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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 20, 1893.

[No. 30]

## The Queen's Birthday.

The following song has been written and set to music by Mr. F. H. Torrington, Toronto:

Old England calls upon her sons  
To honour England's Queen;  
Her sons respond, and daughters too,  
To keep her mem'ry green.  
With loyal hearts and ready hands  
The Empire's children stand  
Prepared to do, prepared to die  
For Queen and native land.

For fifty years our country's flag  
Hath borne o'er earth and main  
The name of Empress, Queen beloved,  
With neither spot nor stain.  
Long may it bear Victoria's name,  
Long o'er us may she reign,  
And for our Empire, broad and grand,  
May she new honour gain.

Upon our Queen—our country—flag  
God's blessing ever rest,  
With peace and plenty everywhere  
Her people's homes be blest.  
God save the Queen, her people pray  
From hearts sincere and free,  
God save our loved Victoria  
And crown her Jubilee.

### CHORUS.

Victoria! our Queen beloved,  
With loyal heart and hand,  
Thy Colonies and Fatherland  
United by thee stand.

## THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

As is our custom we give special prominence in the Queen's birthday issues of PLEASANT HOURS, *Onward* and the *Methodist Magazine* to the auspicious celebration of Her Gracious Majesty's seventy-fourth birthday. In all these numbers will be found numerous articles on special patriotic interest. The picture on this page shows her Majesty's favourite drive in the beautiful Isle of Wight, in which is situated Osborne Castle, shown in one of our smaller cuts. The Princess Beatrice walks by the Queen's side, and her faithful Highland servant mounts guard over the little pony only half as tall as himself. A couple of maids and two footmen bring up the



QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

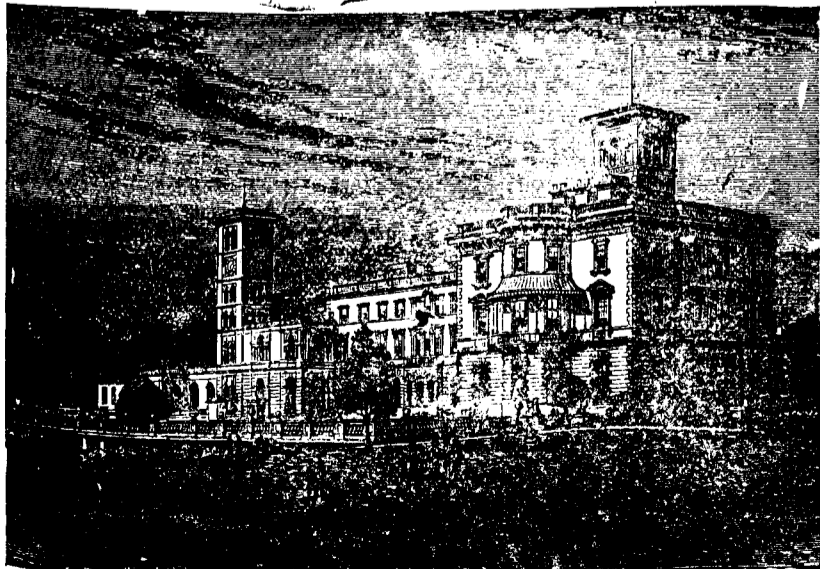
rear. The Queen's favourite palace, however, is at Balmoral, shown in one of our smaller pictures, a fine old castled palace in the Highlands, where the Queen is a perfect lady—bountiful, beloved and revered by the tenantry in the whole country side.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

If Queen Victoria were compelled to wear the beautiful crown, of which she is so worthy, all the time, she would be a woman greatly to be pitied and never to be envied, for that magnificent affair weighs nearly two pounds. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," is a proverb easily understood when one realizes this; and yet when one considers what the crown of the Queen contains, it ought not to be difficult to realize that it is heavy. It holds more than 3,000 precious stones, more than 2,700 of which are diamonds. The golden head-band holds two rows of pearls, the lower having 129 and the upper 112 of these treasured stones. Between these bands in front is a large sapphire, and behind is a small sapphire—small only when compared with the one in front, however—with six still smaller ones and eight emeralds. Between the sapphires fore and aft are ornaments containing 286 diamonds. Surmounting the band are eight sapphires, above which are eight diamonds, and eight festoons which hold 160 diamonds, and in the front, set in a Maltese cross composed of seventy-five large diamonds, is the magnificent ruby given to the Black Prince in 1367 by Pedro, king of Castile, and which was worn by that dashing monarch Henry V. on his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

In addition to these, three crosses containing 386 diamonds are set around the upper part of the crown, between which are four ornaments, each holding a ruby in its centre, and containing respectively eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six and eighty-seven diamonds. From the crosses rise four arches composed of oak leaves and acorns, the oak leaves containing 728 diamonds, and the acorns—thirty-two in number—made each of a single pearl set in cups composed of diamonds. Surmounting the arches is the base of the cross which surmounts the whole. The base, or mound, as it is called, contains 548 diamonds, and the cross—the crowning glory of all this magnificence—contains a huge sapphire and 112 diamonds.

