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PLEASANT NOUORS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1898.

[No. 40.]

Save the Boy.

Once he sat upon my knee,
Looked from sweet eyes into mine;
Questioned me so wondrously,
Of the mysteries divine;
Once he fondly clasped my neck,
Pressed my cheek with kisses sweet:
O my heart! we little reck
Where may rove the precious feet

Save the boy! Oh, save the boy!
To the rescue swiftly come;
Save the boy! Oh, save the boy!
Save him from the curse of rum!

Once his laugh, with merry ring,
Filled our house with music rare,
And his loving hands would bring
Wreaths of blossoms for my hair.
Oh, the merry, happy sprite!
Constant, ceaseless source of joy,
But to-night! O God, to-night,
Where, oh! where's my wand'ring
boy?

'Midst the glitter and the glare
Of the room where death is dealt,
Scarce you'd know him, but he's there,
He who once so reverent knelt
At my knee and softly spoke
Words into the ear of God;
Oh, my heart is smitten—broke!
Crushed, I bend beneath the rod.

Oh, this curse that spoiled my boy!
Led him down and down to death;
Robbed me of my rarest joy,
Made a pang of every breath.
Mothers, fathers, hear my plea!
Let your pleadings pierce the sky,
Pray and work most earnestly—
Let us save our boys or die!

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"He's paid me too much."
Ned's fingers were rapidly turning
over two or three bills.

"Yes—three dollars too much. He
must have thought this five-dollar bill
was a two."

The boy sat for a few moments in
deep thought.

"I don't care. It's no more than my
rightful due—only I don't get it. Twelve
dollars a month for my whole time out
of school. It doesn't begin to pay for
all I do, and I wouldn't stand it if I
could help myself. Everybody says old
Curtis is a real grind. Of course, I
shall keep this. He gave it to me. If
he has made a mistake that's his own
lookout. That settled, what shall I do
with this lucky windfall? I'm to have
a half-holiday the last Saturday in
the month. This would give me a run down
to the shore. I never get out of the
city. It seems as if this had come just
to give me a chance."

Carefully laying the money in a safe
place, Ned quickly absorbed himself in
study. All the week he took little time
for thought. It was easy to avoid it,
for between work and study few boys
were so busy as he. Night found him
so "dead tired" that the sound sleep
which blesses labour was his rich re-
ward. Then came a night or two in
which he had to fight hard against a
troublesome, intrusive thought. By the
aid of some intricate calculations he suc-
ceeded in refusing entertainment to the
unwelcome visitor. As the time drew
near, he laid all his plans for his sea-
shore frolic. And when early sleep
seemed to evade him, he strove to fix his
mind upon his anticipated pleasure. But
far into the last Friday night in the
month, he got up, lit his lamp, and
gazed fixedly into his mirror.

"Ned Harper, you're a thief."
Pausing for a moment, as if to famil-
iarize himself with the sound of his self-
accusation, he resumed:

"You are, and you know it. That
is, you are as long as that money is in
your hands. It is not yours, and all
your fine talk can't make it so. You're
on the right side of it now, but in one
day you would have been on the wrong
side. You would have been a thief,
thief, thief, all your life. Nothing could
ever have put you back where you are
now by the grace of God."
"You made a mistake in your last

payment," said Ned, going with the
money to his employer.

"Ah, did I? When did you find it
out?"

He looked keenly at the boy's painful
flush as he asked. Ned had hoped he
would not ask. For a moment he
thought of evading the question by half
truth. Then came the thought. "Be-
cause I came next door to being a thief,
I needn't come next door to being a
liar."

"I—saw it soon after," he said.
"Like enough he'll discharge me,"
was Ned's conclusion in the matter.
But he was not discharged. Little by
little Mr. Curtis placed more important
work in his hands, and by slow degrees
led him up to a position of trust and
confidence.

"I have kept him," he explained to a
friend, "because I like a young fellow
who has a conscience."

thoughtful grandchild can do a great deal
to make her grandmother happy and save
her trouble in her old age, if she only
tries.

THE LAST STRAND OF THE ROPE.

In the year 1846, on St. Kilda, one of
the islands of Western Scotland, there
lived a poor widow and her son. She
trained him in the fear of the Lord, and
well did he repay her care. He was her
stay and support, though only sixteen
years of age. They were very poor, and
to help their scanty meals, Ronald, her
son, used to collect sea-birds' eggs upon
the neighbouring cliffs. The feat was
accompanied with considerable danger,
for the birds used often to attack him.

One day, having received his mother's
blessing, Ronald set off to the cliffs,
having supplied himself with a strong
rope, by which to get down, and a knife

piercing exclamation which was heard
by his companions above, who saw his
danger, and gently tried to draw him
up. Awful moment! As they drew in
each coil, Ronald felt thread after thread
giving way. "O Lord! save me," was
his first agonizing cry, and then, "O
Lord! comfort my dear mother." He
closed his eyes on the awful scene as
he felt the rope gradually breaking. He
nears the top; but, oh! the rope is break-
ing. Another and another pull! Then a
snap, and now there is but one strand
supporting him. He nears the top, his
friends reach over to grasp him, he is
not yet within their reach. One more
haul of the rope. It strains, it un-
ravel under his weight. He looks be-
low at the dark waste of boiling,
fathomless water, and then above to the
glorious heavens. He feels he is going.
He hears the wild cry of his companions,
the frantic shriek of his fond mother,
as they hold her back from rushing to
try to rescue her child from destruction.
He knows no more; reason yields; he be-
comes insensible. But just as the rope
is giving way, a friend stretches forward
at the risk of being dragged over the
cliff. A strong hand grasps him, and
Ronald is saved.

Dear reader, if you are unsaved, I
want you, in this true and simple nar-
rative, to see your own condition. If
living for this world, you are frittering
away your precious moments in pursuing
perishing trifles. By the cord of life
you are suspended over the awful abyss
of eternal perdition.

