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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO JULY 14, 1900

No. 28.

STANLEY'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

II

Many were the almost miraculous escapes of the explorers of the Stanley expedition from the combined perils of cannibals and cataracts—of savage beasts and still more savage men—the narrative of which is of stirring interest. But sometimes, alas! more thrilling is the story of the tragic fate of those brave men. Frank Pocock was now the only white man, besides Stanley, with the expedition. Barker having suddenly died. Amid the African jungle Frank was fond of singing the Sunday-school hymns he had learned as a boy in dear old England. Saddened by the death of his brother, he seemed to have a presentiment of his own approaching fate. One night Stanley heard him singing, in a sad, minor strain, the following words:

"The home land, the fair land,
Refuge for all distressed,
Where pain and sin ne'er enter in,
But all is peace and rest.

"The home land! I long to meet
Those who have gone before;
The weeping eyes and weary feet,
Rest on that happy shore.

"The home land, the bright land,
My eyes are filled with tears,
Remembering all the happy band,
Passed from my sight for years.

"When will it dawn upon my soul?
When shall I reach that strand?
By night and day, I watch and pray
For thee, dear, blest home land."

"I thought the voice trembled as the strain ended," writes Stanley, "so I said, 'Frank, my dear fellow, you will make us all cry with such tones as those. Choose some heroic tune, whose notes will make us all feel afire.'"

"All right, sir," he replied, with a bright, cheerful face, and sang the following:



FRANK POCOCK



THE FIGHT BELOW THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARUW MI AND THE CONGO RIVERS.

"Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

"Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hands united
Take our heavenward way.

"How do you like this, sir?" he asked.
My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

"What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved, no longer nigh!
Submissive would I still reply,
Thy will be done."

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lost," said Stanley.

"It is of no use, my son. The time for regret and sorrow will come by-and-by, but just now we are in the centre of Africa; savages behind you, savages on either side of you. Onward, I say; onward to death, if it is to be. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song."

He responded by singing:

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before."

And in this spirit the brave fellow marched on to his death. Not long after, June 3rd, 1877, in shooting the

rapids of Massassa, his canoe was wrecked, he was engulfed in the eddies, and his comrades never saw him again. Stanley's grief was intense. "In my troubles," he writes, "his face was my cheer, his English voice recalled me to my aims, and out of his brave, bold heart he uttered in my own language words of comfort to my thirsty ears. Thirty-four months had we lived together, and hearty throughout had been his assistance and true his service. The servant had long ago merged in the companion—the companion had soon become a friend. When curst about by anxiety and gloom, his voice had ever made music to my soul. When grieving for the hapless lives lost, he consoled me. But now my faithful comforter and true-hearted friend was gone."

We give a sketch of one of the numerous

RIVER FIGHTS,

by which the expedition had to conquer its way down the Congo. As soon as its approach was known the hideous war-drums resounded along the shore, and the warriors rushed to their canoes. "Soon," says Stanley, "we see a sight that sends the blood tingling through every nerve and fibre of our body—a

flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us." There were fifty-four of them, manned by two thousand cannibals, vociferously demanding human meat. Finding that he must fight against nearly twenty-fold odds, Stanley anchored his fleet of twenty-three boats and awaited the onset. "Boys, be firm as iron," he cried. "Wait till you see the first spear, then take good aim. Don't think of running away. Only your guns can save you." On they came. Soon spears were hurtling through the air, but every sound was lost in the noise of the musketry. In five minutes the savages retreated, baffled of their anticipated prey.

But Stanley describes himself as

HUNTED TO DESPAIR.

