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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1899.

No. 32.

VOL. XIX.

## Seek the Saviour Early in the Day.

BY M. L. SWART.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Early learn to trust him and obey;  
In the golden days of youth  
Seek the guidance of his truth—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
He will guide you safely all the way;  
While others fail and fall,  
Ye will triumph over all—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
In the dawn and promise of life's May;  
Ere the storms that oftentimes lower,  
Crush the young and tender flower—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Ere some grief or passion dim the  
way,  
Ere the tempter makes thee sin,  
Ere defilement enter in,  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Wait not till some habit bind and  
sway;  
Then how hard the up-hill fight  
To keep on the path of right—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Ere the noon of life shall pass away,  
And the bitter night shall come  
When the conscience-voice is dumb—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

Seek the Saviour early in the day—  
Early learn to trust him and obey;  
In the golden days of youth  
Learn the blessings of his truth—  
Seek the Saviour early in the day.

## TWO FAMOUS ROMAN TOMBS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The larger picture on this page shows the famous mausoleum of Hadrian, or castle of St. Angelo, as it is now called.

It is a huge structure, 80 yards in diameter and 165 feet high. When the Goths besieged Rome, in A.D. 537, the tomb was converted into a fortress.

Of the many bridges by which the Tiber is bestrode, the most interesting is that of St. Angelo, the Aelian Bridge of ancient Rome, shown in the foreground of the large cut on this page. On either side are majestic figures of angels, so that, as Clement IX. expressed it, "an avenue of the heavenly host should welcome the pilgrim to the shrine of the great apostle." Here as St. Gregory, during a fatal pestilence, passed over at the head of a penitential procession, chanting solemn litanies, he saw, or feigned that he saw, the avenging angel alight on the mausoleum of Hadrian and sheathe his sword in token that the plague was stayed. And there the majestic figure of St. Michael stands in bronze to-day, as if the tutelary guardian of Rome. On this very bridge, too, took place the fierce hand-to-hand



THE APPIAN WAY—TOMB OF CÆCILIA METELLA.

conflict during the sack of Rome by the ferocious mercenaries of the Constable of Bourbon, while the Tiber beneath ran red with blood.

Another feature of great interest is the famous Appian Way, along which thundered the legions that conquered the world, and upon which the Apostle of the Gentiles entered the city on a mission of conquest still grander than theirs.

Great was the contrast between the cold, damp crypts of the Catacombs and the hot glare of the Italian sunshine, as the hot companion in travel the present writer emerged from their gloomy depths and rode along that ancient way. But greater still was the contrast between the lowly tombs of the early Christians and the massy monuments of pagan pride and the crumbling mounds of ruin, majestic even in decay. Most striking of all is the stately mausoleum of Caecilia Metella, wife of the triumvir Crassus.

"There is a stern round tower of other days,

Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,  
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,  
Standing with half its battlements alone,  
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,  
The garland of eternity, where wave  
The green leaves over all by time o'er-thrown;  
What was this tower of strength?  
Within its cave,  
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?  
—A woman's grave."

We entered and explored several of these proud patrician tombs, but found naught but crumbling arch and column and shattered marble effigies of their former tenants.

Over the lava pavement of this Queen of Roads, as the Romans proudly called it, we drove for miles. Now the gardens and villas which studded the Campagna are a desolation, and only ruins rise, like

stranded wrecks, above the tomb-abounding plain. The most conspicuous and beneficent monuments of the power of ancient Rome are the vast aqueducts which bestride, with their long series of arches, the undulating Campagna. Most of these are now broken and crumbling ruins, but some of them, restored in modern times, still supply the city with streams of the cool and limpid water from the far-off Alban hills.

## LOST OR WON?

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

Joseph Brunson and Fred Bell belonged to the same Boys' Brigade. Joseph was captain, while Fred was first lieutenant.

There was to be an election of officers in a few days, and Joseph knew there was a chance of Fred's promotion and of his return to the ranks. However, as he said to his mother, "I'll do my best; be promptly on hand for every drill, and maybe I can keep my place."

"So you believe in second terms," said his mother.

"I guess I do," laughed Joseph; "when the second term means myself."

"Don't be selfish, my son."

"I'll have it honourably or not at all, mamma; but I think it's only right to do the best for one's self that a boy can."

"But I'm not sure a second term is best for you," said Mrs. Brunson.

"Well, I must be off for drill or be late, and Lieutenant Bell can drill the boys in first-class shape; that's a fact."

Drill hour came, but where was Captain Brunson?

"Let's wait a few moments," said Lieutenant Bell. "Our captain has always been on time before."

"Well, he isn't this time," said John Osborne, who saw a good opportunity to show off to advantage his candidate for captain.

What boy could refuse? Not Lieutenant Bell, although he looked down the road to see if Captain Brunson was not yet in sight.

What a drill that was! Lieutenant Bell did his best, and his best was so good that he won so many to his side that his election was then and there assured. But where was Captain Brunson?

