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Jack's Resolve.

If I were the king of a country as wide As the sky on a bright summer day, Raid Jack, with a nod, as he hunted about In a wearled-to-death sort of way, And my wealth and my power were limitless quite,

To do just the thing I might choose,
Do you know what I'd get with the gold
that I had?

How that wonderful power I'd use? I would give the last cent that I had in the world.

And I'd add my crown to the cost, For a pencil," said he—then he paused with a smile-

"For a pencil that 'couldn't' get lost!"

THE GREAT CHARTER.

BY HARRIET D. SLIDELL MACKENZIE.

Many pieces of old paper are worth their weight in gold. I will tell you of one that you could not buy for even so high a price as that. It is now in the British Museum, in London. It is old

and worn. It is more than six hundred and sixty-six years old. It is not easy to realize how old that is. Kings have been born and died, nations have grown up and have wasted away, during that long time. There was no America—so far as the people who lived at that time Knew—when this old paper was written upon. America was not dis-covered for nearly three hundred years after it. A king wrote his name on this old paper; and though he had written his name on many written his name on many other pieces of paper, and they are lost, this one was very carefully kept from harm—though once it fell into the hands of a tailor, who was about to cut it up for patterns, and at another time it was almost destroyed by fire

by fire.
Visitors go to look at it with great interest. They find it a shrivelled piece of paper, with the king's name and the great seal of England on it; but they know that it stands for English liberty, and means that—as the poet Thomson wiste, in the song, "Rule Britannia"—

"DRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES."

"It is called the Magna Charta," which means simply the "Great Paper." There

have been other great papers, and other papers that have been called "charters," but this one is known the world over as the "Great Paper."

As you look back into English history you will see that all the way along our ancestors have been striving with their might to be free. They were willing to have kings, but they wished to have them reasonable and not tyrannical. They had always to be on the watch; for every once in a white a king would arise who would try to take away some right or privilege which they had gained.

One of the modes of trial by "ordeal" was to put the prisoner into the water, and if he floated he was considered innocent, but if he drowned he was thought to have been guilty! Now I am sure that if I had to be tried in that way I should think it very hard, for it would make me out guilty the first time, and there would be no chance for another trial. I have no doubt that the "ordeal" removed many bad men from England, but I fear it removed some good ones too.

King John stands out among the sovereigns of England as one of the very He was a bad son, and rebelled rgainst his father, though his favourite of their old Saxon saint, to swear shild. He murdered his nephew, Arthur to force the king to deal justly with of Brittany, striking him down with his people.

own hands, and then pushing him headlong into the river Seine. And he was one of those who betrayed his brother Richard into a long imprisonment in Germany.

AS A KING HE WAS NO BETTER.

From the beginning to the end of his reign he was false and cruel; and no one, not even the highest and noblest, was safe from fines and taxes of the most tyrannical kind. Their only hope was in giving bribes to the sovereign, who, you know, should have been their protector and not their terrenter. tector and not their tormentor. There is no country in Europe in which the people are now treated in this way except Russia. One man actually was forced to pay for the privilege of eating his breakfast! his breakfast!

The great barons of England were many of them furious because they were treated in this way by the king, and joined in making a league by which they bound themselves to force the king to give them their rights. They waited until 1214. In that year, John called upon them to follow him to France, to fight against the French king. They had

When John heard what the barons had sworn to do, he fled to London, and shut himself up in a place that he thought safe. The barons had drawn up a charter, and they followed him to London to show it to him. It was the sixth of January, and he thought it would be safe to say that he would grant the charter at Easter, for he felt sure that he could raise an army in the meanwhile large enough to beat Langton and all the barons.

When Easter arrived, the barons met at Stamford. There were two thousand knights, followed by their esquires. I should like to have seen them as they rode about, their armour glistening in the spring sun, their banners flying, and their chargers neighing as they snifted the air, which must have seemed to be filled with

THE STIMULUS OF FREEDOM.

They had the charter with them, and John, who was at Oxford, sent to see what it was like. When he found out its terms he was wild with fury, and sent word that he would never sign a paper that would make him a slave. He

that would avail on either side were power and force, and the king had al-ready given way to them. The king already given way to them. The king almost immediately took his pen and wrote his name on the charter, and said that he did it on account of his plous regard for God, and his desire to benefit his people, though we know that he did not entertain any very plous motives at the lime.

The Magna Charta was, as some one

THE GREAT PUBLIC ACT OF THE NATION

after it had realized that it was a nation the completion of a work for which they had been labouring for a hundred It has been the foundation of years.

grants these rights to his subjects "for the health of his soul." The charter then proclaims the liberty of the church

then proclaims the liberty of the church
and the liberty of the people.
"No freeman," it says, "shall be
seized, or imprisoned, or outlawed, or in
any way brought to ruin. We will not
go against any man, nor send against
him, except by legal judgment of his peers.
"To no man will we sell,
or deny or delay right or

or deny, or delay right or

justice.
"No scrutage or aid—taxes —shall be imposed in our realm save by the Common Council."

But the best thing in the Magna Charta was that it

PROTECTED THE POOR

It was declared that no man, whose goods were forfeited, should lose his means of making a living. The freemaking a living. The free-man was to keep his "con-tentment," or tools, the mer-chant his merchandise, and the villain, or serf, his "wainage"-his oxen, plough, and waggon. Foreign merchants might travel in England, and sell and buy as they pleased. And the towns were to have and use "all their liberties and free customs."

