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Vol XV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1895.

[Na 34.

### A FRENCH PEASANT'S SPECTAULES.

"Ir it weren't for the bad water our fellows would do well enough here," raid Captain Adolphe Lachand, as we sat together under the fire idly shade of a cluster of palmiticas just outside the little white fort of Biskra, with the gray unending level of the Sahara Desort stretching dim and lifeless all around us. "But as it is there's hardly a man in the garrison who hasn't got the 'Eiskra sores' raid his eyes, and some are so bad as to be invalided outright." "IF it weren't for the bad

"It's a pity," observed I,
"that you can't provide them
with spectacles like those in
the advertisement, 'warranted to prevent all diseases of
the yes, and cure any which
may have been already contracted."
"Well," said the captain,
"I remember a man, not far

"I remember a man, not far from my rative town, who

from my native town, who credited ordinary spectacles with much more wonderful powers than those."

"How was that?" asked I, guessing by the twinkle in Lachand's keen black eyes that something good was coming.

Oming.
"Well, you see, there was a fair one day at Guingamp—you remember the old threecornered market-place there, with the queer fountain in the middle? Old Pierre Roquard, the optician (who told me the story himself), was standing in the doorway of his shop at the corner, watching the carts and people crowding in, when up came a big fellow of the regular country type, with the usual blue blouse and wooden sabots, and a short

pipe in his mouth.

"Show me some pairs of spectacles,' said he.

"Pierre brought him out several. The man put o e en, and asked for a newspaper, to try how the glasses worked. No good! He tried three or four more pairs, but it was just the same story with them.

with them.

"Roquard began to think him rather hard to please, but he brought him out a fresh lot, until this fastidious customer had tried all the best glasses in the shop; but still, as sure as he bent down

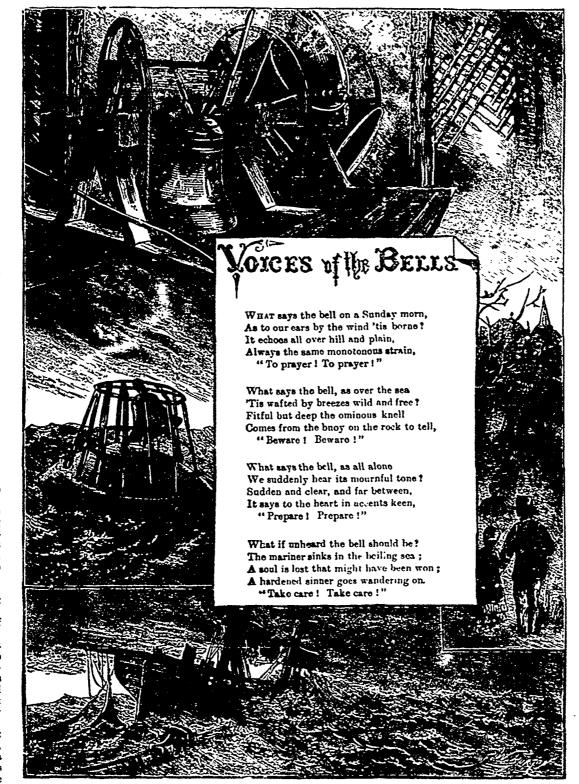
still, as sure as he bent down over his newspaper, he shook his head as if he could make nothing of it, and Pierre began to get quite out of patience "All at once a fearful thought struck the optician, and he turned upon the man with a face like a thousand thunders.

""Hark ye, fellow," cried he stornly; have you ever learned to read?"

"No, of course not! answored the peasant indignantly. "If I had, what think you would be the good of bnying spectacles to teach me?"

### WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

One lay a smart young fellow, with shiny shoes, a new hat, and checkerboard tousers, boarded a street car in a Western city, and stepped to the front platform



He pu'led out a twist of paper and lighted it, and began putting a concentrated es sence of vile odours in the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the plat-form, if they rode at all. One, a plain old farmer, couldn't stand it, and stopped off to wait for the next car.

When he reached the station the young fellow was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the astaurant

"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, gimme one," and he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart every one of the half-dozen sandwiches on

the plate before he found one to suit him.

The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally, he found something which the fingers of an

other had not fouled, and presently followed the load young man to the ca.. He found every sent occupied, including the half of one on which were piled the young

man's gripsack and overcoat.

"Is this seat taken?" ho asked.

"Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squelch the old farmer, who went into the smoking car.

That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the governor of the State, armed with recommendations and indorsements, an applicant for a position under the State government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his travelling companion

of the morning without any trouble.

Glancing over his papers, the governor and "Hu-m, yes; you want me to appoint yes to se and sell if I should, I guess

I might as well write my own

I might as well write my own resignation at the same time. "Who why so?" stam mered the years of low. "Because I saw you pay for a street car ride this morning, and you task the whole platform. You lought a sandwish, and spoiled the platful. You paid for a seat in the train and took mine, too, and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?" whole administration?

