Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

copy may of th signi	Institute had available for be bibliograme images in ficantly chaked below.	or filming ophically the repro-	Featu Inique, duction	ires of the which r n, or whi	his copy v may alter ich may	vhich any				lui a d exem biblio repro	été po plaire ograph duite, la mét	ssible qui so ique, ou qu	de se ont pe qui pe ui pev	procu ut-êtr euvent event e	irer. L e uniq t modi exiger	es dé ques d ifier u une n	plaire tails d u poir ne ima nodific it indic	e cet it de i age cation	vue		
	Coloured o	•	ur									ired pa de co	_								
	Covers dan		ıagée								_	dama endoi	-	ées							
	Covers rest	-		-	ée						_				amina pellicu						
	Cover title Le titre de	•	re mano	que						./	_				ned or etées o						
	Coloured n	•	s en coi	uleur							Pages Pages										
	Coloured in Encre de co	-				re)				1/1	Show Trans	_	_								
	Coloured p Planches et									/1	/ Qualit Qualit /				pressio	n					
V	Bound with Relié avec o									\ / I	, Contii Pagina				/						
V	Tight bindi along interi	or margin	ı f							•	Includ Comp			•	ex						
	La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure Blank leaves added during restoration may appear										Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:										
	within the tobeen omitte	text. Whe		Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison																	
	Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont									Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison											
	pas été filmées.									Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison											
	Additional Commentai			Sc ires:	ome pag	jes a	re c	cut (off.												
	tem is filme cument est						ssous.														
10X		14)	(<u></u>	18X	, ,		-	22X	, ,			26X			, ,	30×				
	4274			164															/		
	12X			16X			20X				24X				28X				32X		

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1895.

[No. 29.

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Norming that we know of, unless it be the still worse drink habit, makes a man so selfish, so disregardful of the rights and comfort of others, as the tobacco habit. When I journey from home my life is often made a burden to me by reason of this almost universal habit. At home one can keep himself and person clear of the foul weed and its noxious emanations, but when tra-velling he is everywhere exposed to its poisonous fumes. Even in the elegant sleeping coach of the Canadian Pacific Railway which was my moving home for some days, upholstered as it was with upholstered as it was with all conceivable luxury, the most conspicuous article of furniture in each seat-section is an odious spittoon—"cuspidor" is, I believe, the polite word—with its hideous suggestions and associations. We have seen them even in pulpits in the South, and notwithstanding the presence of refined and the presence of refined and delicate ladies, these abom-mations are in frequent use. Then, in each car the compartment commanding the best view of the magnificent scenery is dedicated to the seenery is dedicated to the smokers, and is furnished with more "cuspidors." From this den gentlemen emerge resking with tobaccusmoke, and sit down buside me to discuss politics, philo-

sophy, religion, with tobac-co-poisoned breath.

In Europe it frequently happens that attached to the very window out of which one looks on a lovely landscape is a receptacle for eigar ashes, whose stale contents almost make one sick with disgust.

In the ordinary passenger
can matters are still worse.
In these there are no "cuspidors," and the filthy condition of the floor, after a
three or four days ride, can be more easily

imagined than described.

In the emigrant car the condition of things is worst of all. Here unlimited smoking is permitted. To the reek of the foul tobacco and attendant nastiness of its own occupants, is added that contributed by passengers of the other cars, who come here to indulge their odious habit. And this, although the car is the travelling home, often for day after day, of women and children, sometimes wayworn and sick with a long sea-voyage, from whom there is no way of escape from these discomforts. Is it not then unmanly, is it not brutal to inflict them? I write thus strongly as I sweep along in just such a train as I describe amid the grand scenery of the north above of Iske Superior.

This is not please to redding I admit a but

the reality is far worse. I have often, while waiting for the train at a country station, stood outside half-frezen with the cold, rather than encounter the nastinees. of the waiting-room crowded with smokers; and the worst of it is that the sensibilities smokers become so blunted that they



BUMMER SCENE-HATING TIME.

are unconscious of the nuisance they create. Have I and other non-smokers, especially women and children, not the right of protection from this nuisance?

I write on this unsavoury topic to urge boys never to acquire this odious habit. boys never to acquire this odious habit. Keep your bodies clean and pure, and fit for the service of a pure and holy God; when you come to man's estate do not have to say in a literal sense, "I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips." I covet for my native land deliverance from this ugly habit. I maining that in the last three years over schools have signed a pledge against the twin evils of liquor and tobacco. I hope that every scholar will sign that pledge, and that soon we shall have a generation of twen from the that have a fine from the there are the the file. men free from the thraldom of this vile

A MINISTEE startled his audience by saying, "I have forgotten my notes, and shall have to trust to Providence, but this evening I will come better prepared."

HIS KINGDOM.

In a military hospital a soldier lad lay dying. He had stood steadily on the battle-field only a few brief hours ago, yet he was a mere lad for all that. The bloom was still on his full young cheek, heightened a little by the intense fever of his gunshot wound; his eyes were innocent in their street expression, although they gunshot wound; his eyes were innocent in their sweet expression, although they looked round restlessly at times in search of some relief from the agonizing pain— and closed again—finding none. There was a hush in the roughly improvised hos-pital ward; gentle whispers and quiet foot-falls—the inevitable appendages of sick-ness everywhere; and the rest—you know them all. The lad lay on a narrow stretcher—a frail storm-battered byat tossing amongst breakers, every plank creaking, every seam parting, beaten up and down on pillows of anguish, the final surge that was to sink it out of sight coming nearer and nearer!—it had almost come. The nurse, who watched by his bedside, realized hew close death was coming, and with a tender pity in her heart for the soldier boy

who lay dying so far away from home and mother, laid her gentle hand upon his

head, saying:
"William, if this should
be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet God?"

