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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1896.

[No. 26.]

Our Country's Flag.

BY H. SPENCER HOWELL.

What shall we have for the emblem dear
On the flag of our native land,
To take the place of the cognizance
queer,

Which but few can understand?
It must be a token, indeed, to tell
Of our country fair and free;
Of the loyal hearts that therein dwell
'Neath the shade of the maple tree.
For the emblem-badge of Canada,
Oh, say, what shall it be?
—The Maple Leaf on the silver disc,
And the flag of the old countrie.

What must we have for our emblem,
then.

To be known throughout the world:
To be loved, to be feared, respected of
men.

Wherever that flag is unfurled!
Should we slich a fraction (to make or
mar)

From our neighbours' spangled rag?
No! never a "bar" nor single "star"
Must be seen on the British flag.
For the banner of our Dominion,
Then say what shall it be?
—The Maple Leaf on the silver disc,
And the flag of the old countrie.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

One day Joel was all alone in the
grape-arbour, looking out into the streets
that he longed to be in, since their free-
dom had been denied him.

A little girl passed, carrying one child
in her arms, and talking to another who
clung to her skirts. It was Jerusha.

Joel threw a green grape at her to at-
tract her attention, and then beckoned
her mysteriously to come nearer. She
set the baby on the ground, and gave
him her bracelet to play with, while she
listened to a whispered account
of his wrongs through the lat-
ticed arbour.

"It's a shame!" she declared
indignantly. "I'll go right down
to the carpenter's house and tell
him why you cannot go there
any more. And I'll keep watch
on all that happens, and let you
know. I go past here every day,
and if I have any news, I'll toss
a pebble over the wall and cluck
like a hen. Then if nobody is
watching, you can come to this
hole in the arbour again."

The next day, as Joel was go-
ing in great haste to the baker's,
whither his aunt had sent him,
he heard some one behind him
calling him to wait. In another
moment Joshua was in speaking
distance, nearly bent double with
the weight of her little brother,
whom she was carrying as usual.

"There!" she said, with a puff
of relief, as she put him on his
own feet. "Wait till I get my
breath! It's no easy thing to
carry such a load and run at the
same time! How did you get
out?"

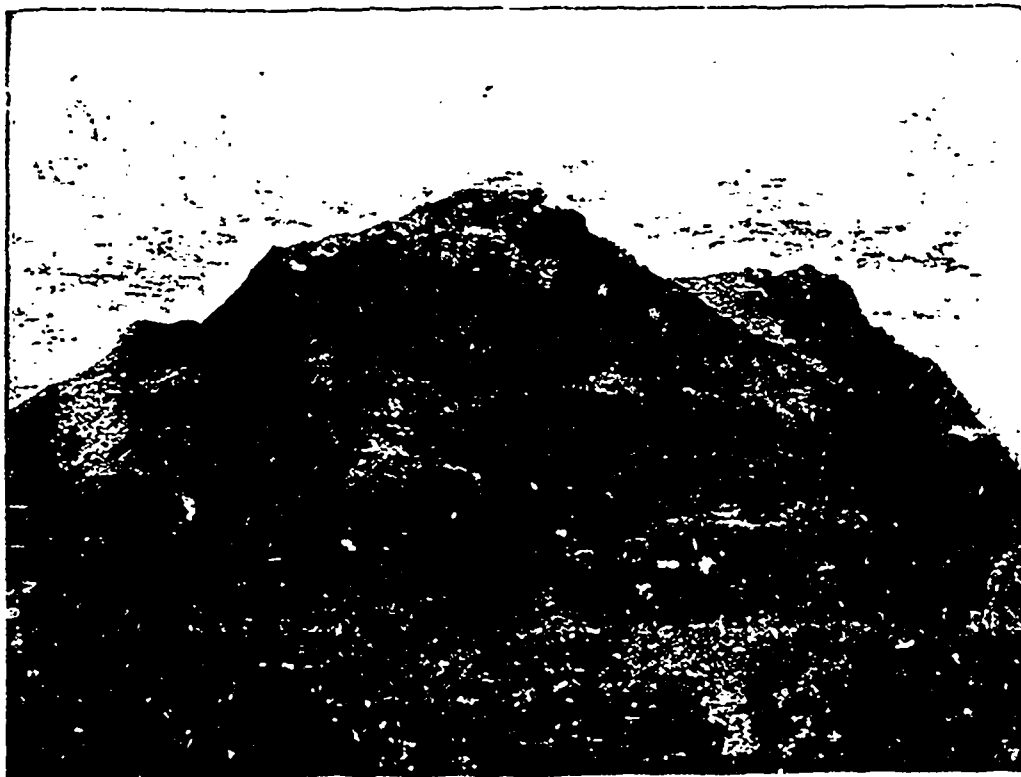
"There was an errand to be
done, and no one else to do it,"
answered Joel, "so Aunt sent
me."