As year after year passes away, the
rope of life becomes smaller and smaller.
Strand after strand snaps as the knell
of each departing year tolls its mourn-
ful notes. How many threads are now
left, can you tell? Do you realize your
awful position? It cannot be worse.
How vividly Ronald realized his position
in that fearful moment when the last
strand was giving way, thread by thread
—when, overcome by the sense of his
danger, and when that danger was most
imminent, a strong hand was stretched
out to save him, which brought him
safely beyond the reach of further dan-
ger, and placed him in the loving arms
of his parent! May the Lord reveal
to you, dear unsaved one, your danger
that you may flee at once to the Saviour
of sinners.



SUNDAY MORNING.

SUNDAY MORNING.

The village church is probably a long
way for the old lady in our picture to
walk, and so when the other members of
the household have gone her little grand-
child places a comfortable arm-chair in
front of the porch and makes her grand-
mother nice and comfortable with a pil-
low. Then she brings a stool for her-
self, and taking on her lap the old family
Bible, their most precious book, she
reads aloud some of the pas-
sages the old grandmother knows so
well, and yet loves to hear over and over
again. Her life has been a long one,
and in her troubles and difficulties, she
has many a time sought comfort from
its golden pages, and is never weary of
listening to the same old story. What a
pretty picture it makes, with the little
girl reading reverently and the old lady
listening thoughtfully, and the old-
fashioned cottage-window behind them,
with the roses climbing up the wall. A

to strike the bird, should he be attacked.
How magnificent was that scene! The
cliff rose several hundred feet above the
sea, whose wild waves lashed madly
against it, dashing the glittering spray
far and near.

Ronald fastened one end of the rope
firmly upon the top of the cliff, and the
other round his waist, and was then
lowered until he got opposite one of the
fissures in which the birds build,
when he gave the signal to his com-
panions not to let him down any farther.
He planted his foot on a slight projec-
tion of the rock, grasped with one hand
his knife, and with the other tried to
take the eggs. Just then a bird flew at
him and attacked him. He made a
blow with the knife; but, oh! horrible
to narrate, in place of striking the bird,
he struck the rope, and, having severed
some of the strands, he hung over that
wild abyss of raging waves by only a
few threads of hemp. He uttered a

HOW GRANDPA BOILED THE EGGS

"It's half-past eleven," said grandpa,
"and the mason will not have the chim-
ney fixed before three o'clock."

"Then I suppose we must get along
with a cold lunch," said grandma.

"Well," said grandpa, after a moment,
"perhaps I can boil some eggs. I will
try it."

"But isn't it too windy to make a
fire out-of-doors?" asked grandma.

"I shall not need a fire," said grandpa.

"That sounds like a joke," said Edith.

"No joke at all," said grandpa. "Come
out and see. Bring the eggs," he added,
"and a can with a tight cover."

When, a few minutes after, grandma
and Edith went out in the back yard,
grandpa was putting some fresh lime in-
to an old pail.

He took the can of eggs they brought,
and filled it nearly full of cold water.
Then fitting the lid on carefully, he set
it in a hollow place he made in the lime.
Edith watched him curiously.

"Will the lime burn?" she asked.

"Shall I bring the matches?"

"You forget," said grandpa. "I was
not to use any fire. We'll start it with
cold water."

"Now I know you're joking," said
Edith.

"Wait a moment," said grandpa,
"and you'll see."

He poured in the water and put a
board over the pail.

"Oh!" cried Edith, when, in a very
short time, it began to bubble and steam,
as if a hot fire were burning under the
pail, and "Oh!" she cried, a great deal
louder, when a white, creamy mass came
pouring over the top and down the sides
of the pail.

It did not last long. In six minutes
the bubbling ha' n'most stopped, and

grandpa took a long iron dipper and gently lifted out the can all coated with the lime.
He rinsed it off, then opened it, and took out the nice white eggs, and, when they broke them at lunch, they found them cooked just exactly right.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 9, 1898.

SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW.

A psalm of praise.—Psalm 100.

This one hundredth psalm has been a great favourite with the Church of God in every age. It has been translated into almost every language, and several versions of it into the English tongue. It is marked, like most of the Psalms, by the spirit of joy and gladness.

One of the versions in our Methodist hymn-book fails to give it its proper meaning. It reads, "Him serve with fear, his praise forthtell." The author of that hymn wrote, "Him serve with mirth," but some pious soul thought that was not the right word to use in a Christian hymn and so it was changed to fear. The words of the Scripture are, "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing,"—with holy mirth and sacred joy. The version of this hymn given in our Canadian Hymnal, retains the proper word and conveys the proper meaning.

"If you read the Psalms of David," says Lord Bacon, "you will find more hearse-like airs than carols." Lord Bacon was mistaken. If he had known his Bible better he would have been a better man. These Psalms, for the most part, are one continuous outburst of praise. They get more jubilant and glad some to the very close, and the last seven are called the Great Hallel, or hymn of praise, which our Saviour and his disciples sang on the very night of his betrayal and denial, the very night of the agony of Gethsemane, and of the judgment of Pilate's Hall. The ground of this gladness we should ever cherish is given in the last verse of the Psalm: "For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations."

HOW THE "BIRKENHEAD" WENT DOWN.

We had been speaking of one of our village youths who had just been discharged from the mill where he worked. "Eh!" his mother had said, when questioned as to the reason. "Eh! he's that high-spirited, is our John! He wanna be ordered about by no one, that lad."

"She actually spoke of it as if she were proud of it!" cried one of our number, when we were discussing it that evening.

"She really seemed to think that it showed a superior character because her John (who was the most disobedient boy in the village when he was at school) would not obey his proper orders."

Uncle John tugged at his long military

moustache. "Better send him into the navy," growled he. "He'd soon find out the difference there between real self-respect and manliness and pig-headed obstinacy and conceit."