The dark eyes opened slowly, and a sweet smile passed over his boyish face, as he answered feebly.

"I am ready, sister, for this has long been His King-dom"—as he spoke he placed his hand over his heart.
The nursing sister looked

down upon him as he lay, still smiling. "Do you mean," she questioned, mean," she questioned,
"that God rules and reigns
in your heart?"
"Yes, my heart is his
Kingdom," he nawered,

but his voice sounded faint and far off, as though it came from a soul well on its

came from a soul well on its
way through the dark "valley of the shadow of death."
When they leoked at him
a few hours later, he lay
with a light like the sunset
at eventide upon his face,
and his hand upon his heart
— "His Kingdom;" the loyal heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier lad's soul had gone up to God. The King had come to "His Kingdom."

Is the Lord reigning in your soul? Can you pray "Thy Kingdom Come?" The hearts of his people are the palaces in which he de-

lights to reign. It your leart his Kingdom?

Boyond the grave there is no giving of the heart to God; there is no place to pray in the tomb. Those pray in the tomb. Those who founder here—founder forever; a blunder now is a blunder for eteruity. I do not want you to make a mis-take. I do not want you to fear death, but to be ready for its coming. Let the Lord have his way with you, and let him reign in your heart, dear young reader.

If Jehovah is King, are we

giving him glory?
Our Royal Redeemer should reign on his throne:

Are our lives the sweet echo of gospel-told Story

Lived out by the hearts that his sovereignty OWD:

REER AND CHOLERA.

A DESPATCH from Hamburg says that the cholera there has been especially severe on beer drinkers and intemperate people generally. This is the case in all epidemics, not that beer is per se inducive of cholors or fever or contagion of any kind, but people who drink heavily of intoxicants have no stamina with which to resist disease. A drunkard is always at a disadvantage in an epidemic. His stomach is in bed condition epidemic. His stomach is in ead condition and his organs are disturbed in their functions. He falls an early victim. Should cholera reach this city the habitual drunkards will fare badly. There is a little prohibition sermen in this text.—N. Y. Morning Advertiser.

Happy Rest.

BY HUGH DAVIDSON.

The sun is sinking in the west, Another Sabbath eve is here; O Lord, may each of us be blest As many homes its last rays cheer.

Some of us lie on beds of pain,
Some have a friend for whom they mourn,
And some are living lives profane,
And some are gay and some forlorn.

O may we all find happy rest
In thee, O Lord, who reign'st above;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
O touch our hearts with sacred love.

And when our earthly sun is low, When terminates our earthly strife, May each one leave a parting glow— The bright rays of a Christian life.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR-POSTAGE FREE.

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

| St. | On the control of the contro

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

W. COATES,
2176 St. Catherine St.,
Mentreal.

S. F. Hurstis,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halitax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1895.

THE BIRTHDAY ADVICE.

"This is your fourteenth birthday, my son."
"Yes, papa."

"You are growing quite a man, Cosmo."
"I don't know, papa."
"So much of a man, my Cosmo, that I must tell you many things like as I never

must tell you many things like as I never told you since the death of your mother. You remember her, Cosmo ?"
"Yes, papa; I do."
"Tell me what you remember about her," said the father.
"I remember," said the boy, "a tall, beautiful woman, with long hair, which she brushed before a big, big looking-glass."
"You were but five years old when she died. Cosmo. but what was the colour of

died, Cosmo, but what was the colour of

her eyes?"
"I den't know; I never saw the colour of them; but I remember they looked at

of them; but I remember they looked at me as if I should run into them."

"She would have died for you, my boy. We must be very good that we may see her again some day."

"I will try. I do try, papa."

"You see, Cosmo, when a woman like that condescends to be wife to one of us, and mother to the other the least we can and mother to the other, the least we can do, when she is taken from us, is to give her the same love and obedience after is gone as when she was with us. She is with her own kind up in heaven now and may be looking down and watching us. She can't be very anxious about me now, for I am getting old and my warfare is nearly over. She knows I have for a long time been trying to keep the straight path, far as I could see it, though sometimes the grass and heather have got the better of is so that it was hard to find."

But you must remember, Cosmo, that

it is not enough to be a good boy, you're got to be a good man, and that is a rather different and sometimes a harder thing.

For as soon as a man has to do with other men, he finds they expect him to do things they ought to be ashamed of doing themselves; and then he has got to stand on his own honest legs, and not move one inch for all their pushing and pulling; and especially when a man loves his fellow-man and likes to be on good terms with him,

and likes to be on good terms with him, that is not easy.

"The thing is just this, Cosmo. When you are a full-grown man you must be a good boy still—that's the difficulty. For a man to be a boy and a good boy still, he must be a thorough man. The man that's not manly can never be a good boy to his not manly can never be a good boy to his mother, and you can't keep true to your mother except you remember Him who is

father and mother to all of us.
"I wish your mother was here to teach
you as she taught me. She taught me to
pray, Cosmo, as I have tried to teach you when I was in any trouble just to go into my closet and shut the door and pray to my Father who is in secret—the same Father who loved you so much as to

same Father who loved you so much as to give you my Marion for a mother.

