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VOL XII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1892.

[No. 34.

HIPPOCAMPUS, OR SEA HORSE

This "strange fish," for a 18h he truly though belonging to a very odd family the pipe-fishes—is not an entire stranger the pipe-usines—is not an entire stranger our northern waters, being found along be New Jersey coasts, and quite far up the Hudson River. Some very fine speciens constitute one of the points of occial attraction in the New York Aqua-

The picture gives a striking portraiture the creature; and what a jumble of ldities—the head of a horse, fins of a fish, il compounded of a croco-lile's and a ring-iled monkey's, and the ribbod body of a linese lantern! In general, he is found biding on to some sea-weed or fragment

stell, swaying backward d forward, with oft repeated d very rapid vibrations of e pectoral fins. If it is his casure to release his hold id change his location, he oves in the upright form seen the engraving, using the seback fin for propulsion. is back fin for propulsion. is syaging, however, is very ort; as he generally adheres the first object that hes in

k way.

The Hippocampus is very cile, and easily tamed, and one who is so fortunate as obtain a specimen, he will two for many an hour of eply interested study and

TVALIOTS.

HE HERO OF QUEENS-TON HEIGHTS.

Ar the annual pienic of the etropolitan Sunday-school at necession Heights, in July, e Rev. Dr. Withrow recount-the principal incidents which d made that spot historic, d read the following exects from his story of the r of 1812: r of 1812:

The morning of the thir-enth of October, 1812, a day memorable in the annais er memorable in the annats
Canada, broke cold and
army. Low-hung clouds
antied the sky and made the
dawn later still. They
still darker shadows on e sombre clumps of spruce d pine that clothed the sides

the gorge, and on the sullen ters that flowed between. A comple of ters that howed between. A complete themen in the neighbourhood who were twing in the militar had been permitted the officer in command to attend to arreines with the injunction to keep a rp look-out at the same time, and to be dy at an instant's summons to join the

The elder of the two men was a sturdy shear—Jones Evans by name—a Meth-ted the Lady Huntingdon Connexion.

other, Jim Larkins, was Canadian born,

on of a neighbouring farmer. About

c'dock in the morning they emerged

their sprice booth and began hauling th their rude windlass upon the seine willy laden with fish.

Hark!" exclaimed Jonas to his com-gion; "what noise is that? I thought I ad the splank of cars."

"It is only the wash of the waves upon the shore or the sough of the winds among the pines. You're likely to hear nothing else this time o' day, or o' night rather."
"There it is again," said the old man, peering into the carkness. "And I am sure I heard the sound o' voices on the river. See there!" he exclaimed, as a long dark object was descried amid the gloom. "There is a boat, and there behind it another; and I doubt not there are still others behind. Run, Jim, call out the guard. The Lord has placed us here to confound the devices of the enemy."

Snatching from the booth his trusty

Snatching from the booth his trusty Brown Bess musket, without waiting to challenge, for he well knew that this was

and another emerged rapidly from the darkness, and their prowa grated upon the shingle as they were forced upon the beach. The invading troops leaped lightly out with

The invading troops leaped lightly out with a clash of arms, and at the quick, sharp word of command formed upon the beach. Meanwhile, on the cliff above, the sharp challenge and reply of the guard, the shrill rereille of the bugle, and the quick throbbing of the drums calling to arms are heard. The men turn out with alacrity, and are soon seen, in the grey dawn, running from their several billets to headquarters, buckling their belts and adjusting their accourrements as they run. Soon is heard the measured trainp of armed men forming in companies to attack the enemy.

Queenston Heights, the whole slope of the Queenston Heights, the whole slope of the hill was swopt by a heavy artillery and musketry fire from the American shore. Novertheless, with his aides, he rode full speed up to the 18-pounder battery, midway to the summit. Dismounting, he surveyed the disposition of the opposed forces and personally directed the fire of the gun. At this moment firing was heard on the and personally directed the ire of the gun. At this moment firing was heard on the crest of the hill commanding the battery. A detachment of American troops had climbed like catamounts the steep cliff by an unguarded fisherman's path. Sir Isaac Brock and his aides had not even time to romount, but were compelled to retire with the twelve gunners who manned the bat-tory. This was promptly occupied by the ricans, who raised the stars

and stripes.

Placing himself at the 'ead Placing himself at the 'ead of a company of the 49th, he charged up the hill under a heavy fire. The enemy gave way, and Brock, by the tones of his voice and the reckless exposure of his person, inspirited the pursuit of his followers. His tall figuro—he was six feet. His tall figuro—he was six feet two inches in height—his con-spicuous valour, and his gen-eral's epaulettee and cockade attracted the fire of the Ameriattracted the fire of the American sharpshooters, and he fel., pierced through the breast by a mortal bullet. As he fell upon his face, a devoted follower rushed to his assistance. "Don't mind me," he said. "Push on the York volunteers," and with his clibing life sending a message to his sister in the far-off Isle of Guernsey, the brave soul passed away. the brave soul passed away.

As they approached the village of Queenston, Neville and Zenas found that a temporary lull in the hostilities had taken place. The Americans had possession of the heights, and

possession of the heights, and were strongly reinforced from the Lewiston side of the river. The redecats from Fort George—about four hundred men of the 41st regiment, together with part of the 49th, which had already been so the second of which had already been tion - were about to m. . . by a by-road apparently away from the scene of action.