So a council of twenty-four nobles was then chosen to watch this king whom no man could trust, and to make war upon him if he broke his compact.

After the charter was signed and sealed, it was published throughout England, and sworn to at every town. The parons rejoiced: town. The barona rejoiced; and Robert Fitzwalter wrote

letters calling upon the knights of Eng land to come with arms and horses to a great tournament, at which the prize was

to be a large she-bear.

During the rect of his life only little more than a year he tried in vain, by the help of the Pope's curse and by for eign soldiers' swords, to escape from these "over kings," who would not suffer him to go back to his old habits of forc ing money from Jews by pulling out their teeth, carrying off and poisoning young girls, starving women and children, and crushing old priests under copes of lead. It was in a last attempt against his people's freedom that he saw his baggage, with the royal treasure, his crown, and the provision for his army, all swept away by a sudden rising of the tide. A few days later he died in Newark, saying "I commit my body to St. Wulstan and my soul to God," the God whose laws he had rebelled against for so many years.

Hiz son, Honry III., was crowned soon afterwards, and immediately made to swear to maintain Magna Charta, which was from that time the foundation of English law.

Thus was accomplished the great work of the English barons of the twelfth cen-



BIGNING THE MAGNA CHARTA.

started, but lest him at a certain point ! in the journey, saying that the terms of their allegiance to him did not compet them to serve him more than forty days. John thought that he would conquer the French first, and then go home and subdue the rebellious barons, but he made a wrong reckoning. He was beaten by the French king, Philip II., at the battle of Bouvines, in 1214, and he was glad to escape with his life. It was one of the greatest battles of the time.

Archbishop Langton had already taken up the part of the liberties of the people by warning the king against his arbitrary course, but John had told him. "Mind your Church, and leave me to govern the State."

This had not restrained Langton, and he had pledged his support to the old Sazon laws, with certain changes that had been made by the Normans. The barons solemnly vowed to conquer or die.

After the battle of Bouvines, John returned to England. It was towards the end of October, and about the middle of the next month, Langton called the barons together again—this time at Bury St. Edmunds—and they knelt at the altar to force the king to deal justly with the

thought that the king should be able to do what he pleased, and that the people had no rights that he was bound to re-

John's answer roused the whole country, and the wretched king found himself powerless before the anger of the nation that he had wronged. He was power-less, however, and he said once more that he would sign the hated paper, though he did not speak of it in this way. He said, instead, that he was ready and willing to grant the demands of his "loving subjects" whenever they should appoint the time and place. They appointed the fifteenth of June as the time. and the Meadow of Council, or Runny mede, as the place.

To this meadow, consecrated to freedom by ancient associations, which lies off the Thames, below Windsor, came John, with a small train of twenty-four bishops and nobles, in their armour and robes. Of this small number there were but two who really wished success to the king. The others were, heart and soul, on the side of the barons.

The king encamped on the left bank of the river, and men from each of the contracting parties met on a little island between the hosts. It was not a time for discussion, for the only arguments

Your Gifts.

BY RMMA C. DOWD.

If you have the gift-of seeing, ever look for beauty; Noting fautis in all your friends is plainly not your duty

It-you-have-the-gift of-hearing, list-to-what is meet; Shut your ears-to everything that is not good and sweet.

If you have the gat of pleasant words;
Let your speech be glad and cheery as the songs of birds,
—Youth's Companion. If you have the gift of talking, use but

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C. W. COLYES, S. P. HURRYS, 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Rev Montreal. Hallian N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1899.

HE STOPPED THE TRAIN

Train No. 20 on the Indianapolis and Train No. 39 on the incissions and vincennes Railroad, in charge of Conductor F. W. Russe, of Indianapolis, was tearing along toward Indianapolis at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The train rate of fifty miles an hour. The train was loaded with passengers and was behind time. East of Edwardsport Engineer Dorsey saw on the track far abade a dog that was jumping about and acting in a poculiar manner. The dogs actions looked suspicious, and, as a measure of caution, Dorsey shut off the steam, so as to have the train undercontrol. When the train reached a nearer point, the dog stood and barked at it, and then, with: a yelp, started for the woods.

Then it was that Dorsey saw there was something red between the rails, and he threw on emergency brakes and

was something red between the rails, and he threw on emergency brakes and opened the sand-box. The train came to a standstill within ten feet of a pretty flaxen-baired baby in a red frock. The child was about two years old and had been playing to the child within the log and the been playing to the child, which laughed and crowed and patted his face in glee. in glee.

About eight hundred yards distant was About eight hundred yards distant was a farm-house, and toward it Franklin started with the baby, to meet a man running toward him like an insane person. It was the child's father, who had missed the baby just as the train stoped, and supposed that the little one had been killed. How the toward from home and mine and are group place no one could understand.

MINING A MILE UNDER THE SEA. RY R. H. SHERARD.

BY B. H. AHERARD.