"But I am getting old and tired and shall soon go where I hope to learn faster. Oh, my boy! hear your father who loves you, and never do the thing you would be whamed for your mother means to be a shamed for your mother means to be a second or your means to be a se ashamed for your mother or me to know. Remember, nothing drops out; everything hid shall be revealed. But of all things, if ever you should fail or fall, don't lie still because you are down; get up again—for God's sake, for your mother's sake, for my sake—get up and try again."

HAVE AN EYE ON HIM.

"That young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will I've kept my eye heard of it. I'm be just the man I want. on him ever since I heard of it. watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out of the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Told had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on Sunday, he was very glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath-day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to prayer-meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he asked: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer: "To prayer-meeting." Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on. watched to see if Brown passed by. Some-

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on frown. Then he said to himself: "He'll o. He is a real Christian. I can trust Brown. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store.

Thus, young Christians, others watch to see if you are true, if you'll do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real or if you are just in the control of the real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The work is pleasant and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through his strength, you have proved yourself

Fix an eye on Him, and He will keep you in the way.

A FOOLISH BOY.

NELLIE came running in the other day, her eyes hig with surprise, and exclaimed:
"() Auntie, what do you think? You know Bertie, who lives down the street—

that little bit of a boy- well, he smokes eigarettes, and he is awful little."

"Then he will make a little man very likely, if he has begun so early," I re-

"Yes, that is what Gertie says. He steals off by himself behind the back fence and then smokes."

"Then he must know he is doing wrong and is ashamed to be seen. What do you suppose he does it for?"

"I guess he thinks it will make him look big. He wants to be a man, and he is always telling us girls what he'll do when he gets big," said Nellie.

He has begun the wrong way if he wants to grow. Tobacco will hurt his heart and nerves. If he lives to be a man he will be nervous, his heart will be weak, and he will not be the strong man that he might be if he had not begun this bad habit.

A schoolboy died in Brooklyn only a short time ago, because he had smoked so many cigarettes. His whole body was sick; the poison in the tobacco had gone all through him. His skin was yellow, his nerves were weak, and he was so sick he had to go to the hospital. But the dochad to go to the hospital. But the doc tors could not help him.

He said just before he died:

"Oh, if all the boys could see me now, and see how I suffer, they would never smoke.

If you would not be a smoker, don't

A HAPPY VALLEY.

THE lovely queen of Italy, whose goodness has endeared her to Italians, passed last summer in the valley of Gressony, in the Italian Alps, noted for its beauty and for its curious history.

In the eleventh century it was colonized by German soldiers, to whom it had been given by King Otto in recognition of their valiant services to him. The descendants valiant services to him. The descendants of these soldiers, though in a strange land,

have adhered to their German traditions.

They still speak German and keep up the closest connection with Germany, which they consider their fatherland. Their daughters are educated in the best German schools and seminaries.

When the young women come home from the big cities of the north, however, they are compelled by their parents to lay aside their fine Berlin and Frankfort garments to don the curious costumes of their ments to don the curious costumes of their forefathers, and learn to bake and scrub and wash, as their mothers and grand-mothers did before them.

The cleanliness of the "Gressonari" has

made them famous throughout Italy. It is a proverb that their barns are cleaner than other people's houses. German is spoken in the family, French in the churches, and Italian in the schools. Consequently all the Gressonari know at least three languages.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

THE author of the following article (Dr. J. M. Buckley) speaks with no uncertain sound: "Dull boys should never be discouraged. Teachers and sometimes parents reprove and punish those whose work slowly in such a way as to fill them with despair. Some children who are constitutionally stupid may yet awake and shake themselves and outstrip their more promising competitors in the race of life. Dr. Chalmers, when a lad, was expelled from a parish school as a dunce for whom from a parish school as a dunce for whom his teachers had no hope. Dr. Adam Clarke was so exceedingly slow in his first attempts to learn that his father pronounced him a grievous dunce. Professor Dalzell, under whom Walter Scott studied at Edinburgh University, said concerning him, "Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain." If the early years of a child were to be taken as an indication of what may be expected of him in the future, some of the most brilliant men would have been given up by their teachers at the start as hopeless cases. Blessed is the teacher who knows how to arouse the dormant energies of unnow to arouse the dormant energies of un-promising children. What some young persons need is a chance. A young man who has talent and capability may blunder and fail because he is hampered by narrow limitations and undue scrutiny and superlimitations and undue scrutiny and supervision. Turn him loose, trust him, give him heavy responsibilities, and he will display qualities which his friends never expected to find in him. Recently a young man who had been employed on a western newspaper was discharged by the editor because his work was unsatisfactory. Not long afterward the editor noticed the rare genius displayed by someone on a little genius displayed by someone on a little country paper, and determined to have that man at any cost. His inquiries developed the fact that this was the same

young man whom he had discharged for in competency. When other methods have been tried in vain, give the young man who appears to be a failure a chance. It might be well not to wait for the result of other methods, but try this plan only."

Threads of Gold.

