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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XVI.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1896.

No. 34.

## Unto Me.

A poor, way-faring man of grief  
Had often passed me on my way,  
Who sighed so humbly for relief,  
That I could never answer nay.  
Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He entered—not a word he spake—  
Just perishing for want of bread.  
I gave him all. He blessed, and brake,  
And ate; but gave me part again.  
Mine was an angel's portion then;  
For, while I ate with eager haste,  
The crust was manna to my taste.  
Then in a moment to my view,  
The stranger started from disguise;  
The tokens in his hands I knew—  
My Saviour stood before my eyes.  
He spoke; and my poor name he named—  
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;  
These deeds shall thy memorial be.  
Fear not; thou didst them unto me."  
—Montgomery.

## THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

### CHAPTER XVII.

"I think there will be an unusual gathering of strangers at the Passover this year," said Rabbi Reuben to Lazarus, as they came out together from the city, one afternoon. "The number may even reach three millions. A travelling man from Rome was in my shop to-day. He says that in the remotest parts of the earth, wherever the Hebrew tongue is found, one may hear the name of the Messiah."

"People pacing the decks of the ships, crossing the deserts, or trading in the shops, talk only of him and his miracles; they have aroused the greatest interest even in Athens and the cities of the Nile. The very air seems full of expectancy. I cannot but think great things are about to come to pass. Surely the time is now ripe for Jesus to proclaim himself king. I cannot understand why he should hide himself away in the wilderness as if he feared for his safety."

Lazarus smiled at the old man, with a confident expression. "Be sure, my friend, it is only because the hour has not yet come. What a sight it will be when he does stand before the tomb of our long dead power, to call back the nation to its old-time life and grandeur. I can well believe that with him all things are possible."

"Would that this next Passover were the time!" responded Reuben. "How I would rejoice to see his enemies laid low in the dust!"

Already, on the borders of Galilee, the expected king had started toward his coronation. Many of the old friends and neighbours from Capernaum had joined their band, to go on to the Paschal feast.

They made slow progress, however, for at every turn in the road they were stopped by outstretched hands and cries

for help. Nearly every step was taken to the sound of some rejoicing cry from some one who had been blessed.

Joel could not crowd all the scenes into his memory; but some stood with clear-cut distinctness. There were the ten lepers who met him at the very outset; and there was blind Bartimeus begging by the wayside. He could never forget the expression of that man's face,

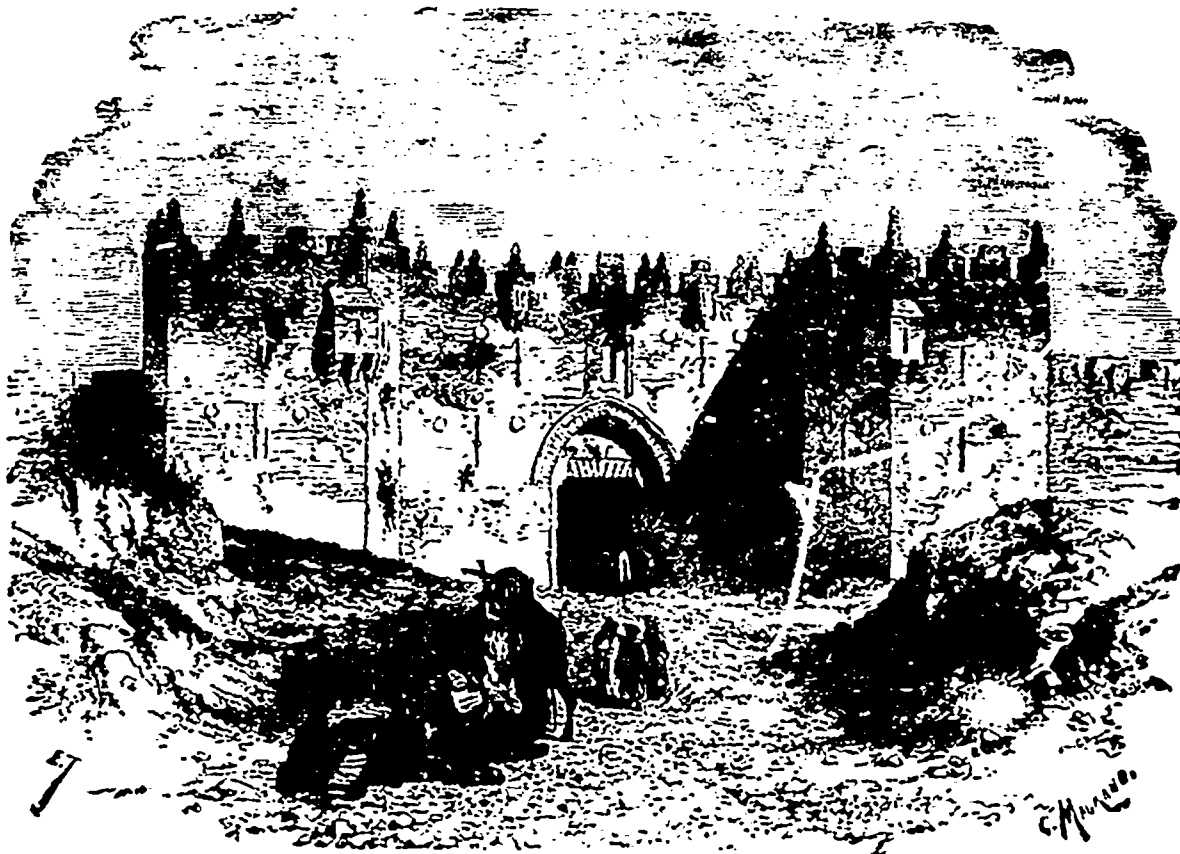
when his eyes were opened, and for the first time he looked out on the glory of the morning sunshine.

