Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

	12X		1	16X	<u></u>		20X		<u></u>		24X				28X			32)	
																		1.	
Ce docum	ment est fil	lmé au tai 14X	ux de ri	iduction i	ndiqui 18X	i ci-des	190 4 3.	•	22X				26X			30	×		
	n is filmed				cked be	elow/													
	Iditional co		•	Som	e pa	ges a	are	cut	off	•									
,									Mestheed/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison										
	ns, korsque s été filméa		r heasin	ne, ves peț	pes n O	mit.			_			•		~ HVI4					
lor	Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apperaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont								Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison										
	en omitted se pout qui		•	blanches	ajouté	ies			Page de titre de la livraison										
Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have									Г	一.	Title p	age of	issue/						
	distorsion le long de la marge intérieure								Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:										
La	La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la								_										
I./ J -	Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/								Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index										
	und with d lié avec d'a			3					L	. / .			p egina t ontinu						
	enches et/o			n couleur					L -		/		ile de l'	·	ESSION				
• •	loured pla								Γ				rint var		•				
1 1 -	Houred ink Icre de cou	=				e)				. /	Showt Transp	•							
	rtes géogra								_	/	Pages o								
1 1	oloured ma	-	•						ſ		Pages o								
1 1	titre de co	•	manqu	18					L	./	_					p iquées	i		
	ver title m		•						Г	-/ 1	Pages c	liscolo	wred. s	staine	d or fo	xed/			
1 1 -	overs restor	•									_				ninated Hiculéd				
1 1	overs dama; ouverture e	•	gée						L	f	•	_	mag é e:	\$					
	ouverture d		•						Ĺ		Pages o								
1 1	oloured cov								Γ	1	Colour								
checked below.									dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.										
of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are									bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification										
copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any									•	xemt	olaire q	jui son	t peut	-être u	ınique	détails s du po	int de		
				nin the be						-						ilsiçmə Attaile			

_{Vor.} хии.]

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1893.

[No 26.

Canada.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Canada.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

LAND of mighty lake and forest?
Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
Where the summer's leaf is greenest;
And the winter's bite the keenest;
And her parting smile the dearest;
Where the autumn's leaf is searest;
And her parting smile the dearest;
Where the tempest rushes forth,
From his caverns of the north,
With the lightnings of his wrath,
Sweeping forests from his path;
Where the cataract stupendous,
Lifteth up her voice tremendous;
Where uncultivated Nature
Sows her pines of giant stature;
Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er.
Thick as bristles on the boar;
Plants the stately elm and oak
Firmly in the iron rock;
And the eagle is careering;
To our hearts thou'rt dear forever!
Thou art not a land of slory.
No tradition, tale, nor song
To thine ancient woods belong;
No long line of bards and sages,
No old heroes sweeping by
In their warlike panoply;
Yet heroic deeds are done,
In the cottage, in the woods,
In the lonely solitudes—
Pledges of affection given,
That will be redeemed in heaven.

DOMINION DAY.

In both PLEASANT Hours and Onward The furnish for our national birthday special patriotic numbers of these papers. We want our boys and girls to appreciate more and more as the record of by the splendid and our boys and girls to appreciate more inheritance which God has given them in No land is more

favoured of heaven; hone has nobler Christian instituinstian institu-tions; none exhib-its a higher grade of morality than our beloved Canada. Especially import-ant to the future well-being of our country is the ob-servance of the Lord's day which is so marked a charac-teristic of our coun-try.

The old-fashioned first on cture, the first on this page, represents a scene which is enacted thousands of times on our quiet Canadian rural co. The rural congregation, who come from far and near to attend worship, are re-turning from the old-fashioned church which is shown in the rear of the picture.



Methodist congregations assemble every Sunday, to say nothing of those of the over four thousand other denominations. These, with their Sunday-schools, their Epworth Leagues, their religious training and the religious effort which they reand the religious effort which they represent—these are the true bulwarks of present—these are the corner-stone—our country—these are the corner-stone—these are the pledge of the stability of these are the pledges and the stability of its institutions.

our national ground its institutions.

Our other picture shows us the characteristic Canadian homestead in Ontario, of which many hundreds studthis fair and beautiful Province. Around the comfortable tiful Province were side sweep the broad mansion on every side sweep the broad acres where well-filled barn and farm buildaces where well-filled barn buildaces where well-filled barn buildaces where well-filled barn buildaces where well-filled barn b such comfort has been obtained. We are apt to boast too much of our grand cities, apt to poast too much of our grand cities, but the farms and farming population are really the backbone of Canada's strength.

"The king himself is served by the field," and the population outside our cities is many times greater than that in them. The men of brawn and brain who succeed in cities are, for the most part, those who were brought up in the wholesome farm life of the country with its fresh air, free life, good food and plenty of it, and exempted in their early years from the hurry and worry of city life. Let our young folks learn by heart some of the patriotic poems in the present number and learn more and more to prize the noble country in which it is their good fortune to be born.

Our country girls, too, have a better time than many of them think. With our splendid school system, with the social and religious enjoyments and privileges which are theirs, they need not envy any girls in the world. If our young folks knew the hard fare and hard work and scanty food and coarse clothing of the boys and girls "The king himself is served by the field,"

hard fare and hard work and scanty food and coarse clothing of the boys and girls

in many European lands they would prize their own all the more. Of our Canadian homes it may be said "It snows within the house with meat and drink." We commend the verses which follow to all who are discontented with country life:

COUNTRY GIRLS OF CANADA.