Of course, anything so grand as this is worth a great deal of money and the value



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



BALMORAL CASTLE

placed upon it by experts is \$1,500,000—although it may be doubted if any one could buy it for twice that amount. It is kept in a great iron cage, along with the other crown jewels, in the Tower of London, which is at all times strongly guarded, as well it may be, for with the rest of the precious stones and crowns and other valuables comprising the regalia, the contents of the cage are estimated as being worth £3,000,000 or \$15,000,000.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE

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

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Onward.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. CHAMBERLAIN, S. F. HICKS, 3 Bloor Street, Montreal, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 20, 1893.

WHAT IS SAID OF "ONWARD."

"We have been taking Onward nearly ever since it started and want to say we have been delighted with it. We have only a small school yet, we take twenty numbers. The scholars vote for Onward every time; for myself I don't think I can say enough in its favour.

"In the first place it is loyal to our country, which I think is the right thing to teach our young people. And the historical sketches are grand. Onward is also sound on the temperance question, and what I especially like, pays considerable attention to mission work."

THE QUEEN'S TENDERNESS.

There is so much of forgetfulness of the rights of inferiors and servants, on the part of the "privileged classes" generally, that we always feel pleased and refreshed to read the stories which are told of Victoria's good heart and kind consideration.

When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. The governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor, her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed a more sacred duty than to her sovereign.

The queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said in a tone of most gentle sympathy: "Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so, in any event, let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils." The governess went and had several weeks' sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. Then when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the

old kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of the royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the queen—who came every day to her school-room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all the great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life, that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies.

Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in their pleasant crimson parlour, looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school-room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, "O, mother, mother!"

One after another, the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly the governess was feeling; and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming, "Oh, poor girl, it is the anniversary of her mother's death," she hurried to the school-room, where she found Miss—struggling to regain composure. "My poor child," she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad, sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a lock of her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death. What wonder that the orphan kissed with tears this gift, and the more than royal hand that bestowed it?

MRS. RICKS AND THE QUEEN.

"Aunt Martha" Ricks, an old coloured woman from Liberia, called on Queen Victoria one day last summer in her royal palace at Windsor. That gracious lady treated "Aunt Martha" as if she had been a duchess. Mrs. Ricks has told an English reporter the story of her visit:

"It is just a week," said Aunt Martha, "only just one week since I arrived. And I have seen her and her house and her country. I cannot quite believe yet that it is all true. But it is true, and now I do not care how soon the Lord shall call me home. I am ready any day.

"We went down on the train on Saturday afternoon. The Liberian minister, Dr. Blyden, and some other friends went with us. At Windsor two carriages met us at the station and at four o'clock Queen Victoria came and saw me. It was in a golden room; everything was so beautiful, and there were pictures of all the kings and queens, and I did not know where to look to see it all. I never heard Queen Victoria come in, but all at once they told me she was there, and they were all coming towards us. I cannot tell you what Queen Victoria said to me, she speaks so softly; but she smiled, and her voice was sweet, and she shook hands with me, only with me. They had told me she never shook hands with people; no queens did; she never shakes hands with Dr. Blyden, though he is the Liberian minister; but Queen Victoria really shook hands with me."

"Who was with the Queen, Mrs. Ricks? Did I hear Mrs. Roberts say that the Prince of Wales was with her."

"Who—the young man? Yes, he was there. I don't know which of the three gentlemen he was, but they all looked very pleased, and smiled. But I saw the whole royal family; seven, I think there were—the Queen Victoria and the whole royal family; every one of them.

"And Queen Victoria looked just as I had always thought she would look, only a little older. She stoops and I don't stoop, though I am older than she. I am seventy-six. But she has had troubles, great troubles; as wonder her shoulders are

best. She did not stay long in the golden room; when I could think again they had all gone, and I forgot what she said; but I shall never forget how she smiled, and how she shook hands with me. After that we were taken all over Queen Victoria's house. O, the beautiful, beautiful things of which it was full! And we had dinner in a lovely room, and we saw her chapel and the place where she sits when she goes to meeting. The chapel will last forever; it looks as if it were built to last always, always. We went right to the top of Queen Victoria's house; she allowed me to see everything; and then we were driven back to the station."

"And you brought the queen a beautiful present, did you not, Mrs. Ricks?"