Joel quivered all over with a thrill of sympathy, remembering his own healing, and realizing more than the others what had been done for the blind beggar.

Then there was Zaccheus, climbing up to look down through the sycamore boughs that he might see the Master



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.



DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

passing into Jericho, and Zaccheus scrambling down again in haste to provide entertainment for his honoured guest.

There was the young ruler going away sorrowful because the sacrifice asked of him was more than he was willing to make. But there was one scene that his memory held in unfading colours:

Roses and wild honeysuckle climbing over a bank by the road-side. Orange-trees dropping a heavy fragrance with the falling petals of their white blossoms. In the midst of the shade and the bloom the mothers from the village near by, gathering with their children, all freshly washed and dressed to find favour in the eyes of the passing Prophet.

Babies cooed in their mothers' arms. Bright little faces smiled out from behind protecting skirts, to which timid fingers clung. As they waited for the coming procession, and little bare feet chased each other up and down the bank, the happy laughter of the older children filled all the sunny air.

As the travellers came on, the women caught up their children and crowded forward. It was a sight that would have made almost any one pause,—those innocent-eyed little ones waiting for the touch that would keep them always pure in heart,—that blessing their mothers coveted for them.

But some of the disciples, impatient at the many delays, seeing in the rosy faces and dimpled limbs nothing that seemed to claim help or attention, spoke to the women impatiently. "Why trouble ye the Master?" they said. "Would ye stop the great work he has come to do for matters of such little importance?"

Repelled by the rebuke, they fell back. But there was a look of displeasure on his face, such as they had never seen before, as Jesus turned toward them.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me," he said, sternly, "and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then holding out his hands he took them up in his arms and blessed them, every one, even the youngest baby, that blinked up at him unknowingly with its big dark eyes, received its separate blessing.

So fearlessly they came to him, so lovingly they nestled in his arms, and with such perfect confidence they clung to him, that he turned again to his disciples. "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Met at all points as he had been by loathsome sights, ragged beggars, and diseases of all kinds, this group of happy-faced children must have remained long in his memory, as sweet as the unexpected blossoming of a rose in a dreary desert.

At last the slow journey drew towards a close. The Friday afternoon before the Passover found the tired travellers once more in Bethany. News of their coming had been brought several hours before by a man riding down from Jericho. His swift-footed beast had over-

infant and passed the slow procession far back in the road.

There was a joyful welcome for the Master in the home of Lazarus. The cool vine-covered arbour was a refreshing change from the dusty road. Here were no serious throngs and constant demands for help.

Away from the sights that oppressed him, away from the clamour and the criticism, here was a place where heart and body might find rest. The peace of the place, and the atmosphere of sympathy surrounding him, must have fallen like dew on his thirsty soul. Here, for a few short days, he who had been so long a houseless wanderer was to know the blessedness of a home.

Several hours before the first trumpet blast from the roof of the synagogue proclaimed the approaching Sabbath, Simon hurried to his home.

"Father," he called in great excitement, "I have seen him! The Christ! I have knelt at his feet. I have looked in his face. And, oh, only think!—he has promised to sit at our table! Tomorrow night, such a feast as has never been known in the place shall be spread before him. Help me to think of something we may do to show him especial honour."

Esther sprang up at the news. "We have very little time to prepare," she said. "Seth must go at once into the city to make purchases. Tomorrow night, no hired hand shall serve him. I myself shall take that lowly place, with Martha and Mary to aid me. Abigail, too, shall help us for it is a labour of love that she will delight to take part in. I shall go at once to ask them."