#### WALKING WITHOUT LEGS.

Lors of boys and girls kill snakes in the country who never stop to think what a rery curious way a snake has of getting about. They see him so often sliding through the grass that it never occurs to them to wonder how he can do it, just as many other recoluted. wonderful things in this world are so common that we never stop to think how won-

derful they really are.
You would tell me that Mr. Snake got along by crawling. His body holds one long back bone, the ribs coming from it numbering as many as three hundred in some snakes. Be hundred in some snakes. Be sides these ribs, in his long slender body he has very powerful muscles, which bring his ribs forward as he walks along upon them, just as if they were feet. So that he may be said to malk upon he may be said to walk upon his ribs. His muscles draw his ribs forward, so that he rests upon them, and then his muscles give another step. So on he runs as fast as lightning, particularly when he sees

a small boy coming after him with a sharp stick! The snake, large or small, swallows his food whole, and often has to open his muth very wide to do it. But Mother Nature has made special arrangements about a snake's mouth, by which he can separate the bones of it, so that he can swallow animals by gralually drawing them in until the bones are at some distance apart. When once the dinner is down, the muscles of the mouth contrar, and the bones draw back into place, and the snake's head looks as small as it did before he took in his

hoge mouthful. Poisonous snakes kill or ... ish their piny to death before they swalto smaller snake, have teeth turning backward, so that the proy, getting inside once, cannot escape.

You know something, porhaps, of how the snake sheds his skin. Perhaps you have found such as the same of the snake sheds his skin.

have found such a treasure as an old snakeskin for yourself. When the snake is about to shed his coat, it grows dull in colour, and some day it splits open all the way down the back. Then Mr. Snake wriggles out of his old clothes and finds himself in a bran new suit.

minoit in a bran new suit.

Snakes, of course, can climb trees, or swim, as well as they can get over the ground. In fact, they do all these things as well that it would seem as if it were rather easier to get along without feel than with them.—New York World.

#### How Scotland Was Saved.

THE Danes once attempted fair Scotland's destruction

They sought to dethrone her and spoil her of power.

Their scheme proved but futile, though wise

in construction,
Their warriors were conquered and foiled by a flower.

Their plan was to fall on a garrison sleeping, And capture it ere it could flee from the

toe; At night they would come-all so stealthily

creeping,
And Scotland's stout sleepers should waken

They were nearing the spot, each with death-dealing missile,
But cunning and caution alike were in vain;
A barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle,
The burt made him utter a sharp cry of

Thus warning was given; each woke from his

slumbers, sprung to his arms, at the luckless Dane's call,

And soon the invaders fell back, weak in numbers;

sharp, prickly thistle had conquered them all.

Thus the thistle saved Scotland. Though humble, 'tis ever Her joy and her pride, and the emblem of

power. In grateful remembrance she'll wear it forever

Engraved on her shield as the national flower.

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# Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1895.

### LEONIDAS AND THE THREE HUN-DRED SPARTANS.

Many centuries ago there was a city called Sparta, or Lacedæmon, the capital of Laconia, in ancient Greece. Xerxes, the renowned Persian conqueror, desired to renowned Persian conqueror, desired take possession of Greece, and for this purpose advanced with an immense army against the Spartans, who were the most determined of all the Greeks to defend their country from the invader. The men determined of their country from the invader. The men of Sparta were very brave, and were trained to warfare from their boyhood. Still they were far too few to meet the host in the open field. So they Persian host in the open field. So they resolved to await the approach of Xerxes' troops in a pass of the mountains through which they must come, called the Pass of Thermopylæ. Here a small body of soldiers could make a stand against a much larger force.
At first Leonidas, who commanded the

Spartans, had the support of five thousand Greeks besides his own men. But gradually these withdrew, and the Persians having, through the treachery of a Greek, obtained an entrance at the other end of the pass, Leonidas found himself so hem-

med in that there was no possibility of defending his position. Still he did not med in that there was no possibility of defending his position. Still he did not think of yielding, and his Spartans, who were just three hundred in all, were resolved, like their king, upon resistance to the last. This handful were able, with their long spears, spreading shields, and close ranks, to repulse many times the attacks of their enemies. But though they fought with the greatest valour and determination. with the greatest valour and determination, the vastly superior numbers of the Persians the vastly superior numbers of the Persians at last prevailed. Leonidas himself was slain, and the weary little band, now much reduced by the arrows of the foe, were overwhelmed, and all who were left put to death. Yet Leonidas and the three hundred Spartans will never be forgotten for their heroic though vain attempt to defend their native land at the Pass of Thermonylæ.

mopyle.