"Oh, I've got such news for
you!" she exclaimed. "Guess
what has happened! Your Rabbi
Joel has asked Levi-Matthew



KEFR-KENNA—CANA OF GALILEE.

to be one of his followers, and go around it! One of those horrid tax-gatherers!
with him wherever he goes. Think of He settled his accounts and gave up his



HORNS OF HATTIN—MOUNT OF BEATRICE.

position in the custom-house yesterday.
And he is getting ready for a great feast.
I heard the butcher and the wine-dealer
both tell me about the big orders he had
given them.

"All the publicans and low common
people that are his friends are invited.
Yes, and so is your friend the carpenter.
Think of that, now! He is going to sit
down and eat with such people! Of
course respectable folks will never have
anything more to do with him after that!
I guess your uncle was right about him,
after all!"

Both the little girl's face and manner
expressed intense disgust.

Joel was shocked. "Oh, are you sure?"
he cried. "You certainly must be mis-
taken! It cannot be so!"

"I guess I know what I see with my
own eyes, and hear with my own ears!"
she retorted, angrily. "My father says
they are a bad lot. People that go with
publicans are just as unclean them-
selves. If you know so much more than
nobody else, I'll not trouble myself to
run after you with any more news.
Mistaken, indeed!"

With her head held high, and her nose
scornfully turned up, she jerked her
little brother past him, and went quickly
around the corner of the street.

The indignation of some of the rabbis
knew no bounds. "It has turned out
just as I predicted," said the scribe to
Laban, at supper. "They are nothing
but a set of gluttons and wine-bibbers!"

There was nothing else talked of dur-
ing the entire meal. How Joel's blood
boiled as he listened to their conversa-
tion! The food seemed to choke him.
As they applied one coarse epithet after
another to his friend Phineas, all the
kindness and care this man had ever
given him seemed to rise up before him.
But when they turned on the Nazarene,
all the stories Joel had heard in the
carpenter's house of his gentle sinless
childhood, all the tokens he had seen
himself of his pure unselfish manhood,
seemed to cry out against such gross in-
justice.

It was no light thing for a child to
contradict the doctors of the Law, and,
in a case of this kind, little less
than a crime to take the stand
Joel did.

But the memory of two faces
gave him courage: that of
Phineas as it had looked on him
through all those busy happy
hours in the carpenter's shop;
the other face he had seen but
once, that day of healing in the
synagogue,—who, having once
looked into the purity of those
eyes, the infinite tenderness of
that face, could sit calmly by
and raise no voice against the
calumny of his enemies?

The little cripple was white to
the lips, and he trembled from
head to foot as he stood up to
speak.

The scribe lifted up both
hands and turned to Laban with
a meaning shrug of the shoul-
ders. "To think of finding such
heresy in your own household!"
he exclaimed. "Among your
own children!"

"He is no child of mine!" re-
torted Laban. "Nor shall he
stay among them!" Then he
turned to Joel.

"Boy, take back every word
you have just uttered! Swear
you will renounce this man,—
this son of perdition,—and never
have ought to say well of him
again!"

Joel looked around the table,
at each face that shone out pale

and excited in the yellow lamplight. His eyes were dilated with fear; his heart thumped so in the awful pause that followed, that he thought everybody else must hear it.

"I cannot!" he said hoarsely. "Oh, I cannot!"

"Then take yourself out of my sight forever. The doors of this house shall never open for you again!"

There was a storm of abuse from the angry man at this open defiance of his authority. With these two cold, stern men to nod approval at his zealousness, he went to greater lengths than he might otherwise have done.

With one more frightened glance around the table, the child hurried out of the room. The door into the street creaked after him, and Joel limped out into the night, with his uncle's curse ringing in his ears.

CHAPTER IX.

Phineas, going along the beach that night, in the early moonlight, towards his home, saw a little figure crouched in the shadow of a low building beside the wharf. It was shaking with violent sobs. He went up to the child, and took its hands down from its wet face, with a comforting expression of pity. Then he started back in surprise. It was Joel!