Ye country girls of Canada,
Who think your lot is hard,
Who think your life monotonous,
For you I have a word.

Ours is no royal-ridden land, Where nobles are by birth, But one of free equality, Whose standard is true worth.

Despise not then its rural scenes,
Where youthful fancy roams;
You'll find few spots more kind to you
Than quiet country homes.

The busy towns are rushing streams
Where men forget their Lord;
And seeking after wealth or fame
Care little for his Word.

Ye like the rippling fountains are, Fresh from the mountain's brink; Beside whose pure untainted streams It pleaseth one to drink.

And doubt not this, 'tis serious truth!
Tho' you feel not the weight,
That on your gentle shoulders
There rests a nation's fate.

Because your life is humble, Think not it matters small, Whether you make it well or ill, Or make it not at all.

Few of the great, of any age,
In luxury's lap were reared;
Whence come these mighty minds, you

ask,
The world has loved and feared?

Few, few of these were ever reared

'Mid cities' giddy whirls;

Their homes have been the country,
Their mothers, country girls.

And from your heart those intellects That fifty years to

come Shall hold the reins of Church and of Church and State, Protect our land and home,

Must take the cast which moulds their minds
The way that they shall go,
Which makes their path all blessing,
Or makes their lives a woe.

The things you love, the words you speak,
The very thoughts you think,
Will in a measure live in them,
Thro' some mysterious link.

Then prize your truth and virtue, Your very thoughts here pure



Let faultless nature mould your forms, battles to endur

With "woman's right" or franchisement Let not your hearts be vexed, However man this age may rule, "Tis purs to pale the next.

The simple truth that you may teach,
In words and accents mild,
And by the manner of your life
Impages it on your child,—

May peal in loudest thander tones
When you and I lie low,
From men, within whose hands then rests
Our country's west or wee.

There's much truth in that saying old, "Man works from sun to sun,
Though woman toileth night and day,
Her work is never done."

It reaches out beyond her life, Far into other years, Beyond her day of weary care, Beyend her night of tears.

When she long since has passed away, Still monuments we find, In living men, whose words and life, Show forth her mould of mind. Witness. GEO. W. GARLAND.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR-POSTAGE FREE

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

Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies

Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies

Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies

10 copies and upwards

Beream Leaf, Menthyly, 10s copies per month
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a

dozen; 50c. per 100, per quarter 6c. a

WILLIAM BRIGGS. Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, 8 Bleury Street, # F. Hussus, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S leury Stree **Mo**ntreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1893.

CANADA'S GREATNESS.

On Dominion Day last year several stirring addres ring addresses were given at Terente, from which we quote as follows:

JUDGE SKINNER

The chairman then introduced Judge The chairman then introduced Judge Skinner, who was warmly received. After a few prefatory remarks he said that he had consented to speak on this occasion that he might express to the people of the great city of Toronto the feelings of union the people of the Maritime Provinces entertain towards them on all questions that the people of the Maritime Provinces entertain towards them on all questions that appertain to the continuity and perpetuity and prosperity of this great Dominion to which they all belonged. (Applause.) He was ant only astounded at the audience before him, but he was astounded at the greatness of this country. As he realized its vastness, its amplitude, he was deeply impressed with the conviction that it was to form one of the greatest nations of the to form one of the greatest nations of the earth. Those peoples who had taken a high position in history had been invariably lovers of their country. Love of country and matienal pride was love of home and family.

family.

To attain to national greatness our ambi-To attain to national greatness our ambition must not only be high, but must be boundless in its aspirations. The dreamer was sometimes the greatest actor in shaping the destines of a people. A Columbus must precede a Cæsar. The object of this meaning, he had been told, was to inspire the children with faith in the country. No nobler object could the promoters of the meeting have, and no better day gould be selected than the 1st of July—Canada's

What a noble history this country had! What a noble history this country had? From being separate colonies it had become a nation—law and prosperity and happiness ruled and overshadowed it. Such never had any nation of a similar age in the world before. Her origin was peaceful. It was, before our advent, the curse of nations to be the offspring of war, to be born in rivers of blood, but Canada's origin was one of peace. The bugle call was heard as our nation came into existence, not to summon the people to strife, but to call them to duty upon the pathways tence, not to summon the people to strife, but to call them to duty upon the pathways of progress. Iron and blood might have founded the great empire we had inherited from an Alfred, a Wellington, a Nelson, and a Wolfe, but the Canadian dominion was the offspring of peace. The boys and and a Wolfe, but the Canadian dominion was the offspring of peace. The boys and girls, as they studied its annals, would love their country not only because it was their pative land, not only because the flag that had braved the battle and the breeze floated proudly above them; not only because of the greatness, the power, the grandeur and the glory of the empire to which we belong, upon which the sun never sets, and which bids defiance to the powers of darkness, but because the history of Canada was an object-lesson to the whole world, ness, but because the history of Canada was an object-lesson to the whole world, teaching mankind that a great people can win national life without the deadly elamor of war, and with no more powerful weapon than the sweet olive-branch of peace.

The schools would fail in their great purpose if they did not teach the children to love their country. If they loved it they would not leave it. They would work at home, and working at home with our health-

would not leave it. They would work as home, and working at home with our healthful climate and fruitful soil, they would become successful, and becoming successful, and becoming successful. the prosperity of the nation was secure.