Now fighting is a horrid and hateful thing, whether there be only two men who are trying to hurt each other, or thousands of men in a field of battle. Even when it waged in self-defence it is most lament-It becomes all God's people to work able. It becomes all God's people to work and pray for the blessed peace of Messiah's reign, when "nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Yet there is a warfare in which Christians must take part. They do not war "against flesh and blood," They do not war "against flesh and blood," nor with weapons which can wound the body. They are to fight against evil both outside of them and in their own hearts. For the conflict we are provided with a suit of armour called the armour of light, or of sight against evil by the paperly—that is righteousness, or the panoply—that is, "the whole armour of God." In the battle of life our "shield," our best defence, is faith. Believe with all your heart in the Lord Jesus, and sin cannot overcome you. And by using "the sword of the Spirit," by taking counsel of God and by obeying his will, you shall certainly be able to withstand and to beat back the enemies

of your soul.
Christians are often in great danger, not Christians are often in great danger, not only of life, like missionaries and other servants of God among wild men and in plague-stricken places, but in danger from temptations which may seem as many and strong as the host of Xerxes, and they as unequal to their adversaries as the three hundred Spartans. But Christ their King is always with his people. Unlike Leonhundred Spartans. But Unrist their Aing is always with his people. Unlike Leonidas, he cannot be slain, and makes his "good soldiers" "more than conquerors." You too may be "good soldiers of Jesus Christ;" and remember that the fight of faith is far peopler and more elevious than faith is far nobler and more glorious than the battle of Thermopylæ.

### STANLEY'S DWARFS.

THE most interesting people that Stanley met in Africa were the negro dwarfs who dwell in the deep forests. Here are two extracts from his new book:

"Eighteen days afterward, when the extraction had crossed the river and had

expedition had crossed the river and had halted at Avatiko, the first full-grown pigmy man was brought into camp and measured. He was four feet high and twenty-five and a half inches around the chest, his colour being coppery and the hair over his body being almost furry and nearly half an inch in length."
"On examining the boxes of ammunition before stabilization for the large stabilizati

tion before stacking them for the night, it was found that Corporal Dayn Mohammed had not brought his load in, and we ascertained that he had laid it at the base of a big tree near the path. Four headmen were at once ordered to return with the Soudanese corporal to recover the box. Arriving near the spot, they saw quite a Arrying near the spot, they saw quite a tribe of pigmies, men, women, and children, gathered around two pigmy warriors who were trying to test the weight of the box by the rope handles at each end. Our headmen, curious to see what they would do with the box lay hidden closely, for the eyes of the little people are exceedingly sharp. Every member of the tribe the eyes of the little people are exceedingly sharp. Every member of the tribe seemed to have some device to suggest; and the little boys hopped about on one leg, spanking their hips in irrepressible delight at the find; and the tiny women, carrying their tinier babies at their backs, vocificated the traditional wise woman's vociferated the traditional wise woman's counsel. Then a doughty man cut a light pole and laid it through the handle; and all the small people cheered shrilly with joy at the genius displayed by them in inventing a method for heaving along the

weighty case of Remington ammunition. The Hercules and the Milo of the tribe put forth their utmost strength and raised the box up level with their shoulders, and staggered away into the bush. But just then a harmless shot was fired, and the big men rushed forward with loud shouts, and then began a chase; and one overfat big men rusneu torward with four shoulds, and then began a chase; and one overfat young fellow of about seventeen was capyoung fellow of about seventeen was a prize." tured and brought to our camp as a prize.

# "THE DOOR IS OPEN."

"THE DOOR IS OPEN."

"Why do you go out that way, when this is the nearer way to the office?" asked Harry's mother as her boy was going out not by the usual way. "Oh, this door is open," was Harry's careless reply. How significant often is the simple fact of an open door. Paul spoke of "a great door and effectual is opened" to him at Ephesus for doing a grand work in preaching the Gospel. To the church at Philadelphia, addressed in one of the letters to the "seven churches," Jesus said, "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." This meant a door of opportunity for great usefulness. Such man can snut it. This meant a door of opportunity for great usefulness. Such doors will be constantly found if we look for them. Every one who wishes to do good work for Christ will find the door

opening for him.

But there are also other doors that are open every day and every night, inviting the feet of the young and unwary to the ways of death. These doors are, alas! ways of death. These doors are, alas! very many; and there are many influences to carry the young within. It is necessary to be ever watchful to guard against them; for they are the open ways to death—the gates whose steps take hold on hell.

#### KEEP RIGHT WITH GOD.

A CHILD of God should not leave his bedroom in the morning without being on good terms with his God. We should not dare to go into the world and feel, "I am dare to go into the world and feel, "I am out of harmony with my Lord. All is not right between God and my soul." In domestic life we are wise if we square matters before we separate for the day; let us part with a kiss. This method of unbroken fellowship should be carefully maintained toward God. Be at perfect rest with him. "Acquaint thyself with him, and be at peace, for thereby good shall come unto thee." If you cannot get rest with God, perhaps some fault of charrest with God, perhaps some fault of character may prevent you enjoying that perfect rest. See where that flaw is. Are fect rest. See where that flaw is. Are you living in any sin! If so, the sun may have risen, but there is a bandage over your eyes; you will still be in the dark. Get rid of that which blinds you. Or are you trusting yourself as well as trusting in Christ? Are you relying on your experience? Then I do not wonder if you miss the rest of faith. Get rid of all that spoils the simplicity of your faith. Come to the Lord and rest in him; tell out your grief to Jesus, and he will breathe out your grief to Jesus, and he will breathe on you, and say, "Peace be unto you."— Our Young Folks.