"Why, my child! My poor child!" he exclaimed, putting his arm around the trembling, mishapen form. "What is the meaning of all this?"

"Uncle Laban has driven me away from home!" sobbed the boy. "He was angry because you and Rabbi Jesus were invited to Levi-Matthew's feast. He says I have denied the faith, and am worse than an infidel. He says I am fit only to be cast out with the dogs and publicans!—and—and—" he ended with a wail. "Oh, he sent me away with his curse!"

Phineas drew him closer, and stroked the head on his shoulder in pitying silence.

"Fatherless and motherless and lame!" the boy sobbed bitterly. "And now, a homeless outcast, blighted by a curse, I have been sitting here with my feet in the dark water, thinking how easy it would be to slip down into it and forget; but, Rabbi Phineas, that face will not let me,—that face of your friend,—I keep seeing it all the time!"

Phineas gathered the boy so close in his arms that Joel could feel his strong, even heart-beats.

"My child," he said solemnly, "call me no more, Rabbi! Henceforth, it is to be father Phineas. You shall be to me as my own son!"

"But the curse!" sobbed Joel. "The curse that is set upon me! It will blight you too!"

"Nay," was the quiet answer; "for it is written, 'As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse, causeless, shall not come.'"

But the boy still shook as with a chill. His face and hands were burning hot.

"Come!" said Phineas. He picked him up in his strong arms, and carried him down the beach to Abigail's motherly care and comforting.

"He will be a long time getting over the shock of this," she said to her husband, when he was at last soothed to sleep.

"Ah, loyal little heart!" he answered, "he has suffered much for the sake of his friendship with us!"

Poor little storm-tossed bark! In the days that followed he had reason to bless the boisterous winds that blew him to such a safe and happy harbour!

Over on the horns of Mount Hattin, the spring morning began to shine. The light crept slowly down the side of the old mountain, till it fell on a little group of men talking earnestly together. It was the Preacher of Galilee, who had just chosen twelve men from among those who had followed him to help him in his ministry.

They gathered around him in the fresh mountain dawn, as he pictured the life in store for them. Strange they did not quail before it, and turn back disheartened. Nay, not strange! For in the weeks they had been with him, they had learned to love him so, that his "follow me," that drew them from the

toll-gate and fishing-boat, was stronger than ties of home and kindred.

Just about this time, Phineas and Joel were starting out from Capernaum to the mountain. Hundreds of people were already on the way; people who had come from all parts of Judea, and beyond the Jordan. Clouds of dust rose above the highway as the travellers trudged along.

Joel was obliged to walk slowly, so that by the time they reached the plain below, a great multitude had gathered.

"Let's get close," he whispered. He had heard that those who barely touched the garments of the strange Rabbi were made whole, and it was with the hope that he might steal up and touch him unobserved that he had begged Phineas to take him on such a long, painful walk.

"There is too great a crowd, now," answered Phineas. "Let us rest here awhile, and listen. Let me lift you up on this big rock, so that you can see." "Sh! He is speaking!"

Joel looked up, and, for the second time in his life, listened to words that thrilled him like a trumpet call,—words that through eighteen hundred years have not ceased to vibrate; with what mighty power they must have fallen when, for the first time, they broke the morning stillness of those mountain wilds!

Joel forgot the press of people about him, forgot even where he was, as sentence after sentence seemed to lift him out of himself, till he could catch glimpses of lofty living such as he had never even dreamed of before.

Round by round, he seemed to be carried up some high ladder of thought by that voice, away from all that was common and low and earthly, to a summit of infinite love and light.

Still the voice led on, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'"

Joel started so violently at hearing his own familiar motto, that he nearly lost his balance on the rock.

"But I say unto you, That you resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. . . . Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

Poor little Joel, it was a hard doctrine for him to accept! How could he give up his hope of revenge, when it had grown with his growth till it had come to be as dear as life itself?

He heard little of the rest of the sermon, for through it all the words kept echoing, "Bless them that curse you! Do good to them that hate you! Pray for them which despitefully use you!"

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" he groaned inwardly.

"I have found a chance for you to ride home," said Phineas, when the sermon was over, and the people began to file down the narrow mountain paths. "But there will be time for you to go to him first, for healing. You have only to ask, you know."

Joel took an eager step forward, and then shrank back guiltily. "Not now," he murmured, "some other time." He could not look into those clear eyes and ask a blessing, when he knew his heart was black with hate.

