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BEAUSANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROLPH SMITH & CO.

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1893.

[No. 33.]

GRACE DARLING.

BY ANNIE I. HANNAH.

On one of a rocky group of islands in the German Ocean, some four or five miles from the coast of Northumberland county, England, there lived, about seventy years ago, a little girl. She had no companions save her parents and one brother; and we can imagine her wandering about her ocean-bound home, feeding the water-birds, hunting their eggs, gathering the feathery ferns after which the group, the Fern or Farne Islands, was called; or mounting, with her brother, the winding stairs to the lantern of the lighthouse of which her father was keeper.

There she must have stood on many a day, looking over the ocean; sometimes under smiling skies, with the water rippling, and lapping gently upon the rocks beneath her; sometimes when a wild storm was dashing the spray half-way up the lighthouse tower, and the gulls flew darting like flashes of lightning over the crests of the raging billows. She must have gloried in the magnificent sight; but I doubt if there ever occurred to her mind the idea, that through such a storm she, the daughter of the Longstone Lighthouse keeper, would one day become so famous that her name would be in every mouth. I think not; on the contrary, we are told that she was of a very modest and retiring disposition, and probably thought only of doing her duty which God had plainly given her to do, which at that time was to learn, like other little girls, her daily lessons, and to help her mother in the care of their island home. And so, in faithful attention to these duties, years passed away, till Grace Darling was twenty-two years of age, and the girl had become a brave and noble woman.

One night—it was the 6th of September, 1838—a wild storm broke over the ocean, the waves rose mountains high, the night was pitchy black, and the rain poured down in torrents. In the midst of this terrible tempest, a steamer, going from Hull to Dundee, with sixty-three passengers on board, was wrecked on one of the Farne Islands. There, on that ragged rock, with no help near, with the ocean like a boiling caldron beneath them, the ship broke in two: the stern, where stood the captain and his wife, with many of the passengers, was swept immediately away; but the fore part remained jammed on the rocks. Clinging there for their very lives, expecting every moment to be torn away by the mad waters, nine human beings—all that was left of the large company—passed that horrible night, and there they were discovered, in the early morning light, by Grace Darling, nearly a mile away from the island, with a sea between on which it seemed madness to attempt to launch a boat; and yet the moment her eye caught sight of those sufferers she declared that she must save them. Her father, who was well accustomed to the ocean in all its moods, told her that it was only casting away their

own lives, without the possibility of aiding the shipwrecked crew, and tried with all his power to persuade her to give up so terrible a venture. But she would not listen to him, and declared that if he did not go with her she would go alone; for make the attempt to save those lives she would, though she perished in that attempt.

She was alone with her parents on the island, her brother having gone on business to the mainland before the storm broke. When at last her father found that

from the miserable creatures, clinging so desperately to those slippery crags; knowing, as they must have known, that on that little boat depended their only chance of life. On it went; now "mounting up to the heavens;" now plunging from sight, while the anxious watchers on either side hold their breath, and wonder if at last the end has come. No! there it is again, on the crest of a wave, and both father and daughter, thank God, still safe!

Now it is nearing the dangerous crags;

In England alone, there was raised for her a subscription of seven hundred pounds sterling, or \$3,500, and many valuable presents from persons of rank were poured upon her. Her portrait was taken, and appeared in all parts of the world, and the little island was visited constantly by those anxious for a glimpse of the heroine. This would have been enough to turn the head of any ordinary girl, but Grace Darling was only thankful that she had been allowed, so beautifully, to help the suffering; and while she was truly grateful for all the kindness showered upon her, it did not change her modest, retiring character. She still lived with her parents, on the lonely little island, though probably in greater comfort, owing to the generous gift of money which she had received.

But not for long did she stay to enjoy the fruits of her brave act; three years later her health began to give way, and on the 20th of October, 1842, she died of consumption.

Though many years have passed since that time, more than half a century, the name of Grace Darling is still, and ever will be, held in high esteem—an example of what a woman can do.