The long, still Sabbath went by. The worshippers in the synagogue looked in vain for other miracles, listened in vain for the Voice that wrought such wonders.

Through the unbroken rest of that day he was gathering up his strength for a coming trial. Something of the approaching shadow may have been seen in his tender eyes; some word of the awaiting doom may have been spoken to the brother and sisters sitting reverently at his feet,—for they seemed to think that a parting was at hand and that they must crowd the flying hours with all the loving service they could render him.

That night at the feast, as Esther's little white hands brought the water for the reclining guests to wash, and Martha and Abigail placed sumptuously filled dishes before them, Mary paused in her busy passing to and fro; she longed to do some especial thing to show her love for the honoured guest.

Never had his face worn such a look of royalty: never had he seemed so much the Christ. The soft light of many candles falling on his worn face seemed to reveal as never before the divine soul which leaves the worn body where it now tarries.

An old Jewish custom suddenly occurred to her. She seemed to see two pictures: one was Aaron, standing up in the rich garments of the priesthood; with his head bowed to receive the sacred anointing; the other was Israel's first king, on whom the hoary Samuel was bestowing the anointing that proclaimed his royalty. Taken of both priesthood and kinship,—oh, if she dared but offer it!

No one noticed when she stepped out after a while and hurried swiftly homeward. Hidden away in a chest in her room was a little alabaster flask carefully sealed. It held a rare sweet perfume, worth almost its weight in gold.

She took it out with trembling fingers, and hid it in the folds of her long flowing white dress. Her breath came quick, and her heart beat fast, as she slipped in behind the guests again. The colour glowed and paled in her cheeks, as she stood there in the shadow of the curtains, hesitating, half afraid to venture.

At last, when the banquet was almost over, she stepped noiselessly forward. There was a hush of surprise at this unusual interruption, although every one there was familiar with the custom, and recognized its deep meaning and symbolism.

First on his head, then on his feet, she poured the costly perfume. Bending low in the deepest humility, she swept

her long, soft hair across them to wipe away the crystal drops. The whole house was filled with the sweet, delicate odour.

Some of those who saw it, remembered a similar scene in the house of another Simon, in far away Galilee; but only the anointed One could feel the deep contrast between the two.

That Simon, the proud Pharisee, condescending and critical and scant in hospitality; this Simon, the cleansed leper, ready to lay down his life, in his boundless love and gratitude. That woman, a penitent sinner, kneeling with tears before his mercy; this woman, so pure in heart that she could see God though hidden in the human body of the Nazarene. That anointing, to his priesthood at the beginning of his ministry; this anointing, to his kingdom, now almost at hand. No one spoke as the fragrance rose and spread itself like the incense of a benediction. It seemed a fitting close to this hour of communion with the Master.

Across this eloquent silence that the softest sound would have jarred upon, a cold, unfeeling voice broke harshly.

"It was Judas Iscariot who spoke. 'Why was all this ointment wasted?' he asked. 'It would have been better to have sold it and given it to the poor.'"

Simon frowned indignantly at this low browed guest, who was so lacking in courtesy, and Mary looked up distressed.

"Let her alone!" said the Master, gently. "Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good; but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying."

A dark look gleamed in the eyes of Judas,—there was that reference again to his burial. There seemed to be no use of making any further pretence to follow him any longer. His kingdom was a delusion, a vague, shadowy, spiritual thing that the others might believe in if they chose. But if there was no longer any hope of gaining by his service, he would turn to the other side.

That night there was another secret council of some of the Sanhedrin, and Judas Iscariot was in their midst.

When the lights were out, and the Temple police were making their final rounds, a dark figure went skulking out into the night, and wound its way through the narrow streets,—the dark figure that still goes skulking through the night of history,—the man who covenanted for thirty pieces of silver to betray his Lord.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD RESOLVE.

Among other prominent citizens who witnessed the pleasing entertainment at the close of the Palace Street public school was Ald. Frankland. He was called upon to speak to the children, and he delivered a notable address. He told them that until recently his eyes had been closed to the evils of intemperance. Notwithstanding the fact that a very dear friend of his own family had lost his life at the age of eighteen through drink, he had not been able to see how bad intemperance was and how good temperance would be. His eyes, he said, were opened by the kindly words of Mayor Howland in a letter asking him to fill his Worship's place during his absence in New York. He had been always opposed to Mayor Howland, and that letter written to one who had been at all times at enmity with him, broke him all up. He now saw intemperance in its true light, and he had made up his mind that as long as he lived he would always come out straight on this question, solid in favour of temperance, and he spoke to the children earnestly to avoid intoxicating drinks and live sober lives. He stated that at a dinner a few days ago at a hotel in the vicinity of the market, where on similar occasions previously wines and other liquors had flowed freely, water was the only beverage served, and the change was made at his request. Ald. Frankland's remarks were made in a tone that indicated intense feeling, and his change of front on this great question was received with encouraging demonstrations of approval. —Globe.