Weaving them into a work-a day life,
Beautiful threads of gold.
A thread of joy, with a strand of strife,
And yet the hands that hold
May fashion them out into pattern rare,
Designs of beauty, new and fair.
Till the Master Weaver finds them there,
Beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a patient hand, Beautiful threads of gold; Filling them in as the Arvist planned When he laid life's sombre fold, Weaving them in with the homeliest cares Over some Eurden another bears, Glad that the Master Weaver sp Some beautiful threads of gold.

Weave them in with hopes and fears, Beautiful threads of gold!
Brighter the gold of the thread appears
As the web of life grows old.
Weaving them in with a smile and a song. Wonderful threads so fine and strong; Under the good and over the strong, Weave beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a watchful eye, Peautiful threads of gold;
To shine across where the shadows lie,
When the web is all unrolled.
Weaving them in, when the Master's call
Lets the bright thread break, and the shuttle fall,

And angels come down to gather them all, Life s broken threads of gold.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

July 28, 1895.

FOUR HELPS PROVIDED. — Ephesians 4, 11, 12 The office of the Christian ministry is of divineappointment. After the resurrection Jesus Christ selected twelve disciples—that is, followers—whom he appointed to be apostled an apostle is one who is sent. Jesus sent orther twelve whom he endued with power after the Holy Ghost came upon them at Pentecost. In the passage which we are to consider in

the Iwelve whom he endued with power after the Holy Ghost came upon them at Pentecost. In the passage which we are to consider in this lesson, these apostles are designated prophets, whose office it is to tell of things which are to come. Others are designated evangelists, who testify of things that are past, in other words Jesus and the resurrection. Apostles and evangelists may be regarded as extraordinary officers in the Church. Associated with them, or coming after them, are the pastors, who watch over the flocks, and always keep them in the fold and feed them with spiritual food. Then there are teachers—that is, those who add line to line, and precept to precept, so that those who are under their care may become stronger and wiser and mature Christians.

In the ministry there are to be found all the classes named. All may not excel in every class, for there may be variety of gifts, but all given for the same grand end, viz., "the perfecting of the saints," etc. Christians at first are only babes in Christ; these are to be fed with the sincere milk of the Word. Ministers are to bring out of the treasure-house of the Scriptures the food which is best adapt—ive

are to bring out of the treasure-house of Scriptures the food which is best adapted to the growth and Scriptures the food which is best adapted the growth and maturity of their respective flowers, so that the Church may be a holy the spotless Church, so firmly built upon Rock Christ Jesus, that all the storms which rage without may never drive it from steadfastness.

Never cherish a thought of which thoughtest to oughtest to be ashamed; never utter ask word for which thou wouldst have to ask God's pardon God's pardon. - From the Persian.

What would the world do without its steampower, known and used only within steampower, known and used only within the last eighty years? The steam-power of Great Britain alone does the work of 400,000,000 may also labour as 400,000,000 men, or as much labour as all the world could perform without machinery. machinery.

The Worst Boy in the Town. A CANADIAN STORY,

Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the noon-day.

Ir had long been a custom of Mildred Grey's to frequently take her work or book, on fine afternoons when her father was not at home. home, and go down by the water in some sheltered nook.

On the following afternoon her father had the father ha

On the following afternoon her father had taken a drive out in the country to look after some pastoral work, which he, when well enough, took charge of. So being left alone, Mildred looked up the pretty cottage, and started, with her embroidery and Methodist Magazine under her arm, for the water. She seated herself in a sheltered nook overlooking the water, where she had a good view, and yet could not be easily observed.

Away, away before her, in all its solemn majesty stretched the blue waters of Lake Ontario. The warm sunshine rested upon it, making it sparkle like silver. Calm and motionless it lay no white-capped waves motionless it lay no white-capped waves wore visible; it looked like some great monwere visible; its tiny waves washed slowly the sand forth on the sands, and there was in its gentle motion no suggestion of the wild tunult and seething foam it could so easily change into.

change into.

"Oh, peaceful, sunshiny water!" said Mildred to herself, as she watched it. "Thou
art as deceitful as thou art fair! Thou hast
caused many a wreck! Many a promising
life has been evellowed up by thee!"

"Fear

ife has been swallowed up by thee!"
Then she thought of Jesus' words—"Fear not them which kill the body but are not able to do."

not them which kill the body out at to destroy the soul."

"The liquor shops are destroying both soul and body" said she to herself. "They present as peaceful and harmless an exterior as this placid lake, but death—eternal death—lurks in their poisonous draught."

After setting for some moments lost in

After sitting for some moments lost in thought, she opened her Methodist Magazine, and and was soon deeply interested in the stories of "The Dragon and the Tea-kettle," and 'A Singer from the Sea."

Presently st heard voices approaching—
group of merry school girls came and sat
down on the other side of the rock, and began chattanness and school girls way to each gan chattering in a confidential way to each other, quite unaware that Mildred was so close to them.

Not wishing to be a listener to what was Not wishing to be a listener to what we not intended for her to hear, Mildred gathered up her book and her work and was about to move away when a fragment of their conversation arrested her attention and caused her to remain warms.

to remain very still and listen eagerly. Who got the prize in Mr. Seburn's room?"

said one to the other.

one to the other.

"No one got it; they had a terrible time over it; Jack Harding's essay was the best and the prize was awarded to him, but someone noticed an open history in his desk and they all thought he cheated."