The entrance to the shaft is in the side of the cilff, and by the tims three perpendicular ladders have been "walked down," one is on a level with the sea. Then each step downwards takes one lower-beneath the coean. It is said by some, and by others denied, that at the forty-fathom level in St. Just mine one can hear the boulders' rolling overhead; and the roar of the waters. For my part, after spending hours in the mine, I must say that, though I hearkened eggetly, I could detect no sound of the come everhead. In Boulland mine, hard by, which is now abandoned, the

noise, they say, was most perceptible, and the roaring, when the Atlantic was in one of its wilder moods, was the horror of the wokers. There is a point in Lovant mine, a point reached after-climbing down 2000 feet and walking for an hour down winding galleties, where the state. But between you and the bottom of the sea, which is here many hundred feet in depth of solid grantie. What will perhaps fill the mind of one who stands here, is the thought that England does not end there where the map denotes, because, a mile west, beneath the sea, there are Englishmen in yellow rags, advancing westward inch yinch, cutting their way, by the flickering, afterning with the solid and hardest grantic. flighting, streaming with every sing hymns to tood a pratis out there under the sea in the night.

THE STREET ARAB'S TRUST.

The following pathetic story is told by John B. Gough.

John B. Gough.

Astry is rold of a street boy in London who had had both legs broken by a dray passing over him. He was laid away in one of the beds of a hospital to dle, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him, and sald:

i said : Bobby, did you never hear about

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus".

"Bobby, Leever heard of him."

"No by yeart to misston-school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you there may be you'dled, and you'd never hear you have you'dled, and you'dle you have you'dled, and you'dled and you'd never hear he wouldn't sake such a great big gentleman as he to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me? "But bell do all that if you ask him."

"How can I sak him if: I don't know where he lives and how can I set there

"How can I sak him if I don't know where he lives, and how can I get there when both of my legs are broken?"
"Bobby, they told me at mission-school as how Jesus passed by; teacher says as he goes round. How do you know but what he might come round to this hos-pital this yery night? You'd know him if you was to see him."
"But! Can't keep: my eyes open My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes

They got the hand up; it-dropped.
They got the hand up; it-dropped.
They tried again; it slowly fell back.
Three times he raised the little band, only to let it fall.
Bursting into tears,
it slive it rai.

biny to the triangular business with the said.

"I gill it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand," said the own puller! calles without it."

no my giller! call was propped up. And when hey came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still propped up to Jesus. You may search the world; and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to mission; chool but once. who had been to mission-school but one

STORY OF A PARROT.

Bayard Taylor relates the following about a parrot once owned by a lady in

about a parrot once owned by a lady in Chicago:

When the great fire was raging, an owner saw that she could reacue nothing except what she had only considered the same saw that she could take but one. After a mament of hestiation she seized the Bible, and was hastenling way; when the parrot cried out in a noud and solemn the same saw that she was to be a seized the parrot cried out in a noud and solemn to see that the parrot cried out in a noud and solemn to see that the parrot cried out in a noud and solemn to see that the parrot cried out in a noud and solemn to see that the parrot cried out in a noud and solemn to see that the parrot cried out in a noud and solemn to summar being could lava been dead to such an appeal; the precious Bible was serificed and the bird sawd He was otherwise a clever bird. In the home to which he was taken there were among other visitors: a gentleman rather noted for volubility. When the parrot first heard him it listened in silence for some time, then, to the amazement of all present, it said very emphatically. You talk too much." The gentleman, at first combarrassed souterstally resumed his introduced the second of the second

A Suggestion -" What is the-what is A Suggestion — What is the water is the name of those things with wings on their heads?" asked Mr. Bopps, who couldn't think of the word "cherub" to

save him.
"Mules ?" suggested Mrs. Boppe, in all

The Birds in Church. BY E. S. DREHER.

God's happy children of the air On leafy boughs are swaying. While beings fair with forms divine-Are in the churches praying.

Cathedral grand with vaulted skies The songs of birds are filling; The wide extended plains of heaven Are with their rapture thrilling.

They chant the anthems of their God, And worship him with singing; Who listens to their songs may hear The chimes of heaven a-ringing.

a divers notes of sweetest tone Their lays to us come stealing; hey seem to draw us to the skies, While in our pews we're kneeling.

We how before the Lord in prayer. Our love to him expressing,
The prayer is said; we rise, and, lo!
We-see a sight distressing

From bough to bough, from tree to tree, The birds no longer flitting, All bruised and crushed and cold and dead

On-ladies' hats are sitting.

Their songs without now never heard, The minstrels dead or dying; Within the sinners, vain with pride, Their God to praise are trying

They sing aloud their hymns of praise, And think that God is hearing. While on their shapeless hats in truth Five million birds they're wearing.

And now no chirping music wild On airy wings is swelling, he voiceless birds to church have gone To find an alien dwelling.

Methinks could all these lifeless birds Our hearts with song he filling.
A plaintive voice to us would say,
"Why don't you stop this killing?"

An answer bold in haste is made, "What cares a bird for living?" Just this, dear friend, to live the life That God to it is giving.

No tearful voice, no whispered song, Can end without his knowing; Spare, then, the birds whose songs do set The world to music going.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

Iulia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER TY

WHAT THE BAND FINDETH TO DO-DO.