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What a drill that was! Lieutenant Bell did his best, and his best was so good that he won so many to his side that his election was then and there assured. But where was Captain Brunson?

The shorter way to the drill grounds was through an alley just back of a tenement row where lived the poorer families of the city. As he was hurrying along he thought he heard a child crying. Stopping to listen, the sound seemed to come from the basement of one of the lower flats. He said to himself, "I've no time to stop. They're always some of 'em crying."

But Joseph had a kind heart and could not go on without finding out if there was real distress. So he ran down the rickety steps and opened the door, and there was a little child, not more than three years old, which had strayed away from home and shut herself in a vacant room. The baby had been crying and rubbing her eyes with her dirty little fist until her face was anything but lovely, but as she reached out her hands to Joseph to be taken, she said, "Oo take me home."

"But where is your home?" Joseph asked.

"In papa's house," said the baby.

"Who is papa?"



BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

"Papa's papa, and mamma's mamma, and I want mamma," and baby began to cry.

What was to be done? It was drill-time and here was the baby.

"I'll call the police," thought Joseph, and turning to the baby, he said, "I'll get some one to take care of you."

"Me go wif oo."

So Joseph carried the child up the steps. But when he found the policeman the child hung to him, saying, "Me's 'fraid of 'at man. Oo take me home."

To make the story short, Captain Bronson spent the next two hours taking care of May, while the policeman looked up her home.

This is how Lieutenant Bell had the opportunity to drill Company A of the Boys' Brigade, and, as I said, he did it so well that he won a majority vote at the election next day.

Was Joseph sorry he stopped when he heard the baby cry and thus lost the election? I leave the question to you, boys, to decide. One thing I do know; there were two happy mothers—little May's mother, in the safe return of her lost baby, and Joseph's mother, as she said to her boy the night after the election, "My son, some battles are better lost than won."

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1899.

**"I MUST GO TO WILLIE."**

During the American Civil War there was a woman in Maine who received a letter which ran thus: "Willie is sick; he is dying." The mother read the letter, and looking up to her husband, said: "Father, I must go to Willie." "No, wife, you cannot go," he replied. "You know there is a line of bayonets between you and Willie." She did what the Christian mother always does when her boy is in peril. She spread that letter before the Lord and prayed all night. Next morning she said, "Father, I must go to Willie. I must." "Well, wife," he said, "I do not know what will come of this, but of course if you will go there is the money." She came down here to Washington, and the man in the Executive Mansion, who had a heart as tender as a woman's—Abraham Lincoln—brushed away a tear as he wrote, and handing her a paper said, "Madam, that will take you to the enemy's line, but what will become of you after you get there I cannot tell."

She took the paper and came down to the line and the picket; she handed him the pass, and he looked at it and at her, and said, "We don't take that thing here." "I know it," she said; "but Willie, my boy, is dying in Richmond, and I am going to him. Now shoot!" He did not shoot, but stood awed and hushed in the presence of a love that is more like God's than any other that surges in the human soul in its deathless unselfishness.

All that mother thought of was her boy. Smuggled through the lines, she went down to the hospital. The surgeon said to her, "Madam, you must be very careful; your boy will survive no excitement." She crept past cot after cot, and knelt at the foot of the one where her boy lay, and putting up her hands prayed in smothered tones: "O

God, spare my boy." The sick man raised his white hands from under the sheet; the sound of his mother's voice had gone clear down into the valley and the shadow of death, where the soul of the young man was going out in its ebbing tide. Raising his hand he said, "Mother, I knew you would come." That boy is a man to-day, saved by a mother's love.—The Progressive Age.

**FASHION IN JAPAN.**

BY SONO HARA, A JAPANESE GIRL.

I must tell you a little about our Japanese customs. I suppose you have seen how the Japanese have their hair fixed. When we fix our hair we use five kinds of combs, and three kinds of oil, and tie with tiny strings made up of paper; but it's very strong; sometimes it lasts about a week. We do not fix our hair every day, but once in three or four days. We do not wash our hair very often, but about once in a month. We have many ways of fixing hair. There are differences between married women, young ladies and girls. When it is done it looks beautiful. I think I have told you enough about fixing hair; so now I will tell you how we have our meals. We do not have tables like the foreigners, but a little stand separately, and we all sit down on the mats and eat with chopsticks. We do not have big plates, but a little cup to put the rice in, and then a little saucer to put food in. In our school we eat in foreign way; so when I go home it's very awkward. Our custom is that when any visitor comes we offer a cup of tea for politeness' sake. If we do not it is very impolite. When you come to Japan I will be sure to give you a cup of tea. We are not allowed to go into the house with our shoes at all, for our shoes are very different from what you have. They are made of wood, and about two inches and a half high. These we commonly wear in fine weather. We have different ones for the rainy day, and they are very high. I have many things to write about our customs.

**HOW COAL IS MADE.**

Did you know that coal is made from plants? Not one child in a hundred knows that! The very heat it gives out is what the plant first took in.