After all his weeks of waiting the opportunity had come; but he dared not let the Sinless One look into his soul.

Phineas began an exclamation of surprise, but was interrupted by some one asking him a question. Joel took advantage of this to climb up behind the man who had offered him a ride. All the way home he weighed the two desires in his mind,—the hope of healing, and the hope of revenge.

By the time the two guardian figures were in sight, he had decided. He would rather go helpless and halting through life than give up his cherished purpose.

But there was no sleep for him that night, after he had gone up to his little chamber on the roof. He seemed to see that pleading face on the mountain-side; it came to him again and again, with the words, "Bless them that curse you! Pray for them that despitefully use you!"

All night he fought against yielding to

it. Time and again he turned over on his bed, and closed his eyes; but it would not let him alone.

He thought of Jacob wrestling with the angel till day-break, and knew in his heart that the sweet spirit of forgiveness striving with his selfish nature was some heavenly impulse from another world.

At last when the cock-crowing commenced at dawn, and the stars were beginning to fade, he drew up his crooked little body, and knelt with his face to the kindling east.

"Father in heaven," he prayed softly, "bless mine enemy Rehum, and forgive all my sins,—fully and freely as I now forgive the wrong he has done to me."

A feeling of light-heartedness and peace, such as he had never known before, stole over him. He could not settle himself to sleep, though worn out with his night's long vigil.

Hastily slipping on his clothes, he tiptoed down the stairs, and limped, bare-headed, down to the beach. The lake shimmered and glowed under the faint rose and gray of the sky like a deep opal. The early breeze blew the hair back from his pale face with a refreshing coolness.

It seemed to him the world had never looked one-half so beautiful before, as he stood there.

A firm tread on the gravel made him turn partly around. A man was coming up the beach; it was the friend of Phineas. As if drawn by some uncontrollable impulse, Joel started to meet him, an unspoken prayer in his pleading little face.

Not a word was said. For one little instant Joel stood there by the shining sea, his hand held close in the loving hand of the world's Redeemer. For one little instant he looked up into his face; then the man passed on.

Joel covered his face with his hands, seeming to hear the still small voice that spoke to the prophet out of the whirlwind.

"He is the Christ!" he whispered reverently,— "He is the Christ!"

In his exalted feeling all thought of a cure had left him; but as he walked on down the beach, he noticed that he no longer limped. He was moving along with strong, quick strides. He shook himself and threw back his shoulders; there was no pain in the movement. He passed his hands over his back and down his limbs.

Oh, he was straight and strong and sinewy! He seemed a stranger to himself, as running and leaping, then stopping to look down and feel his limbs again, he ran madly on.

Suddenly he cast his garments aside and dived into the lake. Before his injury, he had been able to swim like a fish, now he reached out with long powerful strokes that sent him darting through the cold water with a wonderful sense of exhilaration.

Then he dressed again, and went on running and leaping and climbing till he was exhausted, and his first wild delirious joy began to subside into a deep quiet thankfulness. Then he went home, radiant in the happiness of his new-found cure.

But more than the mystery of the miracle, more than the joy of the healing, was the remembrance of that moment, that one little moment, when he felt the clasp of the Master's hand, and seemed wrapped about with the boundless love of God.

From that moment, he lived but to serve and to follow him.

(To be continued.)

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 5, 1896.

Mount Ararat.—Genesis 8. 4, 20-22.

THE PLACE WHERE THE ARK RESTED.

The ark was a unique vessel built by divine command. The world had become very wicked, and God made known to Noah his purpose to destroy mankind except himself and family. The faith of Noah must have been very strong, seeing that he acted according to the instructions which he received. The ark was built of a certain kind of wood. Let the members of our Junior Leagues

find out the kind of wood. The dimensions and the purpose for which the ark was prepared were all specified. Noah was faithful in everything. His faith was tested 120 years.

WHEN THE ARK RESTED.

The first verse in the text tells us when. Five months after the commencement of the flood the ark was brought to a resting-place. This mountain has ever since been a celebrated place in the world. It is a mountain of great height, being more than 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Few persons have ever been able to attain its summit. Some have disputed as to whether the ark did rest here. It is enough for us to follow the statement of Scripture.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

Noah had seen much of the goodness of God in sparing him and his family. Now that the ark has rested, what did he do? Read verses 20, 21. This conduct is worthy of commendation. How many forget to acknowledge the hand of God in their affairs. Noah was not of this class. John Howe was accustomed to say, "Wherever God gives me a cot, I will build for him an altar."