When "the minister" heard that He-man had forestalled his threatened summan had forestalled his threatened sum-mons and had come home, he quickly called him to come and take tea with him. A big dish of fruit stood on the study table, and with some cheery re-marks Heman was set at case and direct-ed to help himself. Then somehow ho marks Heman was set at ease and directed to help himself. Then somehow he began to talk-freely, and to tell-of-his show like experiences. Afterwards heman wondered that he had spoken so openly, and told his adventures se openly, and told his adventures so unrestrainedly; he feared the minister would think him presuming. He had no idea that quietly and thoroughly the hantster, with the trained judgment of a mature mind, was investigating the opinions and experiences of the boy. He wished to know if the innoceance, franks meas and roverence of the country borness and roverence of the country borness. wished to know if the innocence, frank-ness and roverence of the country bo-had suffered-harm in his wanderings, Gently, inperceptibly the man won from the lad the frank expression of his thoughts, and he smiled his inward gratification to find that the child of his church had not morally detained at church had not morally deteriorated fact the surly meanness of Dan Cripps had been a safeguard to Heman; it was had been a safeguard to Heman; it was pleasanter to dwell alone, or to consort with the horses and monkeys than to en-dure Dan. Heman had been driven in on his own company, his memory, his observations. The minister was well con-

"Your going," my boy, he said, "was a wrong move; you ran a tremendous, if k of moral ruin; when we have made a mistake in life we should gather what good we can from it, and I think degood we can from it, and I' think de-cency, simplicity, purity, integrity, home-jife will always shine; fairer to you, as you contrast it with the show. Some-times we don't know when we are well off until we are jill off. Your Uncle Sin-net is a good man; he has much of that child-hearteness which habstite the

hingdom of heaven He has a grea-fault, nurtured by the siratis of his earl-life. He sets far too high a value of money on the possession of property Not content with what comes from the daily pursuit of his proper occupation he has always been grasping after profits far beyond the value of an investment dreaming of much from little or

"Association with him and the losses "Association with him and the losses you have lately met, have roused. Thy on a similar greed-for gain. It led you as similar greed-for gain. It led you astray, as it has led Mr. Sinnet into continuous losses. Every indication or Providence seems to point: that Utlas is not called to wealth, but to a modest enough. He has the promise that he shall nover beg, that bread shall be given and water-shall be sure. God says to many, as to hig ancient servant, 'Seekest thou weat those you though the state of the st many, as to his ancient servant. Seekeast thou great things for thyself, seek them not, said the Lord. The plain directions of Divine Providence see med to appoint Urlas his humble, happy home, safe, sufficient. Covetopsness has been his

sufficient. Covetopuness has been his

"Now, Henan, you have had a lessor
early, follow safe, honest, open ways of
making a living, carn honourably, spend
wisely. If God leads you late, wince
paths, follow them, only be sure it is lie
leading. If he keeps you in the simple
round, the common task, fulln!-! with
singleness of heart as unto God "Better the sight of the oyen than the wandering of the desire." Now, that's active, and a little private sermon Tell
me what you propose to do since you
are at home again."

"Uncle Rias and I mean to start on
building a shop right away. We've

are at home again."
"Uncie 'Rlas. and I mean to start on
building a shop right away. We've
money enough for lumber, doors, windows, and nails. We'll-have it on the money enough for lumber, doors, win-dows, and nails. We'll have it on the south-west, with one door going into the kitchen so we can get some heat that way I'm going to get every bit of day's work I can, and work at the shop when I've nothing else to do. I'll have work in the orchards, wood-lots and corn-fields preity soon."

"Lawyer Brace will want a boy to light his office fire and keep the office clean this winter after the first of No-vember; I can get you that place. Our creat time water after the BISt of November; I can get you that place. Our church will also want some one to build fire in the stoves Sunday, and on-Wednesday ovenings, and to sweep, dust, cut kindling, and clean the steps on Saturday. I think you could do that well, Hemain, you are thorough in what you undertake. Those two places would bring you three dollars a week. After November first I want you to take those two places, and what Saturday work you have time for beside, and go to school during the week. We shall have a very excellent teacher here, from November until June, Mr. George Renfrew; you need a winter more of study, Heman, you need to study history, grammar, and bookkeping."

bookkeeping."

bookkeeping."

hookkeeping."

hooke and booke booke and pleasure in the thought that. he was done going to school."

Uncle "Rias was largely to shame of this. However, Heman's little journey into the world had taught him that ignorance is the mother of vice and poverty; in proportion to one's ignorance it; hard to make a living; the man wanted. There are degrees of excellence in all labour, from ditch diggling the proportion of the standard of skilled and the unskilled workman; the excellence of knowing something had excellence of know grown upon Heman.

"Book-keeping" had a pleasant busi-ness-like sound. Yes, he would like to know how to keep books; history he had

Heman, is nonest men that will do some kind of honest work, in a thorough, hon-est way. It doesn't so much matter what the work is. Good, faithful handwhat the work is. Good, faithful hand-work is what is needed, and the better it is done the more valuable the man is. The more he knows the more good he can do. It's pose-nobody can know all the learning there is in the world, added simple Aunt Esper, "so I think a man had bette pick into the kind he can use best, and get all he can of it."
"Yes," and Heman, slowly; "but—you see—I do know a good deal about horses,

and if I hadn't I should not have gone in with Cripps. Maybe that knowing did ne more harm than good."

Never mind, Heman," said Aunt

Never mind, Heman," said Aunt exv. "I-thank-God with all-my-heart rexy, "I thank God with all my near ou're back; but maybe that experience still do you good. God leads his own in trange paths sometimes; but he leads hem home. It's all home track to his hem home.