"We had laboured strenuously through ranks of savages, scattered over a score of flotillas, had endured persistent attacks day and night while struggling through them, had resorted to all kinds of defence, and yet at every curve of this fearful river the yells of the savages broke loud upon our ears, the snake-like canoes darted forward to the attack, while the drums and horns and shouts raised a fierce and deafening uproar. We were becoming exhausted, yet we were still only in the middle of the continent. We were being weeded out by units and twos and threes. There were not thirty in the entire expedition who had not received a wound. To continue this fearful life was not possible. I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will never be read by man. I leave events to an all-gracious Providence." Often food could be procured only at

the risk of life. The guns were reduced in number to thirty. The natives were often armed with European guns. "At one time," says Stanley, "I saw nine bright musket barrels aimed at me." He had thirty-two pitched battles with the savages. The marvel is that a single man escaped. At the Kalulu Falls nine men were drowned in one afternoon. Not at all paces were the natives hostile. At Inke Falls 600 were hired to drag the teakwood boats, some of which weighed three tons, over a steep and difficult portage. They also helped to make, with vast toil, two new canoes, but they were both soon lost in the rapids.

The prolonged struggle was nearly at an end. And well that it was so, for they were nearly in despair. Fevers had sapped the frame; hunger had debilitated the body, anxiety preyed upon the mind. My people," continues Stanley, "were groaning aloud. Hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt, unspeakably miserable in aspect, we had but one thought—to trudge on for one more look at the sea."

They left the Congo to escape its cataracts, and struck through the wilder-

(Continued on next page.)



THE BURIAL SERVICE OF EDWARD POCOCK.

The Supercilious Seed.

A little seed lay in the ground, And soon began to sprout. "Now which of all the flowers around," It inquired, shall I come out?

"The lily's face is fair and proud, But just a trifle cold. The rose I think is rather loud, And then its fashion's old."

"The violet is very well, But not a flower I'd choose. Nor set the Canterbury-bell— I never cared for blu."

"Petunias are by far the bright, And vulgar flowers besides. The primrose only blooms at night, And peonies spread too wide."

And so it criticized each flower, This supercilious seed, 'Till it woke one summer hour, And found itself a weed. —S.L. Nicholans.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The West', 'The Canadian', 'The Literary Digest', etc., with their respective prices and frequencies.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. 210 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JULY 14 1900

THE RASPBERRY OFFERING.

BY MAUDE PETTIT. "Do you really mean Ethel we can give to the Twentieth Century Fund yet?" asked Fred. "Yes, Aunt Margaret says we have till October, and there's all the summer holidays to make the money you know, and it would only take three dollars to put our names on the Roll, and Baby May's."

stretched himself on the doorstep as if to prove Fred's words. The summer holidays came at last, after the long, hot days in the school-room. Fred's face used to get quite red over his arithmetic on the sully afternoon, and he used to think often of that cool spot where the big creek flowed over the gravel in the shadow of the elms at grandpa's.



THE ATTACK OF THE SIXTY-THREE CANOES OF THE PIRATICAL BANGALA.

May pleaded with your mamma to see you," asked grandma. "Well, wasn't she a very much kinder mother to keep her, so she would not take it too?" "And so you see, my child, God sees sometimes that the thing we plead for is not good for us."

"Hark! I hear a scream!" exclaimed Fred. "Didn't you hear it?" "Listen, there it is again!" Fred and Ethel dropped toward the creek, arriving just in time to see a light, curly head rise for a moment in the stream, then sink again. It was little Irving. "Throwing off his coat as he ran, Fred leaped into the water and seized the drowning child in his arms. But in the same instant his treacherous current swept him off his feet. There was a cry of horror from Ethel standing on the bank. The stream was carrying them away, Fred still bravely holding the little curly head above the surface. Ethel was about to plunge in, too, when a low growl started her.

ACROSS AFRICA. (Continued from first page.)

ness for the Portuguese settlements on the coast. The Lady Alice, their companion in 7,000 miles of wandering, and all their boats, were abandoned at the river side. The way was a terrible, long column, with forty men on the sick list, dragged on its weary way. It could not complete even the few days' journey to the sea. Stanley wrote an urgent letter, addressed to a gentleman who speaks English at Embomma, imploring food and aid. It was despatched by four of the most stalwart men, and the starving procession struggled on. In a few days came an English letter, and a few hours after abundant supplies of food. The native bard sang a song of triumph, that they were redeemed at last from the "hell of hunger."

IRONCLAD.