"At home when a poor man comes to visit us on our farm, he never comes without some little present. How could I come to Queen Victoria and bring her no present? I made it all myself, every stitch of it. It was a quilt nine feet square, of white satin. And on it I had embroidered a coffee tree, in green satin, with branches and leaves, and with the berries, some red and some green, and there was a man gathering the coffee, and a border of passion flowers. Yes, I cut the tree out and made everything myself, to take as a present to Queen Victoria. I took it to Windsor last Saturday, and one of the royal family, a gentleman, said he would deliver it. Was it much work? Not too much; and I was happy making it."

"And had you really all these years meant to come to England for the purpose of seeing our queen?"

"Yes, all these years. I had heard it often, from the time when I was a child, how good the queen and the English kings, her relations, had been to my people, to slaves and blacks; how they wanted us to be free, as white people are; and how they worked for us and tried to free us. I was born a slave in America, but my father bought himself and my mother and his children off, and we went all back to Africa when I was a child; therefore I have never felt the hardships of slavery. But I have known others who have, and I know what it means. My husband, who has now been dead six or seven years, often laughed and said, 'Well, when are you off to England to see the Queen Victoria?' and others said the same, and laughed at me. I could not afford it then; but I was saving all the time, and at last I had enough. They would not believe it, that I really was going, all alone, and said, 'Aunt Martha, surely you are not going to England?' But I did mean to go, and started off alone. It happened that some friends were going, but I did not know that when I went. We came straight to England; but my friends got off in another town—France, I think, they call it—and I came on to England alone by the steamer. I meant to stay till October, but it will be too cold. It is not very cold now, as long as the wind does not blow. But when the wind blows it is as if I were being shot with a ball. So I must go home sooner. And why should I not go? What I have looked forward to almost all my life has now come true; now I am ready. I shall work on my farm as long as I can, and when my call comes to go, then there is nothing to keep me. The sooner it comes the better. All my friends are gone; I have only two stepsons, and those help me on the farm. And I have seen the Queen Victoria."

Was not that a gracious act for the Queen of England to do for that poor old colored woman?

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

I WANT to give you two or three rules. One is—

Always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is— Speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

A third is— Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent. A fourth is—and O, children, remember it all your lives—

Think three times before you speak once! Have you something to do that you find

hard and would prefer not to? Then listen to a wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then with a clear conscience, try the rest.

The Song of the Camp.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camp allied Grew weary of the bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff, Lay grim and threatening under; And the tawny mould of the Malakoff No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A Guardsman said, "We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may—another day Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon; Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame, Forgot was Britain's glory: Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong— Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak, But as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers, While the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell Rained on the Russian quarters, With scream of shot and burst of shell, And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim For a singer dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest Your truth and valour wearing; The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the daring.

A Modern Prodigal

BY Mrs. Julia McNair Wright

Author of "The Captain's Bargain," "Dagmar's Son," "The Story of Rosamund," "A Made Man," etc.

CHAPTER II.

FRIEND AMOS LOWELL.

ACHILLES, fleet of foot, passed through more than one mental change in that short run from the barn to the house. The cubus which had weighed on his life was gone. He drew the deep breath of freedom; hope and ambition took possession of him. On him now rested the care of the family; how much he would do for them! Wrath and satisfied vengeance against his father gave way to tender devotion to his mother. And now his mother in an agony of weeping! Not that Achilles had never seen her weeping before; tears rather than smiles had been Stanhope's portion since her children knew her.

Achilles could not realize how hard it was for middle age and long disappointment to react toward hope. He knew nothing of that wealth of woman's love, faithful to death. He had vaguely expected to find his mother, like himself, rebounding from fear, and already arising to remove from household. The six weeks since his arrest had been weeks of penury, of storm, of scanty comfort, but they had been weeks of domestic peace. Achilles had spent them largely in planning what

would do if his father received a long sentence. He had said little, but he met this hour forewarned and forearmed.

He went up to his mother, and stroking her hair with his rough, grimy hand, he said: "We're all right now, mother. Don't you cry. I'll take care of you! We'll have ten years all to ourselves, now, and that's an awful long time. When it's done, I'll be a big man, and little Patty will be as old as I am now, and Tish will be as old as you were when you were married, and Samuel will be most grown up; and father can't touch one of us if he comes back, and he shan't touch you. Don't cry, mother, don't ever cry any more. You can laugh all the time now, if you only will. Oh, I'm going to do so much for you! I'll make a garden and a fence, and build a new porch, and plant trees and flowers and bushes; and I'll build the barn over, and we'll have pigs and chickens and a cow, and a horse and waggon. I'll fix up the house as nice as Mrs. Lyman's, and you shall have a new dress and bonnet. You just wait and see what I can do. I've got it all planned."