How the King Came Home.  
 "Oh, why are you waiting, children,  
 And why are you watching the way?"  
 "We are watching because the folks have  
 said,  
 'The king comes home to-day—  
 The king on his prancing charger,  
 In his shining golden crown.  
 Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds  
 sing,  
 When the king comes back to the  
 town.'"

"Run home to your mothers, children;  
 In the land is pain and woe,  
 And the king, beyond the forest,  
 Fights with the Paynim foe."  
 "But," said the little children,  
 "The fight will soon be past,  
 We fain would wait, though the hour be  
 late;  
 He will surely come at last."  
 So the eager children waited,  
 Till the closing of the day,  
 Till their eyes were tired of gazing  
 Along the dusty way;  
 But there came no sound of music,  
 No flashing golden crown;  
 And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,  
 When the round red sun went down.  
 But at the hour of midnight,  
 While the weary children slept,  
 Was heard within the city  
 The voice of them that wopt:  
 Along the moonlit highway  
 Towards the sacred dome,  
 Dead on his shield, from the well-fought  
 field—  
 'Twas thus the king came home.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.  
 Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1896.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY CHILDREN?

Children's Day calls out crowds of bright-faced happy little people. Birds and flowers and sunshine and children ought to make bright faces. Don't you think so?  
 But some faces are brighter, and some hearts are happier than others. And the Pleasant Hours knows which are the very brightest and happiest of all! The children want to know, too, and so we will tell them.  
 The boys and girls who have been saving, and sacrificing and denying self, so that somebody might be helped; these are the happiest of all.  
 Here is Willie Jones. How his eyes do shine! He has been saving his pennies a good while for this Children's Day Collection. He has had to shut his eyes sometimes when he went past a candy store, but he will forget all that in the joy that will fill his heart when he drops his shining fifty-cent piece into the basket, and listens to the pastor as he tells how his money will help to educate poor boys and girls, and fit them to do earnest work for God and humanity.

And look at pretty Ruth Brown. She does not look sad; does she? And yet she gave up a great pleasure so that she might help on this grand educational work.

"Which will you have, Ruthie," said papa, "the pleasure trip, or the money for Children's Day?" And Ruthie made her choice!

Ah! dear children, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

May this be the very best and brightest of all the Children's Days we have yet known!

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 30, 1896.

Jericho.—Joshua 6. 1-25.

CELEBRATED CITY.

This was the first city taken by Joshua, who was the successor of Moses, hence, he was the leader of the conquering army. God commanded him as to the course he was to pursue, in driving out the people, whose cup of iniquity was now full to overflowing. So you see, here is an object lesson, which you would do well to study, as it teaches you this important lesson, that God will, sooner or later, execute his threatenings, just as certainly as he will fulfil his promises.

THE SIEGE.

Like all ancient cities, Jericho was surrounded by walls, hence it was called a walled city. It may be observed in passing, that all the cities of Canaan were not captured in the same manner. As the labour of capturing all the places which were to be destroyed, would be foolishness to pursue such a strange course! of procedure in connection with Jericho. They were to march around the city seven days, and then the walls would fall down. They were thus taught a lesson of faith. See Hebrews 11. 30. The people might have said, What foolishness to pursue such a strange course? What good can possibly result? Then why march seven times? Why may we not stop even at six times? Why go around seven times on the last day? Every part of God's commands must be obeyed.

RAHAB.

This person is mentioned in connection with Jericho, in consequence of her kindness and heroism towards the spies, who were sent out to see the country and report as to its character. Strange that a woman of such character, as she was, should have acted so different to the rest of her fellow citizens. Harlots and publicans were sometimes more ready to enter into the kingdom of heaven than the self-righteous Pharisees. God never forgets any good that is done on behalf of his people. Read verse 25. Learn from the whole lesson the great truth recorded in Hebrews 11. 6. Without faith it is impossible to please God.

A GRATEFUL HEART.

A gentleman was walking late one night along a street in London in which stands a hospital for sick children. There were two men and a boy passing along, plodding home to their miserable lodgings after their day's work. The boy trotted on wearily behind, very tired, and looking pale and sick. Just as they were passing the hospital the little lad's face brightened for a moment. He ran up the steps and dropped into the box attached to the door, a little bit of paper. It was found next morning. It contained a sixpence; and on the paper was written, "For a sick child." The one who saw it, afterwards ascertained, as he tells us, that the poor little wail, almost destitute, had been sick, and in his weary pilgrimage was a year before brought to the hospital, which had been a "house beautiful" to him; and he was there cured of his bodily disease. Hands of kindness had ministered to him, words of kindness had been spoken to him, and he had left it cured in body. Some one on that day in a crowd had slipped a sixpence into his hand, and that same night, as he passed by, his grateful little heart gave up for other child-sufferers "all the living that he had."