The kind of ironclads which will do more for our country than men-o-war are boys ironclad, as an exchange puts it, or: His lips—against the first taster. His eyes—against the impure. His hands—that they handle not. His forehead—against an impure kiss. His heart—against irreverence and doubt. His stomach—against rich, enervating food. His feet—against keeping dangerous company. His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures. His pocket—against covetousness of blood money.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER II.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE

That same night Erastus Dow was stricken with delirium tremens, and for weeks his life hung trembling in the balance. A strong constitution triumphed over the disease and he came back slowly to convalescence. Feeling softened by this terrible experience, and quite ready to make good resolutions for the future, he sent for his minister to come and talk with him.

"I'm a hard lookin' cove, parson," said Rast, as the minister entered the humble cottage. "My craft come purty near goin' to the bottom, but I rather guess I shall float this time."

"My unfortunate friend," replied Mr. Felton, "give God the glory for your marvellous recovery. He has given you one more opportunity to repent, and woe be unto you if you do not embrace it. I am truly sorry to find you so low down in the gutter, and trust that the terrible experience through which you have just passed, which was heaven's just penalty for your sin, may work in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. I hope you have sent for me in order to converse upon religious themes."

Dow looked upon the stately minister, clad in the richest broadcloth, with feelings akin to awe. But the polished language which came from those lips conveyed but little meaning to his beclouded brain, and he stared vacantly at the speaker.

"Mr. Felton wants to know why you've sent for him," interposed Phoebe, seeing her husband's look of perplexity.

"Wal, you see, parson," said the man, plucking nervously at the bedclothes, "sense I've ben lyin' here I've thought of a good many things, an' one was that drink want the best thing fur me."

"You are right there, Erastus," said the minister emphatically. "It is very evident that you have a natural craving for alcohol. You have indulged this appetite until it has become your master, and you are its slave. There is no course open to you now but abstinence, total, entire. You must not allow another drop to pass your lips unless you desire to have a recurrence of delirium tremens. The doctor says you cannot survive another attack."

The sick man shuddered at the minister's closing words. "I'd do most anything," parson, rather than live over the last few weeks. No one knows what I've suffered only those es has had the tremens. There's ben many a night when Tom Kinmon an' Tyler Matthews had all they could do ter keep me on the bed. There were snakes a-crawlin' over the bed an' winding themselves round my neck. An' then there was a horrible lookin' beast, like pictures I've seen of dragons, an' it kept comin' nearer an' nearer till I would struggle an' scream from fright, an' then the monster would creep away only to come back agin ez soon ez it was dark."

"Ugh!" and Rast shuddered as he recalled these painful scenes, and placed his hands over his eyes as though to blot out the sight from his memory.

"Rather than hav the tremens again, parson," he continued, "I'd leave off drinkin', an' sign the pledge. I hev thought the matter over a good deal since I've been lyin' here, an' Phoebe, she said so much ter me about signin' off, that I thought I'd talk it over with you an' git your advice."

"O my husband, my husband!" sobbed Phoebe, falling on her knees, and burying her face in the bedclothes. "You will be a saved man if you will only do this. We will be happy again, and perhaps our Jamie will return to us, and we will teach him better things."

The sight of his wife's emotion moved Rast to tears. "Poor Jamie!" he whispered, "ef I'd hev set him a good example, he'd never hev grown up sech a wild cove. Wal, parson, what d'yer think?"

"Erastus, no one could more heartily approve your plan than do I. You have a natural appetite for alcohol, and you have indulged this appetite to an alarming extent. Your will has become enfeebled, and no longer rules. It is chained—the slave of your appetite. The only safe course open to you, is abstinence. If signing 'the pledge' will help you to keep your resolutions, I see no objection to your taking it. Your case is an extreme one, therefore extreme measures must be used. Still, you must bear in mind, Erastus, that your help lies in God—not in a pledge. If you do not look to him for strength, you will surely fall."

Rast drank in with eagerness every word which the minister uttered. Resolution was written on his countenance, and already the dawn of a new mazzhood shone in his eyes.

"Couldn't you draw me up a pledge on a piece of paper?" he inquired, after a moment's silence.