Uncle John relapsed into silence—but a moment afterward broke out again.

"High-spirited," forsooth! then, according to that, I suppose that some of the brave fellows who have marched to the front, and been cut to pieces, or who have gone to the bottom of the sea—like those fine men in the Birkenhead—simply because they were 'ordered' to, were muffs and milkops! Did you ever hear what the Duke of Wellington said of those Birkenhead heroes a little while before he died?"

None of us had heard it, and, in fact—although every one knew that the mere mention of the good ship Birkenhead always calls up the idea of heroism—we were all glad when Uncle John offered to refresh our memories and tell us the tale again. We drew our little circle closer about him and he began:

Well, it was at the end of February, in 1852, that it happened. The Birkenhead was a war steamer used as a transport. She had on board detachments from the Seventy-fourth, Twelfth and Ninety-first regiments, 124 women and children, the wives and little ones of the soldiers, and 132 men of her own crew, in all about 630 persons. She was going at a good pace and the waves were running high, and when—in the middle of the night—she struck on some sunken rocks off the African coast, it took but a short time to make a complete wreck of her. A large number of men were placed at the pumps—some were ordered to throw the horses overboard, poor brutes!—and others got the small boats ready. Lieut.-Col. Seaton, as soon as the disaster was realized, had placed his men at the service of the ship's commander, and every one of them obeyed orders as instantly and as quietly as if a hard death were not awaiting him at any moment. They could not get at the largest boat, but the cutter and two small ones were filled with the women and children and started off.

There were two other boats, but they met with almost immediate destruction—one being capsized and the other stove in by the ship's funnel, which came down very shortly after she had struck.

"Now," said Uncle John, bringing his fist down upon the table with an emphatic thump which made us start; "now, I'd like to know what would have become of those women and children who got safely off, if there had been on board a few of those 'high-spirited' fellows—like the factory lad—who refused to obey orders. I can tell you this, a man who has any such notion as that fixed in his head, though he may obey his officers under ordinary circumstances—should he become a soldier—ten to one will not do so when it comes to such a case as this.

"But these men—what did they do? When the boats had been got off, they were drawn up on the planks of that sinking ship and stood there without a murmur, watching the departure of the boats which were leaving them to almost certain death. The vessel broke in half almost at once, and then the ship's commander sang out, 'Every man who can swim, jump overboard and make for the boats!' but—now comes the finest part of the story. Col. Seaton and his officers spoke to their men, telling them that if they were to do it, in all likelihood the boats containing the women and children would be swamped—and every man there—except perhaps three—stood in his place and never moved. There were many young soldiers among them—men filled with the strength and love of life—but when Col. Seaton gave the word of command, 'Stand still and die like men!'—they did it! Four hundred and fifty-four men went down with that ship into the black waves—quiet, steady, never questioning their orders. It has been said that they were all singing a national anthem as the waves engulfed them, but a descendant of Col. Seaton's wrote to the papers not long since to deny it. He says that there was no theatrical effect at all, only perfect order and absolute silence. As the Duke of Wellington said of them in a speech to which I first referred: 'I need not tell you that these soldiers as little dreamed of doing a great act as of escaping punishment—their business was to go to the bottom, and they went. They were obedient unto death.'

"When daylight came the small boats which had been beating about all night, unable to land (the shore was some two miles off) because of the heavy surf, were picked up by a schooner, and thirty or forty men were afterward taken from the masts of the wreck. Some of the men and horses that swam for shore were successful in reaching it, but others

were eaten by the sharks. Only 192 out of the entire number on the ship were saved. Of course all the world rang with the tale soon, and the King of Prussia gave orders that it should be read out at the head of every company in his army. The thunders of cheers that followed the reading showed what value men—real men—place upon obedience and discipline.

"Of this I am certain," said Uncle John, finishing his story. "I'd rather form my ideas of proper pride and manliness on such men as those Birkenhead heroes, whose pride was in obeying orders, not in disobeying them, than on the notions of some conceited young prig who plumes himself on the fact that he's nobody's slave, and won't be ordered about by any man that steps!"

"A MODERN JOSEPH."

A Scotch paper tells a dream and its interpretation, which in truthfulness will rank with Joseph's famous explanation.

A labourer of the Dundee harbour lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming towards him, in order, four rats. The first was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear one being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what might follow, as it had been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not give him his answer. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter.

"The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public-house that ye gang till sae often, and the twa lean ones are me and my mither, and the blind one is yerself, father."

Who can give a better answer than that?—Sent by Z. Bond, Barrie, Ont.

A SEA YARN.

BY BISHOP WARREN.

I hope to interest the boys and girls of the land-locked Herald by the following incident: On May 6 the good steamship Orcana was advertised to leave Montevideo for Liverpool. So we went aboard. Now this ship is 400 feet long. The captain's bridge, where he stands to direct all movements, is thirty-five feet above the water, and the keel is twenty-three feet below. She carries 4,800 tons of freight and 100 or 200 passengers, more or less. It would take a train of cars over a mile and a half long to bring freight for one load—240 cars.

But on the night of the 6th a pampero, or great wind, was promised by the signal service and we did not start till morning. Just before we left a ship near by rocked so hard that she snapped her topmasts off.

We ran down the river, which is eighty miles wide, to the south-east in the teeth of the gale, and when we ought to have turned north-east about eleven o'clock the captain judged it still to be best to face his peril and keep bows on to the wind and waves. It was out of our course, but it meant safety and comparative quiet from fearful rolling. I have been on ships where the trunks all night long dropped from the upper side of the state-rooms to the lower, which side immediately became the upper side and dropped the trunks the other way. It was a perpetual tobogganing without the trouble of climbing up hill.