"If you can do so much," said the astute Samuel, "why didn't you do it before?" "What was the good? He'd have spoiled it all. Didn't I make a garden, and he sold all the things out of it? Didn't I earn chickens and a pig and a steer, and he took them all away? What's the good gettin' things to be smashed? Now I've got some chance to do things."

But Letitia had placed herself on the other side of her mother, and clasping her arms about her, proffered consolation in a different fashion.

"You've got us, mother, we love you. We'll help you. Here's little Patty crying because you are crying. Ten years isn't so very long. Yesterday Mrs. Lyman said she'd been married ten years, and it seemed only a few days. And you know he was always good when he was sober, and now he'll be sober all the time. I know he will think of us all, and be sorry; perhaps he'll come back good!"

"He don't get in here unless he is good, sure enough," said Achilles. "I'll be a man, and can keep him out. I shall have a nice home here, and nice things for mother, and you just better believe I won't let him come in and spoil it all."

"Achilles," moaned his mother from behind her apron, "he is your father."

"He never did us any good, if he is our father," said Achilles. "He made us all hate whiskey, seeing how bad it made him. Teacher says it's a good thing to learn to hate whiskey."

"Poor mother," said Letitia, still petting her parent. "You have had such a hard time! Don't you wish you had stayed with Uncle Barum, and never got married?"

Oh, days of peace and plenty with Uncle Barum! How tranquilly the years of her life might have flowed on, in the pretty farm-house on the other side of the mountain. But then, love of her children tugged at her heart-strings. She dropped her apron and clasped her arms about the clinging four. "If I had stayed there with Uncle Barum, I would not have had you," she said.

"We'll make you glad you've got us," said Achilles firmly. "We'll be better to you than ten Uncle Barums, or fathers, either. You'll see good things now, mother, if you'll just quit crying and chirk up, and we'll all lend a hand together. With us all to build up, and nobody to tear down, we can get on."

Letitia picked up Patty and placed her on her mother's lap. Mrs. Stanhope looked into the strong, homely face of her big, rough boy, and to her it seemed noble and beautiful, so did it shine with honest, faithful love. The very intensity of this lad's seemingly unfilial vengeance toward his father was but the product of his sympathy and affection for his unfortunate mother.

Achilles, in all the ardour of new hopes, longed at once to be up and doing. The cold, lingering March had passed away. These warm, bright April days had marshalled the hosts of the spring-time. During

the weeks since his father had been arrested, Achilles had felt that he could not make efforts which perhaps would be frustrated, and only yield supplies toward fostering the family curse, if his father returned. Now he longed to carry out with a rush all that he had planned. Why was the sun so near the horizon, why must night come when no man can work? Still, stroking his mother's head, and standing near her, because he vaguely felt that his presence consoled her, Achilles looked out of the open door, and saw another horseman coming slowly up the mountain road.

A drab coat with a wide collar, immaculate shirt-front, iron-gray hair falling under a very wide-brimmed hat; Achilles knew him, and the large, deliberate beast which carried him. Bay Betty and Friend Amos Lowell—they were seldom seen apart on the high-roads.

Bay Betty might be freely pardoned for her deliberate pace, as she was burdened, not only with her grave and portly rider, but with a curious amount of luggage. On each arm Friend Amos Lowell carried a large splint basket; behind him, well wrapped in brown paper, was a huge bundle; rising as high as his mare's ears. As Achilles watched him with a boy's ready curiosity about all that is passing, Friend Amos rode close to the rickety stile, and began to unload himself and his mare. Achilles at once darted out to help; he concluded that Friend Amos, the chief merchant in the village, was taking home goods, and that something had gone wrong with Bay Betty. Achilles knew that Friend Amos cherished a myth that Bay Betty was a very spirited beast, and needed the most judicious guidance and control to prevent her from caracoling like a Paladin's war steed.

"Don't get off, Mr. Lowell," cried Achilles. "I'll help you. Is the bride wrong? or has she cast a shoe?"

"All is right with the beast," said Friend Amos, "but I am coming into the house. My name is Amos Lowell, and thee need give me no vain title of 'Mister,' which does not become me. I wish to see thy mother." He had now laid the two baskets and one bundle on the stile, and was looking for a footing for himself. Achilles promptly put the baskets on the ground, and exhorted his guest not to be afraid of the stile, it was stronger than it looked, and would bear. He then followed the visitor to the house, cherishing serious and secret suspicions that he had come to ask payment of some debt contracted by his father.

"But he can't get what we haven't got," said Achilles, "and we haven't a cent but the dollar I've buried under the water trough."

His shrewd sense told him to treat the possible creditor with courtesy, and seizing the only really firm chair in the room, he placed it for him, saying, "Mother! here's a gentleman." Friend Amos Lowell shook hands with Mercy, and patted Patience on the head before he sat down.