Heman's knowledge of horses came ino good use very suddenly in November
ite had begun his dutte in Mr. Braco's
office, and as sexton, and was getting on
seil, he had begun school and liked the
matter of the sexton and the sexton and the sexton
sexton had begun school and liked the
matter of the sexton and was considered
and liked the sexton was considered
and liked the sexton had been and the sexton
liked and the sexton had been and the
rotoundly. But even the most tired
soy, whose sleeps ear will fall to hear
self the cry to get up of a morning, will
rouse alert as a weasel to the toesin of
the So on night, a cold November
andnight, the clanging of a bell and a
strill scream of "fire" brought Heman
to his feet with a bounce, and he was,
salling into his sboes and trousers the
while he saw through his little uncursized gable window that the fire was
veo fields off at the house of the nearest
eighbour, farmer Slocue, present owner nan's knowledge of horses came inneighbour, farmer Slorne, present owner of the Sinnet farm, and breeder of fine of the The -bell-ringing was the bell-of the

Sloane stock-yard, the shouts were from those one or two late passers-by who seem to be always at night on oven the lone-lest roads. Heman reflected that farmer siest roads. Heman reflected that farmer Sloane was away from home, and that the head stable man had a broken leg. Heman was speeding over the fields toward the red light almost before he knew he was awake. He buttoned his thick jacket and pulled his knit cap over is ears as he ran. The night was cold. It was the smoke-house that was burning. Curing hams and bacen had begun at the Slöane farm. The night was clear, there was a high, wind, and it blew directly from the smoke-house to the stable, where were the best horses. Already the fence had caught, and the fire was sweet was a work and the fire was sweet was the way that the fire was sweet was the way that the was sweet were the best horses. Already the fence had caught, and the fire was sweeting along, and people were.

stable, where were the best horses. Already the fence had caught, and the fire was-sweeping along, and people were-tearing down fence and calling, for wet quilts to cover a big straw stack. Water was plenty, but there was no force pump that would throw it high up the little antiquated engine of Windle was always at the point farthest from the discount of the point farthest from the second that men was in a stupple dased constitute, suggestive of hard cider, and the stable was had given himself leave to go to a husking party. The stable was tocked. No one knew where the keys were, and as Heman reached the scene and the stable price of the place filled with smoke and dropping wasps of fire. The horses were snorting and plunging, there were several of considerable value in that stable. A couple of areas broke the doors open, but the rearing horses remed to leave the stable, to seve and the scene of the stable was the stable. stable. A couple of these notice the doors open, but the rearing horses refused to leave the stalls, the screamed and held back in terror, for the open doors looked straight to the fire, and now a rain of small red flakes began in the stalls. Not a second was to be lost. Heman dashed into the loose box of the big bay, Guy, farmer Sloane's pride. As he rushed in he snatched a saddle from its peg, flung it across Guy's back, slipped a halter over his head, and mountances a saddle always composes a horse wonderfuily, so does the knowledge that he has arider. Guy ceased plunging, but trembled, as with starting eyes he looked at the fire momentarily incressing. Of went Heman's jacket and over the horse's ead he wrapped it. A loud shout of joy leads to leave the date when the content of the conte head he wrapped it. A loud shout of joy went up, as, peaceable in the darkness, Guy yielded to Heman's hand and punged out of the stable into the crowd. punged out of the stable into the crown. Some one caught him as he came, He-man rolled to the ground, saddle in one hand, Jacket in the other, and darked back into the stable while Guy was led off. Two neighbours were wreating with a beautiful black mare with a cot at her side. She had knocked over one at her side. of her would-be rescuers, and he strength was set against the other as he titled to lead her out.

"Hold-her a second !"-screamed He-man, as he-east on the saddle, threw h nself on, covered her eyes and shouted, "Clear the way !"

tied to lead her out.

"Hold-her a second!" screamed Heman, as he cast on the saddle, threw h neeff on, covered her eyes and shouted, "Clear the way!"

The way had need to be cleared, for he an engine when the throttle valve is open, the first anima whighing for head of the control of the c

lacket turned toward the hern but now Jacket turned toward the barn, but now the loft was all a sea of fire, and a rain of flery flakes half filled the place. "Don't go in again, boy!" "Keep out!" "You've done enough!"

out I" "You've done enough I" "
But Hemm darted on. A splendid white three-year-old, sleek as saith, moulded like a statue, the pride of the country, was in there, giving loud, piliful rengelings of fear. Hemma could not that beautiful creature be burned to Once more he was within the

"Oh, God, hold up that roof three minutes more!" cried a woman wildly. Heman could not put on the saddle, he sprang upon the feed-box, unhooked the halter and dung himself upon the back halter and fung himself upon the back of the white-horse. Thrown into clear relief by the flames that threatened his head, the great burning wips of bay that loosened and fell through the rafters. Heman saw the crowd of people in the vard and the spreading of the fire. He drayged his Jacket over Snowfiakes up-tossed head, turned him toward the door. tosted head, turned him toward the door, struck him, gaspel and tried to cry out. A dim cloud of smoke lit by lurid fire for warped about them tears poured from his eyes, he could see no more-for pain, his chest folt as if bound with iron; it seemed hours, as blind and overcome he lay along the horse's neek.