"I don't believe he'd cheat about it," said another. "He's said to be the worst boy in the town, but I have howeleds of people say

the town, but I have heard lots of people say that he is honest; and one can see by the uptisht, manly way he has of carrying himself that he'd seorn to tell a lie."

It seems his worst fau t is his temper,—he gets very angry, and then to mend the matter he drinks; that was what he did yesterday, and then he get thrown out of a rig

ear Miss Grey's, and she had him taken to

hear Miss Grey's, and she had him taken to her home, because he's in her class in the Metholist Sunday-school."

"But," said the first girl again, "everything looks against him in this case; he was observed to go in the room alone at noon, and the common opinion is that he got his book from the teacher's desk then, and put it in his own."

"Well, he didn't do any such thing," said

the Well, he didn't do any such thing," said smallest girl in the group, who had not poken until now, "and I can prove it too!" "What do you know about it?" asked "What, just this," said she; "we were playing hide-and-seek, and I just thought to "yself that I would hide in Mr. Seburn's char, and then I would have a splending char. chance to slip out and get home free. There hance to slip out and get home free. There is not a soul in the room, so I crept in and up in the corner behind some rolls of when I had only been there a few moments when I heard footsteps, and I was scared fretty near to death, for I thought it was the bound me hiding in there. But it was only lack Harding, and I gave a great sigh of re-

lief. He did not see me, but I saw every move he made. He walked straight to his desk, and put a bunch of violets in a bottle there; then he went directly out again. I desk, and put a bunch of violets in a bottle there; then he went directly out again. I was about to make my escape when I heard footsteps again, and this time it was Bob Pierce. He did not see me either, but I saw him, and he took a blue book out of the teacher's desk and placed it in the very place where Jack had put his flowers. Of course I did not know then why he did that; and I wondered why he moved so stealthily lest someone should see or hear him, but I know now, and I think it was a mean trick.

"As soon as he had gone I slipped out and got home free. You remember that time I got home free, Maggie, and you all wondered where I hid? but I wouldn't tell, for I knew I had no business there; but I guess it was a

where I hid? but I wouldn't tell, tor I knew I had no business there; but I guess it was a good thing after all."

"Well, I should say so!" exclaimed the rest of the girls in a breath.

"I never like! that Bob Pierce," said one.

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" shouted half a dozen voices

voices.

"And I'll be real glad to see Jack Harding cleared," said another; for he is just as gentlemanly as ever he can be, when people let him alone and use him right."

"I think the first thing we ought to do about it is to go and tell Miss Grey," said one of them. "She takes a great interest in him, and she will be so glad to hear that his innocence can be proved."

On this they all agreed, and in another

On this they all agreed, and in another moment they would probably have set off in the direction of Miss Grey's had not she suddenly agreed from the agree and steed before denly emerged from the cave and stood before

em.
"I beg your pardon, girls," said she, "for listening to your conversation. I was about to move away when you first came here, but as soon as I heard Jack Harding's trouble at school mentioned, I felt that I conversation. must stay and hear it through to the end. am so glad that his innocence can be proved. Mary," continued she, turning to the little girl, with whom she was acquainted, "will you tell the teacher just what you have told there girls?"

these girls?"

"Yes," said Mary, "indeed I will! But you don't think, do you, that he'll scold me very much for disobeying orders about playing in the school-room?"

"No, I am sure that he will excuse you this time since it has led to such a happy result."

Mildred parted with the girls, first gaining a promise from Mary to tell the teacher as soon as she reached the school the next morn-

ing.
"And," said Mildred, "I'll see that Jack is there."

She hurried back up town and went straight

one nurried oack up town and went straight to Jack's home, determined to find him if possible and tell him the good news.

What a dismal-looking home it was, with no curtains to the windows, and everything presenting such an untidy appearance. presenting such an untidy appearance. wondered not that Jack found life hard.

wondered not that Jack found life hard.

The coarse, rough-looking woman who answered her gentle knock had a red face, and eyes still redder. Mildred could scarcely keep from drawing back from her in disgust.

In answer to Mildred's inquiries about Jack, she replied that he was upstairs, and she rudely allowed the door to go shut, leaving Mildred standing outside, while she went to call him.

A little child of five or six years was playing around the yard, and Mildred at once supposed that it was Jack's little half-brother, supposed that it was Jack's little half-brother, Charlie, whom she had often heard him speak of. The child did not resemble his miserable mother in the least; he had a sweet, trusting face, and innocent blue eyes.

Mildred said a few kind words to him, and won his heart completely, by taking from her

Mildred said a few kind words to him, and won his heart completely by taking from her purse a shining quarter and giving it to him. Little did she know that it would go where most all the money from that home went—to buy luxuries for the hotel-keeper's family.

Jack soon appeared, and as he stepped out and closed the door after him his first words were.

"Oh, Miss Grey, how could you come here, in such a place as this?"

"I was determined to see you, Jack, I have much to tell you. Come, walk down the attract with me"

street with me."

It was with feelings of intense pleasure that he listened to what she had to tell him. How he listened to what she had to tell him. glad he was to hear that his innocence could be fairly proved!

He was somewhat reluctant to promise to go to school the next morning, but after some hesitation he consented.

"You see this is providential," said Miled, brightly. "God moves in a mysterious dred, brightly. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and it does seem to me that everything has come about to prove to me that everything has come about to prove your innocence in the most satisfactory way."