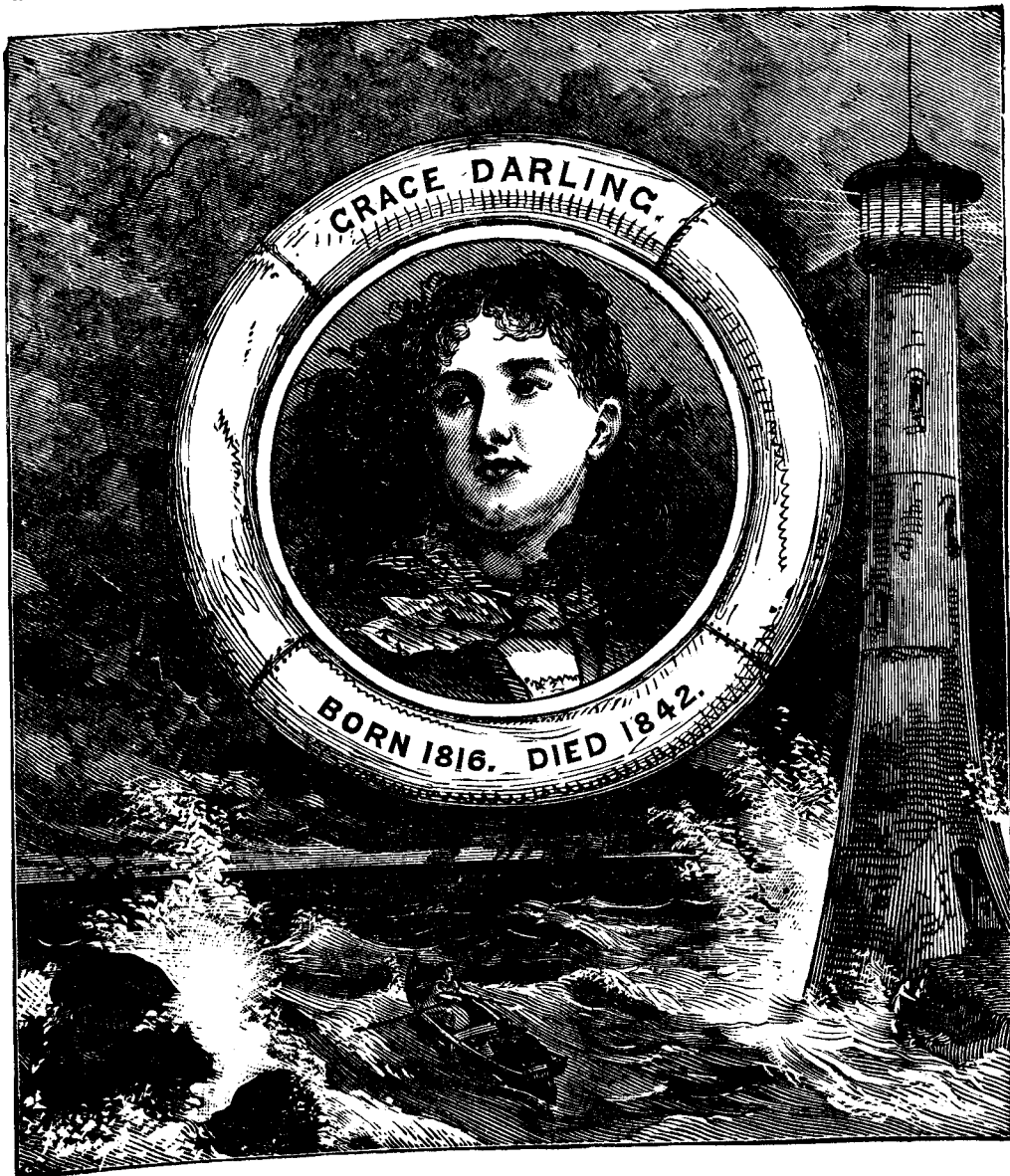
It is not given to all to perform a great and heroic act which will make our name famous, but to every man and woman, yes, to the youngest child, is given the opportunity which Grace Darling used so nobly, that of doing thoroughly and well the duty which our heavenly Father gives us to do, leaving with him, as our heroine did, the results.

WHAT HE HEARD.

A LITTLE boy once awoke at night and heard a soft voice at the foot of his bed. It was a low, soft voice, but it was oh! so earnest and pleading. He listened quietly. It was his own dear mother. She was praying for him. Her heart was so full of tender love and anxiety that she had risen in the middle of the night and come to his bedside to give her little sleeping child once more to Jesus, and beg him to save his soul from sin and death. God heard her prayer by waking her boy and making him hear it. He has never forgotten that night. It is as plainly before him now as when it happened, though he is now a middle-aged man; and his mother has long been watching over him from the land where there is no night.

Do our little readers ever think that their mammas are praying for them when they lie sleeping at night or while they are at play in the day-time? Yes; the air is always full of soft, sweet voices, by day and by night, calling us to God. How soon shall we make the hearts of our dear parents happy, and the great heart of Jesus glad, by giving our hearts to him?

Look upon the bright side of your condition; then your discontents will disappear. Pore not upon your losses, but recount your mercies.



she was determined, he consented to make the attempt, though with very little hope that either of them would ever return. But God who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, was pleased to crown their effort with success. The terrible journey was begun, the mother helping to launch the boat. With what sensations must she have watched the little craft, so tiny in comparison with the mighty waves, which now lifted it high up into the air, the next moment broke over it, threatening to capsize it, and bury forever her dear ones from her sight! Many must have been the prayers that followed them over the foaming waters; and many must have been the petitions for their safety which went up

will it, can it avoid being dashed to pieces on those terrible rocks, or is that long and toilsome journey, after all, to have been taken in vain?

No, not in vain; the wreck is reached at last, and one after another, those stiffened hands are unclasped and the wretched sufferers drop, almost unconscious, into the little boat. Slowly and toilsomely the return journey is safely made, and the rescued crew tenderly cared for.

Then from every part of Great Britain and from distant nations came tokens of every kind, expressing the admiration with which the daughter of the poor lighthouse keeper had, by her noble courage, inspired all the world.

A Complaint.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!"
Said Tommy one day with a pout;
"In every one of the suits I wear
The pockets are most worn out,
They're about as big as the ear of a mole,
And I never have more than three;
And there's always coming a mean little
hole
That loses my knife for me.

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little
things—
Some cookies, an apple or two,
A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,
Some nails, and maybe a screw,
And marbles, of course, and a top and a
ball,
And shells and pebbles and such,
And some odds and ends—yes, honest,
that's all!
You can see for yourself 'tish't much.

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,
With pockets made wide and long;
Above and below and before and behind
Sewed extra heavy and strong.
I'd want about a dozen or so,
All easy and quick to get at;
And should be perfectly happy, I know,
With a handy rig like that."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1893.

KNOW SOMETHING OF YOUR OWN CHURCH.