"Thank God! Thank God!" cried Phoebe, with streaming eyes.

"Certainly, Erastus," said the minister, and taking a slip of paper from his note-book, he wrote these words:

"God helping me, I will drink no more intoxicating liquor as a beverage."

"Signed."

"Put your name right after the word signed," said Mr. Felton, handing paper and pencil to the fisherman. With trembling fingers the drunkard wrote his name as he had been directed.

"Now, parson," he said, handing the paper to Mr. Felton, "jest put your name down alongside of mine, so es ter make a kind of contract between us. 'Twill help me lots, I know. The fellers at the Maypole hev sed lots of hard things about you, but I've never b'leaved a word on't. If you sign this paper with me, it'll stop all the tongues in Falport thet's been blowin' es how you loved wine better than souls. Come now, parson, will you do it?"

The Rev. Phineas drew back haughtily, at this uncouth proposal, and did not deign to see the paper which was held out for his signature.

"My friend," he began, "you have entirely mistaken the meaning of my words, if you have conceived the idea that I advocated total abstinence for everybody. Far from it. Total abstinence and the pledge system are extreme measures to be employed only in extreme cases. When a man gets into that condition where his will power is gone, and all his strength of character is gone, too, then these outside influences may come in to act as props until the man can once more stand alone. You, Erastus, have come to this deplorable state through over indulgence. I advise you to adopt total abstinence for the reason specified. It is the only safe course open to you. On the other hand, I am strong, judicious in the indulgence of appetite, and use moderation in all things. Our cases are as far removed as the opposite poles of the battery. Why should I, then, who feel no need of restriction, sign away my moral liberty?"

"Because a weaker brother, one for whom Christ died, asks you who are strong, to help him conquer the demon within him. He asks you, I ask you, in God's name, to stretch forth your hand, and help lift him from the pit into which he has fallen. Dare you refuse, you who are Christ's servant, you who stand in Christ's stead, entreating men to come back to God? Dare you, I say?" and Phoebe clutched at the minister's sleeve in the frenzy of despair.

"Woman," said Mr. Felton, sternly, "you are beside yourself, or you would not address such language to me. Yes, I dare follow in the footsteps of my Master. He came eating and drinking. He preached moderation, and condemned gluttony. So do I. You beg your husband's salvation of me. God alone can create in him a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within him. I will gladly stretch forth my hand and lift him from the depths if I can do this without sacrificing a principle of my being. When you ask impossibilities, I can but refuse."

Erastus Dow's face had been slowly darkening during Mr. Felton's speech. When the minister had finished, he broke forth in a sullen tone:

"Es near es I ken make out, parson, total abstinence ain't ter be found in the Bible, and mod'rate drinkin' is. 'Fraps you ricollect jest quotin' some Scripeter which sed es how a leetle wine was good when it want abused. How is it, parson? Does the Bible back up your views?"

"It does not," cried Phoebe, with blanched lips, as she realized whither her husband's thoughts were drifting. "The Bible says, 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red: when it giveth its colour in the cup: when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' Believe me, Erastus, this is God's truth. It is the truth your mother taught you when you were a child. All other reasoning is from the evil one."

Rast still kept his eyes fastened upon the minister's face.

"Which of you is right, parson?" he said, at length.

"Erastus," replied Mr. Felton, "what I have said, I have said. I cannot again repeat my line of argument. I fear you are talking simply for the sake of argument, and time spent this way is lost time."

"Do you git your argyment out the Bible?" persisted the fisherman.

"Certainly."

As quick as a flash, Rast tore his pledge into pieces, and scattered the bits of paper on the floor.

"Phoebe, d'yer hear? The Bible upholds mod'rate drinkin', and the parson practices it. D'yer think I'm going ter set myself up ter be better'n them? No sir, you bet I don't! I'll be a mod'rate drinker. It's good company I'm in, wife."

Mrs. Dow burst into passionate weeping, and the clergyman took his hat, and prepared to leave.

"Erastus Dow," he said, sternly, "I forbid you using such abusive language in my presence. You have wholly misconstrued my words and reviled my counsels. I will now leave you. If at some future time you should desire spiritual help, I shall be sincerely glad to impart it. I trust you may soon be in your right mind."