"I am certainly very thankful," said Jack,
"for not only did I want my innocence

proved, but I also wanted that handsome book very much."

book very much."

They walked silently on for a little way, but before they parted, Mildred abruptly

asked:

"Is your little half-brother quite well,
Jack? I saw him out playing, and I noticed
he looked so very pale."

A shadow crept over Jack's face, and he
answered bitterly:

"No, Miss Grey, he is not; I have been
uneasy about him for some time; he seems so
restless and feverish at night. I have spoken
to his mother about it, but honestly, the only
thing she cares for is liquor. Poor Charlie is
sadly neglected."

thing she cares for is inquor. From Charles is sadly neglected."
"Well," said Mildred, "if he should get worse—if he should get real ill, do not hesitate to let me know, and I'll do all I can for

"Thank you, Miss Grey. You are indeed a true friend," said Jack.

(To be continued.)

A Chain of Songs.

This is the song of the bee; MIS is the song of the bee;
"Open wide the sweet enclose
Of your bosom red to me?
I would enter in, O rose,
I would come to dwell with thee.
All the sweets of wild-flowered field,
All the wealth the gardens yield,
Il these shall the guardon he All these shall the guerdon be For thy love," sings the restless been

This is the song of the rose:

"You are nothing to me, O bee,
For at night there's a wind that blews; In the dark he kisses me,
And no flower the secret knows.
O wind, that wayward darts, Take my hundred glowing hearts ! Thine are they, to wear or lose, So thou love me," sings the rose.

This is the song of the wind: "I love you not, wanton flower; If I kissed you, count it sport There's a young tree near your bower,
And to her I pay my court.
Fold me, sweet, in your swaying arms;
I will praise your maiden charms
East and west, if you are kind
To your lover," sighs the wind.

This is the song of the tree:
"Naught care I for wind that woos;
There's a lark that flies and sings, And him for my love I choose;
Ah, fain would I clip his wings!
Draw near, love, and build thee a nest
Right here, love, upon my breast,
And safe shall thy dwelling be;
This is the song of the tree.

This is the song of the lark his is the song of the lack;
"O tree, I regard thee not;
Higher, higher, I aspire
For Llong to reach the spot
Where I see yon ball of fire,
Glowing, flashing, flaming, burning,
And my heart is madly yearning Just to be a tiny spark
Of the great sun," sings the lark.

This is the song of the sun:
"O children, with hearts to break,
As ye lie on the world's broad breast,
Lean see you universal sale. I can see you quiver and ache,
With longing that's never at rest;
Only love that burns upward is living, Such love liveth on with the giving, Though love in return ne'er be This is the song of the sun.

A SMOKER CURED.

WHEN quite young I learned to smoke, When quite young I learned to smoke, but later I went to work in a store where I could not smoke. I then commenced chewing tobacco, but afterwards I chewed and smoked both for thirty-six years. I finally decided that chewing was a filthy habit, and stopped. At that time I was a travelling salesman, and learned to drink liquor. For ten years I was a slave to drink. After losing everything worth living for I quit osing everything worth living for I quit drinking, and then for two years I was unable to do anything. But I thank God for those two years. I have not made a practice of drinking for twenty years now, but I kept on smoking until last New Year's day. Last year I went east to see a sister whom I had not seen for twenty-one years, and after talking of the goodness of God to us, she said, as I brought out my pipe to smoke: "I cannot see how you smoke, thinking as you do." That is the first time I had ever thought of it is a first time I had ever thought of it in a religious light. I thought the matter over,

and after returning home I took my Bible and after returning home I took my Bible and looked to see what I could find about it. First of all I found it an idol. Then I read 1 Cor. 3. 16, 17, and 10. 31. After that my smoking was no good to me. It was a sure cure. I had smoked forty-five years, but I have never smoked since.—D. B. Nichalls in Witness. Nicholls, in Witness.

RAINY DAYS.

Some constitutions are powerfully affected by the weather, growing nervous and irritable when the wind is blowing in shricking, noisy gusts, and hopelessly depressed when the splashing raindrops are making mournful music. Others tell us that a walk in the rain is a beneficial spraybath, so long as we do not lounge about; and in glowing health and spirits they set off for a "Macintosh walk." To most of us it is an effort to be merry when through long hours the monotonous rain has been falling ceaselessly; we console ourselves with the quotation that "some days must be dark and dreary," and find a sort of coziness in settling ourselves assiduously to indoor occupation. Yet there is a beauty, too, in the showery dance that bathes the woods and waters the earth. Aldrich sings of "tremulous skeins of rain:" and there are times after heavy " and there are times, after heavy ling, threatening hours, when with rain;" and there are times, after heavy brooding, threatening hours, when with delight and relief we thankfully watch the raindrops softly dimpling the pools and beating down into the street. Only the wisdom of God could so have arranged that the air like a sponge should pour out the water it can no longer retain, and thus the spreading plains should be abundantly watered. God knows when the earth needs spin. God knows when across the sunrain; God knows when across the sunshine of our life's prosperity, it is well that the clouds shall brood, and disappointment darken the prospect, and trouble come upon us like a storm. The dark days are blessed that remind us of our nest within the love that maybe in prosperity we scarcely held so precious. "Hope thou in God; wait patiently for him." The rainy, gloomy days are passing from us. Even now, if we lift our eyes to heaven, we shall see in the sky "God's glowing covenant" prism of his tender smile and our human tears; there is set God's bow in the clouds, and we own that it was worth all the sor-rowful rain to behold its "afterward," the arch of light and peace, wherein is no shadow at all.—The Quiver.