"Halloa!" said Zenas to young Ensign Norton of the 41st regiment, who was a frequent visitor at his father's house. "I don't understand this regiment was a frequent visitor at his father's house.

at his father's house. "I don't understand
this, you are not running away from those
fellows, are you? Why don't you drive the
Yankees from that battery!
"We intend to, young Hotspur, but it
would be madness to charge up that hill in
face of those guns. We are to take them
in flank, I suppose, and drive them over
the cliff."
"Where's Brock?" asked the be,

"Where's Brock?" asked the bc, jealous of the fame of his here, which he seemed to think compromised by this pru dent counsel.

"Have you not heard?" said Norton, with something latween a sigh and a sob. "He'll never lead us again. He lies in yonder house," pointing to a long, low, poor looking dwelling house on the left side of the road.



HIPPOCAMPUS, OR SEA HORSE.

the vanguard of the threatened invasion he fired at the best, more for the purpose of giving the alarm than in the expectation of

giving the airrm than in the expectation of inflicting any damage on the moving object in the uncertain light.

The sound of the musket shot echoed and re-echoed between the rocky cliffs, and repeated in loud reverberations its thrilling sound of warning.

"Curse him! we are discovered," ex-

claimed the steersman of the foremost boat, with a brutal oath. "Spring to your oars, lads! We must gain a footing before the guard turns out, or its all up with us. Pull for your lives!"

No longer rowing cautiously with muffled oars, but with loud shouts and fairly churning the surface of the water into foam, they made the boat—a large flat-bottomed barge—bound through the waves. Another

The first detachment of invaders were driven with some loss behind a steep bank close to the water's edge, but they were soon reinforced by fresh arrivals, and being

soon reinforced by frosh arrivals, and being now in overwhelming strength, steadily fought their way up the bank.

Meanwhile, where was Brock? Such, we venture to think, was the most eager thought of every mind on either side. He was speeding as fast as his good steed could carry him to his glorious fate. The provious night, at headquarters at Fort George, he had called his staff together and, in anticipation of the invasion, had given to each cipation of the invasion, had given to each officer his instructions. In the morning, agreeably to his custom, he rose before day. While dressing, the sound of the distant cannonade caught his attentive ear.

With his two aides, he galloped eargerly to the scene of action. As he approached

at at of a state of a for a state of a state and tight like a t r rolled of its where for not a men of us where for not a men of us who wouldn't a died for the general of the right wheel, forward march

cane the order to be a first of the

The Division to the velocities and Mark tion and Sheader when you have

tion and Shoule, who we have community to Zerr as to will had plenty to do the community. At the from a who is to all, the help is settled in a facci teny and the help are olute white exercises the dominant of the help are olute white exercises have a warf was drawn up, and two hell you with their game (s), a copied the reason.

game to a control the corresponding to the west process to the control of the con

molestation was offered. The reserved formatty was felt to be consequently of each and the red-handed War to describe for it. I described for with generous regardady. Zenas and Neville, accounted by an efficient orderly, conveyed their helpital stars into the barn. On bundles of an irreshed wheat, or on trussus of hay, were a number of writhing, grosning, bleeding forms, a few hours since in the vigour of manhood's strength, now maimed, some of them for strength, now maimed, some of them for life, some of them marked for death, and one ghastly form already cold and rigid, covered by a blood stamed sheet. At one side they beheld an army surgeon with his slooves rolled up, but notwork standing this precaution, smeared with blood, kneeling over a poor fellow who lay upon a truss of hay, and probing his shoulder to trace and, nay, and protong his shoulder to trace and, if possible, extract a bullet that had deeply penetrated.

"Why, Jim Larkins, is that you?" exclaimed Zenas, recognizing an old neighbour and recent schoolfellow.

"Yes Zauge all that is last of the I

"Yes, Zenas, all that is left of me-won't fight no more for one while. I guess

ho answered more with agony as the doctor probed the wise I with agony as the "Give how a drank said the doctor, and Zerie, so enderly as a girl, supported his head and held to his perch I lips a mugofold and refreshing tea.

"Blossages in the kind heart that sent that," said the wounded man.
"It was Kate," said Zeries.
"I knowed it must be morniured Jun, who was one of her rustic admirers. "Tell her "he continued, in the natural or dism

he continued, in the natural og tism of suffering. "she nover did a better deed. Heaven roward her for it."

Hoaven reward her for it."

Zenas thought of the benediction pronounced ou a cup of cold water given for the Master, and rejoiced in the privilege of ministering to these wounded and, it might be, dying men.

"You'll have to lose your arm," my good fellow," said the doctor kindly, but in a business like way, "the bone is tailly shattered."

I was it in a of that ever since I got hit I was a statiking state in I mis ed my fite. I debut his wordy, data i fel nutium, but I couldn't ledi tho gue. Old Jones Evans, the Mechaniy is 1 1 see her, was used me aspray a one a sent ad on his soid. I heard him say a he knowed a follow over. Well, he helped me an ada follow over. Well, he helped me eased the fill's stander as a wentin, and then went it elegate as there as ever.