We had taken on 400 sheep, and they stood, when they could, on the forward deck. This deck was 103 feet long and eight feet above the water. At the front end was another deck raised eight feet, and covering the fore-castle. At 9.30 o'clock a great wave broke in front of the ship and came pouring over the fore-castle deck, deluged the deck below, and swept the poor sheep before it resistlessly. At the stern end of this lower deck rose three stories of cabins, dining saloon, etc., and above that the captain's bridge. Over all this poured a torrent of water and sheep, sweeping away every one except a scant seventy which had taken refuge under the forward deck. The poor shepherd wept the next morning when he saw the pitiable remnant of his flock, and the sheep were too scared to eat, and so more died of fright and cold all the next day. In this wild rush of water a hardwood ladder fastened with irons was torn away and a hardwood plank fifteen feet long and six inches wide, held in its place by fourteen iron bolts, was torn up and carried away. Of course, no man could have withstood such tremendous weight and rush of water. But ships are constructed so that men need not be exposed. They can stay on the

inside and let the wild waters roar at a rush.

At four o'clock the next morning the wind had so blown itself out that we wheeled to our north-east course. That cold wind followed us for three or four days. How glad we would be for some of it now, with a blazing sun and the hot breath of the equator withering away our very substance! But they are putting up a swimming tank on the deck swept clear of sheep. It is over five feet deep, and that small ocean promises us great comfort.

Our propeller makes a revolution every second of the long voyage, and drives us thirteen knots an hour. To do this requires over eighty-three tons of coal per day. We could make ten knots per hour with thirty-three tons of coal a day. So the extra fifty tons only give us three knots of extra speed. To go ten knots an hour requires the removal of one furrow of water twenty-three feet deep and fifty-four feet wide. To go twice as fast requires the removal of twice as much water and twice as quick. Hence great speed means far greater power. There are steamers which burn 500 tons of coal a day. Two pounds of coal will exert a horse-power for an hour. On some of the slower ships on long voyages a piece of coal that weighs the same as a silver dollar will move a ton's weight a mile.

Ted's Experiment.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

He was such an ill-used boy—
Oh, such an abused boy!
He really did feel, in the depths of his heart,
That, could he not cure it,
He could not endure it,
And his mind was made up from his home to depart.

His brothers were selfish,
And "close" as a shell-fish,
Whenever they had any candy or fruit;
His sisters would never
(That is, hardly ever),
Give up their opinions in any dispute.

His father and mother
Were worse than each other
At keeping a fellow from having good times;
Why, should you believe him,
The things that did grieve him
Could never be told in a reamful of rhymes!

Well, one day his brother
Did something or other
So trying that really 'twas too much to bear;
And he vowed in high dudgeon
He'd pack up and trudge on,
Some place to discover where boys could play fair.

But, ah! his decision
Was met by derision
From brothers and sisters. "You'll never be missed!"
They cried in a chorus;
"No longer you'll bore us!"
Which astonished him so that he grew very whist.

For he thought there'd be woe
When he said he would go,
And all this hilarity caused him much pain;
And he stood looking down
In a study quite brown
Till a brilliant idea popped into his brain!

"I'll begin this same day,
And I'll give up my way
To my brothers and sisters a week—
more or less;
I'll obey in a trice,
And then (won't it be nice?)
When I go there'll be weeping and walling, I guess!"

All who heard that boy speak
During all the next week
Could hardly believe 'twas himself that they heard;
And his father and mother
Gazed hard at each other
When he cheerfully heeded their very first word.

His brothers divided
With him, and decided
That something amazing had happened to Ted;
While his sisters—dear me!
'Twas amazing to see
How they prized his opinions in all that was said.

And—quite needless to say—
He did not run away;
(Indefinitely he his trip will defer.)
For he found to his joy—
This most fortunate boy—
What agreeable people his relatives were?

Baby in Church.

Aunt Nellie had fashioned a dainty thing, Of hamburger and ribbon and lace, And mamma had said, as she settled it 'round Our beautiful baby's face, Where the dimples play and the laughter lies Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes— "If the day is pleasant and baby is good, She may go to the church and wear her new hood"

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell, In elder-brotherly way, How very, very good she must be, If she went to church next day. He told of the church, the choir and the crowd, And the man up in front who talked so loud; But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing, But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May, When the fruit buds burst into flowers, (There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree So fair as this blossom of ours), And all in her white dress, dainty and new, Our baby sat in the family pew; The grand, sweet music, the reverent air, The solemn hush and the voice of prayer, Filled all her baby soul with awe, As she sat in her little place, And the holy look that the angels wear Seemed pictured upon her face. And the sweet words uttered so long ago Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow:

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said he, And I knew that he spake of such as she. The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again, The collection box came round, And baby dropped her penny in, And smiled at the chinking sound. Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood, Waiting the close of the soft prelude, To begin her solo. High and strong She struck the first note; clear and long.

She held it, and all were charmed but one, Who, with all the might she had, Sprang to her little feet and cried: "Aunt Nellie, you's being bad!" The audience smiled, the minister coughed,

The little boys in the corner laughed, The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf, And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell How she finished that terrible strain, but says that nothing on earth would tempt

Her to go through the scene again. So we have decided perhaps 'tis best, For her sake, ours, and all the rest, That we wait, maybe, for a year or two, Ere our baby re-enter the family pew. —Independent.

THE PRATT BABY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE

"What's to be done with the Pratt baby?"

That was the question which was stirring the small village. Answers of various kinds were attempted.

"Mis' Peters says she'd be glad to—" "But she couldn't, with her poor health?"

"Mis' Bates might."

"But she won't?"

"Mis' Lane's got her hands full already."

"Mis' Dr. Miller hasn't a thing to prevent her doin' it."

"Not a chick nor a child—"

"And plenty of money."

But with all the cleverness displayed in fitting duties for other people, the Pratt baby remained homeless, although kindly looked upon as a sort of village protegee.