SNAKE-CHARMERS.

SNAKE-CHARMERS.

A NOISE, something like the "buzzer" of a factory, produced by the "rubbing shicke" on a native drum, calls everyone to the door of the bungalow. Here we find the snake-charmer has established himself with a row of little flat baskets in front of him. Uncovering one of the baskets, he drones away on his pipe, made of a dried gourd, a monotonous air, and of a dried gourd, a monotonous air, and or a arrea gourd, a monotonous air, and the snake, which seems to appreciate the music whether we do or not, raises itself. extends its hood, and waves its head about as though beating time to the measured drawl of the primitive bag-pipes. Other baskets are uncovered and the place is soon alive with venomous serpents, which the snake-charmer permits to twist around his limbs and coil about his body and clasp his The cobra is one of the most poisonous of Indian snakes, and its bite means death in a very few minutes. But the charmer does not trust altogether to his music; he has probably rendered his venomous pet harmless by extracting the poison fangs. It is not safe, however, to presume on this so far as to touch the snakes, for the operation may have been performed im-

perfectly.
The snake-charmer will undertake to catch all the serpents in your compound and carry them away—for a consideration. He plays his bag-pipes and performs his incantations before an old ant-hill, which the gardener says has been appropriated by a snake, and he manages to induce the inmate to crawl out. Putting him into a basket he claims the reward and disappears. It by no means follows, however, that your garden is free from snakes, for some people say that the snake-charmer only catches a trained snake which he had himself previously introduced, so that snake-charming may be little better than jugglery after all.



HOUSE-SPARROWS.

Go, Learn a Trade.

I'LL sing you a song to night, And every word is true; You'll find that every him is meant, Young gentleman, for you! I've no intention to offend, In what is sung or said— The sum and substance of it is, To go and learn a trade.

Your education may be good, But time is flitting by,
But time is flitting by,
Instead of working; don't be fooled—
The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are
His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent;
So go and learn a trade.

The country's full of nice young men, The country's full of nice young men,
That from their duty shirk.
Who think that it would crush their profe
If they should go to work,
Take off your coat (your father shirt)
And find some honest maid
Who'll help you make your foreche when
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do. Be temperate in all you do,
Be faithful to your boss,
You'll find the more you do for him
Will never prove a loss;
You'll find out fifty years from now,
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you ever took
Was when you learned a trade.

LESSON NOTES

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY,

B.C. 1490.] LESSON IV. [July 28. JOURNEYING TO CANAAN.

Num. 10, 29-36. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TAXT

Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord bath spoken good con-cerning Israel.—Num. 10, 29.

OUTLINE

Companionship, v. 29 32.
 Leadership, v. 33 36.

TIME, -About B.C. 1490.

PLACES.—The wilderness of Sinai and the region northward toward the east of the pennsula.

INTEODUCTORY.

The Book of Numbers, from which our lesson is taken, gives us, besides two censuses and many detailed laws and ordinances, the history of the children of Israel from the second year of the exodus to the beginning of the fortieth year. The invitation to Hobab was probably given soon after the merthward journey of the people was begun.

HOME READINGS.

M. Journeying to Canaan, —Num, 10, 29-36. Tu. The guiding piller.— Num, 9, 15-23.

Jehovah's promises. Exod. 6, 1-8.

Exod. 6, 1-8.

Th. Remembering the way,
- Neh. 9 5-12.

F. Loving - kindness acknowledged. 1sa. 63,
17-14. 17-14.
The almighty keeper.
Psalm 121.
He leadeth mo.—
Psalm 23.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Companionship, v. 29 32.

Where did Moses say that the Israelites were going?
Whom did he invite to go with them?

What was his invitation? (Golden Text.) By what other names is Hobab known? See Exod. 2

18; 3. 1.
What did he reply?
What entreaty did Moses

utter?
Why did he thus urge Hobab?

What promise did Moses make to him?
What wise words should we heed in our choice of companions? Prov 13, 20,

2. Leadership, v. 33-36.
Whence did they start, and how far go?
What mountain is here meant? See Exod.

What leadership had they in this journey? What token showed the Lord's presence? How did this cloud appear by night?

Num. 9. 15, 16.
What sign had they when to go or to stop?
Num. 9. 17.22.
What said Moses when the ark removed?
What when the ark rested?

Under what leadership may we always be fe? See Psalm 23. 1, 2.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What are we taught in this lesson about—
1. The choice of companions?
2. Following God's leader-hip;
3. Relying on God's care?