DIVINE PROMISE.

Verse 22. God has kept his promise. His promises never fail. Be encouraged to believe him. Trust in him with all your heart. He will next destroy the world with fire. Prepare for judgment.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1896.

Canada is a very large country and it takes more than a week to reach its remotest parts. We, therefore, have to mail our Sunday-school papers from eight to twelve days before, that they may reach the more distant points in time for distribution on the date printed on the paper. Ontario schools sometimes complain that they have two packages for one week, and none the previous week. This is due to these schools delivering the papers a week ahead of the proper date, and to a delay in the mail, or it may be a delay in the mailing.

The circulation of these papers has increased so fast that successive editions have had to be printed to meet the supply. Schools should never distribute the papers before the date mentioned on the first page. The number contains the lessons, lesson notes, and poems for the following week. The design is that the teachers and scholars may have these for reading and study for a full week before the lessons are taught in the schools. Observance of this rule will prevent all cause of complaint.

The United Empire Loyalists.

BY REV. DE ROY HOOKER.

In the brave old Revolution days,
So by our sires 'tis told,
King-men and rebels, all ablaze,
With wrath and wrong,
Strove hard and long;
And, fearsome to behold,
O'er town and wilderness afar,
O'er quaking land and sea and air,
All dark and stern the clouds of war
In bursting thunders rolled.
Men of one blood—of British blood,
Rushed to the mortal strife;
Men brothers born,
In hate and scorn,
Shed each and other's life.
Which had the right and which the
wrong
It boots not now to say;
But when at last
The war-clouds passed
Cornwallis sailed away;
He sailed away and left the field
To those who knew right well to wield
The powers of war, but not to yield,
Though Britons fought the day.
Cornwallis sailed away, but left
Full many a loyal man,
Who wore the red,
And fought and bled
Till Royal George's banner fled
Not to return again.
What did they then, those loyal men,
When Britain's cause was lost?
Did they consent,
And dwell content
Where crown and law and parliament
Were trampled in the dust?
Drear were their homes where they were
born;
Where slept their honoured dead;
And rich and wide
On every side
The fruitful acres spread;
But dearer to their faithful hearts,
Than home or gold or lands,
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
And Britain's flag of long renown,
And grip of British hands.
They would not spurn the glorious old
To grasp the gaudy new;
Of yesterday's rebellion born
They held the upstart-power in scorn—
To Britain they stood true,
With high resolve they looked their last
On home and native land;
And sore they wept
O'er those that slept,
In honoured graves they must be kept
By grace of stranger's hand.
They looked their last and got them out
Into the wilderness,
The stern old wilderness!
All dark and rude
And unsubdued;
The savage wilderness!
Where wild beasts howled
And Indians prowled;
The lonely wilderness!
Where social joys must be forgot,
And budding childhood grow untaught;
Where hopeless hunger might assail
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail;
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
Might slay their dear ones at their will;
Where they must lay
Their dead away
Without the man of God to say
The sad, sweet words, how dear to men,
Of resurrection hope; but then
'Twas British wilderness!
Where they might sing
God save the King,
And live protected by his laws,
And loyally uphold his cause;
'Twas welcome wilderness!
Though dark and rude
And unsubdued;
Though wild beasts howled
And Indians prowled;
For there, their sturdy hands
By hated treason undefiled,
Might win, from the Canadian wild,
A home on British lands.
These be thy heroes, Canada!
These men of proof, whose test
Was in the fevered pulse of strife
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life;
And in the stern behest
When right must toll for scanty bread,
And wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,
And men must choose between;
When right must shelter 'neath the skies
While wrong is lordly mansion lies,
And men must choose between;

When right is cursed and crucified,
While wrong is cheered and glorified,
And men must choose between.
Stern was the test,
And sorely pressed,
That proved their blood best of the best;
And when for Canada you pray,
Implore kind Heaven
That like a leaven,
The hero-blood which then was given
May quicken in her veins always—
That from those worthy sires may spring.
In numbers as the stars,
Strong-hearted sons, whose glorying
Shall be in right,
Though recreant Might,
Be strong against her in the fight,
And many be her scars;
So, like the sun, her honoured name
Shall shine to latest years the same.

THE CANADIAN RIVER DRIVERS.

BY EDWARD A. FOND.