### A FABLE.

"I'LL master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron. But every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down or broken, then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way." But at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. But they all despised the flame; but he curled gently around the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of there; and hard indeed is that heart that can resist love.

# New Every Morning.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over; The tasks are done and the tears are shed, Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover:
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and

bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days

Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight, Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them, Cannot undo and cannot atone; God in his mercy receive, forgive them! Only the new days are To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly, Here is the spent earth all re-born Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.



# JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

September 1, 1895.

Asking and Receiving.-1 John 5. 14, 15.

Our lesson is a grand illustration of prayer, that is believing prayer, for without faith be exercised prayer is useless. We must believe that God hears and answers prayer. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." The word "confidence" here means faith. Persons who pray aright, feel assured that they will not pray in vain. The word "ask" is a beautiful description of prayer. The Saviour himself explains prayer by the well-known words "asking. "knocking," "seeking. Of course, it must be understood that in praying or making requests to God for any special favour, that we pray in submission to the Divine will. the Divine will.

We are like children asking favours of our parents. They know best what is suitable for children. Our heavenly Father knows best what is suitable for us. You will observe that while He has best you want parents. They know best what is suitable children. Our heavenly Father knows best what is suitable for us. You will observe that while He has left upon record many great, exceeding precious promises, he has nowhere promised that he will give us all that we want. We might "want" certain things which would be exceedingly injurious to us. The promise is he will "supply all our need." There is a great difference between need and want. Need means necessity, want may signify that which merely relates to enjoyment.

The passage containing to day's lesson is a beautiful description of the Christian life, which is emphatically a life of faith. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I henceforth live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me." Galatians 2. 20.

Never imagine that if we do not receive such answers to our requests as we desire, that God has not heard our prayers.

such answers to our requests as we desire, that God has not heard our prayers. He may be trying our faith, that is testing our confidence. If we love him as we should we will serve him continually both in prosperity and in adversity, knowing that he is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. Seek to be strong in faith with the conditions of the cond strong in faith, giving glory to God.

> SOMETHING around which to twine God gives every little vine; Some little nook or sunny bower God gives every little flower; Some green or mossy award God gives every little bird; Night and day, at home, abroad, Little ones are safe with God.

### The Roof Tree.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HOME no more home to me, whither must I

Hunger my driver, I go where I must, blows the winter wind over hill and heather; Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.

Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-

The true word of welcome was spoken in

bear days of old, with the faces in the fire-

light, light, locks of old, you come again no more. was home then, my dear, full of kindly

tom was home then, my dear, happy for the and the windows bright glittered on the

Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the Now, wild. moorland

moorland, e stands the house, and the chimney-

stone is cold, tone let it stand, now the friends are all

departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

pring shall come, come again, calling up the

moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring
the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and

valley, flow the stream through the even Soft flow

flowing hours; flowing hours; the day shine as it shone on my childhood

Fair shine the day on the house with open door:

Birds come and cry there and twitter in the But I go forever and come again no more.

The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY, ВY Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER XI.

JACK'S INNOCENCE PROVED.

I know there is no error,
In this great supernal plan;
But that all things work together
For the final good of man."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MANY, indeed, were the dark stories affoat about Jack Harding.
People—Christian people—instead of showing the true spirit of charity "which thinketh to avil " 11.1 and havitate to hastily condemn

do evil," did not hesitate to hastily concerning.

They stood in groups on the street corners, shaking their heads and saying, and what could we expect of a lad whose father had died drunk on the streets?"

How sad it is that we have got to be held accountable, not only for our own wrongdoings, but also for those of our relatives in the eyes of the world!

Jack's character was now thoroughly sifted

Jack's character was now thoroughly sifted by the gossiping town. Every wrong thing he had ever done was brought forth, set on a pinnacle, and frowned darkly on.

Ali, the world is hard and un-Christ-like! If a person is suspected of evil you never hear them say in the words of the blessed Master—"Neither do I condemn thee!" And when a poor tempted soul goes down, him up, they told their arms and say: "I told you so! It's just what I expected!"

There is just one way to reach the masses Christian people to unfold their arms and go

"I know there is no error,

So the three set out together, walking silently along, for all were in deep thought. The soft, mossy turf underneath their feet gave back no sound of footfall; it was a noiseless, silent walk, indeed.

Jack was walking with his head bent down a little in advance of the others, and as they neared the spot Mildred caught his arm and said in a hoarse whisper, "Look, oh look! someone is there!"

someone is there!