"That tak so tach at join felium, and the discount of the first and the rezeli. The operation was soon over, Jim

never dinching a bit.

s one too m' (ful felles of 44.0 .

me ton het the As the descended to the property of the descended to the place of the content of the place of the descended to the place of the descended to the place of the pla who is the stapped it ten led unto a still out the feel in a cloth. Table 1 a chapped it ten lerly, a ingout to what is a factor parly were bury court. Cold the charles yithing of the third of the transparent of the transparent of the ground, and covered it with its kindred clay. He thought of his suder's remark about proparing the should be readerly, but here we he bury me part the third of inconverse we he bury in part of the third of the third of the should be the third of the should be the third of the should be the should b

to a sported contest and contest co a disputed condent and condent of property to be seen to the constitution of the seed open to the set of the set way. He do read the set out to all and control to the styrical property to be described from the congress. the feal were being born I one wide, aug-common region to which from I and facility also by the those recourts arrayed in Father growth each other, stain by routial wounds, and cowner rest for ever A his promotic I the works. "Dust to disti-tively the recognition, the weal of a monthly I do do not the accretion to the accretion to the country of the transfer are the country of the transfer to a production of the country of a type of the country of a part of accretion to the

As a way on a called my red and an and thousand, a case on I was not a steep sides of the ravine which ereceive the road to the north of the village, it every job over the rough stones a groun of acrey was rung from the poor fellows that made the heart of Zemas ache with sympathy, and when the team stopped at the top of the hill the blood ran from the waggen and staned the ground.

While the events just described had been taking place, Major-General Sheaffe, with a force of about nine hundred redcoats and militia, made a circuitous march through the village of St. David's, and thus gained the crest of the heights on which the enemy

ero ported.
With voiley and a gallant British cheer they attacked, about two o'clock in the afterthey attacked, about two o'clock in the atternoon, the American force, which had also been reinforced to about the same number as the British. The Indians, like sleuth hounds that had broken leash, unhappily could not be restrained, and, shricking their blood-curdling war-whoops, pursued with tomahawk and rocking blade the demonstrated functions. moralized fugitives.

Terrified at the appearance of the enraged warriors, many of the Americans flue; themselves wildly over the chiff, and end-acoured to serable down its rugged and precipite us slope. Some were impaled upon the pagged pines, others reached the ottom bruised and bleeding, and others, attempting to swim the rapid stream, were drowned in its whirling cidies.

Two brothers in the Canadian militia

fough side by side, when, in the moment of intery, a shot pierced the lungs of the younger, a boy of seventeen, with a fair, innocent face. His brother bore him from the field in his arms, and, while the life-tide ebbed from his wound, the dying boy

"Kiss me, Jim. Tell mother -I was not afraid to die," and as the blood gushed from his mouth the brave young spirit

All that day, and on many a foughten field thereafter, the living brother heard those dying words, and in his ear there rang a wild refrain, which nerved his arm and steeled his heart to fight for the country ledowed by his brother's blood.

or onw the dram beats so loud 1

11 or leade me in the fight,
My lying brother save, "thou night!"
And the amon's awful boath
Solors the loud balloo of Death!

Vol the dram,
And the dram. "O now the dram beats so loud I lis as so loud!

marker come of the horrors with which within the occur two sended peoples was used and such were some of the costly secretices with which the liberties of Canada

Our Country. ex to restra

And the cast of the And th

We are a loyal band, God, home, and native land in love and ervo. We il ever faithful light For temprance, truth, and right And from the drunkard's blight, Our homen preserve.

Our father's God, to thee Our father's God, to thee
Hope of our victory,
We plead and pray
On us dry power be tow.
Strength to decrease Das lee
And in thy grace to go,
Forwar each day.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1892.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

A MINISTER from Nova Scotis writes as follows: "Am glad personally that you say so much about temperance in your Sunday-school papers, especially in Pleasant Hours. Being a fishing village, intemperance and profanity are the greatest snares set for the young here."

We are glad to get words of a proper state of the young here."

we are glad to get words of appreciation from our friends for our efforts to promote temperance as well as every other form of good in our Sunday-schools. We shall, from time to time, have a special Temperance number, devoted almost exclusively to that reform. We are in correspondence ance number, devoted almost excessively to that reform. We are in correspondence with many of our most active temperance workers, soliciting their help in endeavour-ing to inculcate these principles of total ab-stinence in a quarter of a million of young people in our schools who will, in a few years, exert their influence in our homes and schools and at the polls to lessen the evils of this sin against God and crime against humanity.

THE FLAPPING OF A FLYS WING.

Sin Joun Luprock says, "The slow fispping of a butterfly's wing produces no sound; but when the movements are rapid sound; but when the movements are rapid a noise is produced, which increases in shrillness with the number of vibrations. Thus the housefly, which produces the sound F, vibrates its wings 21,120 times a manute or 335 times a second; and the best which makes a sound of A, as many as 26,-400 times a minute, or 440 times in a second. On the contrary, a fired hee hums on E, and therefore, according to theory,

vibrates its wings only 330 times in a second." Marcy, the naturalist, after many attempts, has succeeded by a delicate many chanism in confirming these numbers graph. ically He fixed a fly so that the tip of it wing just touched a cylinder, which wa moved by clockwork. Each stroke of the moved by clockwork. Each stroke of the wing caused a mark, of course very slight, but still very perceptible, and thus showed that there were actually 350 strokes in a second, agreeing almost exactly with the number of vibrations inferred from the note produced.