What is there more valuable than coal, that warms our houses so nicely and gives us such beautiful gas-light to sit by on cold winter nights! All kinds of machinery are worked by it, from the factory to the engine. Even the oil that we use in our lamps comes from coal and the remains of plants. If you were to take a piece in your hands you could see the impression of leaves like those you gather in the country lanes.

Many have stems, too. They are very, very hard, and even have the marks where the roots grew!

Many kinds of ferns and huge trees of the forest often make coal, for every coal mine has more or less of these; even the cones of the pine have been found in the coal.

Peat is the beginning of a bed of coal before it grows hard. You know what a nice fire it makes. Coke, which you have often seen burning so brightly in the grate, is made by driving out all the oil and gases from the coal—the very gas that we burn.

Tar often oozes out of the lumps of coal on a fire, making little black bubbles, which burst and burn. Paraffine oil is made from this very tar, and benzoline, too. Aniline comes from benzoline, which makes some of our most beautiful dyes. Essences that are put in candies you buy, and taste so good, come from tar. So you see that from coal we get nearly all our heat and light, colours, and pleasant flavours. Isn't it useful, though! —Illustrated Home Journal.

**A TOUCHING INCIDENT.**

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred yesterday in one of the elevated railroad trains, that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'monica?"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, "Nearer my God, to thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with me," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed "The Suwanee River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.

**TOM'S GOLD-DUST.**

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold dust?" Where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold dust? Ay! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time—specks and particles of time which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold dust.—Young Reaper.

Give a boy a good education, and you give him a fortune which he cannot spend or throw away, and which will come usefully to his aid in faraway places and faraway times; give the child a rich, Christian education, a real, sensible, healthy, wise training, store the memory with Zion's own psalms and small as dewdrops, but immeasurable as suns—and somewhere the child may become, even in poverty and expatriation and shame, a prophet, a teacher—one who can let fall upon the darkening mystery the illumination of heaven.—Joseph Parker.

**"TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE."**

Dwight was very anxious to start to school.

"I wish I could go now," he said; "Sanford has just gone by."

"Oh, well," said his mother, "you know the way as well as Sanford does."

"Yes, mother; but two are better than one, you know. What if Sanford should fall down, and have no fellow to lift him up?"

Mrs. Crawford laughed. She understood this somewhat bewildering sentence. Dwight had been learning his "junior" verse for the day and had repeated it to her in wonderment; he had not known there was such a verse in the Bible: "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up the other; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."

"Very well," said Mrs. Crawford, after a moment; "if the case is urgent, go ahead; you can do the errands at noon. Only see to it that it is not you who fall, instead of Sanford."

Then Dwight kissed his mother and made a rush for the door. It was easy to overtake Sanford. They jogged on together after that at an easy pace. They were just entering the school grounds when Sanford nudged his friend's elbow.

"Look there," he said, "up in that tree. That is Joe Burke's paper with such a fuss about. They blew out of the window when he opened it yesterday, and have lodged in that hollow. Let's get a look at them."

The boys made dash for the tree. Sanford went up its bare branches like a squirrel.

"Yes, sir!" he called out; "these are

the very papers. Good for him—mean scamp. He is always cheating or doing an ill-turn of some sort to a fellow. I wouldn't steal his papers, though he glared at me as if he thought I did; but I'm awful glad he hasn't got 'em. It's the only lesson he is sharp in; he won't beat me now."

"I'm glad, too," began Dwight. "Isn't it a lucky thing he had the window open when he ought not to have had? We'll come off with flying colours this morning, if he hasn't written them out again, and I don't believe he could get anybody to dictate for him to copy. We'll keep dark until after"—and here Dwight came to a sudden pause. "For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow." Were they two on the very edge of a tumble? It looked like it. And what was that his mother said?

"Look here, Sanford," he said; "don't let's do it. That would be putting ourselves on a level with Joe for meanness. Let's take them in and tell him we found them; they are all wet and muddy, but he can copy them before class."

There was a short argument, but Dwight prevailed, and the two marched into school, rescued papers in hand.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you put them there yourselves," was Joe's ungracious reply to this kindness.

"There's gratitude for you!" said Sanford, as he moved away.

"Never mind," said Dwight; "we know we didn't, but, do you know, old fellow, you came pretty near a tumble this morning?"

"What, from that tree? Nonsense! I never thought of such a thing as tumbling."

Dwight laughed; he knew what he meant, and he said to himself that mother would understand, but boys weren't so quick as mothers.—Pansy.

**THE OUT-OF-DOOR WONDERS.**

There is a sloth in the London zoo that looks like a lichen on a log or branch of a tree. Naturalists say this is an imitation of nature to protect it from its enemy, the jaguar. Have you not noticed worms that are so exactly like the colour of a leaf that you would pass and re-pass it several times before you would discover it, and perhaps you would never have discovered it if it had not moved? The coat of the deer is sometimes the colour of the foliage through which it is passing. Trout will hide in holes under trees, or in banks that are just their own colour. Unless they move you cannot see them.