We think it is highly desirable that the young people of Methodism should know something of its heroic history. While one of the youngest of the Churches of Christendom it is one of the greatest of these Churches, and has a record of which every Methodist may well be proud. Some other Churches have been born in strife and controversy, but Methodism is unique in having been born of the revival of religion. We are glad to know the history and biography of the makers of Methodism are being widely studied in our Leagues and young people's societies, and we have pleasure in printing, in abridged form, an admirable essay which was given before the Epworth League at Shannonville, Ont.

A TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

It will be the purpose of this Temperance crusade to wage a holy war at all times, in all places, with all legitimate weapons against the most dreadful foe of God and man in our land. There are many advantages in enlisting the youthful energy and enthusiasm, the young life and young blood of all the Churches in this effort. Young people have more time at their disposal. They have not the social, domestic and business ties and obligations of their elders. They have more dash and

daring. They have, too, we believe, in many cases, far more moral enthusiasm. They are not bound by the fetters of political partizanship, and if they be united in this great movement, like the Macedonian phalanx, they may hurl their energies like a thunderbolt against the vested rights and ancient wrongs of the liquor traffic and scatter them like chaff from the threshing floor.

BOOK NOTICES.

Soldiers of Liberty, or, From the Great Deep. By Emily P. Weaver. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is an excellent English illustrated edition of the story by a Toronto author, originally published by the Methodist Publishing House. It is a stirring tale of the siege of Leyden, and contains much instructive information in a pleasing form.

Twenty Minutes Late. By Pansy. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is also the English edition of the latest Pansy book, the Canadian issue of which has recently been reviewed in this paper. All admirers of Pansy will be glad to have her last volume, which is marked by the same healthful and wholesome characteristics as her former volumes.

Caught in the Snow, and Other Stories. By William J. Forster. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. Forster was for many years associated with Dr. Stephenson's Children's Home and knows just what sort of stories please the young folk. This book is handsomely bound and beautifully illustrated.

JOHN WESLEY.

BY F. L.

I.

"'Tis always darkest just before the dawn," so the old adage runs, and it was when morality seemed forgotten, when superstition was most rife, when unbelief, both in God and man, was most widespread, that out of the very need of the times a man was born, a leader, a commander of men, a lover of good and a seeker of truth, who transformed continents, who reformed whole peoples, who made history. It is in the sight of such a spectacle as this that the devout mind recognizes afresh the sovereignty, the mercy and the over-rule of God's providence, and with a new and vivid sense of the meaning of his words, reverently and truthfully acknowledges with Browning, that indeed "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world."

THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND

at the beginning of the eighteenth century was such as to rouse pity, horror and almost despair, in every true heart. The reformation begun by Luther in Germany during the sixteenth century had indeed been felt in England; but while it had affected to some extent church doctrines and government, and had ended in the revival of literature, still subsequent history does not seem to show that the masses of the people had been affected by it to any great degree. Matters had been steadily growing worse and worse until, at the time of Wesley's birth, England as a whole was in a most deplorable condition. In the higher circles of society religion was laughed at, and vice of every kind was fearfully prevalent and open, while the lower classes, utterly neglected as far as education, either secular or religious, was concerned, were ignorant and brutal to a degree hard for us to conceive.

WESLEY FAMILY.

But in due time the man who was to inaugurate the needed reform and usher in a new and a better order of things, came forward. Every man is to a very great extent what heredity and environment make him, and even a cursory glance at his ancestry will show us the unconscious unfolding of those qualities which were to make the man, John Wesley, what he was. His biographer says that his ancestors as far back as may be traced, appear "respectable for learning, conspicuous for piety, and firmly attached to those views of Christianity which they had formed from

the sacred Scriptures." Of his mother, her influence and training, hardly too much, perhaps, could be said. Her learning, her deep piety, her systematic training and education of her children certainly developed qualities and formed habits in her son which were of inestimable value to him all through his career, and without which he could not have accomplished the work he did.

Born in 1703, he early showed a marked aptitude for learning, combined with a seriousness and attention to religious matters beyond his years. He attended the Charterhouse school in London for some time, and left it for

OXFORD UNIVERSITY,

when he was barely seventeen years old. Here his marked abilities and close application won him all sorts of honours and degrees in an incredibly short space of time, and he became a thorough scholar and an able critic.

But something else marked his career at Oxford, which was of even greater importance. It was here that Methodism first began.

A club was formed for the promotion of godliness and personal piety, consisting at first but of four members—Wesley, his brother Charles, and two others, but gradually increasing in numbers. They met for the benefit of intercourse on religious subjects, and for the reading of the Bible; they regulated their lives by the strictest rules, fasting often, taking the Lord's supper once a week, and ere long, visiting and talking with the prisoners in the jail, and with the sick and poor of the town. Their lives were the more marked because in those days indifference, and even ridicule of religion and holiness, was everywhere, and these young men soon gained attention and notoriety, and were laughed at and nicknamed. But those convictions which had led them to live such lives as these were wholly able to keep them in what they considered their line of duty, in spite of every hindrance and opposition.

GOES TO GEORGIA.