Its father had been run over and killed a month after its birth. The mother took it hard and wilted out of life, so that by the time the baby was eight months old it looked out on a world in which it was absolutely without possession, yet with eyes as bright and blue and cheeks as fair and rosy as if it had been the child of an empress—perhaps more so.

For the present the baby was "staying on" in the family of Mrs. Garvey, in whose house Mrs. Pratt had rented a small room. Mrs. Garvey had six children of her own, but there was still room in it for another.

"A blessin' 'twould bring to anybody, the sweet cratur! wid its eyes laughin' and dancin' at ye the day long. An it's meself would niver let it out of the house but for havin' nobody to stay wid it when I'm out washin'."

During such absences Billy Garvey was detailed as nurse, an arrangement which suited the small boy well, for he hated school and loved the baby. It was his care day and night. Billy knew no joy greater than lay in the touch of its clinging little hands and its merry laugh as he performed for its amusement every antic known to boys.

When the first snow came Billy bundled up the baby and took it out on his sled. The baby and Billy both enjoyed this, though it had its drawbacks. If Billy rounded a corner swiftly the baby rolled off; if he started up suddenly the baby tipped over backwards. Consideration of these difficulties led to a bright thought on Billy's part. He nailed a soap box on the sled. This he filled with hay, and when he drew it out with his blue-eyed charge no child of an empress was ever lovelier or more tenderly smiled on, no charloteer prouder than Billy.

Up and down the two or three short streets he trotted one mild afternoon. It was market day, and a number of farmers were in from the country. Billy varied his sport by hitching his sled to the backs of the sleighs, thus securing a ride for himself, mounted on a narrow ledge in front of the soap box. Quickly he sprang from one vehicle to another as they came and went, during which capers only the tender Providence which guards the helpless saved the baby's innocent life from being trampled out.

The short winter afternoon was closing in—too soon, for neither Billy nor the baby were tired of the fun. Teams were scarcer, and after a ride behind a homeward-bound farmer, Billy quickly detached his sled and as quickly fastened it to one going the other way, with prospect of another spin. But disappointment waited, for just near the edge of the village the sleigh stopped.

Billy waited, for it was nearly at the foot of a long hill. His adroit scheme was to get himself hauled to the top of this and then take a run down, excited to a wild rate of speed by the delighted crows and shrieks of the baby.

The farmer stayed a long time, and Billy grew tired. Nothing but the prospect of this latest rush down the hill would have kept him. He saw some boys at play a little way back on the street, and went to see what they were doing.

And just in the unlucky moment when his attention was fully engaged, Farmer Crofts hurried out of the store and jumped into his box sleigh. His horses, with the sleigh, had been turned diagonally toward the store; the baby in the soap box was just beyond range of his sight as he came. And in the gathering twilight no one chanced to see the precious morsel of a craft sailing along after the big sleigh, as the horses, tired of standing, sped, not up the hill as Billy had anticipated, but down another road winding out of sight at once.

With one glance Billy had seen the baby safe, with the next his scared eyes saw only vacancy before the store door. With a wild cry he dashed toward where he had left his treasure.

"My baby! Where's my baby? Bring him back—bring him back!"

But sleigh, soap box, and baby had melted completely into the shadows. Billy ran first up one road, then down the other, at last with a heart full of despairing misery carrying home his sorry tale.

He could not tell to whose sleigh he had tied the baby, could not tell in which direction it had gone, did not know how far it might go.

Quickly through the village ran the tragic news.

"Billy Garvey's lost the Pratt baby." Tears sprang to more than one pair of eyes.

"I—wisht I'd taken it."

"I might 'a', just as well as not."

"I was just thinkin' of it."

"I would in a minute, it—"

But there were no conditions in the matter now, no prospect of a return of lost opportunity. The Pratt baby was lost, and the village mourned.

Farmer Crofts' horses stepped briskly along in the early evening. The increasing cold and steady motion made the baby drowsy, and like a sensible baby (he was one of the kind who always seemed to do the right thing in the right time and place—perhaps that was his inheritance in lieu of any other) he cuddled down into the straw and went to sleep. The farmer did not know of the unusual attachment to his sleigh until he had put his horses in and was unloading it of things he had bought. Then he stumbled over the soap box and nearly fell, scattering bundles of groceries about.

"What's this?" Mr. Crofts lifted a lantern he had lighted. The baby held up his head and gave a little gurgle of pleasure at sight of the light.

"Well, I am blessed!" Mr. Crofts held the lantern closer, then jerked it away as two small balls of bands made a clutch for it. Then he put into another shape his exclamation, the truth contained in which he so little realized:

"Well—if I ain't blessed!"

A look of blank bewilderment came over his face.

"How did you git here?"

If baby and soap box had fallen from the skies it could not have been a greater surprise. His surprise was none the less when he saw a string and realized how his unexpected visitor had come. What was he to do?

"Well, seein' you be here, I s'pose you can't be left out in the cold."

Not knowing what else to do, he picked up sled, soap box, and baby, and carried them into the house.

"Here, Marin," he said, setting his burden on the kitchen floor, "look what somebody's sent you."

Mrs. Crofts gazed in amazement, then in displeasure.

"Jacob, what do you mean? You don't mean that you've let somebody put something on you—"

"No, indeed, I don't. You may get as mad as you like with somebody, but not with me. That sled was hitched onto the back of the sleigh, and came all the way from Bentley."

"Well, I declare! A little mite like that out in the cold. But you see how 'tis—a game of somebody's to put that child on us. They'll be fooled, though."

"Yes. I'll take it over to the poor-house to-morrow. They can look for it there if they want it."

"They won't look for it. Well," as small grunts and sniffs arose from the box, "seein' it's here, I s'pose we can't let it starve."

"Anyhow, it's a purty little creatur."