**PLEASANT TO ALL.**

Be pleasant to playfellows not so well dressed as you are. It is said that Edison, the great electrician, when he first entered Boston, was so poor as to be wearing linen trousers in the depth of winter. He had none warmer. Be pleasant to the afflicted. Milton was blind. Be pleasant to the dull at learning. Many a great man has been a slow boy at his lessons. Be pleasant to those who have ignorant parents and poor homes. Shakespeare was born in a small house, and was the son of a man who could not write his own name. Be pleasant to those in a position beneath your own. The world-famed author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was only a tinker. Be pleasant to every one, not only because they may some day excel yourself and rise to fame, but because kindness is Christian and right.

**SAVED BY A BIRD'S NEST.**

Rev. Frederick B. Cowie tells a touching story that will interest all who love the birds.

A kind-hearted farmer who loved the birds had his reward in a wonderful manner. His little girl Patty wandered at harvest time into the field where her father and his men were reaping grain. She saw them at the farther side of the big field, and tried to catch their eye but could not, and so sat on a sheaf. Then a bird flew up out of the standing grain. She went to see if there was a nest, and found it with three little birdies in. Patty sat down in the thick barley and talked to them. All the time the clicking machine with its sharp knives was coming on. And when near to where Patty was, the farmer, seeing the old bird flying about, said to one of his men, "Here, Tom, come and hold the team. There is a lark's nest somewhere near that old tree yonder; I will hunt it up, and you can drive round so as not to hurt the birds." Beside the nest he found his own bright little birdie, picked her up and kissed her, thanking God for the birds that had saved her. He might have thanked God that he had taught him to care for the birds.

In the Ward.

BY MARY L. CUMMINS.

These verses were suggested by something that occurred in the children's ward of an hospital lately. A lady put back a child's hair, saying: "How long has she been here?" The indignant "nurse on the little face answered before the nurse said, "That's a boy!"

"Thought I was a gurl!  
Yes, she did, that lady there;  
When she passed by my wheel-chair  
Stopped, an' rumped up my hair,  
Thought I was a gurl!

"Thought I was a gurl!  
Just 'cause I'm a-sittin' here  
Feelin' weak, an' mighty queer  
In this loose old hospital gear,  
Thought I was a gurl!

"Thought I was a gurl!  
Cause my leg was broke in two,  
An' it ain't all pie, that's true,  
Bein' made as good as new,  
Thought I was a gurl!

"Thought I was a gurl!  
An' it hurted worse than all  
The settin', splint'rin', or fall,  
Mado me feel so kinder small,  
Thought I was a gurl!

"Thought I was a gurl!  
But if all the gurls would grow  
More like nurse, who helps me so,  
I could stand them, p'rhaps—but, sho'!  
Not to be a gurl!"

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAKING OF A HERO.

Scarcely had Heman settled himself for the night behind Cripps' tent, than a dark figure was seen stealing around there, and the "Proprietor's" voice called,

"You boy!"  
"Hello!" said Heman, crawling out of the empty van.

"Boy, you ain't in the right place. Me and the lady's mother have been talking you over. You're a decent lad, not fit for show life, and it will make a scoundrel of you, like as not. We don't ask how you come into it. Mebbe you thought it was high and mighty, all kings and queens and play. Or, mebbe you got mad at something, ran away from home, and took the first thing you could find."

"No, I didn't. Uncle 'Rias and I needed 'bout fifty dollars to build our shop, and I was out of work, so he let me come."

"Well, you won't get no fifty dollars outen this, I tell you."

"Cripps promised me sixteen dollars a month and found."

"Hoo! He was guying of you. He'll never give it. Couldn't do it if he wanted to; he don't take it in."

"I was only going to stop three months, but I've made up my mind to leave now. I've been with him a month Monday, he has to pay me and I'll go. Aunt D'rexy made me promise to come right back if he turned out swearing, drinking, cheating, and all that, and he has turned out all of it. I'm just sick of the dirt, the noise, the lowness of the thing! I was ashamed to-night when that lady looked at me as belonging to it! I'd have gone before, only I hadn't a cent, and I couldn't beg my way home."

"You'd better beg it, or crawl it on your hands and knees, than stay in such a show. I wonder at your uncle! What's he like?"

"First-rate," said Heman, "only he always lived in the country, and didn't know; and he's lost his leg lately and can't walk. We lost the farm, too—all he troubles came at once."

"Mighty bad that, but losing decency and turning out a rascal will be a power worse. You light out Monday. Cripps won't pay you, he'll try and keep your things, rather. I know him."

"He won't try that game on me very long," said Heman sturdily.

Early on Monday morning Heman informed Cripps that he wanted his sixteen dollars, and was going home. As had been predicted, Cripps flew in a rage, cursed, swore, threatened, held the big bag and its contents, and refused to pay a cent. He stood in the booth door laughing and triumphing as Heman walked off. Heman, however, had read the newspapers at home, and had heard

the talk of sensible people. He walked up into the centre of the town and asked for the office of a magistrate.