"Mercy Stanhope," he said, in his round, measured tones, "to-day is for thee a day of tribulation and reproach. But thee knows, Mercy, that there is One who can make the valley of Baca a well, and Achior a door of hope, and thee mayst sing there as in the days of thy youth. Thee knows that sorrow does not spring out of the dust; nor affliction rise out of the dust; but the blessed Lord is able to make the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder he will restrain. These afflictions seem grievous to be borne, but afterward they may yield thee the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Thee knows, Mercy, that chastisement is sometimes greatest kindness, and herein God deals with us as with children and sons."

"It seems to me, Mercy, that the goodness of God, which endures continually, is already to be seen in Thomas Stanhope. This afternoon, when he received sentence, he rose up and spoke words that went to the hearts of all that heard him. He did not complain of his sentence. He said it was just, and that he had rather spend the remainder of his days in prison, where his mind could be kept clear from the poison of strong drink, than to go free and conduct himself like a demon, as in the past. So, Mercy, it seems to me and thee that God is already bringing Thomas Stanhope to his better self. But it was when Thomas spoke of thee and the children that our

hearts were stirred. He begged all that heard him not to neglect and despise thee and the little ones, for his sake. He said he had been most bad and cruel, and that thee and the children were innocent and deserving. He asked all to lend thee and the little family a helping hand. Now thee is free of him he hoped thee would enter into a time of peace, and find that comfort his evil course has denied thee.

"Thee knows, Mercy, that in Ladbury people know Thomas Stanhope and his godly forebears, and there are those that have grieved to see Thomas wander out of the way. But, Mercy, prayers are not made in vain, and there are prayers for Thomas Stanhope lying yet answered before the throne of God. The Lord will answer thee, Mercy, that all here have known thee from a child; thee has their pity in thy troubles, and the hand of help will be held out to thee. Even if Thomas Stanhope had not pleaded for thee and the children with tears, our hearts would not have been hard to thee and thine. Thee has four brave children here, Mercy; the good Lord grant that they may be as olive plants about thy table. With industry and economy thee may build again thy ruined house."

"We are going to build it," spoke out Samuel, taking the remark in its most literal sense, "Kill's going to build it, and I am going to help him."

Friend Amos Lowell looked at Achilles, who had returned to his mother's side. The boy's eyes flashed.

"Now that work will do any good," he said, "I'm going to work like a tiger cat. I have worked, but he always sold and smashed everything. Now there's some sense trying, I'm going to begin to-morrow morning. I'll mend the fence, and make a garden, and clean up the yard, and plant things."

"Thee is right," said Friend Amos. "Doe the next thinge' is a brave proverb of our forebears. Begin with what lies next at hand, and by patient continuance in well-doing thee shall reap if thee faint not. Mercy Stanhope, thy mother and the parents of Thomas Stanhope were godly people, though not of the Quaker persuasion; but the Father in heaven knows his children by many names. Thee is about to reconstitute thy household. Thee must do it in the fear of the Lord, and lay the corner-stone on prayer. Has thee a copy of God's Word?"

"Yes," said Mercy, "it has been hidden for four years under the eaves in the room above, so that it should not be taken away."

"Thee will bring it down, Mercy, and read a portion to thy children, and kneel with them and ask the presence and blessing of the Lord God. Do so, Mercy, this night."

Mercy and her children were awed by this presentation of their duty and position. In some way these words seemed to give their hope a substantial background; old things seemed melting and fading away; terror, riot, cursing, were all passing out of their lives, and they were exhorted to zeal, labour, peace, prayer. Here was a new life indeed.

"I did not come to thee empty-handed, Mercy," said Friend Amos. "Out of the goodly competence the Lord has committed to me, in trust for him, I have brought thee a portion for thy need to-day. Let the children go and bring in the two baskets and the bundles."

At the word away sped Achilles, Letitia, and Samuel to the stile and back again, loaded heavily, their faces all flushed with excitement and expectation.

"The little one in thy arms, Mercy," said Friend Amos, "is pale and sad of face. I see she has need of nourishing food, of warm garments, of toys, and of good cheer. It is not well to take a child from its mother, but if thee will lend her to me for a season, until thee has had time to make this sad and empty house a better shelter for so frail a little flower, my wife Sara and I will cherish her tenderly. We will return her to thee in a few weeks, able to laugh as a child should. Let me carry her to Sara to-night, Mercy, for her good. Thee and the others can then begin to work out the salvation of thy home, and whenever thee demands back thy babe, she shall come well plenshed in clothes and playthings. Will thee come to me, my babe!

The Lord denied me children, but I have a warm heart toward all little ones."

Patience resigned herself with a restful sigh to Friend Amos Lowell's strong arms.