Canada was among the most successful countries in the world, and therefore entitled to our faith and love and national homage. Truly the children of Canada should love their country. Its foundations were the foundations of one of the greatest were the foundations of one of the greatest nations of the earth. The exodus not last forever. Emigration would turn, in fact was turning, into immigration. in fact was turning, into immigration. The western tendency of population was a feature of our civilization, but the greatest and the best of the people remained at home. "Let the flag that floats so grandly and proudly over this Queen City of Canada to-day," he said, "throw out its ample folder over every schoolhouse in the land and producty to-day," he said, "throw out its ample folds over every schoolhouse in the land for all time to come, so that our children and our children's offspring over all the future may learn the lesson that it teaches, and will be led to look upon Canada as one and will be led to look upon Canada as one of the grandest nations of the world, and forming with the other British possessions that girdle the earth, the grandest empire of all historic time."

COL. DENISON ON CANADA.

Col. Denison, who was announced as a Col. Denison, who was announced as a Canada First man, addressed the audience. He said that when he was asked to address the meeting he agreed to come with the very greatest pleasure, because it had always been a very strong point in his mind to do everything possible to create in the Canadian people a strong national spirit and confidence in themselves.

One of the most important events that

One of the most important events that had occurred in Canada was the confederahad occurred in Canada was the conrectera-tion of the scattered provinces into one Dominion. Many would remember the state of affairs and the feelings of the then a string of scattered provinces with no cohesion, knowing nothing of the people of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, and communication between the different provinces was of the most difficult character. In this country the people were inclined to call themselves either English, Irish, or Scotch, according to the nationality of their parents. There had been a remarkable change for the better in the last quarter of a century. Canada was one of the largest countries in the world, forty times the size of Great Rritain fifteen times the size of Great Britain, fifteen times the size of the German empire, and situated in the very hest latitude to produce a great and powerful nation. We, in this Canada of ours, were the northmen of the new world, and a southerner never should place his heel on the men of the northern zone. Our country extended from the latitude of

Rome to the north pole, and it was flanked by two enormous oceans, Twenty-five years ago no one would have dreamed of such results as confederation had produced. federation had produced. Everything that indicated progress showed that Canada had made a progress that he balloued was absolutely unthat Canada had made a progress that, he believed, was absolutely unparalleled in the history of the world. Our bank capital had increased enormously. The number of letters and newspapers carried through the post had increased to such an arterit as newspapers carried through the post had increased to such an extent as seemed almost incredible. Deposits in the savings banks had rolled up until it seemed almost miraculous that the people should have saved so much wealth.

WE OUGHT TO BE CONTENTED. People had been deceived by the comparisons between Canada and the United States. It must not be forgotten that the people of the United States had 100 years the start forgotten that the people of the United States had 100 years the start of us, and from that fact they were enabled to get the immigration from all the older countries, which produced a fictitious prosperity that could not last. The United States could not go on making the same pro-

could not last. The United States could not last. The United States could not go on making the same progress. There was very little more land in the public domain to give to settlers. Rapidly the wealth of that country was accumulating in the hands of a few, and there was growing up a large class of people exceedingly poor. In Canada, while we had no very rich people here were well-fed, well-clothed and their children well-educated. Our country was progressive, and we did not think we had anything to grumble about.

Me don't intend for any consideration of material advantage that anybody can give

We don't intend for any consideration of material advantage that anybody can give us that our flag shall be hauled down, that our national emblem shall be destroyed, and that we shall be wassals and serfs of porridge, and got to work thirteen hours a day, we are going to have our flag and we are going to have our country.

Jacques Cartier.

[The seaport of St. Malo gave to Canada not only a discoverer in the person of the intropid and chivalrous Jacques Cartier, but it D'ARCY McGER with a theme for one of the furnished the gitted neart of the rion, Thos. D'ARCY McGer with a theme for one of the finest of Canadian ballads.

In the scaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,'
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away.'
In the crowded old cathedral, all the town were on their knees.

were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from undiscovered seas;

covered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled many hearts with sorrow and gentle
hearts with fear.

When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went.

And tearful were the vigils that many a

maiden spent;

And manly hearts were filled with gloom and gentle hearts with fear,

When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride;
In the forests of the north—while his towns-

men mourned his loss—was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-

lys and cross; when two months were over and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answer-

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold:

Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,

And the ice in spring comes sailtng athwart

And the ice in spring comes satisfied activate the early ship;

He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,

JACQUES CARTIER.

And plied fresh fuel on the hearth to them better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how

In early spring the fetters that hold waters fast;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drived and to sea.

out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride
anthem of the free:
How the magic wand of summer clad
landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when
wake in Paradise.

wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin hraves hunters of the wild;

Of how the Indian mother in the forest tolk her child;

Of how, poor souls, they fancy in even living thing,

A spirit, good or evil, that claims their works shipping;

Of how they brought their sick and mained for him to breathe upon;

And of the wonders wrought for them the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river, whose mighty out rent gave

Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's

Lts treshness for a hundred leagues to briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the Cross and Crown of Hochelaga's height;
And of the forest cliff, that keeps of Canada the key:

the key:—

they welcomed back Jacques Carties
from his perils o'er the sea.