Time went on. The father of the Wesleys died, wishing that his son John would take his pulpit. But Wesley preferred his college life. He truly wished to be led by God, and when opportunity offered of going to America as a missionary to the Indians, he thought best to go. But after all, circumstances were unfavourable to working among the Indians, and he spent most of his time in Savannah among the colonists there. After a stay of less than two years he returned to England, without seeming to have accomplished much. On his voyage to America he first met with the Moravians, for which he was always deeply grateful, for it was one of them, Peter Böhler by name, who, after his return to England, was the means under God of enlightening him in the doctrine of justification and assurance of faith. It is no new doctrine to us that men may know through Christ they may have dominion over sin, but in those days, though it was one of the doctrines of the English Church, very few believed it. Therefore, Wesley was much astonished to find it credited by these good Moravians, but he believed it, and shortly proved it to his full satisfaction in his own experience.

After this he was even more anxious than before to preach and rouse people to a sense of their need and their privileges in the Gospel, and after a visit to the Moravian settlement in Germany, where his faith was much strengthened and his desire for the like salvation for England increased, he began his great work in the year 1738.

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.



John Wesley

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XV.

UNCLE BARUM'S BEQUEST.

UNCLE BARUM'S decision as to his future course toward Thomas Stanhope was hastened by Friend Amos Lowell.

"Thee knows, Friend Barum, that Thomas Stanhope will be out of prison by Thanksgiving Day?"

"No, I don't know any such thing. What put that into your head? His time won't be out for two good years."

"But thee knows that good behavior shortens sentence, Friend Barum, and Thomas has been an exemplary prisoner. As I reckon the months of remission earned by good conduct, Thomas will come home by Thanksgiving, and I only hope his good behavior will not end at the prison gate, but will follow with him when his home has received him. It would be a pity that such a comfortable and upright household should be again destroyed."

"It shall not be destroyed," said Uncle Barum to himself, and that night, when the family was in bed, Uncle Barum wrote to Thomas Stanhope, and sent his letter, not through the chaplain, but through the deputy-warden. He informed Thomas that he, as a near relative of the family, had been requested to write to him, saying that as his family were now happy and prosperous, they did not care to be disturbed by his home-coming. Mercy had taken the liberty allowed by the law, been divorced nearly a year before, remarried, and of course would not see Thomas again.

"As your children in so many years have forgotten all about you, it is not worth while for you to come back at all. I never thought well of you myself, and would rather not see you again. As Mercy's uncle, I am willing to help you go farther away, and I send a check for forty dollars which some of the officers will cash for you and you had better take it and go west.

"BARUM TITUS."

Thus the letter concluded. Now when a statement is so explicit, and clinched more-over with forty dollars, one is apt to put faith in it. The deputy-warden, who was a new man, felt no particular interest in Thomas; he gave him his letter, told him the check should be cashed for him when he departed, and so locked it up in his

strong-box. He added that he was in luck to have something to begin the world on. The chaplain was absent for a few days, and if he had been there at hand, perhaps Thomas would not have revealed the terrible misfortune which had befallen him. Mercy had cast him off! He deserved it; but then how much he had said to the chaplain about poor Mercy's faithful goodness! And the children would have no more of him! Well, it was just. True, Mercy's letters had led him to expect something very different, but Mercy's sudden marriage would alter all that.

The very clumsiness of this plot helped to further it; it must be true, it was so bold and rough a statement; people made lies smoother.

Barum Titus? Thomas knew all about him; a severe, reputable old man, who had been Mercy's guardian.

Thomas fell ill and was in bed for some days. Then he resumed his duties as nurse. For three years he had been nurse in the hospital, the best nurse there. Always silent and sad, he was now a little more so, that was all.

And having sent the letter that laid an axe to the root of all Thomas Stanhope's comfort, was Uncle Barum any happier! There was no time left to tell how he would have felt left to sober contemplation of his little scheme. Uncle Barum and his sin went up to God for judgment very close together. On Thursday Uncle Barum's trembling fingers bound up that fatal letter in a mail packet: on Saturday night Uncle Barum felt ill; one of his attacks was coming on. Sometimes they began and then went away, but this one increased, and on Sunday he sent for the doctor. Samuel went to church, but Letitia remained with Uncle Barum. After church Mercy and Achilles came to see him; so did Sacy Terhune and her husband.

Uncle Barum was peevish, and did not wish to be disturbed. The attack was like all the rest: he would be better in the morning; he wanted them all to go away and let him alone. This was only what he had had twenty times before. Sacy's husband might stay and sleep on the couch in his room; the others must go home, and Samuel and Letitia must go to bed and leave him in peace.

The doctor said about the same thing. "He will have a rough, uneasy night of it, and Mr. Terhune had better stay by him. In the morning he will probably be himself again."

Therefore Uncle Barum was left alone with Mr. Terhune, to get what rest he could. The doctor came in early while Letitia was getting breakfast.

"How is your uncle, Letitia?"

"Oh, I think he is doing nicely, doctor. He has had such a quiet night, slept all the time soundly. He is asleep now. I am making him a little beef-tea the first thing."

The doctor said only "Um-m-m-m," and went into Uncle Barum's room. He drew up the shade, looked at the patient, and shook his head, then took his flaccid hand. This sleep meant not life, but death. Uncle Barum awoke.

"Here is your beef-tea, uncle," said Letitia coming in.

Uncle Barum eagerly swallowed a few spoonfuls, then he turned his head. Suddenly he felt in himself the truth. The springs of life had given way. He felt himself slipping out of touch of all that had hitherto surrounded him. He looked at the doctor.

"I'm going this time, all's over with me. Well, doctor, I am old enough to die."

The apathy of extreme disease, the torpor of that death which for several hours had claimed some of his organs as he slept, laid heavy hands upon him; he closed his eyes and adjusted his head upon the pillow.

The doctor looked at Mr. Terhune and Letitia confirmation of Uncle Barum's diagnosis.