"Oh, grandpa, they are driving the logs down our-river. The men came from Canada, and there's a j-jam at the bridge," cried Charlie Haven excitedly, as he stood at a window overlooking a river in Maine. "Come, grandpa! Don't you want to see them?"
Grandpa Haven responded to this invitation, and coming to the window, looked across a sloping field down to the river and the bridge spanning it. The logs that had drifted down the river to the saw mills waiting for them, had caught at the stone piers of the bridge



BREAKING A LOG JAM.

and were slowly piling up in a confused mass. Hopping over these piles, trying to disengage what logs they could, were half a dozen men, river drivers. They wore red shirts as a rule, and looked like a flock of flamingoes that with their red bodies and long legs had lighted on the logs to see what they could do for the saw mills patiently waiting for these perverse logs.
"Those river drivers work hard, grandpa," remarked Charlie. "Who pays them?"
"Oh, the men owning the logs."
"One of the men I know quite well. I guess he likes boys."
"That is good."
"But—he drinks."
"He does?"
"I saw him pull a bottle from his pocket and he put it to his mouth and smacked his lips."
"Sorry! Somebody ought to speak to him."
"I dare say."
"Why don't you speak to him, Charlie?"
"What, me?"
"Why, yes. You are good at speaking."
"Me?"
"Yes, you speak to fifty at once."
"What, me?"
"I heard you advise fifty people at least, not to drink anything stronger than water."
"Why, when?"
"Didn't I hear you say that in school?"
"Oh, when I spoke a piece?"
"Of course, and the boy who can speak to fifty can certainly speak to one." Charlie was silent.
"Well, if somebody don't speak to the river driver, he will go on."
"Grandpa thinks he's funny; I don't see any fun in it," thought Charlie.

That Grandfather Haven might not joke any more, Charlie did what older folks do when annoyed by disagreeable talk; he changed the subject.

"Didn't you say Uncle Jonas wore a red shirt like those river drivers, when he went hunting?" asked Charlie, adding to himself, "now I've got grandpa!"
Ah, grandpa liked to talk about his absent Jonas.

"Oh, yes, yes, and how Jonas did like to hunt! He liked to do other things, too, and he was fond of saying what he would do when he came home for good. He would begin with the barn. Then he would tackle the house, and so on and on. Poor Jonas! He don't seem to get on at all."

Here grandpa dropped further remarks about the beloved Jonas and wiped his eyes.

Charlie had heard about his uncle, and he knew what the trouble was with the warm-hearted, generous, but sorely tempted Jonas; he loved the bottle.

"Where is he now, grandpa? Does he go hunting, now?" asked Charlie.

"Dunno! He don't stick long in one place."

The old gentleman's tone indicated that he did not wish to talk any more to-day about Jonas, and Charlie said nothing more. He gazed at the barn that sorely needed a work of repairs. Every year its walls spread out farther and farther, like a man who is straddling, and the straddle widens and he threatens to fall any moment.

Soon Charlie left for a walk to the river.
"Ah," he said, "There's the river driver I like."

The voice of the man had first attracted Charlie, a cheery, hearty voice, and the two at once became friends.

"Well, Bub, and how are ye to-day?" said the man, heartily holding out a hand of welcome.

"I am very well; how are you?"
"Oh, well, but I hope to feel better very soon—ha-ha!—thank ye!"

Here the man pulled a liquor flask out of his pocket.

"Bub, I will drink to your health!"

Into Charlie's mind flashed the memory of his grandfather's words about saying something to the man, and though the old grandfather loved to joke, Charlie had taken the words in earnest.

Would he speak to the river driver, the thirsty flamingo?

He thought the matter over quickly. Of course, somebody ought to speak to the tempted. A word might work wonders. Was not he the somebody to speak to the river driver. And if he could speak to fifty—to fifty, mind—could he not speak to one?

These arguments did not go through his boyish brain so deliberately as that, for he was obliged to think fast. His thoughts flew past him somewhat like the cars of an express train. However, he made up his mind to try.

"Sir!" said Charlie solemnly.

"Well, Bub, what is it?"

"Sir!" began Charlie again. Then it seemed as if all power of speech failed him.

"S—" he whispered.

He began again. "Sir—"
"Why, Bub!" said the astonished flamingo, "what is the matter?"
"Sir—"

He hesitated, then tried again, "Don't!"

He had got it out at last.

"Don't want me to drink? Ha-ha! Now, Bub!"