The Chamber Over the Gate.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Is it so far from thee,  
Thou canst no longer see  
In the chamber over the gate,  
That old man desolate,  
Weeping and wailing sore,  
For his son, who is no more?  
O, Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago,  
That cry of human woe,  
From the walled city came,  
Calling on his dear name,  
That it has died away  
In the distance of to-day?  
O, Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,  
There is neither there nor here,  
There is neither soon nor late,  
In that chamber over the gate,  
Nor any long ago,  
To that cry of human woe.  
O, Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past,  
The voice came like a blast,  
Over seas that wreck and drown,  
Over tumult of traffic and town,  
And from ages yet to be,  
Came the echoes back to me,  
O, Absalom, my son!

Somewhere, at every hour,  
The watchman on the tower,  
Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
Approach of the hurrying feet  
Of messengers, that bear  
The tidings of despair.  
O, Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,  
Who shall return no more,  
With him our joy departs;  
The light goes out in our hearts;  
In the chamber over the gate,  
We sit disconsolate.  
O, Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief,  
Bringeth but slight relief;  
Ours is the bitterest loss,  
Ours is the heaviest cross;  
And forever the cry will be,  
"Would God I had died for thee,  
O, Absalom, my son!"

A LESSON NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

BY MISS AGNES FOSTER.

When I was a small boy, my father was stationed on a large mission in the backwoods of Canada. The hardy emigrants from the Old World were crowding into that new country, and every year additional thousands of acres of grain were growing where shortly before the primeval forests, which had stood for centuries, held possession. The native Indian tribes were drifting backwards before this irresistible march of the white man, or were settling on reservations selected for them by the government. For years they retained their rights to roam about and kill the game, which still abounded, but was rapidly becoming less as the white settlements increased. In addition to their hunting and fishing, the industrious Indians added to their comfort by manufacturing native baskets, brooms, handles for axes and hoes, and similar articles, which they sold to the friendly settlers for food and clothing. Those that left the fire-water alone, and were industrious, were thus able to live comfortably.

To these Indians on their reservations the Gospel was proclaimed by the self-sacrificing missionaries as they travelled their toilsome rounds. These visits to the Indians were not made in vain. Many of these children of the forest, sick and dissatisfied with their old paganism, which gave no peace to their troubled spirits, gladly received the truth and became earnest, consistent Christians. Their godly lives in many places were a constant reproof to the inconsistencies and sins of their white neighbours. At rare intervals it was my great privilege in my boyhood days to be permitted to accompany my father to some of the Indian encampments that were very far from our home. Well

do I remember the sweet, plaintive voices of the Indians as they sung some of our hymns, which had been translated into their language. Their devout and attentive demeanour during the religious services deeply impressed me. It was ever a great pleasure to visit them in their wigwams, and to see the young people at their sports and the older ones at their work, which would generally be building canoes or making baskets.

I did not confine my rambling solely to the Christian Indians; but as all were friendly, I wandered about the encampments to the different wigwams in my boyish curiosity to see what I could find that was novel and interesting.

In one wigwam the following characteristic incident occurred, which made a deep impression upon my mind. Being known as the son of the Blackcoat, - for in this way was the missionary designated by this tribe, - I was always welcomed in their wigwams, and was given a seat in the circle around the fire.

Seated on the ground were representatives of three generations busily engaged in work, principally basket-making, all except the aged grandfather. He was a patriarchal-looking old man, and sat there on his blanket smoking his long pipe, and to my youthful eyes he seemed to be observed in thought, as he appeared to notice neither me nor any one else.

The youngest of the company, and the one that naturally attracted my attention, next to the old man, was a young Indian lad, who seemed to be about my own age. He was busily engaged with an Indian crooked knife, endeavouring to make an arrow. In his eagerness to succeed in his work he let his knife slip, and unfortunately cut himself very badly. At the sight of the blood - which flowed freely, for the wound was an ugly one - the lad set up a howl of pain and alarm, which greatly startled the stoical Indians. Relief was quickly afforded, and the cut was covered with balsam and tied up in a piece of deer-skin.

Not one word of sympathy did the boy receive for the accident, but from the mouths of nearly all in the wigwam there arose a chorus of indignation and disgust at the fact of his having cried out when injured. To them it was a great disgrace that one of their family, and he a boy of so many winters, should howl and cry like that for such a trifle.