A year passed o'er St. Malo-again came round the day, When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away; A Modern Prodigal,

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER VIII.

MERCY STANHOPE'S DREAMING.

UNCLE BARUM TITUS was undoubtedly a crusty old man. He had always been parsimonious and selfish, and these qualities had increased and hardened with his advancing years. But the hardest of the humans has usually some tender spot, some germ of softer sentiment, some joint such as in the armor of Uncle Barum's nature his little grand-nephew was rapidly finding. The old man steadfastly observed the child with the damp brown curls, the finding. The old man steadfastly observed the child with the damp brown curls, the red, tired face, the bare brown knees, and the feet swinging in dusty shoes. like he was to what his mother had been!

And Mercy had been the one warm affection of Uncle Barum's life.
"Did you walk?" he asked.

"What other way could I come?" asked the incisive Samuel.

"It was a long way for a young one."
"You better believe it was. I just

thought that red-and-blue chicken Kill told me bout had flown away. 'Last I got so seared I was a render so scared I stopped in the house up yonder to ask, and the lady told me to come on here st. here, She gave me two doughnuts—fat, big ones." Samuel smacked his lips in memory of the dainty.

"Why, I don't believe you had any dinner!" cried Uncle Barum.

"Where would I get any?"

"I have where you'll get some supper

where would I get any in the work where you'll get some supper as soon as I put my horse up; you sit still

Sit still! Samuel felt as if he could sit still forever. The longer he sat the stiffer his home his legs became, and he seemed to have grown to the porch bench. When Uncle grown to the porch bench. Barum returned and unlocked the door, Samuel thought the room was particularly lice, it was so clean, the western sun shining in at one window, and a spicy smell of singer-miles singer-cake in the air. The carpet was of rags in a pattern of gay stripes, the curtains were blue paper; along the wall were recorded to the stripes. were ranged eight yellow wooden chairs, $\mathrm{Une}\mathsf{i}_{e}$ with a patchwork cushion, stood by the little chart was a side table under a little cherry-framed looking-glass; on the side table lay a Bible, an almanae, the county paper, and "Pilgrim's Progress, A table table spread for supper stood in the and yiand. Over the dishes and viands upon it was spread a large square of dark-blue mosquito netting.

As soon as I make the tea, we will be ready," said Uncle Barum. "Mis' $_{\mathrm{ready,"}}$ Williams, she comes in the morning and clears all up and gets dinner, and then cutting the bread." As he spoke he lit an cutting the bread. As he spoke he lit an oil-stove and set on the kettle to boil.

"Please, hay I have a pail of water to wash me, I feel so dusty," said Samuel.

His made to the kettle to both wash me, I feel so dusty," said Samuel. His uncle handed him a pail partly filled ith and a with water, and gave him a towel and a

piece of soap.

Samuel rolled up the sleeves of his shirt waist and took a waist, pulled open his collar, and took a good wast. stool wash; then he took off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his little breeches to their highest, stepped into the pail and began to scour his feet and legs. Uncle Barum, waiting for the kettle to boil, admired these proceedings from under his bushy white out to see the second sec

bushy white eyebrows. Samuel looked up.

"Kill says, if you've been workin' or
walkin' sa's a good walkin' says, if you've been workin walkin' so's you're awful leg-achy, a good wash makes you all right. Kill says it's just as good for horses. Kill says, when he own. owns horses, he's goin' to have their legs washed a specific to have their legs washed a specific to have their legs washed a specific to have the the washed down good every night. There, how nice I feel! Please may I come to the table barefooted? My feet do feel so nice that war." that way."

Come just as you like," said Uncle Barum, putting the tea to steep, and opening the closet he cut some slices of choese, de counds of Bologna sausage, and a

plate of brown bread. There now, youngster, come to the table

Samuel thought the supper looked delightful. There was a glass of jam on the table, a saucer of pickles, and a plate garger cookies, besides all that Uncle

Take your time," said Uncle Barum,

filling his guest's plate. "Who is this kill you quote so freely?"
"Why, don't you know Kill? He's my big brother. He is as big as you are, and just as strong! He can hi'st me right up by gripping my waist-band! He's the by gripping my waist-band! He's the man of our house now, and he is a good one. one, too. Folks say Kill is the smartest boy in our county. Mr. Canfield says in our county. other has got an awful good son in Kill. Kill has got an awful good son in a wful good son in with has about made our house and farm We've over, and he's going to do more. got it fixed up pretty well outside, and Kill says we must tackle the inside next. You see, there's three rooms downstairs the big room, and the bed-room, and the bed-room, and some sound the bed-room, and sound the bed-room the bed-r room we don't do anything with, only Kill wants it for the kitchen. Just as soon as wants it for the kitchen. we can buy a carpet, and another stove, and Paper the wall of the big room, Kill is going to make a kitchen of the other room."

"How's he going to do it?" asked for aid.

Barum gruffly, foreseeing a demand

Ho! just as easy. Kill knows how. When he was hauling for Mr. Canfield's hew house, he got some mortar and he has washed all the walls; and he white-washed the kitchen and bed-room, and got

paint, and painted all the wood-work downstairs, and the floor of the kitchen we are going to have. He painted that yellow, with white spatters. Wish't you could see with white spatters. Wish't you could see wit! If we can get money enough to buy the paper Kill and mother can put it on, and in the fall Mr. Gardiner is going to sell at auction, and if we have money, we can buy a stove, and a table, and three or four chairs and a carpet, and then mother will have a good room and a kitchen. Kill says by-and-bye, some time, he and me will take hold of things up in our room. now, only to keep it clean, and now, only to keep it clean, and make the windows mended, we let it go. Kill says we ought to fix up for the women folks first—'cause—'cause they like things." How many are there of you?