Letitia stood confounded. Mr. Terhune stepped into the kitchen where Samuel was helping prepare breakfast, and bade him go quickly for Sacy and Madge; and Uncle Barum was going to die. The shocked Samuel ran to Mrs. Terhune's with the story. Mrs. Terhune bade him go to the barn, saddle the horse, and ride fast to the Titus farm to call Philip. The obedient Samuel did as he was commanded.

Arrived at Uncle Barum's, Sacy Terhune met the family there in the hall. "O

Cousin Titus!" she exclaimed, "what has happened?"

"Only that this trouble is taking him off now instead of some other time," said the doctor. "We all knew it would be sooner or later. Mrs. Terhune, you must be perfectly calm before you go in his room. He wants quiet, and he must not be disturbed. He will last a few hours. Are all his family sent for?"

"Where is Samuel?" said Letitia, "he must go for mother and Achilles. I want them here quickly!"

"I sent Samuel for Philip," said Mrs. Terhune.

"He cannot be back then for nearly three hours, and mother must be sent for," said Letitia.

"It will do well enough when Samuel comes back," said Cousin Sacy, who was quick-witted and had laid her own plans. She did not want Mercy there just yet.

"Mr. Terhune, will you not ask Friend Amos to send for mother and Achilles?" said Letitia rather indignantly.

Perhaps these contentions reached Uncle Barum's ear, for as Sacy, Letitia, and Mr. Terhune, with Madge and the doctor returned to his bedside, Uncle Barum said, "Where is Mercy? I want Mercy. Terhune, have Mercy fetched at once!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Terhune, and went out for a messenger.

Sacy was rather effusive as she bent tearfully over the old man.

"Don't fuss," he said fretfully; "sit down. Tishia, fan me."

"I'll fan you, Cousin Titus," said Sacy.

"Let Tishia; you are too fussy. She's quiet." Letitia took the fan.

Madge Terhune, moving quietly about, set the room in order. Then she neatly smoothed Uncle Barum's pillows. She was a neat girl, of good taste, and it annoyed her to see laid over the foot of the dying man's bed his old bottle-green coat. She took it up to put it out of sight.

"Let that be! I want it over my feet!" said Uncle Barum querulously. "Don't touch it!"

"I'll lay an afghan in its place, Cousin Titus," said Madge, "that will be warmer and lighter."

"Let my coat be! I know you hate it. I like it. You like it too, don't you, Tishia?"

"Why, yes, uncle," said Letitia, who had no interest in the old coat one way or the other. "I like it if you—do—and you have worn it ever since I knew you; it makes me think of you."

Her eyes filled with tears; how often had she seen the shabby bottle-green great-coat about the queer, kind old man's form.

"You shall have it, Letitia," said Uncle Barum. "You will take care of it—for my sake. It shall be yours, to remember me by. You don't want it, do you, Sacy?"

"O Cousin Titus! I only want what you want me to have."

"All right. I know what you want. It is in the will. I have kept my promise to you. The bonds are for you—the Titus farm goes to Philip. There are a few little things for the rest. Nothing for Madge—and Letitia—Letitia has—the coat. I give it to you, girl. Let it cover me till I am gone, and then take it away—and take care of it."

Letitia nodded, cried, but very softly, and fanned Uncle Titus.

Madge went and stood by the window. Sacy Terhune had her handkerchief to her eyes, but that word about the bonds had greatly assuaged her grief.

Uncle Barum dozed and woke, and dozed again. His mind was too feeble to fix itself on anything. Those little transactions with regard to Thomas Stanhope, the fruit of failing intellect and moral sense, were already forgotten. The doctor went away. Mr. Terhune returned; after awhile Mercy and Achilles came with Patience.

Madge Terhune made herself useful; she put the house in order, prepared coffee and food, answered the knocks and inquiries at the door, and was sensible and generally useful.

Uncle Barum took some medicine and some drops of nourishment. Then he said he wanted to bid Patty and Samuel good-bye, and have them sent home; he did not want so many about him.

"Good-bye, Patience," he said. "Be a good girl. I didn't leave you anything,

but you'll not forget the old man. Good-bye, Samuel. I've left Samuel the furniture of this room, and also the gray mare. Sell the mare, Samuel, and put the money in bank till you go to college. Don't take after your father, Samuel, he missed it."

Then the two children went away. Philip came, and Uncle Barum asked to talk with him alone a little. At the end of this interview Achilles was called in by Philip.

"Achilles," said Uncle Barum, "you are a good boy and a good son. Take care of your mother. Promise me that you will never touch a drop of strong drink. Lay your hand on my heart and swear it; I don't want you to go your father's way."

"I swear it, and Philip is my witness," said Achilles.

"Achilles, I left Philip my farm, the old Titus farm. I promised it to him when your mother ran away."

"That is all right," said Achilles.

"Achilles, Philip is a good fellow. He'll be an man you can tie to. I have planned for him to marry Letitia. He'll do well by her. I want you to keep other fellows away from her and advise her to marry Philip. Carry it through if you can."

"I will. It is for Letitia's good," said Achilles.

"Philip, give Achilles my watch off the bureau. It is a good one, Achilles. Use it; you'll never drink or gamble it away. Put it on, it is yours. All else is in the will. The will is in Friend Amos Lowell's safe, and take notice you both, I gave Letitia my old coat to remember me by."

Then the others of the family were recalled and the watch by the dying man continued. The doctor came and went; the minister came, had worship, commending this parting soul to God, and went away.