Jack looked, and oh, how can I describe to you what he saw—a something that turned all his sorrow into joy and made him feel like climbing one of the highest trees and shouting forth his happiness.

There before them, with his back turned to them and onite processing of their presence.

There before them, with his back turned to them, and quite unconscious of their presence, was an artist, with brush in hand, working at a large picture.

But oh, the subject of that picture!—what do you think it was?

It was the pretty little hollow in front of them, with the tiny stream wandering through, and graceful trees on each side, while in the foreground, on a bank covered with flowers, lay the outstretched figure of

with flowers, lay the outstretched figure of the sleeping Jack. It had evidently been sketched that afternoon he had fallen asleep

ere. Jack and Mildred were so overjoyed that my stood speechless. Mr. Grey alone, Jack and Mildred were so overjoyed that they stood speechless. Mr. Grey alone, seem d composed. He stepped forward a few steps, and the artist turned round, surprised, indeed, to find that he had an audience of three. But his surprised look turned in a moment to one of joyful recognition, as he came forward and said, "How glad I am to see you, Mr. Grey!"

"What! can it be my old friend, Stuart Granville?" said Mr. Grey.

"The same!' said the artist, and they shook hands warmly.

"The same!' said the artist, and they shook hands warmly.
"This is my daughter, Mildred, Mr. Granville," said Mr. Grey. "You have often heard me speak of him, my dear."
"Yes, indeed!" said wildred, as she gave her land to her father's friend, with any of

her hand to her father's friend, with one of her bright smiles.

\_" said Mildred, intending to introduce Jack, but the artist inter-" And this is-

rupted her.

"Ah, I have met this young man before though he knew it not; my picture, here, tells you that. I had been coming here for a number of days painting a view of this beautiful little spot; and one day I was somewhat surprised to find a young man attached out of little spot; and one day I was somewhat surprised to find a young man stretched out on that flowery bank yonder, sound asleep. I had put the bank of flowers in my picture the day before; and as I stood looking at this young man, with his arm under his head, and his handsome, intelligent face turned fully towards me, I yielded to the temptation to improve my picture by taking a sketch of him. towards me, I yielded to the temptation to improve my picture by taking a sketch of him. I then left him here, apparently still sleeping soundly. And I have worked his picture up from memory since, as well as I could. I do hope you will pardon me for the very serious crime of stealing," and he held out his hand to Jack.

to Jack.

Jack turned to Mr. Grey and said:

"I wish you would please tell Mr. Granville how much all this means to me; I am too happy to talk much just now."

So they sat down on a mossy bank, and Mr. Grey told the artist Jack's trouble, and how the only thing that would really clear

Mr. Grey told the artist Jack's trouble, and how the only thing that would really clear him would be to prove that he was in the woods asleep that afternoon.

Mr. Granville was a true disciple of Jesus, and he was glad and thankful to hear how much he had helped to lift the burden off these three anxious hearts.

much he had helped to lift the burden on these three anxious hearts.

"Well, I can prove that he was there," said he, "and I'll put a piece in to-morrow's paper that will hush up all these dark suspaper."

"You must come home with us and stay during the rest of the time you spend at Port Hope," said Mr. Grey. And Mildred heartly seconded the invitation.

"I shall gladly do so," replied the artist.
"I had no idea you lived here or I should have found your place before this."

# CHAPTER XII.

THE METHODIST PREACHER.

" I tell you the future can hold no terrors To any sad soul, while the stars revolve, If he will but stand firm on the grave of his

And, instead of regretting, resolve! re-

THE next day there appeared in the town The next day there appeared in the town paper an interesting item by the artist, stating that he could prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Jack Harding told the truth when he said that he was asleep in the woods on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon of June 6th, and if they doubted his word just call at Mr. Grey's, and see the portrait he had painted of him while sleeping there.

And the people who condemned Jack the

loudest were now the loudest in shouting his

loudest were now the loudest in shouting his praises, and they said they never really believed it of him in the first place.

So inconsistent is human nature!

And what did really become of Bob Pierce? Well, after leaving Port Hope, he made his way down to the city of Kingston, sailing only in fair weather, and putting in to shore when he saw a storm approaching. When he got there his money was about gone, and he was obliged to go to work for a living.

That did not suit him at all; he had been accustomed to getting good food and fine clothes at home, and all the liquor he wanted to drink, out of his father's bar room, for nothing.

nothing.

He lived a miserable, degraded life He lived a miserable, degraded in the Kingston, spending almost all his wages for drink, and before the summer was over he dragged himself back to Port Hope, there to die of consumption, brought on by drink and

die of consumption, brought on by drint exposure.

Mildred Grey no longer lives at Port Hope—in fact she is not Mildred Grey at all now. She is the happy wife of Stuart Granville, the artist, and they live in the beautiful city of Toronto, where her father also lives, happy in his declining years, in having his only child always with him.

Before I close, just a word about Rev. Jack Harding, the Methodist preacher.