The baby had by this time, after much winking and blinking, accustomed his eyes to the lighted room, and was now giving signs of being restless. As Mrs. Crofts approached him with much the look with which she would have regarded a stray kitten (she not liking cats), he, being accustomed to go to everybody, held out his hands with a look of gracious readiness to be pleased if well treated.

"Well, it is kind o' bright."

The baby took eagerly the warm milk brought for him, then settled back into Mrs. Crofts' arms with a look of perfect content with the existing state of things. Mrs. Crofts laughed.

"I can't set here holdin' a baby. You take him while I set things on."

She held him while the meal was eaten, then again passed him over to the farmer. Baby made a dash for the bushy, half gray whiskers, burying his laughing, dimpled face among them with crows and coos, which plainly invited a game of romps of the baby order. This was, however, soon over.

"He's goin' to sleep."

There was something pathetic in the peaceful trust with which the lids closed over the blue eyes as the pressure of the small head became heavier on the arm. It went to the heart of the Pratt baby's new caretakers.

"It's a cold day, Jacob," said Mrs. Crofts the next morning. "I've got a conscience, if I am set agen' bein' put on, and I don't like the idee of that little creatur' takin' a long ride such a day. To-morrow 'll be milder, maybe."

To-morrow was milder, but Mrs. Crofts remarked:

"A day or two won't make no difference, now he's here."

On the third day a boy rushed into the house with a cry:

"Oh, my baby! I've found you—ain't I? How came I ever to let you git away from me."

And the Pratt baby pulled Billy's hair and poked into his eyes and rubbed his pink cheeks against the freckled ones with such little crows and squeals of delight as brought a distinct pang of jealousy to Mrs. Crofts' heart.

"Is he your'n?" she asked Billy.

"Yes. Leastways—I mean—he's the Pratt baby. He lives to my house. I've come fer him. The sled's right here. I'll soon fix him up." Setting the baby on the floor, Billy made a rush to the sled and soon brought in the soap box.

"Stop," said Mrs. Crofts, as Billy spied the small hood hanging on a nail, "if that baby's got to ride into Bentley to-day he ain't goin' in a soap box, Jacob," she called into the back yard, "I want you to hitch up and drive into Bentley. This boy's come fo. the baby. Says it's his'n," with a little quiver in her voice, "and if he's to go he's got to go comfortable."

"Who'd 'a' thought anybody'd ever be wantin' the poor little chap?" The farmer's surprise was complete when his wife appeared wrapped for the ride with the baby in her arms.

"I'm goin' to see him safe with them

that has the right to him," she said, firmly. Adding, with some severity: "And that won't let him go cavortin' over the country in a soap box or a winter day."

Billy wilted at this, but was sustained by his joy in the recovery of the baby, comforting himself by little pokes at the soft bundle covered up in Mrs. Crofts' arms, to make sure it was safe there.

Its warmth reached the innermost recesses of her heart—a pain with it at thought of the lonely house to which she would go back without it. It had been but a few hours in which the strange, unlooked-for, unwelcomed visitant had been under her roof, and yet day and night the little presence had borne a growing sweetness. How its baby voice had filled the silent home to which she shrank from returning!

The return of the baby was heralded by triumphant shouts from Billy.

"He's back! He's back! I've found him! We've got him!"

Men came to the store doors to listen, and women ran out of small houses with shawls over their heads. A small crowd had gathered by the time Mrs. Garvey's door was reached.

It was Billy's intention to snatch the baby and rush in with a wild whoop. But Mrs. Crofts held on to it and walked with dignity into the house.

Mrs. Garvey seized the baby and wept over it a torrent of Irish fondling, while the other women waited their turn for a hug, as a babel of tongues arose.

"I'm willin' to say I'm ready to take that blessed baby—"

"I'd decided to do that myself—"

"—I'm able to do well by him, and—"

"—I was with his mother to the last, and I've the best right—"

Mrs. Crofts looked about on the clamouring women.

"Which of you is the mother of this child?" she asked.

A blank silence for a moment, broken by Mrs. Garvey.

"It's meself would have been glad enough to take the darlint when there was no one else to do it, but for—"

"I'm ready to do it now—"

"I can give him a good home."

"Well," Mrs. Crofts arose, and with an authoritative air took the baby from the hands of the woman who just then chanced to be caressing it, "this baby came to me, all unbeknown, ridin' by itself in the winter night. If the Lord didn't send him I'd like to know why. If anybody else wanted to care for him it's a pity they didn't find it out before. I'm goin' to take him home and keep him, and if the town authorities wants to interfere they'll know where to come for him."

She strode toward the door, but stopped at sound of loud sobs from Billy, her face softening into a beaming smile.

"You come and see him whenever you want. He's to be your'n yet, all the same."

The town authorities never saw fit to find fault with the home which Billy had found for the Pratt baby.—Christian Advocate.

The Boyless Town.

A cross old woman of long ago, Declared that she hated noise; The town would be so pleasant, you know,

If only there were no boys." She scolded and fretted about it till Her eyes grew as heavy as lead, And then, of a sudden, the town grew still,

For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street, here wasn't a boy in view; The baseball lot, where they used to meet,

Was a sight to make one blue; The grass was growing on every base, And the paths that the runners made, For there wasn't a soul in all the place

Who knew how the game was played. The cherries rotted, and went to waste— There was no one to climb the trees; And nobody had a single taste, Save only the birds and bees. There wasn't a messenger boy, not one, To speed as such messengers can; If people wanted their errands done, They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise. There was less of cheer and mirth; The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,

Was the dreariest place on earth. The poor old woman began to weep, Then woke with a sudden scream; "Dear me!" she cried, "I have been asleep; And, oh, what a horrid dream!"

—Author Unknown.

Jim.