ONE STANDARD FOR BOTH SEXES

JOSIAH AILEN'S children have been brought up to think that sin of any kind is just as bad in a man as in a woman and any place of amusement that was bad for

woman to go to was had for a man.

Now, when Thomas Jefferson was a
little feller, he was bowitched togo circuses

and Josiah said:

"Better let him go, Samantha; it hain
no place for wimmen or girls; but it won
hurt a hov."

no place for winnen or girs; nut it was hurt a boy."

Says I, "Josiah Allen, the Lord made Thomas Jefferson with just as pure a hear as Tirzah Ann, and no bigger ears and oyes; and if Thomas Jefferson-goes to the circus, Tirzah Ann goes too."

That stopped that. And then he was hewitched to get with other boys the smoked and chewed tobacco, and the looish was just that easy turn that it

smoked and chewed tobacco, and the Josiah was just that easy turn that h would let him go with 'em. But says I:

"Josiah Allen, if Thomas Jefferson go with those boys and gots to chewin' as smokin' tobacco, I shall buy Tirzah Anni nine."

pipe."
And that stopped that.
"And about drinkin'," says I, "Thom
Jefferson, if it should be the will of Pr
vidence to change you to a wild bear,
will chain you up and do the best I can
you. But if you ever do it yourself; tu
yourself into a wild beast by drinkin',
will run away; for I never could stand,
nover! And;" I continued, "if ever
see you hangin' round bar-rooms as
tavern doors, Tirzah Ann shall has
too."

too. Josiah argued with me. Says he: doesn't look so bad for a boy as it does i

a girl."

Says I, "Custom makes the difference says I, "Gustom makes the dinderlet and we are more used to seeing me But," says I, "when liquor goes to we to make a fool and a brute of anybody, i don't stop to ask about the sex, and make a wild beast and idiot of a man or women a wild beast and idiot of a man or women.

a wild beast and idiot of a man or wome and to look down from heaven I guess man looks as bed layin' dead drunk as woman does."

Says I, "Things looks differently fre up there than what they do to us—it is more sightly place. And you talk abo looks, Josiah Allen. I don't go on cle looks, I go on principle. Will the Lo say to me in the last day, "Josiah Alle wife, how is it with the soul of Tira Ann; as fer Thomas Jefferson's so he bein' a boy, it hain't of no account him for my dealin's with both of the souls, male and female. And I should female. souls, male and female. And I should be guilty if I brought him up to think the guilty if I brought him up to think to what was impure for a woman was pure a man. If a man has a greater desire to wrong—which I won't dispute," says lookin' keenly onto Josiah, "he has great strength to resist temptation. And says I in mild accents, but first as old P mouth Rock, "if Thomas Jefferson has Tirsh Ann shall hang soo."

I have brought Thomas Jefferson up think that it was just as bad for him

I have brought Thomas Jefferson up think that it was just as bad for him listen to a had story or song as for a goor worse, for he had more strength to may, and that it was a disgrace for he to talk or listen to any stuff that he woo be ashamed to have Threah Ann or me hear. I have brought him up to think it manliness didn't consist in having a continuity in the manufacture of the swearin, and slang phrases, and a knowledge of questionable amusements, but layin' holt of every duty that comes to know that a brave heart and a cheerful face; shelpin' to right the wrong, and protect the strength of the helpin' to right the wrong, and protect weak, and makin' the most and the best weak, and makin the most and the best the mind and the soul God had given his In short. I have brought him up to that purity and virtue are both feminand macculine and that God a angels and not necessarily all she mes.

A Very Intelligent Bird.

WE covered some time together from my think it quite absurd -But I found that qual in the orehird A most intelligent bird.

He chose a shady corner
Refore he would alight;
I injured; "What's your name, sir?"
He said at once, "Bob White."

He had an air of business The knowing little sprite!
So I asked him about his family;
He said at once, "All right!"

I thought I'd like to see them, And asked him if I might; Perhaps it was the thought of toost that made him say, "Not quite".

Permit me just a glimpse, sir, they must be a pleasing sight.
 The riell me what is the reason why the answered back, "Too bright

I said, "Don't you get dizzy When you swing at such a height?" He hopped upon a loftier twig, Then answered back, "You nught."

Though from answers dissyllabic He never swerved a inite, Yet he always had an answer, The reguish little wight!

At last I tried to catch him— He showed no sign of fright, But simply spread his winglets And chippered back, "Good night."

Your parrots and your mocking buils You may think are very bright; For wit and for intelligence I recommend Bob White.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of " The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XII.

TWO MOTHERS.