"The babe has answered for herself," he said, taking a drab silk handkerchief of soft and large dimensions from his pocket, and knotting it about her head and neck. "I have brought thee, Mercy, a few gifts; thee has repaid me double already, in lending me the little child. Thee shall shortly come in and see her, and thee will find she thrives."

So before she was aware Mercy found herself alone in the room with the baskets and bundles, while the three elder children attended to the stile Friend Amos, who carried little Patience in his arms.

"Go, comfort the mother," said Friend Amos, waving his hand to Letitia and Samuel, while Achilles stood on the stile holding Patience, that the deliberate old Quaker might commodiously seat himself on Bay Betty.

"I have a word for thee, my lad," said Friend Amos, "what is the name?"

"Achilles."

"'Tis a heathenish name," said the Quaker with disapprobation, "but thee need not match it with heathen conduct. I see in thee a noble and manly spirit toward thy mother. Let me tell thee, to-morrow morning at five o'clock the train leaves on which thy father goes to his long sentence in the penitentiary. His heart is sore, and full of bitter regrets for all the evil he has done to his family. I want thee, boy, to be at my house at half-past four, and I will go with thee to see thy father off, and to say a word of good cheer to him."

"I don't want to see him?" cried Achilles, "I don't want to bid him good-bye, or say a word of cheer. He don't deserve it. I wish he had got twenty years, so he'd never come back to abuse mother. When he does come, though, I'll be grown up, and able to fight for them, and I'll do it, too. He shan't have it all his own way any more! Ten years is better than nothing."

"I grieve to see in thee an unforgiving, unfilial spirit," said Amos.

"You haven't lived here," retorted Achilles.

"It is true," said the gentle Friend, "and I am the less fitted to judge of thy provocation. But the good Lord is merciful to the merciful. Thy burden is great, so is thy mother's, but Thomas Stanhope has also a heavy load on his heart. The tears were in his eyes as he spoke of his ruined home. I want thee to come as I have said. The day will be when thee will be glad thee heeded the counsels of age and experience. In the house thee will find clothes. Thee will not forget that cleanliness is a part of godliness, and that soap and water may be counted as a lesser means of grace. I shall be on the look-out for thee at half-past four."

This quiet insistence conquered Achilles. The boy felt that he was as sure to keep that tryst as the sun was to rise. He hugged little Patience and handed her over to Friend Amos, and his steps were hastened to the house by the joyful shouts of Samuel and Letitia.

The floor and table were covered with the treasures unpacked from baskets and bundles. Bread, cheese, sugar, tea, rice, bacon, a ham, potatoes, eggs, calico, white cotton, a box filled with thread, needles, buttons, scissors. These were some of the treasures. There was a roll of gingham, several yards of crash towelling, caps, shirt waists, a suit for Samuel, a suit that would fit Achilles, two bed-quilts. Fortune seemed to have emptied her cornucopia.

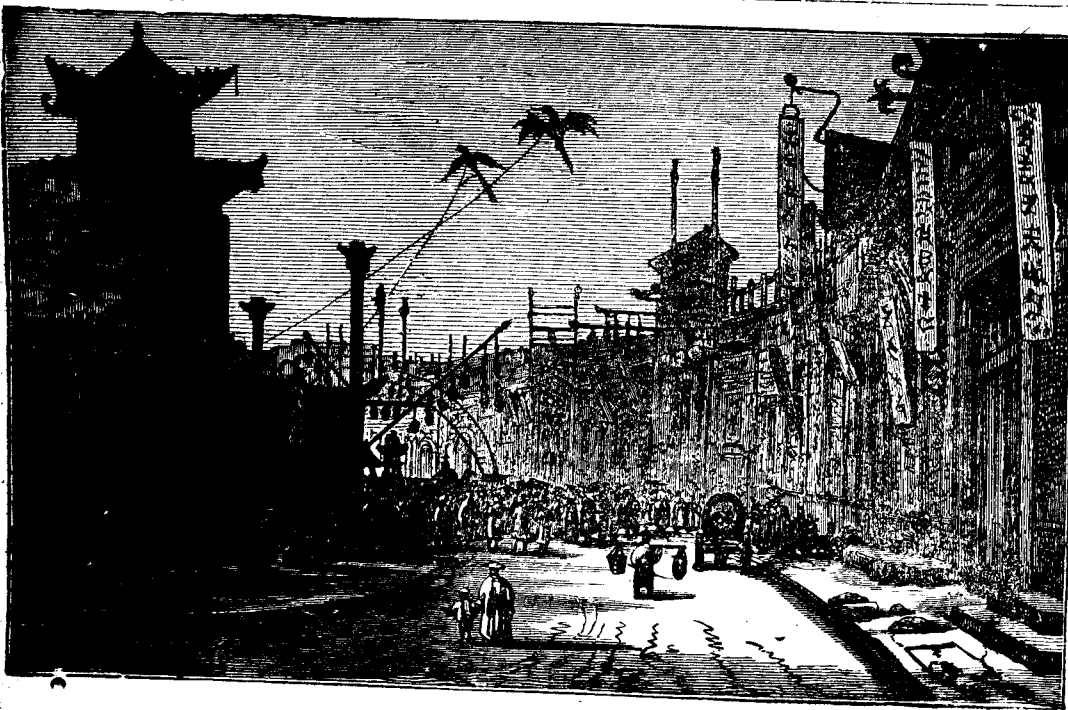
There was such a bountiful and savory supper as had not been known in that house for years.