As he left the room, Mrs. Dow turned upon him such a look of reproach and anguish, as haunted the worthy divine for many a day.

"You need not troubles to come again," she said. "It v be of no avail."

(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IV.—JULY 22.

PETER'S CONFESSION AND CHRIST'S REBUKE.

Matt. 16. 13-26. Memory verses, 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Matt. 16. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. Wrong Conceptions of our Lord's Mission, v. 13, 14.
2. The Right Conception of Our Lord's Mission, v. 15-20.
3. Our Lord Foretells His Death, v. 21-23.
4. The Terms of Discipleship, v. 24-26. Time—A.D. 29. Place.—Near to Caesarea Philippi.

LESSON HELPS.

14. "John the Baptist"—Who had been put to death by Herod, and was believed to have risen again. "Elias"—The prophet Elijah, who was expected to appear before the coming of the Messiah, because of some mystical words of the prophet Malachi. "Jeremias"—The prophet Jeremias, who, superstitious Jews believed, was to come to earth again.

16. "The Christ"—That is, "the Messiah." "The Son of the living God"—Not "one of the sons of God."

17. "Bar-Jona"—Son of Jonah. "Flesh and blood"—No merely human teaching or knowledge could have produced this thought.

18. "Upon this rock"—The testimony of Jesus; the truth of Jesus' Messiahship. "Build my church"—The first mention of the church as separate from the synagogue. "Gates of hell"—The gate stands as the symbol of power.

19. "Keys"—Power and authority. "Bind on earth . . . bound in heaven"—A parallel passage shows that the other apostles were included in this general grant of authority. "To bind is to impose an obligation as binding; to loose is to declare a precept not binding."—Bishop Merrill.

20. "Tell no man"—Because the truth could not be understood as yet, and the apostles themselves were not yet sufficiently instructed to preach the doctrine.

24. "If any man will come"—That is, "If any man chooses to come." "After me"—Jesus was going to his throne and crown, but by way of ignominy and death. "Let him deny himself"—Self is Christ's chief and most cherished rival in every heart; and devotion to self, instead of to Christ, is the very soul and

essence of men's sins. Hence self-denial is the first step toward true discipleship.—Curry.

HOME READINGS

- M. Peter's confession.—Matt. 16. 13-20.
- Tu. Christ's Rebuke.—Matt. 16. 21-28.
- W. Another confession.—John 6. 66-71.
- Th. True confession.—1 John 4. 1-6.
- F. The corner stone.—1 Pet. 2. 1-10.
- S. The sure foundation.—Eph. 2. 11-22.
- Su. For Christ's sake.—Phil. 3. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Wrong Conceptions of Our Lord's Mission, v. 13, 14. At what place were Christ and his disciples? What question did he ask of them? Why did he ask this question? What was their answer? What did he term himself?
2. The Right Conception of Our Lord's Mission, v. 15-20. How further does Christ question his disciples? Who answered him? What was his answer? How did Christ address him? Whom did Christ say had revealed it unto him? How could this be? To what did he liken Peter? What is a rock the symbol of? Upon what was the church to be built?
3. Our Lord Foretells His Death, v. 21-23. For what great sorrow does Christ try to prepare his disciples? What was he to suffer? At whose hands? Who protested against it? How did Christ rebuke him? Why was the Lord's death necessary? What does it teach?
4. The Terms of Discipleship, v. 24-26. What is necessary for true discipleship? Golden Text. Who fixed the standard? What was the custom of those condemned to die by crucifixion? What do you understand by "denying one's self and taking up the cross" in these days?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God?
 2. That we cannot be followers of Jesus without giving ourselves entirely to him?
 3. That to gain the whole world and lose one's own soul would be to lose everything?