THE LESSON CATECHISM. THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Moses say to Holab? Golden Text: "Come thou with us," etc. 2. What advantage did he say Hobab would be to the Israelites? "Thou mayest be to us instead of eyes," 3. Did Hobab go? He did; and shared in the promised blessing. 4. What was carried in the march? "The ark of the covenant of the Lord." 5. What did Moses do every morning and evening? Prayed for God's presence?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. -The goodness of

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What do you mean by the word sacrament? I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I have made up my mind to speak to you about a little matter, for I believe you want to do what is fair. Now, when the girls study just the same books you do, and often go far ahead of you at school; when so many of them become teachers, doctors, missionaries, etc., what right have you to sit about—as lazy as a cat—and let these girls work and tug till they are tired out, for your comfort, and to do things which you should attend to yourselves. Bon't they like to run and play as well as you do! Don't they need the exercise and fun that you get in the great, splendid out-fun that you get in the great, splendid out-doors, just as much? Are you not physi-cally stronger, and better able to bear the heat of the kitchen, and the breathed-over-and over air of in the house, than they? Ought you not then instantial. Ought you not, then, in your hig, hearty, good natured fashion, to "give them a lift, and take care of your own room, if they do of theirs? It seems to me this is just a "fair divide."

Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up, and to earn the money

with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practising economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her eldest boy—only fourteen treated his mother as if she were the girl he leved best. He took the heaven the feature reals. the heavy jobs of house-work off her hands, put on his big off her hands, put on his big apron, and wont to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on table— did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the two youngest ones followed his

youngest ones followed his example right along.

These boys never wasted their mother's money on to-bacco, beer, or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jully boys, too—full of fun and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them.

All the girls in town praised them, and

All the girls in town praised them, and don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything boys like better. They all married noble and true women, and to day one of those boys is president of a college, and is in demand for every good word and work; another fives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my "beloved physician;" while the third is a well-to-do physician; "while the third is a well-to-do wholevels green in Calendae and a many

wholesale grocer in Colorado, and a member of the city council.

I tell you: Boys who are good to their mother and sisters in the house, always grow up to be nice men. Now, I am not be not to the city of the city council. blaming you boys, nor anybody else. I know that any number of you are good and generous as you can be; and I know, too, that you haven't been taught to think about these things.

GLADSTONE AND THE POOR BOY.

The rector of a London parish one day called on a sick boy. The boy was one of the neglected outcasts of the great city. Accustomed to earn his living by sweeping one of the muddy cross-walks, his face had become familiar to many of the passersby. The clergyman asked him if anyone had called on him during his sickness. by. The clergyman asked him if anyone had called on him during his sickness.

"Oh, yes!" replied the boy, "Mr. Gladstone came to see me."

"Mr. Gladstone?" exclaimed the rector.

"What Mr. Gladstone?"

"Why," said the boy, "the only Mr. Gladstone."

So the great English premier could find time, amid all the onerous duties of public life to seek the abode and minister to the wants of a dirty sweep. All the attractions of aristocincy and grandeur of royalty did not dispel from his heart the sense of duty to the little outcasts. Nothing in the long, eventful life of the great man seems so noble and Christ-like as this simple incident.

MOSAIC WORK?

How many of you have seen mosaics and know how they are made? The storm of Rome and Florence are full of them, and there are many to be seen here in our own land. Would you think that they were made out of bits of stone, some bright and sparking, like the precious stones, others dull and commonplace, if you look at them singly? Yet each has its own place in the perfect whole which the artist is copying. We are each of us making a mosaic of our life; and whether they are attractive or not depends on the use we make of the material—the trials, duties, and pleasures of our every-day life. We are to look constantly to Christ, our perfect pattern, as day by day our lives go on; and if our bits of life be bright with pleasure or sad with trial, each has its pleas.



A BIRDS' NEST.

BIRDS' NESTS.

Binns' nests, all boys will know, are not always to be found high up in some tree. Some birds build their nests on the ground, others on some low-growing tree, while the great eagle builds her nest high up on some rocky ledge or mountain eyry. The some rocky ledge or mountain eyry. The majority of birds, however, choose the protecting branches of some stalwart tree for the site of their home. Very different in shape and material are the nests of the various kinds of birds, but every nest, large or small, is a positive proof of the neatness and industry of its little inmate. One strange site for a bird's nest was discussed by a positive proof of the nest was discussed by a positive proof of the proo covered by a gentleman some years ago.

A couple of busy little birds built theirnest in an old tin letter-box in his garden.

In a short time the nest seemed to be deserted as cobwebs had formed over the described as cobwebs had formed over the entrance. After a few days the gentleman discovered that the bird-family had only moved a short distance away, but had chosen a warmer situation for their nest. The old letter-box faced the north and was the state of the company of the former of the forme too cold for the young birds in the frosty spring evenings, so the old birds had made a now nest in an old glue-kettle that was tied to the branches of a pear tree. Here, they seemed to be perfectly satisfied, and by and by four healthy little young ones. flew away out of the new nest.

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK

Etchings from a Parsonage Veranda

BY MRS. E. JEFFERS GRAHAM. With illustrations by Mr. J. W. Bengowyh.

Cloth - - - - \$1.00

Contents: The Parsonage—Solomon Wise-acre—Two Women—Marion Fuller—Jacob; Whinely—Carlo—A Pensioner—Mrs. Taf-fety—The Knight and the Dovo—A Cross—Under a Cloud—Joy in the Morning—A Supply—Only a Child—Miss Primperty— A Temperanco Meeting—A Dinner Party—Au Revoir—Parting.

No words of ours can convey an idea of the charm of these delightful sketches. The author has chosen no great theme. Her characters are those we meet in everyday life. But such is the delicate humour and tender pathos woven in that they will be read with alternate smiles and tears book will . 'n its way into every heart.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House,

Toronto. C. W. COATES, MONTENAL. S. F. EUESTIS, MARINAL