No more his long supple legs grasped the animal's body, his feeble hands could not guide him, the jacket fell to the floor, the awul seene smote the great round starting eyes of the horse, that affighted, swerved away; he reared with a scream, and Heman fell from his back uppn the floor, where dire seemed starting

a scream, and rieman ten from his back upon the floor, where fire seemed starting up in every direction. But firemen and other helpers had now

up in every direction.
But firemen and other belpers had now arrived, three-stalwart men sprang in, one cast a coat over the borze's head, one called his name with gentle soothing, the third caught Heman by his arm and the neck of his-shirt and dragged him out; the boy's hair and shirt were burning, and some one fung a bucket of water over him as he was pulled along. The horses had been taken to a distant barn; some women-carried Heman to the pump and began to sprinkle himand fan him as he lay unconscious. "Poor Drexy! If the boy dies it will-be more a she can bear," said one. "The Lord spare him, he is a noble only, said another.
The doctor and schoolmaster George Renfrew came in basic.
"It is the smoke and heat he has inhaled has overcome him," said the doc-

"It is the smoke and heat he has in-haled has overcome him," said the doc-tor. "We must get him home. Poor boy, his shoulder is pretty well bilastered. Tell some of the men to bring along a shutter and carry him. Renfrew, you run ahead and tell kirs, Sinnet, and held you say there's no danger, and held come

out all right."

"Bring him into my house," cried Mra.
Sloane. "Wo'll take care of him. Ob, the good boy, how he saved those borses.
Won't Sloane be relieved to know they're

He'd better be taken home, that's what D'rexy'd want, and she is a first-class nurse," said the doctor. "That's it, boys, don't burt that shoulder. Give me your apron and a bowl of flour, Mrs. cover it up till I get him

When Heman was carried into his When Helman was calried into its own home all was quiet and prepared. Aunt Espey and Aunt Drexy were cryling quietly, but none the less they had their wits about them. Aunt Drexy room was all ready for him, a-role of linen, a clean white-shirt, warm water, oil, whatever might be wanted, was at

hand.
"I knew I could depend on your level bead, Mrs. Sinnet." said the doctor.
"Don't break your heart-he'll come round, he needs plenty of air, quiet, darkness. Here, wash the cinders out of his head and cut bis hair, Aunt Espay. while we get him undressed and the burn attended to. He's a hero, 'Rias hero, I tell you! Never saw a boy ha Rias. o nero, i teil you! Never saw a Doy nave botter courage, or his wits about him better. Good, sound, common-sense, that's what he showed. He's a credit to the town. Finest boy I over saw!" Thus the doctor talked as he and the schoolmaster worked at making Heman comfortable.

Having made his little joke the doctor went away. Heman was kept in bed for a week, the schoolmaster came to visit him every afternoon and read to him a book of Paul du Chaillu about the gorilla country, and his adventures there among black wild men-and huge apes. Heman thought that pretty good reading.

The congratulations and praises that Heman received when he was about again overwhelmed him. Every one had a hand-shake and a good word. Not at all a shy boy, he was very modest, and to be tho object of public comment and admiration made him wish that he could run away, and hide his lead in the sand like an estrich. Some people said, 'Mr. Sloane ought to do something for Helike an ostrich. Some people said, "Mr. Sloane ought to do something for He-man," but neither Heman nor his family wanted reward for his gallant act of humanity. Neither did Mr. Sloane wish wanted roward for his kainth act of humanity. Neither did Mr. Sloane wish to give any reward, he was a close man, and liked to put off any remuneration to some distant period. He shook Hemanis hand-heartily, thanked him warmiy, and said, "Now, my boy, romember, if there over-a time I can do-anything for you that you want done, come right to me and I won't refuse you. Here are these fellows for witnesses. What you ask mo for-"Il's do-"If I can-"If I can," I'll remember that," said Heman quietly.

quietly. (To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES,

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IX.-AUGUST 27. RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY. Ezra 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 2-4. COLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. Psalm 126. 3.

OUTLINE.

 The King's Proclamation, v. 1-4.
 The Captives' Response, v. 5-11. Time.-About 537 or 536 B.C.

Place.—Crossing the wilderness from he Euphrates to Jerusalem.

Note.—The sins of the Jews brought upon them great calamity. Several years before the Book of Ezra-opens the years before the Booke Ezra openetic the soft israel had been tribes of Israel had been tribes of Israel had been tribes of Israel had been tribes to the tribes to the tribes to the tribes is unknown. Judah never forgot the seventy sad years of these last tribes is unknown. Judah never forgot the seventy sad years of crite in Babylon. The redocing was great when the Jows returned to their twon city, but they wept when they beheld its desolation. Ezra was a man of piety and learned in the Jowish law. He edited the Jewish Scriptures and made additions to illustrate, correct, or complete them. He wrote out the whole in the Chaldean character. He was a faithful preacher, a skilful scribe, and a true reformer. true reformer.

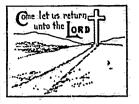
LESSON-HELPS

1. "Cyrus "-King of Persia. Cyrus was one of the greatest kings of ancient times. His reign is of interest to us because of his relation to the Jews. He touches Jewish history. Persia is an ancient kingdom, and its history in byancient kingdom, and its history in by-gone years was most eventful. Its do-feat by the brave men of Greece has made European civilization. "That the word of the Lord . might be ful-filled"—Jeremiah had prophested that the captivity of the Jows in Embylon would last but seventy years, and these were at an end.
2. "The Lord God of heaven"—Prior

the captivity spoken of as the Lord of sts. "Hath charged me"—Doubtless



through human lips. It may be when Cyrus "ame to the throne he found Danlel, whose fame was great, and Danlel may have told him of the prophecy of restoration." All the king



doms of the earth "-Some exaggeration yet the empire of the Medo-Persians was very great, as maps show, "A house" -the house of the Lord is a temple. 4. Whosoever remaineth in any place"

4. Whosover remaineth in any piace
—No compulsion for any to go. Those
who went showed their faith—perhaps
their self-denial. Those who remained
were to give help. "Freewill offering"
—Only such is acceptable in the sight of

God,
5. "Chief of the fathers"—Fathers is
here a figurative word for rulers or counciliors. "Judah and Henjamin"—The
tribos, not the individual persons.
"Whose spirit God had raised "—In this
phrase the dwout writer is seen.
"Leviles"—A sacred class who prepared the sacrifices.