The Devil of Names,

AND OTHER

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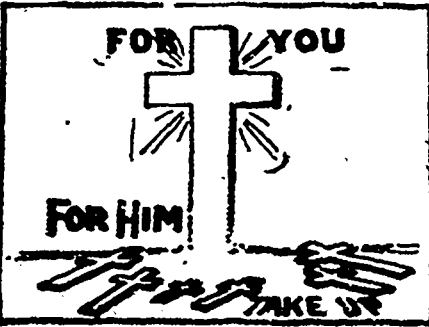
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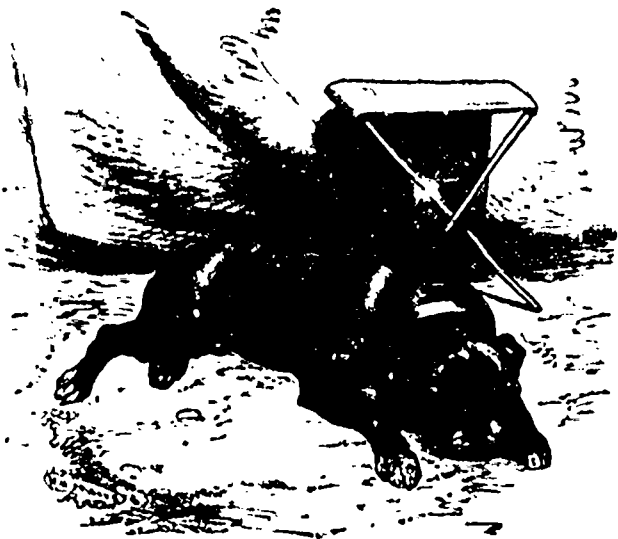
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"BULL," STANLEY'S CAMP DOG.

The Growing Boy.

BY ELIZABETH GIBSON.

When I shall be a man I shall be strong
To fight whenever weakness craves my aid;
No fear of scorn shall make my soul afraid,
Or turn aside my sword from smiting wrong

And I shall love my brothers of the field
And street and air—the horse, the dog, the bird,
No whine of pain, no death-cry shall be heard,
But precious lives from cruel hands I'll shield.

I shall be clean and fresh to look upon,
And be as open air from country ways
In any city where I live my days;
My eyes the sky shall show, my hair the sun.

The little children seeing me shall sing;
The aged woman at her cottage door
Shall say, "There goes a man;" the frown he wore
The faded rose, while new desires shall spring.

I shall make music when my soul is sad;
And when my heart is gay, my song shall rise,
A fount of human feeling, to the skies,

And others shall be comforted and glad.

I am too small. Alas! I cannot hold
The whole world in my arms, soothe every care;
But I can lift my hands to God in prayer,
To help me all the time I'm growing old.

THE "GRIT, BARE-LEGGED LADDIE."

Nearly a hundred years ago, a stout, bearded-faced, awkward boy of eighteen years, dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of a humble cottage in northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster. When that person appeared, the boy said, very modestly.

"I would like to attend your evening school, sir."

"And what do you wish to study?" asked the teacher, roughly.

"I want to learn to read and write, sir," answered the lad.

The schoolmaster glanced over the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said, "Ver, well, you can attend, but a grit, bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing some thing else than learning his letters." Then he closed the door in the lad's face.

If that "grit, bare-legged laddie" had said to the schoolmaster, "I mean to become a great inventor, to be the friend

of rich and powerful men, to hold conversation with kings, and to write my name among the great ones of the earth," it is likely he would have called the boy a fool to cherish such wild dreams. Yet this poor, ignorant lad, who did not know the alphabet at eighteen, accomplished all these things before he died.

He did it by hard work and because he made up his mind to do the best he could. He kept pegging away. His ignorance was a misfortune, and not a fault. His parents were too poor to send him to school. He was the son of the fireman of a pumping engine in a Northumberland colliery.

His birthplace was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls and bare rafters. When he was five years old, he began to work for his living by herding cows in the daytime and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older, he was set to picking stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse which drew coal from the pit. He went half-fed and half-clothed; but for "a" that" he

was called upon to build long and difficult lines of railway.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him. Some thought that he was going crazy. One gentleman, who considered himself very wise, said to him:

"Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose while it was running a cow should stray upon the track, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?"