"How many are there of you?"
"There's mother, and there's Kill, and
"Tishia. 'Tishia is very nearly as tall as
Kill. Next year she is going to High
Kill. Next year she is going to High
School, and going to live with Friend Sara
Lowell I heard a school committee with School, and going to five with First.

Lowell. I heard a school committee man say to our teacher," said Samuel, dropping say to a solemn tone, "that Tiskia his region to a solemn tone," say to our teacher, sand samuel, dropping his voice to a solemn tone, "that Tishia was growing up to be a beauty, and was the smartest girl in our school. And here's me, you see me, don't you? And there's Patty, she's pink and white, and cries Patty, she's pink and watte, and she is pretty easy, and gets hurt easy, and she is pretty easy, and she is very good—for a girl." only five, but she is very good—for a girl."

The sunlight vanished from the western

Samuel looked alarmed. "I some looked alarmed. "I ought to get ought to go!" he cried. "I ought to get to Friend Amos Lowell's! Please, is it

It's farther than you'll get to-night, my boy. It is now after six o'clock and Ladbury is six miles off. You will stay Ladbury is six miles off. 100 who here to night and go to Ladbury to morrow morning. You shall sleep in the room morning. You shall slee your mother used to have.

"Shall I? You are very nice and kind, Uncle Barum. It does seem as if six miles was an awful long way, but I can do it if I keep on. I did eight miles to-day and tokeep on. 1 and eight miles to-day and to-morrow my legs won't be so tired. Kill says it is just keeping on that does it. You don't suppose they'll know I'm not at Friend Amos Lowell's and get scared, do

you?" said Uncle Barum, putting away the provisions from the table, removing the dishes to a pan in the kitchen sink, and shaking the table-cloth.

Meanwhile Samuel sat still in his chair Meanwhile Samuel sat still in his chair by the table, following his host's motions with his eyes; but Uncle Barum perceived that the cherubic head swayed every now and then from side to side, and recovered and then from site to site, and isolving itself with an astonished jerk. He lit a Come, youngster, you'll be better candle. Come, youngater, you in off in bed," and led the way up the narrow

ox staircase. It had been one of Uncle Barum's notions to keep Mercy's room as she had left it. It was regularly cleaned and aired and the bed changed and remade, and here, as it was when the hasty and foolish girl of twenty fled from it, it waited to receive her little son. Here were the tidies, and the pin cushion, and the footstool, which Mercy, the girl, had made; here were the little red calico work-basket, the shoe-bag of flowered chintz, the plain pine table with its white cloth and square of crookedly-reflecting glass which had served her for a dressing table. Uncle Barum sighed. He always sighed in that room. It had been once the heart's-core of his quiet little home.

He held the candle while Samuel up-'Please, are you in a hurry?" said the ild. "'Cause I want to say my prayers."
"Say 'em. I'm in no hurry," replied

Samuel knelt down, and in low tones said "Our Father" and "Now I lay me."
The words carried Uncle Barum back nearly seventy years to his mother's knee; they recalled to him his middle life, and little Mercy, the orphan niece, to whom he Then Samuel branched

had taught them. Then Samuel branched out into petitions of his own.

"Lord, 1 hope it wasn't wrong to come "Lord, I hope it wasn't wrong to come here without asking. If it was, please excuse me. I thought maybe mother'd like to hear. Please bless mother and Kill and Tish and Patty and me. And please den't format to bless Unele Barum: he is and Lish and Latty and me. And please don't forget to bless Uncle Barum; he is very kind to me, and bless Friend Amos very kind to me, and bless Friend Ames and Friend Sara, and all the rest. Amen."
Then he tumbled into the narrow, low white bed.

"Good-night, Uncle Barum. But Uncle Barum yearned to hear a word more about Mercy.

"I reckon," he said, "that your mother's got to be an old woman by this time. Such a man as she married, and such a raft of children? Reckon her hair and teeth are gone and she's all wrinkled and yellow.

he and she's all wrinkled and yenow.

'I reckon you just don't know," cried

'I reckon you just a flame of seraphic Samuel, rousing into a flame of seraphic wrath, half sitting up in bed, and fixing round, indignant eyes on Uncle Barum. "Mother is just as nice! I think she's prettier than any one. She has gray in her hair, but her hair is thick and all pretty crinkles. And she has nice, pretty teeth, and she's only wrinkled a teeth, and she's only wrinkled a little. She is getting round cheeks too, Kill says, and some red in 'em since father's gone to the 'tentiary. She used to be all thin and teary-looking 'bout the eyes, but now she tiest leaks quiet like and amiles a little. just looks quiet like, and smiles a little at her mouth sometimes. Mis' Canfield said mother had lost her youth long of father and was 'newing her youth' long of Kill. I don't quite know what she meant, only Mis' Canfield is a very good woman."

Mis' Canfield is a very good woman."