The gentleman was at leisure, for it was early, and Heman told his story in a frank boyish way, the home troubler, his foolish desire to see the world, the glamour of the show, the bargain, the miserable disappointment, Cripps' refusal to pay wages, the holding of his small belongings.

Said the magistrate: "We'll see about that. As for going home you're right. You've made a grand mistake; let it suffice you. Face about. Get home, and never again think that you can do better in a wandering life than in a decent home, no matter how poor it is. I'll make out a writ and summon Cripps at once. You sit here, it won't take long to bring him. I know him of old."

Cripps was still hilarious at "getting the better of that boy," when a constable appeared with a potent strip of paper requiring the presence of Cripps at the magistrate's office to answer the charge of nefariously withholding wages and property from one Heman Leslie. Cripps' jaw fell. Go he must. He went. The other booth folk now did the laughing. The case was soon heard. Heman had as witness to the bargain the Scientific Manipulator, who testified unwillingly, in fear of Cripps; he also stated that the pay promised was too large, and beyond Cripps' ability to pay.

Finally the magistrate condemned Cripps, under penalty of having his license revoked, to pay Heman ten dollars, and to give him his bag of clothing. To assure this, the constable was directed to walk back to the booth with the pair, and see to the payment and the delivery of the property.

Having thus triumphed openly, Heman was very curt and lofty, and looked his advantage at the raging Cripps. The "proprietor" followed him a little way from the booth and thus addressed him:

"I'm glad you're going, boy, and don't you ever get into such a place as this again if you have any respect for yourself, which I think you have. There's no train going out your way betwixt now and eight this evening. My advisement to you is to get out of town as quick as you can. You've got what you wanted, now go. Cripps is the kind of a man who would as lief waylay you, or sand-bag you as not. He'd like to get that money back. Better get out."

"So I think," said the constable. "It's no good provoking quarrels. You were in the right, and you've got your rights. Don't hang 'round here all day. You're stout, keep the line of the railroad and walk ahead. More you walk less ticket you'll need to buy. Now I think of it, the hand-car of the section repair men is on the track, and will be running five or six miles up the road soon. My brother's boss of the gang. Come along, and I'll ask him to let you ride with him that far."

Heman thanked both his advisers, and went with the constable in search of the hand-car. He had in his pocket three dimes which he had earned helping show people during the week, these he laid out in a loaf of bread, some cheese, and a slice of ham, for luncheon. The section-boss gave him a six-mile ride up the track, and about noon, Heman, with his back to show life and his face toward home, walked gaily along the track. How foolish his leaving home seemed; how wicked his unrest, why had he not trusted God better; why not wait with patience when one cannot find work for every day? There is always something one can do, even if one cannot always get paid. Surely he had sinned in leaving a Christian home to go with a godless man like Cripps. Aunt D'rexy was right as usual.

Whistling and singing he went his way; now and then he rested; he ate some of his bread and cheese and found himself considering if he could get home with ten dollars intact. No; for to walk would take most of the autumn, and home, not the highways, was the place for him.

As the afternoon wore on his bag grew heavy. About four o'clock he overtook a chicken-merchant in trouble; a box had fallen from his cart, broken open, and the chickens had escaped. Heman, knowing the ways of both chickens and boxes, helped to catch the one and mend the other. The man then invited him to ride as far as his house, and take supper.

At six he was on his way again after a three-mile ride and a good meal. As it grew dusk and he wondered where to go, he saw an enormous iron pipe some three feet in diameter, lately laid in what was evidently in heavy rains the bed of a stream. The short pipe served to safely carry the water under the embankment of the railroad, but was newly laid, and the season being very dry, no water had entered it. A sudden vision

of the pipe as a cosy sleeping-place rushed upon Heman. Not a house was in sight; he was tired; darkness drew on. Full of delight in his plan he hastily cut a quantity of tall weeds to pile at one end of the pipe for a wind screen; then he trimmed off branches from cedars and junipers growing near the road, enough for a fragrant bed inside the cylinder; his carpet sack served for a pillow; he gathered fuel for a fire at the mouth of his bedroom, and heated several large stones against which, as he lay down, he put his stocking feet. He slept without a stir or a dream. In the morning he went to a pool up the runlet and took a good wash; then he brushed his hair and clothes, polished his shoes with mullein leaves, lit a fire and made a breakfast of toasted bread and ham. This one delightful day he would give to walking, the next he would board a train and hurry home.

At noon he asked a woman living near the road to allow him to cut wood for her for the sake of a dinner. This secured him a good meal. At three o'clock, hearing a train coming up behind him, he seated himself on a bench to watch it pass. It was a long train. It was just past Heman, when he saw the great side-door of one of the central cars swing open, as if opened from within; it gave way, and a white avalanche of sheep came tumbling out, some rolling, some leaping, some going head first, some lying as they fell, some dashing wildly about. The train did not slacken speed, but Heman saw some of the men come from the caboose, run along the car-tops, climb down to the open car, and apparently secure it. Presently the train was out of sight, and Heman was alone on the track, no house or person in view, and a group of thirty protesting, complaining sheep, making loud cries.