Bur Mr. Shafto found it no easy task to But Mr. Shallo found it no easy task to hake off the chains of idleness and selfish-less with which he had allowed himself to be cound for so many years. One effort and ne day's labour did not set him free; the ne day's labour did not set him free; the abits of his life were too strong for that. Besides, he had no real business to turn to. It had taken up with the undertaker's rade out of sheer idleness; and since the rave-yard had been closed, and no unerals pe aitted in it, all his chance of mployment in that way had gone. This is had not cared about, so long as his ife's industry had supplied him with his wn comforts. The little house they wed in had belonged to him, having come him from his grandfather, the minister, him from his grandfather, the minister, hose smoky tablet still remained on the hapel wall. It was not much, he had ften said in his own heart, for his wife to arn the more food and clothing. So now there was positively no work he

ould do. He sauntered about looking or Gip a little; but there was no hope of ccess to encourage him. After he had en to a few police-stations and work-sees with Sandy, it seemed nothing but waste of time to go on strolling about the treets inquiring for a child that had been ust so long. Even Sandy began to feel his, though he could not bring himself to we up the hope of finding her somewhere ad somehow. Whenever he caught sight a tiny ragged girl, or heard the voice of little child, he could not help looking and istening if it were not his little Gip. But he had not much more time for the earch; for. Mr. Shafto found regular earch; fer. Mr. Shafto found regular rork for Sandy, though he could find one for himself.

This was in a wood-yard, where a num This was in a wood-yard, where a num-er of poor friendless boys were employed a chopping wood, and tying them in number of chips, for lighting fires. It clonged to Mr. Mason, the young gentle-an whom Sandy had heard preaching that anday he first met with John Shafto. Jordanately for him, there was a vacant the which Mr. Mason could put him ato at once. So there he was, in regular tork, with small but regular wages; a ight-school which he was expected to tend; and the prospect of soon gaining

enough to live upon in more comfort than

he had ever known.

he had ever known.

If it weren't for little Gip, "and Sandy to John Sharto, "I'd be as happy as a king. I can't b'heve it's me at times. But there's little Gip; she's never out of my head. I'm afcared she'll grow out of my knowledge if I don't come across her soon. It comes over me sometimes, s'poso I never see her again for years and years, till she's grown up, and then I don't know as it is Gip? That scares me so I'm ready to run away from the wood-yard, and to run away from the wood-yard, and nover leave off going about the atreets till I find her. She can't grow out of his knowledge, though, can she?"
"Whose?" asked John Shafto.

"Whose I" asked John Shafto.
"Him I Lord Jesus, as is lookin' for her as well as we. He'll be sure to know her, won't he I only wish I could see him just for once, to tell him all about her. I'd like to see how he looks, when he hours me tell of her. It's so drefful to shut my eyes, and speak to nothink like, when I talk of little Gip. If I could have test in her form and heart have the like, when I talk of little Gip. If I could only look in his face, and hear him ray, 'Never you fear, Sandy, I'll find her, and keep her safe for you,' just for once, you know, I'd be content."

"But he is doing that," answered John Shafter, "scharger little Gip is he's talk.

Shafto; "wherever little Gip is, he's taking care of her for you, and will let you have her again some day. We can never, never see his face here; but I shall see it

never see his face here; but I shall see it hy-and-bye, and perhaps tell him about Gip myself."

"You'll have to die to do that," said Sandy, very gravely. To think that John would tell the Lord Jesus Christ about little Gip was a great comfetto him; but he could not bear to think he must lose him himself.

he could not bear to think he must lose him himself.

"Yes," said John; "but if it wasn't for mother, I shouldn't mind that. I've always been used to think of it, ever since we used to play about the graves, and learn our letters on the tomistones, me and the other children the are dead. At nights when I sit up in bed I can see the graves through my window. I'm not the graves through my window. I'm not afraid at all of these things, Sandy; and now you've come you must take my place, and grow up to be a good son to poor mother." mother.

"And when I find little Gip, she'll be her little gel," answered Sandy, eagerly. "I don't believe as mother 'ill ever turn up again now, do you? I couldn't be the son of two mothers."

That was Sandy's secret dread, which haunted him day by day as he went to and fro about his work. He was always fearing lest his mother's hand should seize him by the collar, and hold him fast whilst she searched his pockets for halfpence; or that she would strip him of his decent working jacket, and pawn it at the nearest shop. He was sure she would dog him to his new home, and molest his friends his now home, and molest his friends there, till they would be compelled to give him up to her, and he would be driven back to the old wretchedness and degradation. tion. It was a great terror, constantly besetting him; and whenever he had to pass the swinging doors of the gin-palace, which were not far between in the streets he had to walk along, he would dart by quickly, as if it were a den of some revenous beasts of prey, lying in wait to

devour him.

"Lord," he said often in his prayers,
"let mother be lost always, and never be
found again; but please find little Gip for
me scon!"

(To be continued.)

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON GIRLS

Gina are very stuck up and dignified in Gian, are very stuck up and dignified in their manuer and behave themselves. They think more of dress than anything, and like to play with rags and dolls. They cry if they see a cow in the far distance, and are airaid of guns. They stay at home all the time, and go to church on Sunday. They are always making fun of boys' hands and they say, "How dirty." They can't play marbles. I pity them, poor things. They make fun of boys, and then turn around and love them. I don't think they ever killed a cat or anything. They look ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every night and say, "Ain't the moon lovely?" There is one thing I have not told, and that is they always know their lessons better than boys.

CHINESE GIRLS.