"I should think it might be very awkward indeed—for the cow," he answered.

Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool, it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements, this same engine, the Rocket, was made to attain the speed of thirty miles an hour. People laughed no longer, but admired.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he refused a title, preferring to remain plain George Stephenson.

A GRAIN OF SAND.

"Mother! mother! there's something in my eye; please take it out quick!" Flossy came hurrying to her mother's

Dr. Wright and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything that she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah!" said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her, "here it is!"

"Where?" asked the mother, "I don't see anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy, "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor, "too small to see, unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after this Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossy was in a bad humour—nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said her mother, over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you do not stop worrying you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window pouting. In a little while her face brightened, and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek.

"I'm like that little grain of sand, mother; don't you think so?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my bad temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother; I love you truly, and I wouldn't hurt you as that sand did me for anything. The sand couldn't help itself, but I can and I will right away."—Our Boys and Girls.



CUTTING OUT THE NEW "LIVINGSTONE CANOE."

had a man's brave soul in his sturdy little body.

For several years he was assistant fireman to his father, then he was made fireman himself. Subsequently, at the age of seventeen, he was plugman of a pumping engine, a post superior to his father's.

But all this time, though ignorant of books, he had been studying his engine. Gradually he acquired so complete a knowledge of his machine that he was able to take it apart and make any ordinary repairs. The "grit, bare-legged laddie" was smarter than he seemed, and this fact his teacher was not long in finding out after he began to teach him.

At the end of two years, by attending evening school, he had learned all that the village schoolmaster could teach him. This brought his school life to an end, but he still kept on studying. He bought books on engineering and mechanics, and spent his leisure in learning what they taught and in experimenting. At last he began to think about making better engines than those around him.

Meanwhile he had secured the appointment of engineer at one of the great collieries of northern England, and he gradually applied his plans for an improved locomotive. He was not entirely successful at first, but he was not discouraged. He saw his mistakes and corrected them. Before he was thirty-five years old he had constructed several locomotive steam-engines, and five years afterwards he had become known as a successful and energetic engineer, and

room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her mother, as she put her arm around the child.

"I don't know, it's an awful big thing; the wind blew it in my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but could find nothing except tears.

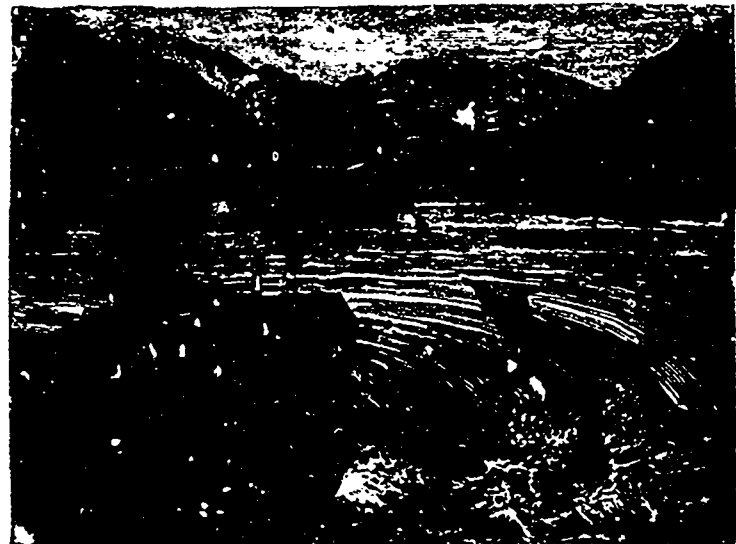
"I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it is there, mother; please do get it out. It makes me so uncomfortable."

The mother looked again, then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water, and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time, but the poor eye did not get any better. Something was in it; something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to

To act without stopping to think is poor economy. Nobody wastes time so hopelessly as the person who decides without deliberation, who, because of his wrong beginning, follows the wrong path, and finally is forced to retrace his steps and start again. A little hard thinking before we begin to act would save us not only much precious time but many a headache as well.—Christian Commonwealth.



THE CHIEF CARPENTER CARRIED OVER ZINGA FALLS.