Can it be possible that the lad who was once considered to be the worst boy in the town now holds such an honoured position?

wn now holds such an honoured position?

One lovely evening toward the close of a summer day, Mildred Granville stood watching a young couple slowly walking down the

One is the lad who used to be called the worst boy in the town, but is now an earnest, Methodist preacher. And the other is Mary Methodist preacher. And the other is M Stanton, the little girl who once stood up fore the class and confessed her own fault in fore the class and confessed her own fault in order to clear Jack. She has now grown to beautiful young wemanhood, and boards with Mildred while attending college in Toronto. As she is a true disciple of Christ, and a life-long friend, Jack finds her society very congenial.

Dear readers, the moral of my story is—

Dear readers, the moral of my story isthat it is not the falling that disgraces a per-

that it is not the falling that disgraces a person, so much as the staying down.

Though a person may fall a dozen times and rise again, he is much more commendable than the one who just falls once, and never attempts to rise again.

Let us ever term when the promise of Code.

never attempts to rise again.

Let us ever remember the promise of God:

"To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

THE END.

# THE WASTE OF WAR.

Ir has been estimated that in the last thirty-seven years the number of human lives sacrificed in wars reaches the great total of two millions and a quarter. direct cost of the various wars to the governments engaging in them is reckoned at over twelve thousand millions, without taking into account the indirect losses to the various industries and business of the countries by taking so many from their usual occupations. When the kingdom of God shall have universal rule, and "the nations shall learn war no more," all this will be changed, and peace will shed sunshine and blessing over all the lands of the earth.

# SAVE THE BOYS.

In dealing with the temperance question, we are not to think only of drunkard. It is a noble thing to work for his reformation, but it is a greater work to strive to throw around the young those safeguards which will prevent them from becoming victims of strong drink. there are many who do not seem to think there are many who do not seem to think of the children at all. In speaking of license, people argue sometimes that as much liquor is sold under Prohibition as when licenses are granted. "It is sold on the sly," they say. No doubt many an old toper will have his liquor anyway. He will dodge in at back doors and through dark alleys, if by so doing he can get a drink. But this back-door trade does not tempt the young. The open saloon is a constant menace to the young people of the community in which it exists. For the the community in which it exists. sake of the children let us battle with this evil, never thinking of such a thing as a compromise, but with all our might and our power labour for the utter extermination. ation of the drink curse. Save the children of to-day, and you save the men and women of to-morrow.

# HOW FRITZ GREW.

"GRANDPAPA!" shouted a little boy, bounding into a sunshiny porch, where an old, white-haired man sat reading his old, white-haired man sat reading his paper, "grandpapa, I'm seven years old to-day; and I've got on trousers, and I'm going to begin school."

"Why, why!" said the old gentleman, laying down his paper, "how many things

"Why, why!" said the old gentleman, laying down his paper, "how many things are happening all together!"

Grandpapa was about as far from the end of his life as Fritz was from its beginning; and there seemed a wide difference ning; and there seemed a wide difference between the bent white head and feeble gait of the one, and the shining bright curls that shook and nodded at the bound-ing steps of the other. Yet grandpapa and Fritz were great chums, and loved and understood each other very well indeed.

"And now, grandpapa, measure me up against your wall," continued our new schoolboy, "so that I can tell just how much I have grown by the beginning of another tarm." another term.

So grandpapa took out his pencil, and while Fritz stood with his back to the wall, very stiff and still and straight, grand-papa put his spectacle-case on the boy's to get his exact level, and marked him off on the clean, white paint; writing his name and age and the day of the month and veur.

and year.
"But stop, Fritz," said grandpapa, as he was running off, "I've only measured one-third of you."

Fritz looked puzzled.
"Is your body all of you?" asked grand-

papa.
"No, grandpapa; I expect I've got a mind too," said Fritz; but he spoke doubtfully.

"Yes, a mind to do your sums with, and a heart to love God and his creatures with. Don't you see that I have only measured one-third of you! Come, and I'll measure your mind. How much arithmetic do you your mind. How much arithmetic do you know? As far as multiplication. Good. And you are in the second reader? Very well. Now write your name down here in my note-book, and put these facts down, that I may take the measure of your reading wanting and another in

that I may take the measure of your reading, writing, and arithmetic."

Fritz, highly amused, took the pencil and wrote in a very clumsy hand, "Frederick Jones, multiplication and second reader."

"But what about my heart?" the little

boy asked presently.

oy asked presently.

Grandpapa looked very grave, and was
lant for a minute. Then he said: "Did silent for a minute. you please your mother by getting down in

time for prayers this morning l"
"No, gran-lpapa"
"Did you look for little sister Lucy's
doll that she lost yesterday?"

'No, grandpapa:"

"Did you carry Mrs. Parsons the honey she told you to ask your mother for, to help her cough?"