The cares of this earth, the little he was leaving, occupied Uncle Barum more than the world to which he was moving apace. Was this strange? The scripture tells us that as a tree falls to northward, or to southward, there it lies. We project ourselves through eternity on those same lines which we travelled here below. For very few of the sons of earth there are who make a short turn in soul-direction at the grave's mouth. And as it shall be in that world beyond, so is it in the hour and article of death. "The ruling passion strong in death," is a much harped-on phrase; the master-thought of life is the master-thought of the dying hour. Uncle Barum had all his life been chiefly busied with his small earthly possessions, and the disposal thereof. He thought of it still, his mind half wandering in the feebleness of dissolution.

"Mercy, if you had not—run away—you'd have had all I have—you would have—owned the Titus farm."

"Never mind, uncle," whispered Mercy, "Philip will do better by the farm than I could. Uncle, you are not—afraid to die?"

"No—we all have to die—I'm just tired," said the old man. Then after awhile—"Mercy, I wish you hadn't run away. I was so angry about it."

"But you've forgiven me long ago, uncle."

"Yes, only forgiving is not forgetting, and I gave Sacy all the government bonds, Mercy—I promised 'em to her."

"Never mind, uncle, never mind. I need nothing. Try and fix your mind on God, on heaven."

"I don't just know what they'll be like," said Uncle Barum fretfully. "I've sometimes felt as if God was leading me, and would take me where my mother is—but, will any of them know me? I suppose they will—I suppose it is all right. The Lord will have a great deal to forgive in—all of us, Mercy."

Finally he looked at Letitia. "Letitia, you have been a very good girl to me, no one could be better. Achilles knows all about what I want, and you do as Achilles says, Letitia. And Sacy—you've got all you asked for—all that ever I promised you—and you let things go on as they ought to go on; don't you go to interfering—and making trouble."

Sacy saw the dying eyes rest on Philip; she knew what was meant, but she could not thwart this dying man.

"You'll let things go on, Sacy," he insisted.

"I'll not interfere," said Sacy.

"Sometimes people take strong measures when they interfere; I did. Mercy! I

wrote—" but his feeble voice trailed off into sleep.

Once more he awoke. The afternoon was waning and life was almost gone. He spoke on the old theme.

"The will says Mercy is to have all the money in the desk, and the furniture he e. You're not in luck, Mercy—there's only forty dollars in the desk. Letitia, come here; I want to speak to you."

Letitia took her mother's place by his pillow and bent down her head.

He whispered heavily, slowly: "Letitia, if you look—you'll find between the—" but there was no ending of that sentence. A fluttering breath and all was over. Letitia lifted her fair, rosy young face from that gray, cold face of death.

"He's gone," said Sacy Terhune, starting forward. "Gone! Letitia, what did he say?"

"Nothing; he could not finish."

Sacy mechanically laid the sheet and counterpane straight. To do so she must take up the jealously-guarded old coat. She handed it to Letitia. "Here! I don't know what to do with it. Hang it up."

Letitia stood with the coat over her arm: Mr. Terhune went after the undertaker to prepare the body for burial.

When the undertaker and his assistant came, Sacy, Letitia, and the rest of the family left the room.

"Letitia, what did Cousin Titus say, or try to say?" asked Sacy.

"Why, he said, 'Letitia, if you will look—you'll find between the—'"

"The what?" demanded Sacy, eagerly.

"Nothing, that was all. He stopped just there. Poor man, he wanted something and could not tell it. But of course he did not want it longer—he was gone."

"Look between the what?" thought Sacy, "something about hidden money, I'll be bound. He was so queer! He's hidden a lot of money, I'll venture, and we'll never find it! I'll look; he promised me all; if there is a hoard, I have a right to it."

She went into the sitting-room, and covering her face, she discussed with herself every possible place of concealment for money. She would search that house well.

Philip, his father, and Achilles, planned for the funeral.

Letitia went up to her little room, and with the old coat lying on her lap, began to cry. Poor Uncle Barum! he had been so kind to her, and what a nice, quiet home she had had with him.

Presently Mercy came up to Letitia's room, and casting herself on the little bed where she had slept in girlhood, she too wept for Uncle Barum, and reproached herself for the pain she had given him.