The river driver's tones were not at all angry. They were just as kind as they could be, for he pitied this boy in his perplexity.

"Lemme think!" he said pleasantly.

"Why, Bub, I can't stop."
Charlie's words were coming now.

"Yes, you can, if you try hard."
"But I don't believe in stopping all at once. I believe in tapering off."

"Tapering off?"
"Why, in coming to it gradually, drinking less and less. That is what I aim at."

"Oh, I see. How long have you been tapering off?"

The river driver laughed; "Oh, fifteen years! But I can't stop."

Should Charlie say the next thing? Yes, he was brave.

"Ask God to stop you?"

"See here, Bub! Now I've got ye. I'll make you an offer. If you will pray—right here—I'll stop. Ha-ha, I got ye!"

Charlie looked around.

"You come behind that waggon and I'll try to."

"You will, Bub! Come on!"

That was a touching prayer a boy made by the battered old waggon. If he had opened his eyes, he would have seen the river driver's hand still holding the untouched flask, shaking like a blade of grass in the wind.

What Charlie said he never could recall. It was a very poor sort of a prayer in Charlie's opinion. It had an effect, though.

"Bub," said the river driver, solemnly, "you have me! I never felt so in my life. I have been paid off, and I have \$15 in my pocket. I did expect to go to a dance in a hall down stream to-night. If I go, I shall spend the whole of it on drink, and so forth. If I go—"

"Oh, stay here! You—you can come to my house."

"Where do you live?"
"Up in that house on the hill."

"You don't say! My!"
The river driver thought in silence.

He soon began again: "Bub, I do feel interested, but how do I know I can stop?"

"You can stop for to-day."
"So I can."

"You only have to stop a day at a time."

"Why, I never thought of it in that way."

"Well, here goes for to-day."
Down went the flask.

"Lemme think! I want to see my boss. I want to see Simon Chadbourne. You stay right here. I'll be back soon."

While he was gone, Simon Chadbourne came out of the depths of the lumber yard accompanied by one of his hands, and they began to load the waggon with joists and boards. Then they harnessed into the waggon a span of horses.

"All right, is it?" said the river driver, suddenly appearing.

"All right!" answered the lumber dealer.

"I told you, Simon, I wanted to drive myself."

"Jump up with me, Bub!" called out the river driver.

"Wonder what he is up to!" thought Charlie, climbing up beside the river driver.

"Git up there, Nancy! Git up, Polly!" shouted the new waggoner.

"Bub," he said to Charlie, as the heavy wheels turned round, "I put my fifteen dollars into this lumber. Guess I can dispose of it. Wasn't that wise?"

"Oh, yes! You going to sell it?"
"Well, see."

To Charlie's surprise, the river driver guided his team to Grandpa Haven's door, and throwing down the reins, jumped to the ground, and then accosted the old gentleman who was sitting in his ancient armchair, mournfully contemplating that drooping barn: "Father, I said I was coming home some day to fix up and begin with the barn, but I couldn't come till I had stopped drinking, and had something to begin on. I've just told my boss to let another man who wants my place to take it and—"

"Why, Jonas!" exclaimed the old father.—Ran's Horn.

A National Hymn.

BY THE MARQUIS DE LORNE.

From our Dominion never
Take thy protecting hand.
United, Lord, forever
Keep thou our fathers' land!
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.
Aye, one with her whose thunder
Keeps world watch with the hours,
Guard Freedom's home and wonder,
"This Canada of ours."

Fair days of fortune send her
Be thou her shield and sun!
Our land, our flag's Defender,
Unite our hearts as one!
One flag, one land, upon her
May every blessing rest!
For loyal faith and honour
Her children's deeds attest.

No stranger's foot insulting
Shall tread our country's soil;
While stand her sons exulting
For her to live and toll,
She hath the victor's guerdon.
Hers are the conquering powers,
No foeman's yoke shall burden
"This Canada of ours."

Our sires, when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine,
They tracked the floods and foun-
tains
And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains,
The glorious prairie land.

O Giver of earth's treasure,
Make thou our nation strong;
Pour forth thine hot displeasure
On all who work our wrong;
To our remotest border
Let plenty still increase,
Let Liberty and Order
Bid ancient feuds to cease.

May Canada's fair daughters
Keep house for hearts as bold
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old,
The pioneers of nations!
They showed the world the way;
'Tis ours to keep their stations,
And lead the van to-day.