Why, grandpapa, I forgot all about it." The old man did not say a word, but began to write in his note-book; and Fritz, looking over his shoulder, managed to spell out these words: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

A year passed away, and again we find Fritz at grandpapa's knee. Grandpapa's step is slower, and his voice weaker, his eyesight dimmer. Fritz is somewhat changed too. His curls are shorter, and his transcreen are learned. his trousers are longer, his shoulders broader, and when he backs up to the wall, behold! he is away above last year's mark. He reads in a fourth reader now, and knows something of fractions; and when he writes his name the letters do not tumble down and sprawl around as they did last year.

"And how about that other measure?

asked grandpapa.

Fritz is silent; but the old man puts his Fritz is silent; but the one many arms around him, and says tenderly: "I arms around him, and says tenderly: "I heard mamma say yesterday that Fritz was her greatest comfort, Lucy cried when she found Fritz's holiday was over, and old Dame Parsons said she would be lost without that boy's helping hand.

without that boy's helping hand."

Again grandpapa wrote in his little book. And though the writing was very shaky, Fritz could read it plainly this time."

"If ye fulfil the royal law, "Thou slialt love thy neighbour as thyself. 'ye do well."

"Now, Fritz, boy," he said, "that's the best growing you've done this year."

is any possible chance for anyone to have seen you there."

"Very well," said Jack, quietly, "but I beausiful spot, but shut in by the woods on every side."

But I am wandering away from my story.

"I wish," said Mildred, that same afterne back to that spot in the woods where you is any Dossible chance for anyone to have

Weep o'er the erring ones,

hoon, Wish,"

Lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save,"

And the people who condemned Jack the

# We've Always Been Provided For.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? you know we've lost the hay;

And what we'll do with horse and kye is more

than I can say;
While, like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat."

She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet: "There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel,

but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He turned around with sudden gloom. She said: "Love, be at rest;
You cut the grass, worked soon and late; you did your very best.
That was your work; you've naught at all to do with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields of golden grain:

of golden grain;
For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;

We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning; we must because we must,"
She softly said: "I reason not; I only work

and trust. The harvest may redeem the hay; keep heart,

whate'er betide; When one door shuts, I've always seen another

open wide.
re is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see

We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face; gone

He kissed the calm and trustful face; gone was his restless pain.

She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane,
And went about her household tasks full of a glad content,
Singing to time her busy hands, as to and fro she went:

"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see."

but cannot see We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

Days come and go, 'twas Christmastide, and the great fire burned clear,
The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been a

The farmer said: "Dear whe, has been a good and happy year;
The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has brought the hay, you know."
She lifted, then, a smiling face, and said: "I

told you so, For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we

feel, but cannot see:

We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

### LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1451.1 LESSON IX.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

Josh. 6. 8-20. Memory verses, 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.—Heb. 11. 30.

OUTLINE.

The Conquering Host, v. 8-15.
 The Doomed City, v. 16-20.

TIME. - April, B.C. 1451.

PLACES. - Gilgal, Jericho.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

This miracle followed directly the miraculous crossing of the river. Two spies had been sent across the Jordan. They went to Jericho and lodged with Rahab, whose house was built on the city wall. They were tracked by the soldiers of Jericho, but Rahab successfully hid them under stalks of flax on her roof and granter safely out of town. Explicit and governer under stakes of nax on her roof and governer safely out of town. Explicit directions were given to Joshua by God, and these orders he passed over to the people. Read especially verses 2-7 of this chapter.

### HOME READINGS.

M. The fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6. 1-11.
The fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6. 12-20.
W. Judgment on Jericho.—Josh. 6. 21-27.
A. Joshus encouraged,—Josh. 5. 10-15.
Judgment on sinful nations.—Deut. 7.
1-6.

The battle is the Lord's. -2 Chron. 20.

St. Power of living faith.—Heb. 11. 24-31.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Conquering Host, v. 8-15. Who was the real leader of the host! See

What directions did he give to Joshua? Verses 2.5. What command did Joshua give? Verses

7.
What was the order of marching?
What had Joshua forbidden the people to

do?
What only was done on the first day?
What was the order on the second day
What was the order on the second day
What was the order on the second day. For how many days was this repeated? When did the march begin on the seventh

day?
How many times did they go about the

2. The Doomed City, v. 16-20.

What order was given at the seventh circuit?

What doom was pronounced on the city?

What doom was problemed on the cry .
What mercy was proclaimed?
From what were the people to refrain?
Where were the silver and gold to go, and

Who disobeyed this command, and with hat result? See Josh. 7.
What result followed the shout of the what result?

people?
What movement then followed?

What mas the reason for this victory? (Golden Text.)
What fate came on the people of the city?