Heman was very fond of sheep, and had handled them all his life. He ran to these unfortunates, calling them with familiar sounds. He found one large one dead, one with a broken leg, two or three seeming to have sprained shoulders, and several with gashes cut by falling on stones. The sheep had tumbled over the embankment into the cut, which was steep on the railroad side, but sloped up, green and inviting on the other side to a high fence. A large pile of worn-out ties was near, ready for burning. Heman with these ties built a fence from the embankment to the rail fence; this enclosed a grassy place and a little stream in the bottom of the cut. Then he carried the sheep with the broken leg to a soft, grassy fence-corner, whittled out some splints, and tearing a big gingham handkerchief into bandages set and bound the leg. The cut sheep were then seen to; he trimmed away the wool, washed the cuts and dressed them with some famous salve of Aunt Espey's, a box of which she had put into his bag. The sprained shoulders were rubbed, and the sheep generally patted and called together. Then Heman built a fourth side for his fold, and arranged for a fire just outside of it. He concluded that he must stay and see to these sheep, which would no doubt be sent for next day. In his zeal he cut and pulled armfuls of green things growing along the cut, and provided his proteges with a supper. He made his own supper of the last food he had with him. Night having come, he built a little broth as a shelter for himself, and was thinking what a fine sleep he would have, when he heard from afar the howling of a dog. That meant a deal to Heman. If he fell asleep a dog would very likely come and worry the sheep—some would be killed. It would be easy enough with a good club, or torch, to keep the dogs off to begin with—not so easy to drive them off once they had tasted blood. Evidently if Heman meant to do the fair thing by those sheep he must keep awake all night on guard! That was hard lines for a sleepy boy, but with only a few tiny naps taken leaning against the fence, Heman kept his watch. Morning found him cold, hungry, and tired. The chill was remedied by a fire; then, oh, joy! a boy of twelve or thirteen came along. Heman told his tale without mentioning how he himself came to be there, and offered the boy the dead sheep, which was perfectly fit for food as it had broken its neck. "I'll help you carry it as far as I can toward your home if you'll go and get me a breakfast," said Heman. "I'm nearly starved. The sheep's skin will be worth considerable."

"If you'll help me take it to that lane, and watch it while I fetch a wheelbarrow for it, I'll bring you a breakfast. My mother'll take to your doings, sitting up all night to keep sheep! Well, you did right, for there's dreadful sheep-killers round here of dogs."

About ten o'clock another cattle-train came up. Freight and passenger cars, express and accommodation had come and gone, this train evidently had an

errand, it slowed and stopped, and soon the conductor, engineer, and hands were out interviewing Heman—and the sheep.

"We were ordered to pick 'em up, all that was alive. Why, they're all alive, and penned in and taken care of! Who did it?"

Heman explained his presence, stated the case of the dead sheep, and exhibited his surgery on the others. "I'm glad you've come. I ought to be going on," he said, and told of his journey.

"Hullo there," cried the conductor, "come aboard. We'll land you eight miles from Windle to-morrow morning, and you can eat with us. You've saved the company quite a lot of money. I'll give you your board and trip and five dollars, that will suit you."

Heman indicated that that would suit him excellently well. He slept until next morning, except when he was roused to eat.

The conductor, a fatherly man, gave him some good advice about eschewing show life, and working at an honest trade near home. "That Shumanite in the Bible," he said, "showed a power of sense when she said, 'I dwell among my own people.' Kings and courts were not her style of living, her home and her home ways suited her, and if you're lovei-headed, my boy, your home ways will suit you."

Heman found himself, about noon, near the farm of old friends. He was warmly welcomed, ate dinner, changed his shirt, blacked his boots, and put on his best tie. He did not wish to go home in the guise of the prodigal son!

He felt as if he could fly over those two miles after leaving the farm. All three of his family seemed to see him at once. D'rexy, with a cry of glad relief, hugged him close, Aunt Espey seized his hand and called down blessings on him. Uncle 'Rias shouted, slapped his shoulders, and pounded with his crutch. There had not been such a jubilation in the Sinnet household for years.

"Oh, bless the dear Lord that sent you back," said D'rexy. "this is what I've been praying for!"

"They were a vile, bad lot," said Heman, "and I came away."

"It was all my fault, I shouldn't have let you go," said 'Rias.

"We can't build the shop, I've only got fifteen dollars," said Heman.

"Yes, we can build the shop right off; a man that had owed me twenty-five dollars till it was outlawed, came and paid it," said 'Rias, "we'll build the shop next week."

"The minister was scandalized that we let you go," said Aunt Espey, "and he meant to write you to come home at once. We needed you."

"You must have some dinner," cried 'Rias. "It's all my fault."

"I've had dinner, all I want is to talk, to look at you all, to hear you all, to tell you all. Oh, Aunt D'rexy, after the farm this place looked so mean and little, but when I was in that show it looked like heaven or a palace! I haven't had a decent bed, or a decent wash, or clean clothes, or a real nice meal since I left."