A LADY missionary to Chara tells the children who read an English origizing called China's Millions, about the little girls in that great country in such an interesting way that we must let our Sunday-school children see a part of her letter.

school children see a part of her letter. She writes:

"When you look at little Chinese girls, what is the first thing you notice? Why, that they are nearly all dressed in blue. There are no pretty freeks and pinafores and pink sashes to be seen, no ribbons and ties and gloves, nothing of the kind. Chinese dress is not nearly so complicated —but that is a very long word; I ought to have said Chinese dress is much more simple. When I was a little girl I used to have thirteen or fourteen different sorts of things to put on before nurse said I was things to put on before nurse said I was ready to go to breekfast. How many have you? Now count and sea—everything, mind! collars and all. My children have only three or four things to put on—a pair of wide cotton dreacts to the ankle; over this comes an apper dress of blue cotton, reaching to the same s; over that another dress exactly the same, only made of better blue cotton; that is all. On their feet (those who bind them) they wind a strip of calico very tight, so as to keep the poor little deformed feet in the proper place, and put the little shoe over that. Children who do not bind their feet wear cotton do not bind their feet wear cotton stockings, not such as we wear, but cut out of white calico in the shape of the foot. Some of the children wear a sort of sleeve-less jacket. These are generally wadded, and are worn under the upper dress. In the winter the only difference in their appearance is that they are very fat. Why? Because then all their garments are wadded with cotton-wool. As the autumn g es on and winter approaches people reow fatter, and fatter, and fatter, till really it is such a trouble to move about with the weight of the wadding that all they can lo is to sit down and warm their too; at their Rich people wear fur instead of

wadding.
"They all dress their hair alike. they are under thirteen years of age the whole head is shaved, except the patch of hair left at the back of the head, which is plaited in a long tail. After that age thur hair is allowed to grow, and is parted over the forchead and brushed straight down the forehead and brushed straight down behind the ears, tied securely at the back of the neck by a red cord wound tightly round and round, and then plaited in a tail. How black their hair is, and their eyes, too! At home, you know, some little girls have blue eyes and some have brown eyes, and some have brown eyes, and some have brown hair and some golden; but here, hair and eyes are all alike—black. Some little Chinese girls are very pretty indeed; and they all have beautiful teeth.

"When you yo out for a walk you put

"When you go out for a walk you put on your walking things, such as hats and jackets and gloves; and 'putting on my things,' when I was a little girl, was always divided in my own mind into three parts. The first part was putting on my boots—that I did not like; the middle part was putting on my hat, jacket and tio—that I did like; the third was putting on my gloves, and that I disliked almost as much as the first.

"Do you ever lose your gloves and break your laces? Chinese children never do, because they have none to lose or break; and they are saved all that trouble with hats and jackets and lace-up boots, because they wear just the same things out of doors as in; so you see there is one advantage in being Chinese. But then, on the other hand, you have the pleasure of nice walks; hand, you have the pleasure of nice walks; and they think that sort of thing a most strange proceeding. They never go out, except perhaps a little way to a neighbour's house (and that by the shortest cut), or they play in the streets just opposite their own doors; but this is only in the case of the poorer classes.

"Rich little girls are never seen out of doors at all; it would be considered a dis-

doors at all; it would be considered a dis-grace. I have been in China 'we years, and have travelled about two chousand and have travelled about two clousand miles inland, and nover have seen a child of rich parents but once; and then she was in a house, carefully looked after by a woman. My own particular six children are all poor, but on they are never allowed to go on the street except once a week to the service, and then they just go the shortest way there and back. the shortest way there and back.

"At home they have a great deal of housework to do sweeping, dusting, cleaning, washing clothes, cooking and needlowerk. They lead no idle life, I can tell you. They are up at the first atreak of dawn, and always in bed directly it grows dark. They have finished their needlework at six o'clock; then, after everything has been corrected and put tidily away, and the day scholars have retidily away, and the day scholars have re-turned home, we have tea. After that there is little time for play before bed-time."

"IT WON'T HURT YOU IF YOU LEAVE IT ALONE."

"No, liquor won't hurt you if you let it alone," and one man with a sneer to another who was lighting hard to have it kept out of town by law. "You needn't meddle with it; if others take it, that is their look out."

"But liquor does hurt thousand, who let it alone, who utterly hate it, and never set foot in a saloon."

"I should like your evidence," said the

"I should like your evacuation."

"Just step around the corner into Mrs. Watson's house—a pretty little house, but it will not be hers much longer. The runseller has it in his grip; I hear she must work out this week. Watson is working on move out this week. Watson is working on his new veranda, which is to run around three sides of the tavern, to pay up another liquor bill, while his wife and children are starving. They never touch liquor, but it hurts them.

"I can pick out twenty families in this I can pick out twenty manner place where it has done its mischief, more place where it has world over. Every or less, and so it is the world over. Every n an that dranks involves others with him. "Those who let it alone have to suffer

"Those who let it alone have to suffer. Probably five sufferers to each drunkard would be stating it very low. Now, I means to work hard and fight hard, if need bu, for those who have no helper; and if the law can be made to help them, well and good."

Our boys are to be our future law-makers. Let them be well established in temperance principles. Let them look on a liquor license as they would on a license to commit any sort of crime. All those and far more are included in every permit

and far more are included in every permit to sell runt.