### THE FALL OF JERICHO.

THE Israelites had crossed Jordan, had created a memorial with stones, had circumcised the people, and had kept the passover and eaten of the corn of the land (Josh. 4, 5). Joshua went out to inspect the city of Jericho, and as he "lifted his eyes and looked beheld the "lifted his the city of Jericho, and as he "lifted his eyes and looked, behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand; and Joshua went unto him and said unto him, art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" The answer soon came back, "Nay, but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." This struck Joshua and he fell on his face to the earth and there received his face to the earth and there received his orders as to their movements. Remember, the children of Israel did not come to the land of Canaan to have an easy time—had they not moved forward at the bidding of the Master they would soon have been driven out of the land. The Christian who expects to have an easy time after he enters the experience of soul-rest is mistaken. It means fight if he would gain possession of the richest blessings. The enemy is not so ready to retreat.

The plan of battle was a new one.

Joshua had never heard anything like it. They were to compass the city once each day for six days, and on the seventh day they were to march around the city seven



THE FALL OF JERICHO.

Who only were saved and how?

[Sept. 1. 22, 23. What doom came to the city? Verse 24. What curse was pronounced? Verse 26. Upon whom did this curse fall? See 1 Kings

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON. Where in this lesson may we find-

1. A test of faith?
2. A proof of f

2. A proof of faith?
3. The reward of faith?

### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

Who marched in silence around the hostile Who marched in silence around the hostile city of Jericho for six days? The priests, with the ark of God, and armed men. 2. How many times did they march around it on the seventh day? Seven times. 3. At the end of the last march what was the entire army ordered to do? "Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city." 4. What was the result? Jericho was overthrown by the power of God. Jericho was overthrown by the power of God.

5. What is the Golden Text? "By faith the walls of Jericho," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The victory of faith.

# CATECHISM QUESTION.

Are baptized infants partakers of these privileges?

privileges?
They have the outward advantages of the Christian Church, and all the spiritual blessings of the covenant are assured to them for the future when they shall comply with the terms of the Gospel.

LIFE is not worth living unless we live it for somebody else.

times. Seven priests shall have seven trumpets, and as they march before the times. ark around the city these seven priests were to blow their trumpets. Notice the frequent use of the number seven. This is the covenant number between God and man. Number three stands for Divinity, man. Number three stands for Divinity, or God, and number four stands for humanity, and the sum of 3 and 4=7 means God covenanting with man. God covenanted with Israel to give them Jericho, but everything must be done accordto the command of God. Obedience God's commands and orders is the secret of success in all our conflicts.

When Joshua laid his plans before the

When Joshua laid his plans before the people we imagine we can see those men of war who had fought many battles, shake their heads and say, of all the plans of attacks on a fortified city we ever heard of this is the most silly. The idea of marching around these high walls and blowing seven trumpets how can we expect to take seven trumpets, how can we expect to take seven trumpets, now can we expect to take the city in this way. However it did not take Joshua long to get the people ready, for those grumblers and faultfinders had all died in the wilderness and he had a different lot of people to deal with than he had when they brought had the first had when they brought back the first report of the land forty years previous. Look at that host as they quietly march around the city the first day—40,000 men of war—and then without any further action they return to their camps. next morning the same procession marches around the city—quietly and thoughtfully they move on—and again they return to camp without taking action. What must

the people in the city think of this strange movement? What is the next they will do? Jericho was, no doubt, filled with anxiety and fear, not knowing what would be the outcome of this strange movement. On the third morning and the fourth, and

be the outcome of this strange movement. On the third morning and the fourth, and fifth, and sixth, the same procession is seen marching around the city. Think of it, 40,000 men in this quiet march, and not a shout! Not a challenge is heard. On the seventh day they get up bright and early, before daylight, for this day they have a great work before them. As they march round on that day the anxiety and fear of the people in the city is in creased. They marched round the seventh time on that seventh day, and the priests blew their terms. time on that seventh day, and the priests blew their trumpets when Joshua gave the command: "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." What a shout this must have been, from 40,000 men at one time! The walls fall and the sity was

must have been, from 40,000 men at one time! The walls fell and the city was conquered. A glorious victory indeed.

We see obedience and unity in this conquest, and this is the secret of the success of God's people to-day. Oh, if men would only obey the Lord, what wonderous things would God do for them! They were not to shout until they were told. A Holy Ghost shout is all right and carries power with it, but were told. A Holy Ghost shout a right and carries power with it, but a self-made shout is as hollow as a drum. Then they were ready to walk by faith, for Then they were ready to walk by faith, for what prospects to the reasoner was there here of ever taking the city by simply marching around it? Reason would have prepared battering rams, but faith is satisfied to move at the Lord's bidding though it is against, or beyond reason. "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea. and things which are not to bring to nought which are despised, hath God chosen, year and things which are not to bring to nought things that are." If you want to take possession of any promises in God's word, this is the way to go about it. The trouble to-day with most of God's people is they are not willing to take their place among the "foolish things," or the "weak or base things," or the "despised," and hence God can't use them. The Lord could do more with the stick in Moses could do more with the stick in Moses hand than with a thousand soldiers armed with Winchester rifles.

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