Uncle 'Rias beat his head and his breast with his fists, as if he were saying, "for my fault, my fault, my most grievous fault." Then Heman sat between his two aunts, while he told the story of his month in a peripatetic show. He was the hero of the hour.

"Oh, right the minister was," cried 'Rias, "to say we were risking your life and your morals for a little money. Oh, right he was, saying that I was setting money above morals and fair-mindedness toward D'rexy. Well, I've got my lesson. We haven't one of us smiled since you went, boy. Such a ditty as you told us, never heard before, nor did I know that there were such an un-Christian lot of rascals on this earth. Back you are, in a Christian home, if it's humble, and there's no place like it, as the song says."

Beautiful evening that, an evening out of a fairy tale; Heman and 'Rias built the shop in words several times, and then Heman and Aunt D'rexy planned never to part again.

(To be continued)

A Case of Doubt.—"James, did that lady in the waiting room come in her own coach or a trolley-car?" Servant—"Trolley-car, sir!" Doctor—"Thanks! I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Newport or sulphur and molasses!"

Young Financier.—"What makes you naughty so much of the time, Willie? asked the indulgent father. Why, you see, mamma gives me a penny every time I promise to be good, replied the youngster, and she never asks me to promise to be good until I have been naughty."

**The Love of God.**

BY SAXE HOLM.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On the little face below,  
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turn-  
ing,  
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
Toss and cry and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest, loves the best;  
So when we are weak and wretched,  
By our sins weighed down, distressed,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving  
Cannot hindered be, or crossed,  
Will not weary, will not even  
In our death itself be lost—  
Lord divine, of such great loving  
Only mothers know the cost—  
Cost of love, which all love passing,  
Gave a Son to save the lost.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

**LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 20.**

**THE RIVER OF SALVATION.**

Ezek. 47. 1-12. Memory verse, 12.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Whosoever will, let him take the water  
of life freely.—Rev. 22. 17.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Power of Divine Grace, v. 1-6.
2. The Beneficence of Divine Grace, v. 7-12.

Time.—This prophecy was delivered probably about B.C. 587 or 585.

Place.—Ezekiel lived in the Euphrates valley, near the river Chebar.

**LESSON HELPS.**

1. "Afterward he brought me again into the door of the house"—The prophet had trained in the outer court. The door of the house is the gate of the temple where the entrance into the holy place of the temple opens. "Behold, waters issued"—From a spring under the gate. Living spring water is in Scripture a symbol of the divine blessings. Literally there was no such spring. The waters are to be understood typically or spiritually. The water comes from the depths of the sacred mountain and from the sanctuary. It is the pure and full blessing which flows over the community from the new manifestation of God. "Of the altar"—From the altar flows a stream of salvation.

2. "There ran out waters"—At first oozing forth, but soon a mighty, rushing river. Purity and abundance and progress are here set forth.

3-5. The measurement was repeated, and each time the stream was found to widen and deepen in its onward course. Various applications may be made. The stream of truth is seen as taught by (1) patriarchs, (2) prophets, (3) Christ. In spiritual growth—increasing fulness. Or waters may be a type of the spread of Christianity among (1) Jews of Palestine, (2) Gentiles of Asia Minor, (3) in Europe, and so a mighty river rushing, like the Nile for fertility, over the world. Or it may be applied personally, as a figure of that growth in grace which is the Christian's high privilege.

7. "Very many trees"—The purpose of which is seen in verse 12. Trees are for (1) fruit, (2) shade, and (3) ornament.

8. The waters from the sacred spring flowed from the temple past the altar of burnt offerings, from west to east, flowed into the brook Kidron, and thence into the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea is well named. Its waters are very bitter, it has no visible outlet, and fish carried down from the river Jordan soon perish. "The sea" is the image of death. "The waters shall be healed"—By the spring from the temple. Healed is purified so that life can animate the waters.

9. The thought is that the stream of divine truth will flow with increasing power over a dead world and converts be multiplied.

10. "The fishers"—Prophets, then apostles, then other Christian teachers. "From En-ge-di," the southern point of the Dead Sea, to "En-eglaim," the northern point of the same. "According to their kinds"—All nations, kindreds, people.

11. "Miry places"—Stagnant hearts and communities, over which truth will

not roll like a river, for they are unwilling it should.

12. "All trees"—The righteous whose glory shall be an unfading leaf, whose fruits shall be those of the Spirit.

**HOME READINGS.**

M. The river of salvation.—Ezek. 37. 1-12.

Tu. Streams in the desert.—Isa. 35.

W. A miraculous supply.—2 Kings 3. 9-20.

Th. Living waters.—Zech. 14. 4-11.

F. The river of God.—Psalm 65.

S. A free gift.—Rev. 21. 1-7.

Su. Water of life.—Rev. 22. 1-7.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Power of Divine Grace, v. 1-6.  
Where did God bring Ezekiel?  
What house was this?  
What flowed out from under its threshold?