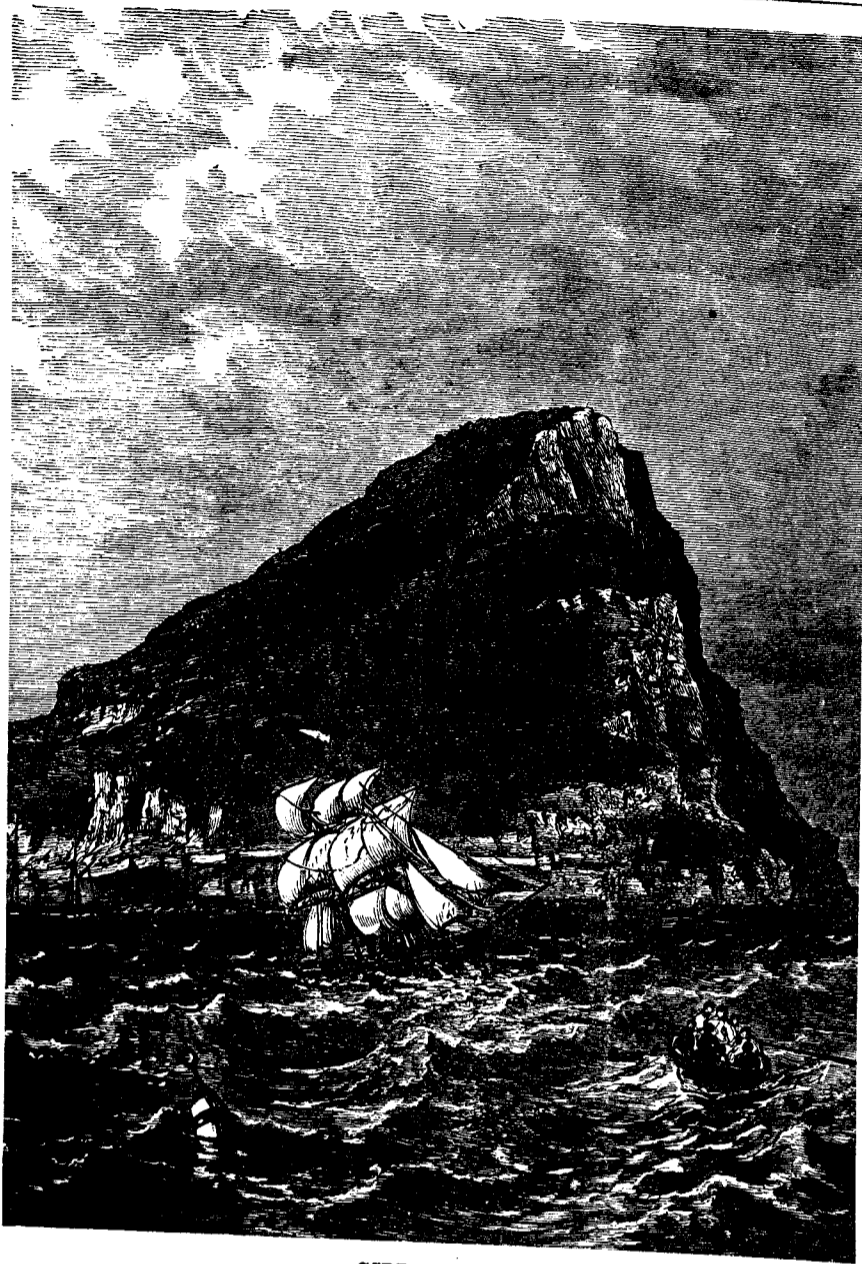
Letitia had no cause for self-reproach. She stroked and patted the faded, heavy, old coat as it lay on her lap, and she mourned heartily for her great-uncle.

That night, after Mercy and Achilles had gone home to the children, and Letitia was finally asleep, while Philip and a friend sat silent near the rigid form in the sitting-room, Sacy Terhune, little lamp in hand, looked between everything she could think of; between the mattress and the feather-bed, between the leaves of the big Bible, between the desk and the wall, between the bureau drawers and the back of the bureau, between the bricks in the hearth; but nowhere could she find any secret hoard.

(To be continued.)

OUR BURDENS.

STANLEY tells us in his "Dark Continent" that when crossing a rapid stream the natives put heavy rocks on their heads to keep them from being carried away by the force of the current, and thus they pass safely over. In crossing many a dangerous rapid in our lives we are steadied by the burdens resting on our shoulders, and without them we should fail to reach the desired shore. Those under heavy pressure cannot judge at the time how much good they are deriving from the weights resting upon them; but their friends can see well enough how they improve in steadiness, in patience, in gentleness, in power of sympathy with others, in forgetfulness of self, in efficiency. When the burden gets too heavy to be borne we learn what we should have learned at the beginning—that there is One who will bear the burden for us and with us, not permitting us to be tempted above what we are able to bear.



GIBRALTAR.

GIBRALTAR.

"HELD Fast for England. A Tale of the Siege of Gibraltar." 1779-83. By Geo. A. Henty. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 353. Price \$1.50.

This is a book to stir one's patriotic pulses. The battles and sieges of which the grand old rock fortress has been the scene present some of the most thrilling episodes in the chronicles of the Motherland. And in those memories all English-speaking people throughout the world have a share. An American author recounts the stirring associations of some of the notable regiments which have left the bones of their dead in every quarter of the globe. He exclaims, "Was there ever a Roman legion that could show a longer record of war and glory?"

He speaks with enthusiasm of the "brave-hearted English women who 'follow the drum' to the ends of the earth." "I have sometimes thought," he says, "that their husbands and brothers owed part of their indomitable resolution to the inspiration of wives and sisters."

The story of the four years' siege of the grim old rock by the combined Spanish and French forces is one that makes the pulses throb. The besieged were at times put to the direst straits—half-starved, subsisting in part on grass and nettles and stormed at with shot and shell. Gallant "old Elliott" and his brave heroes still held out—the commander sharing the privations of the humblest soldier. A lean turkey was sold for £3, and fuel was so scarce that the soldiers cooked their rations with cinnamon found in store.

When the supreme effort was made for the capture of the Rock, the Spanish grandees came by hundreds to witness the event. But the capture did not come off; the gallant little garrison, attacked by a vast land and sea force, and by four times the number of guns, still "held the fort," sank or burned many of the enemies' ships,

and, in the hour of triumph, performed prodigies of valour in saving the lives of hundreds of Spanish sailors from the burning ships.

Gibraltar is by far the strongest fortress in the world, and is doubtless impregnable. "It seems that if all the armies of Europe came against it, they could make no impression against its rock-ribbed sides; that only some convulsion of nature could shake its everlasting foundations. . . . Of this I am sure, that whatever can be done by courage and skill to retain their mastery will be done by the sons of the Vikings to retain their mastery of the sea."