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

THERE were no libraries and but few pooks in the "back settlements" in which books in the "back settlements" in which Lincoln lived. Among the few volumes which he found in the cabins of the illiterate families by which he was surrounded were the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Wuens' "Life of Washington," and the noems of Robert Burns. These he gress," Whens' "Life of Washington," and the poems of Robert Burns. These he reed over and over again, until they became as familiar as the alphabet. The Bible has been at all times the book in every home and cabin in the ropublic; yet it was truly and cabin in the requisite; yet it was tray
said of Lincoln that no man, elergyman or
otherwise, could be found so familiar with
this book as he. Thus is apparent both in
his conversation and his writings. There
is hardly a speech or State paper of his in
which allusions and illustrations taken from which allusions and illustrations taken from the Bible do not appear. Bures he could quote from end to end. Long afterwards he wrote a most able lecture upon this, perhaps next to Shakespeare, his favourite poet. Young Abraham borrowed of the neighbours and read every book he could hear of in the settlement within a wide sirhear or in the settlement within a wide and cuit. If by chance he heard of a book that he had not read, he would walk many miles to borrow it. Among other volumes, he borrowed of one Crawford, Weems' "Life of Washington." Reading it with great eagerness, he took it to bed with him in the loft. of the calm, and read on till his nubbin of tallow candle had burned out. The of the placed the book between the logs of the placed the book between the logs of the cabin, that it might be at hand as soon as there was light enough in the morning to enable him to read. But during the might a violent rain came on, and he awoke to find his book wet through and through. By ide it as well as he could, he went to Grawford and told him of the mishap, and as he had no money to pay for it, offered to work out the value of the injured volume. Grawford that the price at three days work and the freues president pulled corn three days and thus became the owner of the fascinating book. He thought the labour well invested.



THE STONING OF STEPHEN .- To illustrate Lesson for August 28.

A Sweet Apple

RY C. L. J.

"Mamma 1"-" Yes, darling, I hear you." "I was down by the gate, you know, Kating that big, red apple You gave me a while ago.

"And what do you think I saw there? You never can guess, you see: The funniest little beggar! Why, she wasn't as big as me!

"She was dirty, you know, and so ragged, And her face was so thin and white, And she looked and she looked at my apple Just as though she would like a bite.

"And she kept on a watching my apple "
Just as hard as ever she could;
And she looked so awfully hungry
That it didn't taste half so good." That it didn't taste half so go

"Well, and what did you do, my laddie?"
"Why, I waited a bit, and then
I gave her a piece of the apple,
And it tasted all right again!"
—Children's Work for Children.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

[Aug. 28. LESSON IX. A.D. 37.1

T? FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

A:ta 7. 54 60, 8. 1-4. Memory verses, 57-60.

GOLDEN TEXT. He kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.

—Acts 7. 60.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

They that bear the cross shall wear the

CIRCUMSTANCES.

In our last lesson we left Stephen arraigned before the great council for blasphemy. He defended himself in a powerful speech (Acts 7. 2-53), at the close of which our lesson for today begins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Out to the heart-The original means sawn secunder. They were intensely enraged. Sand the glory of God—In his own future home, and God's goodness amid all the evil around God's geodness amid all the evil around.

Jesus standing.—Not sitting, as usually reacted, but standing, as if rising to help, and, and welcome Stephen. Behold, I see, ...—This is exactly what Jesus had forefold his same Sandhedrim a few years before, pest their same—As if unwilling to hear things. Cast him out of the city.—They is forbidden to have executions within the ... The place was in the valley of Jehosh-th, close under the temple walls, at the of the Mount of Olivas. The vol'nesses.—

The false witnesses. (Acts 6. 11, 13.) They were obliged to cast the first stone. (Deut. 17. 6, 7.) Young man's . . . Saul—Afterwards Paul the Apostle. He was probably thirty four or thirty five years old at this time. Calling upon Gol—"tod" is in italics, showing that it is not in the original. He called upon the Lord Jesus. Saul mas consenting—By his vote, and by aiding the execution. Devout men—Jews, not Christians, who thus protested against the murder. Haling—i.e., Hauling, dragging forth.

Find in this lesson How God changes hindrances to helps. Where Jesus is now. The way to treat enemies. The true name for a Christian's death.
What we should do for the gospel.

REVIEW EXPECISE.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What great preacher arose in the Church?
"Stephen, a man full of the Holy Spirit, of wisdom, and of power." 2. What was done to him? "He was arrested, and stoned to death." 3. What vision did he see? "A vision of Jesus in heaven, standing by the right hand of God." 4. What did the enemics of Christ do? "They caused a great persecution of Christians." 5. What was the final result? "Paul was converted, the truth spread far and wide, and the number of disciples greatly increased."

CATECRISM QUESTION.

What does the Spirit perform for the Church?

He calls and qualifies men, from time to time, to preach the word and administer the sacraments; makes their preaching effectual to the conversion of sinners and the editication of believers; and is present as the representative of the Lord Jesus in all the ordi-

nances of public worship.

Acts 20, 28; 1 Thessalonians 1, 5; John 16. 7

Acts 13, 2, 4, 6, 10, 1 Peter 1, 12,

A BAND OF MERCY ROV.

Ir was a cold morning in March, in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad and kept trotting up

and down trying hard to keep warm, and his voice was hearse with cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him; but one about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said, "I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out, "Times, Hendld, Tribine, News," in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man sold his stock sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

AN HONEST BOOTBLACK.