In what direction did the waters pour?  
Was this a weak rivulet or a great, majestic river?

When a man had measured a thousand cubits how deep were the waters?  
When he had measured another thousand how deep were they?

When he had measured a third thousand how deep were they?

When he had measured a fourth thousand how deep were they?

What did he say to Ezekiel?  
Where did he bring him?

2. The Beneficence of Divine Grace, v. 7-12.

What did Ezekiel see on the bank of the river?

Through what sort of country had the river flowed?

Jesus, the good news that saves men, is like this. Our souls are thirsty. They need Jesus' love and forgiveness. He freely saves and makes clean the heart as water saves the body from dying and makes it clean. No matter how many come, there is enough for all. The river of the vision came from the temple; the river of salvation comes from God. Sweet promises and everything good grow beside this river, as trees grew beside the one Ezekiel saw. As that river grew broader and deeper so the news and knowledge of Jesus will spread and grow till all shall hear of him. Our gifts help to make a way for this river to flow to heathen lands.

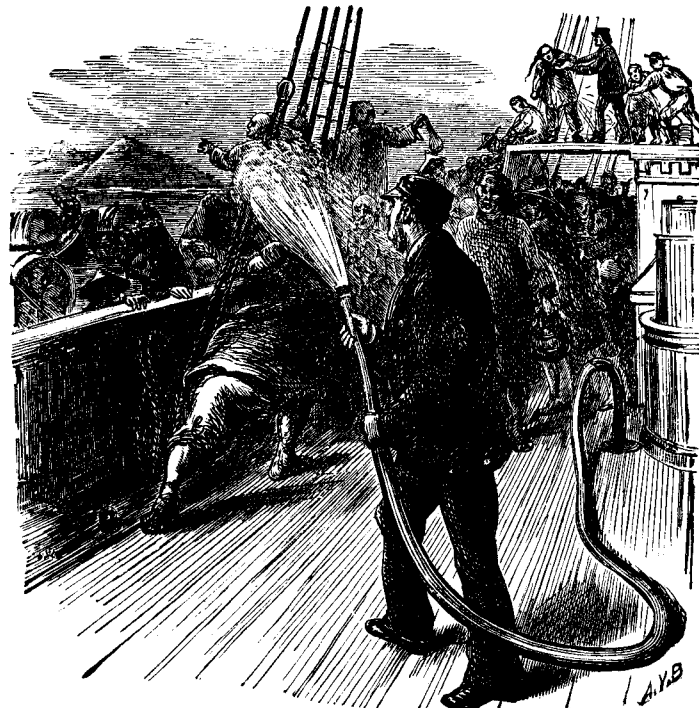
What shall we do? There may be water enough, but unless one drinks he will die. "Drink and live."

"Frances," said that little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlour, "you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down the stairs like a lady." Frances retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlour. "Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?" "No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come down quietly if you will. Now, tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise." "The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.



**Proof Positive.**

In Sunday-school my teacher says, "All folks is dust," says she,  
An' course what teacher says I never doubt.  
So now I know Jemima's human folks the same as me,  
'Cause look at all the dust a-comin' out!



**UNWELCOME VISITORS.**

**UNWELCOME VISITORS.**

The Chinese are often a great pest to the captains of sea-going vessels, from their habit of swarming over the decks and often pilfering and carrying off whatever they can lay their hands on. Sometimes, too, they are regular pirates, who will board a vessel, take possession of it by force, and kill or capture its officers and crew. A very effective way of dispersing these is to attach the hose to the steam pump and drive them overboard. If they prove very refractory, hot water can be used, of which they have a great terror. Our picture shows the way in which the officers of Lord Brassey's yacht, the Sunbeam, got rid of their unwelcome visitors.

"So they finally froze Johnson out of the company, did they?" "Yes. And I never saw a hotter man in all my life."

Father—"What is the meaning of that black eye, my son?" Johnny—"Oh, that's merely a mark of esteem, father." Father—"How so?" Johnny—"I esteemed myself a better boxer than Tommy Jones."

Wasted Time.—Miss Topnot—"Isn't it too bad about this book?"

Miss Panhandle—"Why, what is the matter?"

Miss Topnot—"Why, I didn't discover until I had finished it that I had read it before."  
What Tells the Story.—"Do you believe men show character in the way they carry their umbrellas?"  
"No; but they show lack of character in the way they carry other people's umbrellas."

Into what sort of sea did it pour?  
What was its effect on this bad sea?  
What was the effect of the river on everything that it touched?

What was the effect of the river on the nation's industries?

What about the cultivation on its banks?

What sort of fruit and leafage would come from its trees?

What was the cause of the goodness of these waters? (They issued out of the sanctuary.)

What is the Golden Text?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That the grace of God is outpoured in his own time, in his own way?
2. That it constantly increases in strength without any earthly tributaries?
3. That it is meat and medicine for all souls?

The title of our lesson calls the river of the prophet's vision "The River of Salvation," because the Gospel of



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