All right. Go to sleep with you," said

Uncle Barum, who went slowly down the stairs trying to present to his imaginat the Mercy that Samuel's words had imagination the Mercy that Samuel's words had the nieted. There was no time during the nieted. There was no time departure when seventeen years since her departure when Mercy would not have been welcomed back to her old home. She might even back to ner old nome. She might even have come bringing her four children, and Uncle Barum would have received her gladly, always on the consideration that Thomas Stanhope should not be seen nor

mentioned evermore.

When Uncle Barum had heard of Thomas Stanhope's arrest and subsequent long sentence, he had been a glad man. The of his house had got his deserts at enemy of his house hat general states her childhood's last. He thought that then perhaps Mercy last. would come penitently to her childhood home for refuge. There were children, to be sure, Uncle Barum knew that, but they There were children, to could work, they could be useful at the house or in the neighbourhood, and Mercy could be his housekeeper, as she should have been all her life. So he had thought, have been all her life. So he had reading of the trial and sentence.

But Mercy did not come. In fact, after seventeen years of utter silence, when Uncle Barum had always passed Thomas without a word and sent no word to Mercy, not even when sickness and death had brooded in her home, Mercy had fallen out of the habit of thinking of Uncle Barum as a factor in her life; he had been eliminated from the equation.

And here this child, this pretty lad, And here this child, this pretty lad, with Mercy's hair and eyes, had come to tell Uncle Barum that Mercy and her children were getting on very well without him. Nice child, that boy, but Uncle Barum felt no craving for him in Mercy's abandoned place; he had never cared much for boys—he liked girls greatly better. A for boys—ne fixed gills greatly greatly gill could keep a house orderly, make bread, and sew on buttons. Still, that was a very taking little boy. Were the other a very taking little boy. Were the other children as nice? Uncle Barum wondered.

In the morning Uncle Barum was getting reakfast when Samuel came down, re-

esneu and rosy. "Hullo! Uncle Barum," he cried. "Do freshed and rosy. ou do your own work? Let me help you. can set a table—I often do it. know a man like you could do work."

ow a man have you could do work any little thing I want, an egg or a potato, for breakfast, and then Mis Williams comes over and does up all the dishes and work, and cooks dinner, and lays out supper. Don't you think my house is nicely kept?"

It think you have an elegant house," I think you have an elegant house," Mother told me how nice said Samuel. "Mother told me now meeting and samuel. I feed it was when she was here. Shall I feed the chickens? I feed 'em at home. I like the chickens? What can I do to help?" to feed things. What can I do to help?"
"I've got my breakfast cooking, and you have set the table," said Uncle Barum; how you can come to the barn and feed the chickens if you like, while I feed the horse and milk the cow. After breakfast you may get on the horse behind me and I'll

take you to Ladbury, or pretty near."

"Well, you are the best!" cried Samuel.

"How do you expect to get that money to fix up your house?" asked Uncle Barum, to fix up your house as he and Samuel ate breakfast.

"Oh, Kill earns money, and Tish is going to earn some this vacation, helping Canfield, and I am Mis' Lyman and Mis' going to ask Friend Amos Lowell to get me some express tags to fix. You punch a hole in em and tie a string in it; they come all cut, and strings cut, and eyes,

and you get as much as two dollars if you do a great many of them. You see, it is do a great many of them. You see, it is one would think I was worth more than board and clothes, and Kill says I'm worth more than that at home. And then there's mother; she says we're her comforts, you

Uncle Barum took Samuel behind him on the gray horse to the edge of Ladbury.
Then he shook hands with him, and bade him slide to the ground and run on to see Friend Amos Lowell. "I'm glad you Friend Amos Lowell. he said.

came," he said.
"May I tell mother you sent your love."

and are not angry at her any more?"
Uncle Barum hesitated, but Samuel pleaded:

"It says 'not let the sun go down on wrath," Uncle Barum, and it has gone down so many times in seventeen years! You send your love, may I tell her?"

"You may tell her whatever you like," said Uncle Barum, turning his horse around, but afterward he stopped and around, but afterward he stop looked long after the little figure

looked long after the little figure in know-breeches and an old straw hat trotting toward Friend Amos Lowell's.

How surprised was Mercy when Samuel detailed his visit to Uncle Barum! How many questions she asked about Uncle Barum and the house. After that, for days, she had a secret hope that Uncle Barum would come and see her and tell Barum would come and see her and tell her that her ingratitude and desertion were forgiven. But Uncle Barum did not were forgiven. But Uncle Barum did not come. Finally Mercy wrote him a letter, thanking him for his kindness to Samuel. The letter was not returned, neither was it ${\bf answered.}$

But he sent you his love, mother,"

Samuel would reiterate.

Mercy had other dreams than those about Uncle Barum. As letter after letter came, in intervals of months, from her husband, the bitterness of the past began to die out of her heart, and she recalled the love of her youth and the better days of Thomas Stanhope. She pictured him to herself, a thoroughly repentant and reformed man. Sad, but serene, and with steadfast purpose, he might come out of that long imprisonment a new man. Would his old friends and neighbours forgive him, lend him a hand, say a good word to him? Would Achilles forgive him? Would the prodigal father be welcomed to him? a seat by his old fireside? Might it yet be that he and she would see these two little that ne and sne would see these two heap ones, Samuel and Patience, grow to maturity beside them? Would Letitia and Achilles, the man and woman, forgetful of an evil past, help their father on in a new life? She dreamed how this might be the broken household band united once more; age, calm, peaceful, honourable, though prime had sowed evil seed and meridian had reaped a bitter harvest.
She dared not utter these thoughts to

Achilles; it was better to leave time to deal with him. But Letitia had a milder and more closely sympathetic nature; she spoke to her of these trembling hopes sometimes when they two sat sewing and the others were out of doors at their work.