Letitia wished at once to begin cutting and sewing, but her mother persuaded her to wait and begin the next day with a general house-cleaning, and thus have a nice place in which to sew. The sight of so many comforts had revived Mercy's housewifely instincts.

Mindful of Friend Amos Lowell's injunction, Mercy brought down her long-hidden Bible; then lighting a lamp, the children pressed about her as she indefinitely searched for a portion to read. Heaven guided her choice: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."

(To be continued.)

\* The unfilial language of the children in this book is very shocking, but it shows more clearly the effects of the liquor traffic. The children come out all right, however, under happier influences, as will be seen by reading further on in the story.



STREET IN PEKING.

## STREET IN PEKING—KITE FLYING.

PEKING, in China, is one of the largest cities in the world, and no matter at what time you go there the streets are always crowded. The cut gives a view of one of the business streets, as shown by the curious signs hanging from the fronts of the shops. These are bright-coloured, mostly scarlet, and are inscribed with mysterious Chinese characters.

Kite-flying is a favourite pastime, and practised as a game by grown-up people. The man who can keep his kite up the longest of course has the game, and occasionally mean tricks are resorted to to bring down a rival's kite, such as sawing his string in two by drawing across it his own string, which has been prepared for the purpose by glueing all over it fragments of broken glass.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON IX. [May 23.]

## THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.

Prov. 31. 10-31.] [Memory verses, 26-29.]

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Prov. 31. 30.

## OUTLINE.

1. Her virtue, v. 10-12.
2. Her industry, v. 13-27.
3. Her piety, v. 28-31.

TIME OF WRITING.—Possibly about B. C. 1015.

## CONNECTING LINKS.

This last chapter of Proverbs seems to have been originally a separate essay or poem, written by the mother of King Lemuel—though who he was is not known—and afterwards appended to the book of Solomon's proverbs.

## EXPLANATIONS.

"Virtuous," in these verses, has its earlier sense of efficient, powerful. It means one who is competent for all a true woman's work. "Rubies," as we have already seen, were the highest valued of oriental precious stones. "Her candle"—Better "lamp." Perhaps referring to her watchful preparation in case of sudden alarm for marauders. "The spindle" was for twisting the thread in spinning. "The distaff" held the wool or flax to be spun. "Scarlet"—The word here should probably not be the name of any colour, but refer either to lined clothing, or else to some well-known article of dress, at once conspicuous for colour and warmth. "Tapestry" Carpeting and embroidery. "Silk"—Fine linen.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- What practical lessons are here taught—
1. For every sister, wife, or mother?
  2. For every brother, husband, or son?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whose character is here described? "The virtuous, or excellent woman." 2. What sort of a woman is she? "Self-reliant, industrious, generous, gentle." 3. What is the foundation of her character? "She feareth the Lord." 4. What is the result of such a character? "Her own works praise her, and everyone loves her." 5. What does the Golden Text teach? "Favour is deceitful," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The foundation of character.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

What do the Scriptures teach you concerning God?

That God is an eternal Spirit, infinite and unchangeable in his nature and attributes, who alone exists of himself.

## IMPERIAL TACT.

SOMEHOW great things are naturally expected from "high-born" people. Unfortunately the expectation is not often realized; but we are told that there is no lady in England who is superior to Queen Victoria in the gracious qualities which go to make the real gentlewoman. The following story, it is said, is strictly true:

Many of our readers have listened to the addresses of Lady Henry Somerset, who has endeared herself to hundreds of thousands of women in America by the charming personality which she has lent to the help of the temperance movement. When she was a child four or five years of age, she received with other little peers an invitation from the Queen.

Lady Isabel—she was then Lady Isabel Somers—came to the palace dressed in white, with a wreath of daisies on her head. Like most children she was full of fun and frolic, and while the other little ones were waiting primly for the Queen to appear, she ran and seated herself in the great chair of state reserved for Victoria.

Soon Her Majesty entered. She exhibited no annoyance at the baby's breach of etiquette, but came up and patted her on the cheek, and, smiling, said:

"Ah, my little Isabel!"