6. "Strengthened their hands"—That

is, gave them help. The hand is a symbol of power. "Vessels of sliver, with gold "Articles are meant. The precious metals were abundant in ancient times. The offerings were many and valuable.

7. "Nobuchadnezzar had 7. "Nobuchadnezzar had brought forth" (2 Kings 24, 13)—Vessels of the house of the Lord. The plous Jews were greatly shocked that the sacred vessels should have been taken from the sacred and placed in idolatrous temples in

HOME-READINGS

M. Returning from captivity.—Ezra 1. Tu. Returning captives.—Ezra 2 1. 64-70 W. The word of Jeremiah.—Jer 29. 10-14. Th. Prophecy of return.—Isa. 44. 21-28.

Prophecy of return—18a, 41, 21-28, Proclamation of liberty.—16a, 51, Joy-of redemption.—16a, 51, 9-16.
Praise for deliverance.—Psalm 107.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

The King's Proclamation, v. 1-4. What king is here referred to ? Who induced the king to make a pro-

clamation ? In what year of his reign did this oc-

Who had given Cyrus his kingdom?
What charge had the Lord given him?
To what people was the proclamation

What did the king bid these people to do ?

What command was given about those

What-command was given about mose who remained? Whose prophecy was thus fulfilled? See Jer. 29. 10-14. What did a psalmist sing? Golden Text.

2. The Captives Response, v. 5-11. What three-classes were the first to

Who toined these leaders? How did the people of the land help

them ? What offering did !Sing Cyrus make ?

Where had these vessels been kept?

Where had they exsels been kept?

How-long had they been in Babylon?

2 Chron. 36 21.

Into whose charge were the vessels given?

iven?
How many vessels of gold are named?
How many of silver?
What was the number of all kinds?
To what city were these vessels taken?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1 That God is 10 be honoured above
all earthly rulers?
2. That the kings of the earth should

serve-him?
3. That all people should serve him?

The superintendent-of-a city Sunday school was making an appeal for a col-lection for a Shut-in Society, and he said. Can any boy or girl tell me of any shut-in person mentioned in the lection to:
said Can any boy or girs as and can any boy or girs as any shut-in person mentioned in the any shut-in person mentioned in the Bible? A hi see several hands rated. That is good. This little boy right-in front of me may tell me. Speak up good and loud, so that all will hear you, Johnnie. "Jonah I" shrieted Johnnie.



STREET BEGOAR, CHINA.

CHINESE POVERTY.

This half-naked street beggar is an illustration of the extreme poverty common in China.

A Chinese proverb says, " Even a child may not eat ten idle years of food." The mother must work to keep the wolf from the door but why may we not have the little, useless children to train? "Because," the mother replies sadly, "I cannot afford to have the children The boy, though small, can rake fuel for the fire and manure for the field. My wee girl can already spin, mind the baby, and wait upon me." If little hands drop their small work, older ones must take it up; and so sharp and crue. is the haste with which in this poor family consumption treads upon the heels of production, that little jaws must cense to grind, and stomachs to crave, if little hands cease to labour. "Well, cease to grind, and stomachs to crave, if little hands cease to labour. "Well, we will feed your children while they study." "That is very kind of you," she says, "but they have no decent clothes. Every one will make fun of them if they go in such tatters to school."

Some of the poorest of our Christian widows hire themselves out to work for rich families by the season. They dare not miss one day from the harvest, or from the cotton field, for their covered meeting and lesson, lest their places be filled by others, and they lose the chance of gleaning at the end of the season. We know of doors where the only wenpon to keep the wolf at lay is the little shining needle of the mother. She must have her stint done to-night. You speak to her, she answers you without

looking up, for, as the saying runs
You raise your head, you lose one stitch, you lower your head you lose another. How fast her needle flies, though night has come, the children are all curled up fast asleep, and it is so piercingly cold her hands are numb. It seems a marvel each time she sees to thread her needle. Her lamp! let us rather say her corner of Egyptian darkness! Her eyes are fast giving way under the continual night work and the daily smoke. Some melancholy day will see her quite blind. Then poverty will hold the family in a still sterner vice Pray, where is her edu at on to come in "
The possible deeths of Chinese poverty

may be shown by two examples one of a family where the wedding of their son found them too poor to buy a fifteencent mat for the k'ang of the bride. They borrowed one. The new wife, who had a comfortable ted quilt as a part of her dowry, felt guilty to be warm vhile her new mother in law shivered under a inttered excuse for a comforter. After the rest were aslee, the bride would steal out to the other soom, put her nice warm covering over her new mother, and go back to her own comfortless bed to shiver. In another village, a dispute as to who should bear the expense of less than two certs' worth of oil an evening, has been known to break up a religious meeting. "But the people are not all as poor as that," says your new missionary, whom no doubts appal and no facts suppress. Unwittingly she thus brings you to the third obstacle