Inheritors of glory
O countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag whose story
Shall onward victory bear.
Where'er through earth's far regions
Its triple crosses fly,
For God, for home, our legions
Shall win or fighting die.

DOMINION DAY NUMBER

In this Dominion Day number of Pleasant Hours we give a number of patriotic poems and some pictures of our great Northwest country. Our upper cut shows the process of haying on the boundless prairies. It is something wonderful to ride for scores of miles and not see a fence, these broad prairies being almost boundless as the sea.

The lower part of the cut shows the temporary homes of the first settlers—sometimes a rude house of logs, sometimes a mere tent, sometimes a house made of sods, but this soon gives place to comfortable home-steads, cultivated farms, and cheerful villages and towns. There are a large number of Mennonites in Southern Manitoba. Some of their towns are very comfortable indeed. One such is shown in our central picture. In the number of Onward for this date are a large number of pictures and descriptive articles concerning our great inheritance in the Northwest.

Some Irish travellers passed by a well-kept tennis-court, where the gardener was busily engaged in cutting the grass with a lawn-mower. Two of them, evidently farmers, were looking at the scene, when one of them expressed his sentiments thus: "Shure, an' they kape their grass quare an' elane! Look at him 'ot washin' it wi' a scrubbin'-brush!"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON I.—JULY 5.

DAVID, KING OF JUDAH.

2 Sam. 2. 1-11. Memory verses, 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.—Psalm 97. 1.

Time.—About B.C. 1056.

Place. Hebron, twenty miles from Jerusalem. It was a very ancient city (Num. 13. 22). Here Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had lived. Here Abraham

QUESTIONS.

- I. The Chief at Hebron, verses 1-3.
 1. When did David inquire of the Lord? Did he make a habit of this? Give instances. Why did he think of going to the cities of Judah? State what you know of Hebron? 2. Give the names of David's wives. 3. Who else came with him to Hebron?
 - II. The King of Judah, verses 4-7.
 1. Who were "the men of Judah?" How was a king set apart for his office? Of what was oil a symbol? What was the extent of David's kingdom? What kind act had been done by the men of Jabesh? 5. Why did David send a message to them? 6. What else did he do for them? 7. How did he show his wish to have a united nation?
 - III. The King of Israel, verses 8-11.

Canada.

BY DR. DEWART.

The grand old woods of Canada:
How cool and dim below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves
Swift-changing webs the sunlight weaves
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada:
Dark pine and birch drooped low;
The stately elm, the maple tall,
The sturdy beech, I love them all,
And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada:
The choppers' blows resound
Through the crisp air, while cold and still
The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill
Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada:
That 'neath cool shadows pass,
Then wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,
Through verdant meadow, ankle deep
In clover-blooms and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada:
Deep in whose murmuring tide,
From pebbly caverns dimly seen
'Neath leafy shade of living green,
Grey trout and salmon glide.

The beautiful lakes of Canada:
With loving eyes I see
Their waters, stretched in endless chain
By fair St. Lawrence, to the main,
As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's
wake
Or fade with dying day,
Fond memories in my heart awake,
Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada:
Where sun sinks to the earth,
In setting, whispering warm good-night
To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth.

The robust life of Canada
In cheery homes I see,
Though gold nor jewels fill the hand,
'Tis nature's self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free.



DITS IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

had buried Sarah. Here the twelve spies rested.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (2 Sam. 2. 1-11). Answer the Questions. Tell in your own words how David was made king.

Tuesday.—Read how a king was anointed (1 Sam. 16. 1-13). Fix in your mind Time and Place.

Wednesday.—Read the story of Saul's death (2 Sam. 1. 1-12). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read how David mourned for friends (2 Sam. 1. 17-27). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read about a royal funeral (1 Sam. 31. 7-13).

Saturday.—Read a king's homage (Psalm 21. 1-7). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the Son of David (Mark 11. 1-11).

8. Who was Abner? What post did he fill? Whom did he make king? Where was Mahanaim? Why was it chosen as the head of the kingdom? How long did he reign over Israel? How long was David King of Judah?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

It is wise to bring our difficulties to God. Time spent in waiting for his guidance is not lost. God's will is made known to us in many ways; we should obey it promptly. Benefits received should not be forgotten. We should not only feel kindly but say kind things. It is vain to oppose God's plan.

A lady of charitable disposition asked a poor man if she could not help him by mending his clothes. "Yes, madame," he replied. "I have a button, and you would oblige me greatly by sewing a coat to it."

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