The child drew herself up. "Lady Isabel, if you please," said the tiny and audacious peeress.

Years passed away. At eighteen Lady Isabel was formally presented at court. The native simplicity and independence which to-day move her to dare unpopularity for the sake of an unpopular cause led her to appear in the gorgeous pageant that paid honour to the Queen in a simple gown of white.

Upon her head she wore a wreath of daisies, and daisies at her throat and waist. As she made her courtesy, the Queen touched her upon the cheek, and said:

"Ah, Lady Isabel! Daisies again!"

It was a simple, kindly act, courteously done, and showed the imperial tact of one who had carefully trained herself to remember other people's affairs.

Victoria is said to be the busiest woman in the world. It was, therefore, all the more noteworthy that she should remember whether little Isabel wore daisies or roses, or in fact that she should remember anything at all about her. That one gentle expression of tact and remembrance made Lady Isabel the Queen's friend forever.

What is tact but skill in discerning what will be agreeable and helpful to somebody else: It includes kindness, and then it is one of the elements of the highest breeding, and an ornament to any character.

Christianity includes many pagan virtues, but tact is the flower of them all. A good deed done without a proper method may do great harm. Great causes suffer more from tactless enthusiasts than from virulent enemies.

The pretty story of the little peeress and the great Queen has value for those of us who are trying to develop ourselves according to the Christian ideal.

Sincerity is the soul of spiritual tact. This, with kindness, will enable a person to move the little world around him to beautiful and gracious ends. Consider what other people care for. Study their histories. Remember their little things. Daisies are the commonest flower of the field. They were not beneath the notice of a observant queen. Don't forget the daisies.

## To a Little Maid.

How should little maidens grow,  
When they're ten or over?  
In the sunshine and the air,  
Wholesome, simple, fresh and fair,  
As the bonnie daisies blow,  
And the happy clover.

How should little lassies speak,  
When they're ten or over?  
As the birds do, and the bees,  
Singing through the flowers and trees,  
Till each mortal fain would seek  
The merry-hearted rover.

How about her eyes and ears,  
At this stage of growing?  
Like the clear, unclouded skies,  
Not too eager nor too wise,  
So that all she sees and hears  
May be worth the knowing.

And the little maiden's heart?  
Ah! for that we're praying,  
That it strong and pure may grow;  
God, who loveth children so,  
Keep her from all guile apart,  
Through life's mazes straying.

—Journal of Education.

## HOW DO YOU USE YOUR TIME?

It is safe to take it for granted that many of our young folks have most of their day-time mapped out for them by older and wiser heads than their own. But to every one of you comes the time, somewhere in the twenty-four hours, when you draw a long breath and say, "Now, my time is my own, I can do as I please." And what do you please to do? One who is deeply interested in young people, in addressing an audience of young men in London, spoke these earnest words about the use of those precious "spare moments."

"I wish you would let me say a plain word to some of you about the use of your leisure hours, for many is the young man who, to do him justice, is thoroughly assiduous in his office or place of business, but as soon as he shuts his books, locks his desk, puts on his hat and turns his steps towards his home or his lodgings, he abandons himself to idleness; and then comes the devil's chance. Almost all the moral havoc that is wrought amongst young men is effected after the office-door is closed. Few men go wrong when they are busy at work. The worst thing you can do of an

evening is to do nothing. You may almost predict what a man's future will be if you know how he spends his hours of leisure. All honour to those who take up some course of reading, some branch of literature, the study of French or German, or some practical form of philanthropy; but there are numbers who never dream of such a thing, and who, when a few years have gone, will wake up to find out how stupid they have been, and to exclaim, 'Behold, I have played the fool!'"

Girls, dear girls, who long to be pretty and winning and attractive, who love to know that you have given pleasure, I have a word for you. Have you looked deeply enough into your own hearts to see how easily the honest, wholesome desire to give pleasure can give place to that unwholesome desire to be praised, which you dislike so much that you are hardly willing to admit, even to yourself, that it has any place in your heart. It is perplexing to know just where the one ends and the other begins. No wonder that your pretty brows are knotted as you try to decide how much pleasure you may rightly take in giving pleasure. Somewhere, I know not where, I have found and saved for you a little bit of wisdom which seems to me to have the true ring:

"Let God set his light upon your brow, if he will, that all who may come into the house 'may see the light,' but do not look into the mirror of human praise to inquire what you appear to be. For every word to which you listen, of human praise, you will feel the thrill of the divine life lessening. Keep to work steadily and trustingly, and lay it daily at the feet of your Lord for his acceptance and blessing. Very little can another know of your sense of responsibility or of your fidelity, but kneeling at the Master's feet you shall say it over and over again: 'He knows! He knows the darkness I went into, and the feebleness of my arm to hold a light.'"



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