's reward.—Josh. 14. 5-14.
- Tu. The promise.—Deut. 1. 22-36.
- W. Wholehearted trust.—Prov. 3. 1-10.
- Th. Trust mastering fear.—Psalm 112.
- F. Trust in the Lord.—Psalm 37. 1-11.
- S. Reward of the upright.—Psalm 37. 27-40.
- Su. Reward of following fully.—Mark 10. 23-31.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Lord's Follower, v. 5-8.
How was Canaan divided among the tribes?
Verse 2.
Who had already received an inheritance?
Verse 3.
Who received no inheritance, and why?
Verses 3, 4.
By whose command was the land divided?
What gathering occurred at Gilgal?
What noted leader spoke?
What promise did he recall, and to whom made?
How old was Caleb when sent as a spy?
What report did he bring back?
What effect had the report of his brethren?
Whose leadership did Caleb follow?
What did the Lord say about his follower?
See Num. 14. 24.
2. The Lord's Reward, v. 9-14.
What solemn promise of Moses did Caleb cite?
How long since that promise was made?
What was Caleb's age at this time?
What did he say of his strength?
What request did he make?
By whose help did he hope to gain permission?

the promise of the Spirit to their children, and their duty is, in dependence on this promise, to "nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord." (Ephesians 6. 4.)
Mark 10. 14. Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.
Acts 2. 39. For to you is the promise, and to your children.

THE STORY OF MARCUS BROWN.

DR. CYRUS HAMLIN, the distinguished missionary in Turkey, tells this remarkable story in his delightful autobiography: "It was a hot July day when, accidentally passing the great Turkish custom-house in Galata, Constantinople, I found a crowd obstructing the street. Penetrating it, I found a poor mortal against the wall apparently dying in the pains of cholera. His condition was indescribably revolting. I said:

"Do you speak English?"
"Yes, — your eyes!" he replied, turning upon me a look of anguish or fierce hatred, I hardly knew which. He knew the inhuman crowd was waiting to see him die.
"Are you American or English?"
"American," with the same or far worse profanity.
"I tried to get a couple of porters (*hamals*), usually ready for any such service, to take him and his sack of clothes to a sailors' boarding-house near by. No one would touch him. I offered large pay in

tence. When at length the consul found a passage for him home, he bade me goodbye with a sailor's heart, and said, 'I have hitherto done all the evil I could in life, and now I am going to do good.' So Marcus Brown departed, and I did not hope to hear from him again.

"About a year afterward a friend wrote me from Boston: 'Your sailor holds out. I was in Father Taylor's prayer-meeting when a sailor burst out, "O God, I thank thee for the American missionaries! When I was dying, a poor blasphemous dog, in the streets of Constantinople, thou didst send thy servants to save me, soul and body," and so on through a unique and earnest prayer.'

"Another year passed, and I had a letter from Brown, not always correctly spelled, but full of life and earnestness. It began, 'Dear, dear Mr. Hamlin: Thank God I still survive the dead.' It ended, 'And now I'm blowing Gospel trumpet on the Erie Canal.'

"Twenty-eight years passed away, and amid the excitements of missionary life the rescued sailor was forgotten.

"In 1867 I was dining in a hotel in Paris. Near the close of the dinner, a gentleman sitting at my right turned to me and said: "I see you are from Constantinople, sir. May I ask if you have met one Cyrus Hamlin?"

"I am the person you ask for, sir."
"After expressing surprise and pleasure, he said:

"I am just from Honolulu, and I have long wished I could ask you about a sailor,

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