Sometimes, when the scent of early May
Blits through my window, a soft spring
day,
I shut my eyes and can seem to see
Little lame Jim in the apple tree,
Playing umple, "just for fun!"
In the races he never might hope to run,
And can hear him laugh as he shouted,
"One, to make ready!
Two, to be steady!
Three, and Away!"

Never a race was there for Jim,
Never a course marked out for him.
But always the boys, with tender care,
Bore him out in the soft May air,
And bolstered him up in the tree in state,
With a "There, old fellow! aint that
great?"
Now give us a start, that verse you
know:
'One, to make ready!
Two, to be steady!
Three, and Go!"

Over the brook and down the lane,
Through the meadow and back again,
And Jim would forget his dignity,
And lean far out from his perch to see,
Watching the boys as they leaped the
wall,
"Hi! Run, Bill, run!" I could hear him
call,
And his chanting voice as the visitors
came:
"The first's the best,
The second's the same,
The last's the worst of all the game."

Dear little Jim! His race is run,
His walls are cleared and his victory
won,
And the boys rub their eyes with their
grimy paws,
"We can't run races," they say, "because
Jim's not in the tree to start us fair.
It's no fun playing with Jim not there,
Nobody else knows how to say:
'One, to make ready!
Two, to be steady!
Three, and Away!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 9.

JEHOSHAPHAT'S GOOD REIGN.

2 Chron. 17. 1-10. Memory verses, 3-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and
he shall direct thy paths.—Prov. 3. 6.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A Righteous Example, v. 1-6.
- 2. Religious Instruction, v. 7-10.

Time.—B.C. 914-889.

Place.—The kingdom of Judah.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jehoshaphat's good reign.—2 Chron. 17. 1-10.
- Tu. Good instructions.—2 Chron. 19. 1-11.
- W. Refuge in trouble.—2 Chron. 20. 1-13.
- Th. Resting in God.—2 Chron. 20. 14-21.
- F. Deliverance.—2 Chron. 20. 22-30.
- S. The king and the Scriptures.—Deut. 17. 14-20.
- Su. A joyful Bible reading.—Neh. 8. 1-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. A Righteous Example, v. 1-6.
Who succeeded Asa as king?
How did he strengthen his kingdom?
What was his character?
Whose example did he follow?
Whose example is the best for us to
copy? 1 Cor. 11. 1.
Who was with Jehoshaphat?
Who is willing to abide with us?
John 14. 23.
To whom did Jehoshaphat seek?
What did he avoid?
What is it to seek God?
What is the command in Isa. 55. 6
Who was the king of Israel at this
time? 1 Kings 22. 41.
What was his character and influence?
What did God do for Jehoshaphat?
What did Jehoshaphat take away, and
why?
What is the meaning of "lifted up"
in verse 6?
- 2. Religious Instruction, v. 7-10.
What three classes of persons did
Jehoshaphat send throughout Judah?
For what purpose?
What were the commands and prom-
ises to Joshua concerning the Scrip-
tures? Josh. 1. 8.
How should we use the Bible? John
5. 39.
What was the effect on the surround-
ing nations of Jehoshaphat's piety?

Does true religion inspire respect from
the world?
What is our Golden Text?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS

- Where in this lesson do we find
- 1. An example of fidelity in God's ser-
vice?
- 2. An example of prosperity in God's
way?
- 3. An example of teaching of God's
law?

THE MOUSE'S BLANKET.

One day Willie's mamma missed a
bank note which she was very certain
she had put in a particular place. Think-
ing that Willie might have taken it for
a plaything, not knowing its value, she
asked him if he had seen it, but Willie
knew nothing about it, neither did the
nurse nor anybody in the house.
By-and-bye papa came home. He
pointed to a mouse hole in the nursery
floor, and said the mice must have stolen
it. A carpenter came and took up the
floor; and, sure enough, there was a
nest of little mice all cuddled down on
the bank note, which Mother Mouse had
spread out for a lining for the nest.
Other pieces of paper were found, all
torn and nibbled, but this, being nice
and soft, had been saved for a blanket
by the wise old mother.—Congregation-
alist.

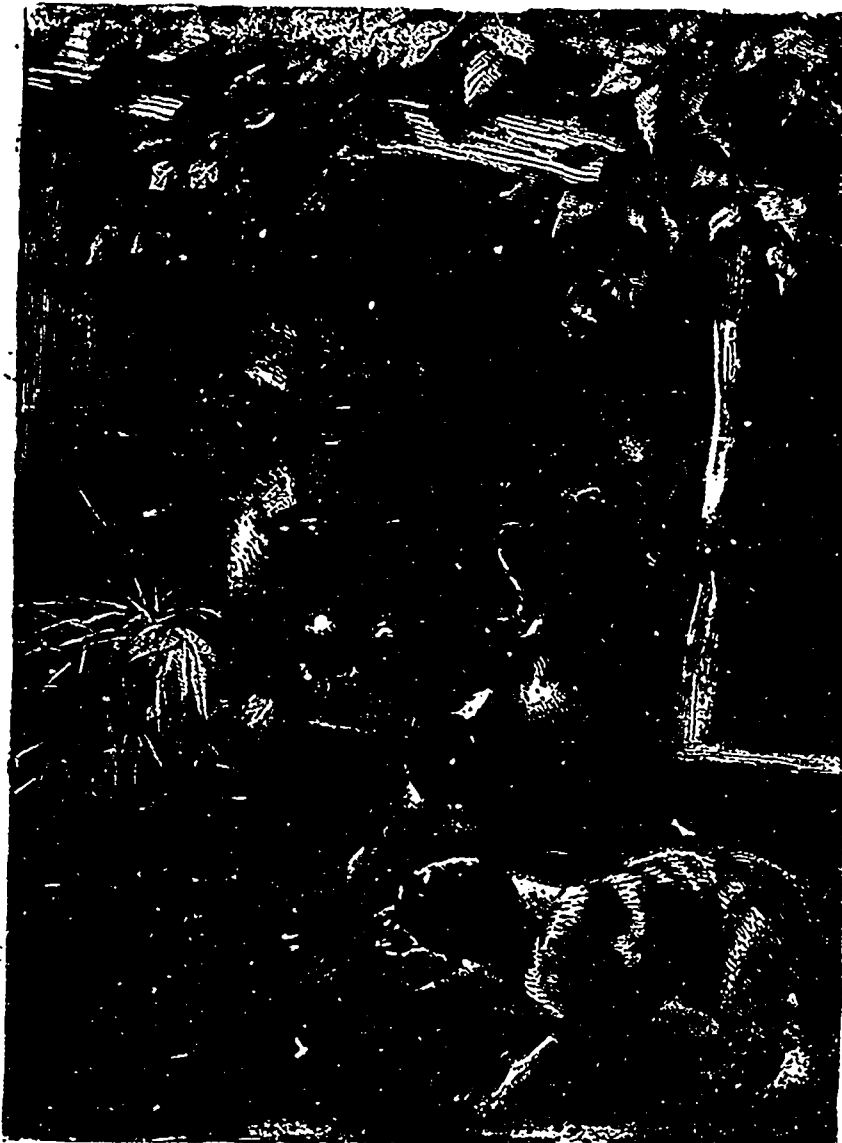
spoken, I think this would have been
their talk:

Snip—"Of all the queer things I ever
saw, you are the queerest. What are
you anyhow?"
Hedgehog—"Suppose you put out your
paw and try."
Snip—"I don't like the look of those
prickles."
Hedgehog—"Don't be a coward, Snip!
Put your nose down and feel of my nice
soft back."

Whether the cunning hedgehog really
cheated him by any such remarks as
these, I cannot say; but Snip at last
mustered courage enough to put his nose
down to the ball. Rash Snip! Up rose
the bristles and pricked him so that he
ran back to his little brothers, howling
and yelping as if he had been shot.
Having put Snip to flight, the hedge-
hog quietly unrolled itself, thrust out
its queer little head with the long snout,
and crept along on its way rejoicing.
As for Snip, I am quite sure he will
never put his nose to the back of a
hedgehog again as long as he lives; and
if his brothers have sense enough to
profit from the sad experience of Snip
they will never do so either.

HUNGRY FOR A HAND-SHAKE.

He was sitting in a park; he looked
downhearted and despondent; his clothes



SNIP AND THE HEDGEHOG.

**SNIP'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE
HEDGEHOG.**

The hedgehog is a queer little animal
with short limbs. It feeds mostly on
insects. It has its body covered with
sharp spines instead of hairs, and can
roll itself up into a ball, and thus show
an array of prickles pointing in every
direction.
Slow of foot, this little creature cannot
flee from danger, but in the sharp, hard,
and tough prickles of its coat, it has a
safeguard better than the teeth and
claws of the wildcat, or the fleetness of
the hare.
The hedgehog has powerful muscles
beneath the skin of his back, and by
the aid of these, on the slightest alarm,
it rolls itself up so as to have its head
and legs hidden in the middle of the ball
it thus makes of itself.
Little Snip, one of old Rover's pups,
saw a hedgehog the other day, for the
first time. As soon as it saw him, the
little creature seemed to change from a
living thing into a ball. Snip did not
know what to make of it. His curiosity
was much excited. He went up and
looked at it. If the two could have

were dusty, but not ragged; there was a
look of despair on his boyish face, al-
most a look of desperation. Some one,
noticing his despondent look, sat down
by him, saying: "I judge you are a
stranger in this city. I want to shake
hands with you."
Only a word, you see; but a bright look
came into the young man's face, and he
eagerly held out his hand.
"Oh," said he, "I am so hun-
gry for a hand-shake! I left home about a week
ago with the prayers and best wishes
of my friends. Times were hard, and it
seemed necessary for me to go into the
world to make a living for myself. I
supposed there was lots of work for me
in this city; but I don't think there is
anything, and I am discouraged."
He bit his lip hard as he said this,
and his mouth quivered.
"I will try again," he went on to say,
"since some one cares enough for me
to shake hands with me."
The hand-shake was the beginning of
his success. Downhearted and dis-
couraged before, feeling that there was
no one who cared for him in a great city,
his heart was made glad by that simple

thing, a hand-shake, and he took cour-
age, and soon found employment.
There are people on every side of us,
perhaps not in these exact circumstances,
but who are discouraged and depressed,
who need a hand-shake, a friendly word,
a kindly interest. As servants of that
Christ who went about doing good, shall
we give it?

Mamma's Little Mice.

BY MARY E. STONE.

- Mamma's little, seven little, busy little
mice
(In braids or caps or curls);
Mamma's little, seven little, brave little
mice
(Seven little boys and girls).
- One little mouse is gray-coat Tom
(Braids or caps or curls);
Leave the woodpile all to him
(Seven little boys and girls).
- One little mouse is staid Ledore
(Braids or caps or curls);
She can make a bed or sweep a floor
(Seven little boys and girls).
- One little mouse is deft Estelle
(Braids or caps or curls);
She sets the table and rings the bell
(Seven little boys and girls).
- One little mouse is lightsome Prue
(Braids or caps or curls);
Here are the dishes for her to do
(Seven little boys and girls).
- One little mouse is field-mouse Joe
(Braids or caps or curls);
He handles the spade and swings the
hoe
(Seven little boys and girls).
- One little mouse is comely Kit
(Braids or caps or curls);
She will sit and knit while the others flit
(Seven little boys and girls).
- One little mouse is Baby Bib
(Braids or caps or curls);
He coos and sings in his willow crib
(Seven little boys and girls).
- Mamma's little, seven little, busy little
mice
(In braids or caps or curls);
Mamma's little, seven little, brave little
mice
(Seven little boys and girls).

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