How the other families would laugh at them, when they heard of it! It looked for a time as if they would severely punish him, not for his awkwardness in handling his knife, and thus cutting himself, but because he did not show himself able to control his feelings, and treat the wound and the pain with utter indifference.

Especially was the old grandfather deeply stirred and indignant because of conduct so unworthy on the part of his grandson, to whom he was evidently deeply attached.

Indians very seldom punish their children. On the boys especially the rod is seldom used. The girls in the still heathen families often have a hard time of it, being often knocked about and beaten; but the boys generally escape, even if they richly deserve the punishment. Here, however, was a very serious case. This boy had committed the serious crime of crying out at an ordinary cut on his hand, inflicted by himself. It would never do to let it pass.

The lad must be taught a lesson that would never be forgotten, and this is the way in which it was done, much to my boyish amazement and surprise, by his old grandfather.

Placing near him the lad, who was evidently now feeling that he had been verily guilty, he gave him a talk upon the duty of bearing pain without uttering a cry, or even a groan. Then the old man, who had been a great warrior in his younger days, told him that if he were not more courageous than that, he would never become a brave warrior or a good hunter, and that, unless he was able to control his feelings, and never cry out, no matter what was the cause, they could never respect him any more than they would an old grandmother.

Thus the old man excitedly talked to him, now thoroughly roused out of his usual calm demeanour. While he talked

he renewed the fire, which had partly burned down, on the ground in the middle of the wigwam. When by the addition of some very dry wood this was burning very vigorously, the old man quickly turned to his grandson again; and, speaking out sharply and excitedly, he said: "See here; look at me. This is the way a brave should stand pain." Then, to my horror, he suddenly reached out his hand, and held one finger in the flame, and kept it there until it was fearfully burnt.

During this sickening ordeal, not a muscle of the old man's face quivered; not a groan escaped from his firmly set lips. To judge from his appearance, it might have been a stick that he was burning. When at length he drew back the crisp, burnt finger, on the now blistered hand, he held them toward his grandson, and gave him another lecture, telling him, among other things, that if he ever expected to be great or honoured among his people, he must bear pain without flinching or uttering a cry. - Golden Rule.

FAITH.

One day a father and son were walking in a narrow path among the Alps of Switzerland. They were gathering the beautiful Alpine flowers that grew all about them. On one side of the narrow path rose lofty mountain heights; on the other side were deep, dark precipices.

More than once the father warned his boy not to go near the edge of the precipices. But the child ventured a little too far in his eager desire to gather some especially beautiful flowers, lost his footing, and fell. He rolled to the very brink of a frightful precipice, and there lay, clinging to a bush that grew on the edge.

The father had in his hand a long pole with a strong iron hook at the end. He saw at once that the one hope of saving his dear boy lay in the chance of seizing with this hook the leathern girdle which the boy wore. The boy could not see his father, but he heard his voice. It said, "Let go the bush, my son, and I will save you." The hook caught firm hold of the belt, and now came the trying moment. The boy had to let go his hold upon the bush, which seemed his only chance of life! Would he do it quickly? The father's heart stood still for a second. But his son trusted him, and in a moment more his obedience was rewarded, and he was safe in his kind father's arms.

If he had waited to ask, how, or why, he would have been lost, for no sooner had he let go the shrub, than it gave way and fell to the bottom of the abyss.

Do you wonder sometimes how to have the faith in Jesus that saves the soul? Do as the Swiss boy did; believe what your heavenly Father says, let go your hold upon the poor, weak shrub of your own goodness, and just obey. That is the way of faith.

REVELLE ON SHIPBOARD.

Let us spend a day on board of a man-of-war and see how this is done. Let us suppose that she is in port. We take our place on her deck very early in the morning. The heavens are bright with stars, and about us masts and rigging, smoke-stacks and ventilators, rise up in shadowy outlines, while the big guns loom ill-defined and ghostlike. In the gangway sentinels are pacing; on the bridge a quartermaster keeps his lookout; and back and forth on the quarter-deck paces an officer, alone. By the light of a lantern he presently consults a book for the "morning orders," which have been written by the executive officer the night before; and then he directs the quartermaster to call the boatswain's mate, the hammock-stowers, the master-at-arms, and the bugler. Then passes a period of ten minutes, during which a few shadowy figures appear on deck, and take their stand beside the long troughlike places in the ship's bulwarks known as the hammock-nettings, opening them up and preparing them for the reception of the hammocks. Then, at the time assigned in the morning orders, the officer of the deck gives

his first routine order: "Sound the reveille! Call all hands!"

At once there ring out in the hitherto silent ship these merry bugle-notes known to almost all of us. To them have been fitted the words:

I can't get 'em up;  
I can't get 'em up;  
I can't get 'em up in the morning.  
I can't get 'em up;  
I can't get 'em up;  
I can't get 'em up at all!