This stirring tale loses none of its interest in Mr. Henty's treatment of it. The historical material is most cleverly woven into an excellent plot. There is no flagging in the exciting interest of the book from the first chapter to its close. We heartily commend it to our readers for its wholesome historical value and attractive character.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A. D. 60.] **LESSON IX.** [Aug. 27.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Acts 26. 19-32.] [Memory verses, 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.—1 Cor. 1. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. Words of Wisdom, v. 19-26.
2. Words of Appeal, v. 27.
3. Words of Indecision, v. 28.
4. Words of Love, v. 29-32.

Place.—The judgment hall in Caesarea.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Nearly two years passed, and Festus succeeded Felix. Immediately the Jews began to renew their charges against Paul. Festus offered him a trial at Jerusalem, but Paul—as a Roman citizen—appealed to the emperor's court at Rome. Agrippa II., King of Bashan, desired to hear Paul, and our lesson contains a part of Paul's address in his presence. This was not a trial, but rather an examination.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Heavenly vision"—So called because it was an appearance of the glorified Jesus. "Prophets and Moses"—Christianity is true Old Testament religion, and so Paul had not forsaken the national religion. "First . . . rise"—Not the first to be resuscitated, for Lazarus and others were raised and died again; but the first of the complete resurrection, not only from death but mortality (Whedon). "Much learning"—Some believe that Festus referred to Moses and the prophets, and thought that he had pored over them until his brain was turned. "Mad"—Festus undoubtedly thought that Paul's brain had become affected. "Almost"—Literally, with little (supply time, or effort). The answer seems to be ironical, and to mean: "With little effort, or in a short time, you would make me a Christian." That Paul should make the king a Christian was thought to be ludicrous.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That the Old Testament bears witness to the truth of the New.—Luke 24. 26, 27.
2. That the Scriptures should be the fountain of all religious teachings?—2 Tim. 3. 16, 17.
3. That Christ "and him crucified" is the central theme of the Gospel?—1 Cor. 2. 2.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Paul show to the people and turn to God? "That they should repent and turn to God." 2. What was his great theme? Golden Text: "Christ the power of God," etc. 3. How was Paul strengthened in his work? "He obtained help of God." 4. What did Agrippa say to Paul? "Almost thou persuadest me." 5. What did Paul desire? "That he was fully persuaded." 6. What was the judgment concerning Paul? "He was declared innocent."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fulfilment of prophecy. Verses 22, 23.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

- How was man the chief creature on earth? Because the Creator made man in his own image.
- In what part of man is the image of God? In his spirit, or soul, which was breathed into him by the Creator.

DEATH IN THE CUP.

A GRAVE-DIGGER and a gentleman were passing through an English church-yard, engaged in tracing the virtues of the dead as recorded on the various tomb-stones around. Within a circumference of twenty feet from where they stood lay no fewer than eight victims of intemperance.

"Here," said the official, "you observe the grave of a gentleman aged forty-four, who left home to attend some races at a neighbouring city, got drunk and was found dead. The next grave was that of a man aged thirty-nine, who, while in a state of intoxication, ran a race with another man, was thrown from his horse, and died from the effects of the fall. A little further on you see the grave of one, aged fifty, who often drank to excess. He died soon after the Russian war, under the effects of strong drink. He would often turn his wife out of the house; and once in a state of drunken frenzy, he took the butter which she had been churning and battered the walls with it, saying that he was taking Sebastopol."

In a grave a little distance off were deposited the remains of another drunkard, who died from the effects of drinking a gallon of gin for a wager.

The next grave was that of a man, who, in a state of intoxication, attempted to ford the river in the valley below and was drowned.

The next was that of the village inn-keeper, who had such an insatiable thirst for strong drink that he swallowed all before him. He had possessed property in

houses and lands, but all this, and his wife as well, fell a sacrifice to strong drink. The next was that of the village physician, who, while engaged in trying to cure others, killed himself through indulging in drink.

The last of this sad list of victims was a man aged fifty, who was a great drinker. The sexton said, "He drank hard, and in a state of intoxication passed through the grave-yard and saw me making a grave. 'John,' said he with an oath, 'are you making that grave for me?' His words nearly came true; for the very next grave was made for this poor drunkard."

BREATHE THROUGH YOUR NOSE.

A PHYSICIAN, in opposing a theory of "breathing through the mouth," writes: "I have always understood that the nose is nature's only true respirator, and that to breathe through the mouth, especially when facing a cold east wind or breathing quickly the night air, is not only unphysiological, but dangerous. It has been proved experimentally that however low the atmospheric temperature may be, the air is raised almost to blood heat by passing through the nose alone, and that however dry it is completely saturated with moisture by passing through the same way. It is well understood, I think, that much harm may ensue from simply breathing through the mouth. Asthma, bronchitis, pharyngitis, laryngitis, and many other diseases may be started by habitual mouth breathing. It is bad enough for people to breathe through their mouths when unable, from disease, to get the air to pass through nature's proper channel, the nose. It is the invariable rule among savage nations to breathe solely through the nose; and they seldom, if ever, suffer from disease of this organ or of the throat. The lower animals, with the exception of the dog tribe, seldom breathe through the mouth; and I am perfectly convinced that we should see far less disease of the nose or of the throat did every one learn to breathe solely through the nose."

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