One evening a gentleman, who gave his name its Harrison, of Freeport, Ill, was hurrying down Broadway, at about five o'clock, carrying a value, and when on the Canal Street crossing, a large, well filled envelope fell from his coat. A lame bootblack, named Daniel McCarthy, better known in the neighbourhood as "Limping Dan" nicked it up, and running as best he Dan," picked it up, and running as best he could after the loser, cried: "Say, mister!" The man glanced in the direction of

tor!" The man glanced in the direction of the call, and sceing the boy's blacking kit, gruffly said, "I don't wan't a shine." The boy, however, exerted himself, and stopping in front of the man, held up the envelope saying, "Mister, you dropped this."

Recognizing his property, a change immediately spread over his countenance as he gazed upon the shivering cripple before him and asked his name. He then took him to a clothing store near by, and paid for a coat and vest for the boy, after which he handed the grateful boy a \$20 bill, saying: "My boy, that envelope contained a

he handed the grateful boy a \$20 bill, saying: "My boy, that envelope contained a large amount of money. When I come to the city again I shall be glad to see you."

To the officer he said he had sold some property on Long Island, and that the envelope contained the proceeds—\$1,600 in cheques and \$600 in bills—which he had not become from the lend; and in his heater just drawn from the bank, and in his haste to get to Jersey City, where he was to take the train, he must have placed the envelope between his inside coat and overcoat instead of in his pocket.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

"I snould like," said Miss Harson, the

"I should like," and Miss Haison, the governess, "to have some one tell me what animal is almost indispensable to man in hot and dry countries."

"I know," cried Clara, "it's the camel."

"The very creature, and in many respects it is one of the most interesting and wonderful of animals. It is called the 'ship of the desert,' because it safely navistate the soully see where other animals.

"ship of the desert,' because it safely navigates the sandy sea where other animals would perish beneath the burning sun. The Arabs value their camels very highly."

"What funny looking creatures they are," said Edith, looking at a picture which Miss Harson had just shown. "They are so dreadfully high! Do people have ladders to climb up on their back?"

"No, dear," answered the lady, "I never heard of a camel hadder. The camel kneels to receive its burden."

"How tall is a camel, Miss Harson."

"How tall is a camel, Miss Harson," asked Clara. "It looks almost as high as a house.

"Not quite," was the reply, "but as a camel measures seven feet from the ground to the top of the lump, and the saddle with its cushions add a foot or two more, it is easy to see that a fall from such an suddle animal's back is no trifling matter. Besides the cushions with which the saddle is which the customs with which the sadde is provided, it has a long upright piece to which the rider cancling to prevent his being thrown off. But the safest way of sitting is to cross the legs in front and grasp the ponnel with both hands."

"I shouldn't think," said Clara, "that

any of it would be very comfortable."

"It wouldn't suit our ideas of comfort,"
replied Miss Harson, "and I am sure that replied Miss Harson, "and I am sure that three people of my acquaintance, with their governess, would be dreadfully sea-sick if they tried this style of riding."

"Sea-sick on a camel?" The girls could not understand this.

"Of course," said big brother Malcolm, with a knowing air, "its a ship, you know—the 'ship of the desert."

"I wonder if the baby camels are

"I wonder if the baby camels are pretty?" said Edith.

"Young camels are described," said Miss.

Harson. "an baing forms. held?" "Young camels are described," said Miss Harson, "as being funny, helpless little objects, and at first have to be watched like a human baby. A little camel does not gambol and play like other young creatures, but is just as grave and quiet as grown up ones, and it looks just as melancholy as though it could see all the loads it would have to carry during its life.

choly as though it could see all the loads it would have to carry during its life.
"The camel is described as ill-tempered and revengeful, and there is a story told of one who had been unmercifully whipped by his driver. One night the man retired to his tent leaving his cloak outspread over the wooden saddle, and this is what hap-pened. During the night he heard the camel approach the object and after satisfy-ing himself by smell that it was his man-

ter's clonk, and believing that the man asleep beneath it, he lay down and roll ward and forward over the clock dently much gratified by the smashing the saidle under his weight, and fully posuided that the bones of his master was broken to pieces. After a time he are contemplated the disordered mass a walked away. Next morning, at the unit hour for loading, the master presented his self to the camel. The disappointed anim was in such a rage on seeing his master abefore him, that he broke his heart added on the spot."

A TIRED WOMAN FINDS REST.

THE car was crowded with business eturning from their offices down town. Twenty-seventh street a shabbily dree woman entered. She carried an infant quer left arm and bore on her right arm heavy market basket to which and child clung while his mother dragged both him and the basket along. Of course the men were busy with their papers a none looked up as the poor, tired would took her stand in the aisle.

But in the forward corner was a well assess up for

his book. He saw the shabby woman, re instantly, and, with a bow as courteous; he would have bestowed upon a Fig.

he would have bestowed upon a Figure 2 avenue belle, profered her his seat. With a grateful look the woman tried get into the seat. But with infant and be ket and the older child crowding upon he she found some difficulty in doing so. "Let me take your basket," said

young man. And he held the heavy basket, restr ing the other child by a kind word and quiet put on the check, until the ti mother had settled herself as comfortal

as possible.
It was true kindness, for the w It was true kindness, for the work looked as if she had had no other rest all long. The young man was Edward Bok, the editor of The Ludies' Home Joud, of Philadelphia, and he was carry out in a practical way the gospel of he out in a practical way the gospel of he fulness that he is continually preaching.

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