The captain's worse than the sergeant;  
The sergeant's worse than the corporal;  
The corporal's worse than the private;

But the major's the worst of all!  
I can't get 'em up;  
I can't get 'em up;  
I can't get 'em up in the morning.  
I can't get 'em up;  
I can't get 'em up;  
I can't get 'em up at all!

The last note is followed by the shrill whistle of a boatswain's mate and the prolonged, hoarse cry: "A-a-a-h-h-a-ndal!"

Then on the decks below you can hear the master-at-arms rushing from hammock to hammock, giving the sluggards a slap and a shake, and repeatedly crying:

"Heave out; heave out and lash up!"

Run below and watch the feet and legs danc'ling from the swinging hammocks; see the sailors drop from them to the deck, like bats from the limbs of trees, then neatly fold their blankets, roll them up with the mattress in the hammocks, and pass around the latter seven times a rope-lashing, until each resembles a huge sausage. Then, unslinging them from the hooks overhead, they carry them hastily on deck to the nettings; for in ten minutes after that bugle-call of reveille every hammock must be stowed away, and any one who comes later with his hammock is reported for punishment by the officer of the deck to the captain. "What the Bugle Tells on a Warship," by Lieut. John M. Elliott, in the June St. Nicholas.

PAINSTAKING WORK.

Good work is the result of painstaking labour. The book which we read with ease was hard to write. The poem which packs thought into a few well-chosen words was brought forth by months of toil. The speech which keeps the public ear was elaborated by intense brain-work.

Mr. M. M. Ballou tells us, in his "Genius in Sunshine and in Shadow," that the original draft of Longfellow's "Excelsior" is so interlined and amended as to be difficult to decipher. Mr. Ballou also mentions other illustrations of the painstaking of literary workers.

Balzac was not satisfied with writing his manuscript over and over half-a-dozen times, but he drove the printer almost to exasperation by his many alterations of the proof.

Charles Lamb's Essays read as if they had come spontaneously from his pen. But he worked at them for weeks, and the printers dreaded him, because he would make many alterations after his manuscript was in type.

Dr Channing was also the printers' dread. He sent them manuscripts, the alterations and interlineations of which made it very hard to decipher, and required them to furnish him with three or four successive proofs, in each of which he made extensive corrections.

Moore wrote "Lalla Rookh" at the rate of ten or fifteen lines a day. Longman & Co. paid the poet fifteen thousand dollars for the poem, and thereby made a good bargain for themselves. When Lady Holland met Moore in company after the first appearance of his poem, she exclaimed, "Mr. Moore, I don't intend to read Larry O'Rourke; I don't like Irish stories!"

Wordsworth laid his verses aside for weeks. He then took them up for corrections, and re-wrote some twenty times.

John Foster, author of "Decision of Character," and other essays, spent hours upon a single sentence. Goldsmith's "Traveller" was not completed until ten years after its first sketch. Rogers gave ten days to a single verse, and Rochefoucauld was for fifteen years busy with his little book of maxims. - Youth's Companion.

**Wanted!**

Wanted! young feet to follow  
Where Jesus leads the way,  
Into the fields where harvest  
Is rip'ning day by day;  
Now, while the breath of morning  
Scents all the dewy air,  
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,  
O, follow Jesus there!

Wanted! young hands to labour:  
The fields are broad and wide,  
And harvest waits the reaper  
Around on every side;  
None are too poor or lowly,  
None are too weak or small,  
For in his service holy  
The Master needs them all.

Wanted! young ears to listen,  
Wanted! young eyes to see,  
Wanted! young hearts to answer,  
With throbs of sympathy,  
While on the wild waves sighing  
The strange, sad tale is borne,  
Of lands in darkness lying,  
Forsaken and forlorn.

Wanted! the young soul's ardour;  
Wanted! the young mind's powers;  
Wanted! the young lips' freshness;  
Wanted! youth's golden hours,  
Wanted to tell the story,  
To watch the glad sunrise,  
To hail the coming glory,  
To seek and win the prize!

Come! for the Saviour calls you!  
Come! for the work is great!  
Come! for the hours are hastening!  
Come! ere it be too late!  
Come, and be burden bearers  
With him, your glorious Lord;  
Come, and be happy sharers  
In his most blessed reward.

**LESSON NOTES.****THIRD QUARTER.****STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.****LESSON IX.—AUGUST 30.****ABSALOM'S DEATH.**

2 Sam. 18. 24-33. Memory verses, 32, 33.

**GOLDEN TEXT**

The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.—Psalm 1. 6.

Time.—B.C. 1023, about three months after Absalom was proclaimed king.