I want you some time to know what was good in your father, Letitia," she would say. "You can only remember him as a broken-down, ruined drunkard; once he was kind, bright, generous, cheerful, friendly to every one. When strong drink friendly to every one. When strong drink destroyed him, it destroyed as fine a fellow as there was in the country. The Stan-

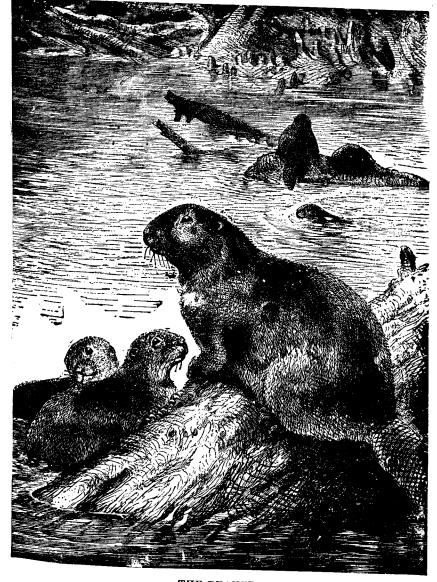
hopes were all good creditable people."

But while Mercy dreamed of these things and Letitia shared her dreaming, she never hinted of that future or that home-coming to the prisoner. She never told him of their improved home and circumstances. She only said "All were well," "Every one was kind," "They got on well."

Just as she felt that she could not go to the penitentiary and see her husband in a felon's clothes, so she dared not put any premium on a pretence of repentance by hinting at good fortune that might be his when the sentence was served out; and then-there was Achilles.

(To be continued.)

GLAD as a bird on the wing, Easily grieved or beguiled, A tender and delicate thing Is the innocent heart of a child.



THE BEAVER.

THE BEAVER.

A BRAVER, the emblem of Canada, is a small animal with a fur skin and a flat tail, which lives about streams of water in new countries. These little animals often live in level halfer a property amount countries. These little animals often live in large bodies, and do an immense amount of hard work. They gnaw down trees and bushes, with their sharp teeth, drag them across the creeks by their united efforts, and construct dams which form large ponds of water. In building dams it is said they use their tails for trowels, and when they swim they use them for rudders. There use their tails for trowels, and when they swim they use them for rudders. There were many beavers in this country in the days of the early settlements, and the people who first settled the country made much money by killing beavers and selling their skins to fur dealers. In those early days there were men who made hats by hand as a trade, and some of the very best hand as a trade, and some of the very best and most stylish hats that were worn in those days were made of beaver fur. On this account fine hats are called beavers to this day. On account of the industrious this account fine hats are called beavers to this day. On account of the industrious habits of the beaver, we have the familiar and expressive saying, "He works like a beaver." Hence the appropriateness of the beaver as the emblem of the industrious Canadians. Some of the creeks in this country are named "Beaver Creek." They were so named by the early settlers of the country on account of the beavers that those creeks are called "Beaver Dam" to this day. They, too, received the name from the early settlers because the beavers had built a dam across the creek, and made had built a dam across the creek, and made a pond to live and play in at that place.

There are very few beavers in this country
now, and now, and perhaps not many readers of this have ever seen one.

DRUNKEN BOYS KILL EACH OTHER.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M.D.

In a suburb of Groningen, in north Hol-IN a suburb of Groningen, in north Holland, a gang of street Arabs recently rummaged a country waggon while the proprietor was treating a friend in a neighbouring coffee house. One of the youngsters happened to see a pile of fodder covered with

an old overcoat, and after removing an armful of straw discovered a keg of Schiedam schnapps, the same liquor which our importers of foreign high wines describe as a strengthening and "exhilarating beverage." Not one of the little marauders was more than twelve years old, but their leader managed to procure a wheelbarrow leader managed to procure a wheelbarrow that enabled them to trundle the keg out of town and along the towpath of an old canal, where they turned into a side trail and lifted their prize over the fence of an out-of-the-way pasture. Here they encamped under a shade tree and agreed to devote the afternoon to the pleasure of exhilaration.

After an hour and a half the prescription began to work, and the members of the symposium fell like Baresarks upon a flock of sheep at the other end of the pasture, ripping and stabbing away with their pocket-knives till the result would have kept their parents in mutton for the rest of the year. In the dispute of the prize of bravery, the young heroes, however, proceeded from words to blows, and at last to knives. Two of the younger combatants were slashed in a horrible manner, two others got drowned in the attempt to escape across the canal, and one of the victims has After an hour and a half the prescripacross the canal, and one of the victims has since died from the overdose of alcohol.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A.D. 52.] LESSON II. [July 9.

PAUL AT PHILIPPI

Acts 16. 19.34.] [Memory verses, 29-31. GOLDEN TEXT.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16. 31.

OUTLINE.

In Prison, v. 19-25.
 At Liberty, v. 26-34.

The prison and court of justice in found it.

CONNECTING LINKS.