The multiplication of manual labour. Rightly to understand Chinese life we must turn our backs on the great facts of political economy, and move the hands of the world's great clock back to the times of our great-grandmothers. We long to give our Chinese sister a Christian train-ing. Christian training is instruction, or build-ing up. It is first, as a preparation, intellectual. Even a divine Christ must be intellectually apprehended to be revered. We must wake up our sister's mind, but that is a work of time, and her time, alas! has already so many calls upon it. "Why, how is that?" says the new missionary. With new missionary. With such a small house, no elaborate cooking, no fussy dressmaking and millinery, no pillow-shams and no church fairs, one would think she might have oceans of time." We will invite her to come and study with us a month.
Intense longing and re-

gret flit across her face. Her "Outside," as she quaintly calls her husband, "needs a new blouse." "Well, bring the shears and we will help you. upon such a miserable little obstacle as that, to blockade the way to the king-dom of heaven! Here is the sewingmachine all threaded; bring us the cloth."

Nay softly, O sanguine Occidental! The cloth is out there in Nature's lap, tucked away in the cotton-pods. woman brings it in, four catties of cotton, a great lapful of hard white wads. Her skilful fingers and feet are soon flying at the cotton gin. After four hours of hard work the seeds are disposed of, and the gin goes back to its corner. Next comes the musical clang of her bow. A whole day of patient, steady labour is needed to reduce those little hard wads

to a snowy, fleecy mountain of picked-up to a snowy, neecy mountain of picked-up cotton. Next comes the cheerful hum of her little spinning-wheel. She is never idle, seek her when you may. But five days slip by before the thread is all spun. We watch and sigh. Next, out comes the clumsy oid loom. How monotonous the click-clack of its cradle! How slowly the shuttle goes, though our friend is reputed a good weaver! Five days more have glided away into the eternal past, when a piece of cloth, twenty-five feet long, poor, coarse and narrow, drops from that antiquated Eleven days and a half out of her month gone, and we have only just got to the shears! Another day sees the garment done.

The new missionary cannot new for all the Chinese women, furnishing time and foreign thread; but she means to see this one experiment through. The woman is a bright one; her mind is being wasted We will polish it, quicken it, set it fer-menting with new ideas; in short, make yeast out of her, with which to leaven a great mass. Then no one will be-grudge the day's work and the foreign

"Come and begin to-morrow," she says, as the woman sews on the last button.

"Thank you so much, I should be so glad." says the woman. "but I cannot possibly. My mother-in-law needs a new quilt, my boy has no stockings. my two little girls have no wadded drawers. and my father-in-law needs a new pair of shoes."

"How long does it take you to make him a pair?'

"Five days."

"And you make the shoes for the whole family?"

"Of course," replies the woman, wondering if the queer new teacher supposes that shoes grow."

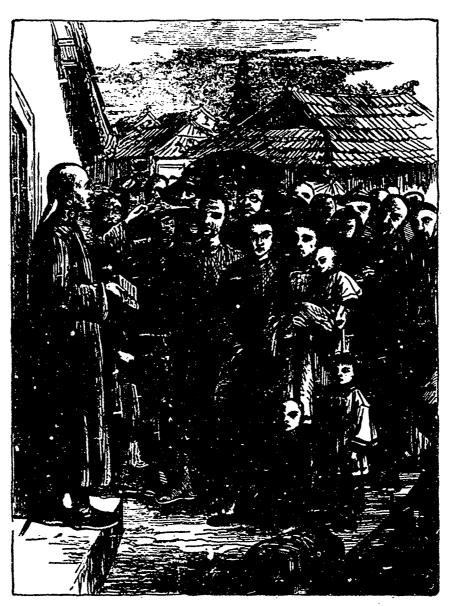
"How many pairs will keep all seven of you sh'd for a year?"
"About thirty."

"And how many wadded garments do they need?"

"Good years we have each of us two, that is fourteen in all; and it takes me a month of steady work, with four or five days more, for the bedding, and half a

month for the summer clothes."
"Over two hundred days of clear, solid sewing!" ejaculates the new missolnd sowing. Equations the new initial solutions, "even if you never had an interruption! And the cloth for all these jackets and drawers, comforters, stockings and shoes, does it all lie out there, eleven days away from the shears?'

"Why, yes; where else could it be?"



CHERTIAN CHINANAN PRRACRING.

The wind is all out of that mission-The wind is all out of that mission-ary's sails. They only flap dejectedly "Time?" she thinks, "Time? Why one person ought to be appointed to eat for a Chinese woman, and one to sleep for her, while a third does her breath-ing! What a mistake to have an 'Out-side' at all. One should be all kerne' and no shell. Or, for the freedom of those happy lands, where one might at least find an old maid to educate!" least find an old maid to educate!

CHRISTIAN CHINAMAN 'PREACHING.

The great work of evangelizing China must be carried on largely by the Chinese themselves. All the churches in Christendom can scarcely hope to do mole than furnish sufficient missionaries to plant the germs of the Gospel in different parts of that vast empire, in the hope that God will raise up native mis-sionaries to carry on the good work, and this hope has not been disappointed. There have been several native missionaries who have proved very eloquont and successful in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to their countrymen. The picture annexed shows one of these standing in a doorway, and proclaiming to a group in the street the unscarchable riches of Christ. They seem to be very intelligent and docile hearers, and doubtless the seed thus sown in many places is followed with very blessed re-

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