Place.—Mahanaim.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**

David, old and bowed with grief, and walking barefoot, went out of the city that he had founded. He had to bear the pain of parting from valued friends, and, worse still, the revilings of an old adherent of Saul's family. Absalom reached Jerusalem soon after David left it. Yielding to Hushai's advice, Absalom waits awhile before pursuing David, who gained the shelter of a fortified town—Mahanaim. Then the Jordan is crossed and the fatal battle is fought.

**DAY BY DAY WORK.**

Monday.—Read David's anxiety for Absalom (2 Sam. 18. 1-8.) Answer the Questions. Prepare to tell the Lesson Story.

Tuesday.—Read Absalom's defeat and death (2 Sam. 18. 9-17). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read David's grief (2 Sam. 18. 19-33.) Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read David's return (2 Sam. 19. 9-15.) Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read the prospect of the ungodly (Psalm 52).

Saturday.—Read about honouring parents (Matt. 15. 1. 19). Study the Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read some wise words to the young (Prov. 4. 14-27).

**QUESTIONS.**

1. The Anxious Father, verses 24-30.

24. How did David show his interest in the battle? 25. Who told him that a messenger was coming? How did he know that the army was not beaten?

26. Who reached the king first from the from Ahimaaz? 28. What prevented him from going to the king? 29. What wrongs had David suffered from Absalom? How did he show his strong affection?

II. The Lost Son, verses 31, 32.

31. Who was Cushai? How did he prepare the king's mind for bad news? 32. In what delicate way did he hint at Absalom's fate? Why could he speak more freely than Ahimaaz?

III. The Hopeless Sorrow, verse 33.

33. Where did the king seek privacy? How did he show his intense grief? Was his wish a wise one? What made him lose all interest in the victory?

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Parents think of children away from home. Their intimacy with wicked advisers causes anxiety and fear. When we have no knowledge of the doings of absent ones we are influenced by their mood. No man is safe out of Christ. Would our friends have that we were previous history. When young people get into trouble, it is not they who suffer safe?

to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees of the green fields, there was no hiding-place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, towards it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the waves of trouble roll,  
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language, and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they have said or sung the last lines of that hymn.

**A MARKET CROSS.****A MARKET CROSS.**

In many old English towns will be seen a Market Cross like that shown in our cut. Frequently a group of stalls for the sale of farm produce is constructed around it, but often the market is in the open air. Before the days of newspapers all proclamations and announcements were made at the Market Cross. At St. Paul's Cross, London, sermons were preached, and sometimes in the stormy days of persecution the martyrs were burned in this public place. In the very heart of London, in front of Charing Cross Station, is a restoration of one of those ancient crosses. A strange relic of the past in one of the most busy scenes of the crowded present.

**HOW A BEAUTIFUL HYMN WAS WRITTEN.**

One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a little bird, sitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down towards the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying

**DISCOVERED THROUGH A CHILD.**

When Sir Humphrey Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement.

"Humphrey, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together."

Humphrey was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head, and said:

"I do not know, dear. Let me see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out how."

Humphrey soon found that the little girl was right; the pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason; and after some time—thanks to the observing powers of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done—Humphrey Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane and grass, has an outer skin of filmy stuff, which protects the inside from insects, and also helps the frail-looking leaves to stand upright.

Talking about children helping in discoveries, reminds us of another pretty tale: In 1867, some children were play-

ing near the Orange river, in Africa. They picked up a stone which they thought was only a very pretty pebble, far prettier than any they had found before. A neighbour, seeing this stone, offered to buy it for a mere trifle. He, in his turn, sold it to some one else; and so the pebble changed hands, till at last it reached the governor of the colony, who paid \$2,000 for it. This stone which the children had found was the first of the African diamonds.

**The Departed.**

Hush! Blessed are the dead  
In Jesus' arms who rest,  
And lean their weary head  
Forever on his breast,  
O beatific sight!  
No darkling veil between,  
They see the Light of Light,  
Whom here they loved unsevered.

For them the wild is past,  
With all its toil and care,  
Its dry sirocco blast,  
Its fiery noonday glare.  
Them the Good Shepherd lead:  
When storms are now rife,  
In tranquil, dewy meads,  
Beside the fount of life.

Ours only are the tears,  
Who weep around their tomb,  
The light of by-gone years  
And shadowing years to come.  
Their voice, their touch, their smile—  
Those love-springs flowing o'er;  
Earth for its little while  
Shall never know them more.

O tender hearts and true,  
Our long last vigil kept,  
We weep and mourn for you;  
Nor blame us—Jesus wept.  
But soon at break of day  
His calm, almighty voice,  
Stronger than death shall say:  
Awake—weep not—rejoice.

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