The three verses between the last lesson and this tell of a poor girl "possessed with a spirit of divination," who "brought her masters much gain." She greatly grieved Paul by following him and his companions, and declaring their holy mission. Paul, in the name of Jesus Christ, expelled the demon.

EXPLANATIONS.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Hope of their gains"—The apostles had restored to the young slave girl her senses, and her masters could no longer profit by her ravings. "The market place"—The public square, where courts and public meetings were held. "Teach customs"—The worship of Jesus. The Roman law forbade a change from one religion to the other. "Not lawful"—This was false, for the Gospel was not forbidden. "Beat them"—With heavy rods. "Inner prison"—The inside or lowest dungeon. "Stocks"—Wooden fixtures for fastening the feet. "At midnight"—While in prison and in the stocks, after being scourged. "Sang praises"—Happy, even in troubles, because their Saviour was with them. "Earthquake"—This was God's answer to their prayers. "Bands were loosed"—By the chains being made loose from the wall. "Would have killed himself"—His own life being made the penalty if his prisoners escaped. "All here"—The prisoners were too frightened to escape. "Do to be saved"—Perhaps he had already heard Paul preach, and now saw his own danger. "Believe"—Trust for salvation. "Saved" From sin, its guilt, and penalty. "Baptized"—As a sign of his faith in Christ. "Meat"—Includes all kinds of food.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How does this lesson show-

That God permits his servants to suffer? That when it is best he will deliver them? That in the midst of persecution we may rejoice?

3. That in the under of potential are rejoice?
4. That even persecution may be overruled for God's glory?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the magistrates do to Paul and 1. What did the magistrates do to Paul and Silas? "Beat them, and cast them into prison." 2. What happened while Paul and Silas were singing in the prison? "A great earthquake." 3. What was the effect? "All the doors were opened." 4. What did the keeper of the prison ask Paul? "What must I do to be saved?" 5. What did Paul reply? Golden Text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. - Salvation by

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What more do we learn concerning God? That he is holy and righteous, faithful and true, gracious and merciful.

What do you mean by the omnipresence of God?

That God is everywhere.

Jeremiah 23. 24; Psalm 139. 7-12.

WHEN BENNY'S MEMORY SPROUTED.

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT.

"Benny has such a short memory," said his father. "I don't know what we shall do about it."

"Oh, I guess it will get longer when—when he gets taller," smiled Gracie.
"I hope so," answered papa. "Still, that won't help me much this afternoon. I sasked him to rake up the leaves in the yard, and he has forgotten it and gone off to the pond."

to the pond."

"But I'm just sure it will get longer.
And I guess if I take the wake and pull
some of the weaves over it'll help it to
grow." And away the little girl ran like a
happy kitten. She worked so well that
when Benny came home she had nearly all
the leaves in a big pile.

when benny came nome sne nad nearly all the leaves in a big pile.

"Oh, ho, Miss Farmer," he said, as if nothing worth noticing much had happened. Then he went on to tell about his fishing.

His pape saw all this but did not say.

His papa saw all this, but did not say much about it. The next day he seemed to

much about it. The next day he seemed to remember things a little better. In the winter he improved still more.

One day in the spring, when he was out walking with his papa and Gracie, the little girl picked up a five-dollar bill.

Benny clapped his hands.

"Why, papa," he said, "I'm so glad she found it. And it's just because she got so used to looking at brown and green things

when she raked up the leaves for me lad

And Gracie laughed: "There, pape, in the pap And Gracie laughed: "There, paper it knew his memwy'd gwow! I seed it spwoutin' in his eyes last fall. Now it's just started gwoin' weal fast, like the spwing things."

"Couldn't help it—with such a sister syou," said Benny.

ou," said Benny.

And papa gave them both a little hus.

Canada to England.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES.

Tune-" Beulah Land."

Oh! Mistress of the mighty sea! Oh! Motherland, so great and free! Canadian hearts shall ever be United in their love for thee.

Chorus.

Yes, Motherland! Dear Motherland!
Beneath the Union Jack we'll stand,
A part of thy Imperial whole;
From sea to sea, from pole to pole;
On woodland height and fertile plain
True British subjects we'll remain.

Thy power shall faith and hope impart,
Thy liberty inspire each heart,
Thy justice ever guide us right,
Thy honour be our beacon light! Chorus-Yes! Motherland, etc.

We share the glories of thy past; Thy sailors brave beneath the mast, And soldiers true on many a field Have taught Canadians not to yield. Chorus-Yes! Motherland, etc.

We'll build a nation great and free, And greatest in its love for thee. No other fate could be so grand As union with our Motherland! Chorus-Yes! Motherland, etc.

Globe, Toronto.

THE poorest can do as much (in God's sight) as the richest; of their poverty, they can give their all; and the rich, at the utmost, can do no more.

JUST ISSUED.

Stories from

Indian Wigwams Northern Camp-fires

Rev. Egerton R. Young.

"By Canoe and Dog-Train," "Oowickipun,"

Cloth Extra, 293 pp. Splendidly Illustrated. \$1.25 Postpaid.

HIS grand new book, from Mr. Young's practised pen, we have just issued in handsome cloth binding. It is just such a book as Canadian boys and girls will read with the keenest delight.

The romance of fiction is nowhere beside this enchanting narrative, which is told in a style that enchains the reader. Parents wanting a book for their boys cannot do better than get this, which is beautifully illustrated.

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto,

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIPAY.