

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1899.

No. 24.

MISSIONARY HEROES—JOHN HUNT, THE APOSTLE OF FIJI.

BY THE EDITOR.

How great a matter a little fire kindleth! This saying has seldom been more signally illustrated than in the story of John Hunt, the Apostle of Fiji. That a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to manhood with no educational advantages, should, before his thirty-sixth year, be the chief instrument in the conversion to Christianity and civilization of one of the most barbarous races of cannibals on the face of the earth, is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of Christian missions.

The father of John Hunt had been a soldier, but deserted and entered the navy. He was with Nelson at the battle of the Nile, and, from hearing his fireside stories, his son resolved to be himself a hero. Neither his father nor mother could read. Young Hunt was put, at ten years of age, to the hard work of a ploughboy. At sixteen he fell ill of brain fever, and was brought to the verge of the grave. His soul was filled with dread, and on his recovery he began to attend a Methodist chapel. As he followed the plough, thoughts of eternity agitated his mind, and so engrossed his thoughts, that once being ordered to take a load of corn to market, he set off with an empty waggon. He became soundly converted, and, being full of zeal, was soon asked to address a village congregation. His first attempt was a failure. His thoughts took flight. He sat down overwhelmed with confusion, and went home sad and discouraged. Conscious of his want of culture, he caught at every chance of training his mind, by attending night-school and learning to read and write.

In spite of his uncouth appearance and rustic brogue, he became a favourite with the rural congregations which he addressed. He was still a hard-working farm servant. After walking many miles on Sunday, often not reaching home till midnight, he was in the stables grooming his horses at four o'clock next morning. Being asked if he would like to become a preacher, he confessed he would like to go as a servant with a missionary to South Africa, and teach in a Sunday-school—so modest was his ambition. The Mission Secretaries rather laughed at the idea; but he was recom-

mended for the ministry, and at length was sent to the Hoxton training school. He devoted himself with energy to English, Latin, Greek, and Theology—hitherto his only books had been a Bible and Pilgrim's Progress—and during vacation this raw ploughboy was sent to preach—of all places in the world—in the collegiate city of Oxford.

"PITY POOR FIJI."

About two years before this, two Wesleyan missionaries had gone as pioneers from Australia to Fiji. Their account of the cannibal orgies of the islands was a revelation of horror to England. The Wesleyan Mission House issued an appeal. "Pity poor Fiji," which stirred the societies throughout the kingdom. Young Hunt, James Calver, and another were chosen to reinforce that little band among the cannibals. A fellow-student conduced with Hunt on the perils which he must encounter. "That's not it," exclaimed the brave-souled man. "There is a poor girl in Lincolnshire who will never go with me to Fiji, her mother will never consent!" He wrote at once a manly letter to his betrothed, and in a few days burst into his friend's room, saying, "It's all right! she'll go with me anywhere. In a few weeks they were married and on their way to the scene of their future trials and triumphs at the far Antipodes. At Sydney they met John Williams, the destined martyr of Erromanga, and they called the same day to their different

fields of toil. On reaching Fiji, December 22, 1838, the young missionary and his wife were appointed to Rewa, a solitary station remote from Christian aid or sympathy. They went undismayed to their arduous post. "They soon found," said Bishop Walsh, "that so far as the butcheries and cruelties of the people were concerned, the half

had not been told them. They were, perhaps, the most deeply degraded race of human beings that had ever been met with in any of the South Sea Islands. They were superstitious, cruel, and revengeful in the extreme, and addicted to war and bloodshed, in connection with which they often committed deeds of savage barbarity, a description of which would not be fit for the ears of civilized Christian people."

In personal appearance the Fijians are stout and robust. They care little about clothing, except on state occasions, when they paint their bodies and pay special attention to the dressing of the hair, which is arrayed in the most extraordinary and fantastic manner. We continue to quote as follows from Bishop Walsh's graphic sketch:

"HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY."
"Infanticide and



MODES OF WEARING THE HAIR IN FIJI.

cannibalism flourished in even darker forms than in other savage lands. Two-thirds of all the infants were killed at birth, and every village had an executioner appointed to carry out this deed of blood. Those who survived were early trained to the darkest deeds. Dead bodies were handed over to young children to hack and hew; living captives were given up to them to mutilate and torture. No marvel if we read that sick and aged parents were put out of the way by the clubs of their offspring, and that hoary hairs and failing strength excited neither reverence nor compassion. As to cannibalism, it had become an epicurean art. The mother rubbed a reeking portion of the horrible repast on the lips of her own infant, to generate an early taste for human blood. It was no uncommon thing for a man to select his best wife, or his most tender child for the dreadful festival, and even to invite his friends to the awful banquet.

"Ra Unereundu kept a register by means of stones, of the bodies which he had eaten, and they numbered 900! The horrid practice mingled itself with all the acts of life and worship. The building of a canoe, the burial of the dead, the payment of tax, and even the taking down of a mast, were each accompanied with this revolting ceremonial. A chief has been known to kill eight or ten men in order to make rollers for the launching of his canoe, and the ovens were previously ablaze to cook them for his banquet. We must draw the veil over still darker scenes which will not endure recital in Christian ears."

Amid all this savagery, Mr. Hunt writes, "I feel myself saved from almost all fear, though surrounded with men who have scarcely any regard for human life. We are in the hands of God, whom even the heathen fear, when they hear of him. The people at Lakomba say that their God has actually left the island, because our God has beaten him till his bones are sore!" Ere long converts were made to the religion of the cross and with conversion came persecution of the Christian neophytes, who were pillaged of their property by the heathen. Yet the sufferers bore with

(Continued on next page)



DANIEL APE, NATIVE FIJI MISSIONARY.



A CHEATING FAGAN PRIEST.

How to Be Happy.

Are you almost disgusted
With life little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment.
If anything can,
Do something for somebody quick,
Do something for somebody quick

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world
Do something for somebody quick
Do something for somebody quick

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood little man
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul little man
Do something for somebody quick,
Do something for somebody quick

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead little girl
And the walk like a well heated brick
And your earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl,
Do something for somebody quick,
Do something for somebody quick

OUR PERIODICALS:

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

	Yearly	Sub's
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Sunday Echo, Banner, 66 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60	
Inward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies, 5 copies and over	0 10	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 24	
Unlearn, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
New Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter)	0 07	
Green Mentor quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Green Leaf, monthly	0 08	
Green Intermediate quarterly (quarterly)	0 00	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 a dozen, \$2 per 100, per quarter, 6c a dozen, 60c per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
W. COATES, B. F. HURST,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1899.

SCHOOLS OPENING IN THE SPRING.

With the June numbers of both Onward and Pleasant Hours two splendid serial stories will be begun which will run through the summer months. In Pleasant Hours the story is, "A Boy of To-day." It is a tale of stirring adventure, describing life in farm and village, the queer adventures of the young hero with a travelling show, his temptations, and how he overcame them, his staunch and sturdy temperance principles, and how, not without mistakes and mishaps, he came at last to a noble Christian manhood. The story has lots of fun in it, too.

In Onward the story is one of Methodist life in a Scotch fishing village. It is written by a daughter of the parsonage, one who knows Methodism well, and can describe it to the very life. It will be read, we are sure, with intense interest by both old and young.

Be sure to subscribe in time for these June numbers in which these stories begin.

Onward 30 cents for six months, singly; 25 cents to schools.
Pleasant Hours, 15 cents for six months singly; to schools, 12½ cents. No cheaper or better reading for schools.

GEORGE MULLER'S PRAYER TEST.

The great English scientist who proposed a scientific prayer test excited religious controversy throughout the world. Even when this challenge to religious faith was offered, there was a sincere, earnest man who might have answered it if he had had time for argument and discussion. He was too busy praying and working to engage in such strife.

This was George Muller, a Prussian by birth, who was converted while he was a student of twenty at the University of Halle. Not long afterward he went to England, began preaching the doctrine of belief in prayer, and after marrying a dentist's daughter, settled in Bristol, where he recently died at the age of ninety-two. During his long life he raised over seven million dollars for religious and charitable purposes without ever asking anybody on earth for a sixpence.

Early in his ministry he received a small salary as a lay preacher. He decided, as a matter of conscience, to give up this fixed income, and to depend wholly upon prayer and voluntary gifts. The boxes in his chapel for free-will offerings furnished his support. He did not know from whom the money came, but there was always enough and to spare.

In 1835 he opened an orphanage where poor children could be fed, clothed, and educated. He began with thirty girls in a hired house, without a dollar pledged for their support.

He ended with a record of having educated one hundred and twenty thousand children, and of having established five great orphanages at a cost of five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for buildings, and an annual expense of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for maintenance.

This work was carried on entirely by voluntary gifts. His prayers were answered. The money which he needed year by year invariably came, and though sometimes it seemed as if the next day would find the institutions penniless, yet sufficient gifts always arrived in the nick of time to provide for their needs.

He founded a Scriptural Knowledge Institution, based upon prayer. The money came as rapidly as he could use it. He printed and circulated two hundred and seventy-five thousand Bibles, and more than one hundred and seven million books, pamphlets, and tracts in all languages.

He took a hearty interest in foreign missions, prayed for them without ceasing, and raised over one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for sending out missionaries into all lands.

When he was seventy he went around the world as a missionary himself, preaching and working in twenty-two countries. He worked and prayed almost to the end with a faith as simple as a child's, and without the shadow of doubt that his prayers would be answered.

He carried this childlike trust into every hour of his life. There is a story of him that, when he was past ninety, he walked across the fields, near Bristol, one Sunday afternoon, to preach in a little chapel in the country. A shower came on, and Muller, fearing a chill, prayed that the rain might pass. The clouds lifted, the shower passed, and he went on unharmed. Some would call this only a coincidence, yet an old man, who had a balance sheet of over seven million dollars to show as a result of prayer, found it easy to believe that this was still another answer.

George Muller was not a religious fanatic. He was a clear-headed, common sense worker, who possessed great executive ability, and who had absolute faith in prayer. His earnestness and sincerity deeply impressed every one who knew him. His career has been one of the marvels of the time, and offers one of the most practical proofs of the prayer test. Youth's Companion.

A BRAVE LITTLE WORKMAN.

The Sunday-school at Namur has lately gained a new scholar, a little boy who works in a glass manufactory, says the Belgian Messenger. He is only twelve years old, and his looks are not prepossessing. He is small, puny, often black with smoke, and miserably clad, but looks intelligent, and his eyes beam when one talks to him of Jesus, and of the beautiful Gospel stories.

On Sunday his teacher saw, to her amazement, that he was fast asleep. She woke him up and said sternly to him:

"You oughtn't to go to sleep here."
"Oh, madame, forgive me, but I am so tired."

"Did you not sleep well last night, then?"

"Oh, no," he answered, smiling. "I was working for twelve hours last night at the factory, and only came out of it at seven this morning."

"What! do you mean to say that your mother allowed you to come here instead of going to bed?"

"No, no, I told her I would go to bed later," said he, "that I must come first and say my verse."

Is he not a plucky little man?

Missionary Heroes.
(Continued from first page.)

noble cheerfulness "the spoiling of their goods."

"IN THE HANDS OF GOD."

After seven months, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Lyte, and their two wives removed to the island of Samosamo, where only one white man had ever gone, and he a short time before had been barbarously murdered. Their reception was disheartening, and the scenes which they were compelled to witness were appalling in the extreme.

"Within a week news came that the king's youngest son was lost at sea. Forthwith an order was issued that sixteen women, some of them of high rank, should be strangled, and despite of Hunt's entreaties they were put to death, and then burned in front of the mission-house, amidst the blast of conches and the yells of incarnate demons. Some months later, eleven men were dragged with ropes to ovens and roasted for a banquet, and when the missionary's wife closed the window-blinds against the sight of the horrid festival, the infuriated natives threatened to burn down the house unless they were reopened."

In 1840, Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Navy, visited the island, and so deplorable was the condition of the missionaries that he offered to convey them away, but they refused to go, although even the chiefs commanded them to depart.

"During this time the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission-house that the smell from them was sickening; and the young king furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives, if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench. Among all perils and annoyances, Mr. Hunt steadily and earnestly went about his work, always to use his favourite expression turning his care into prayer."

Soon the devoted missionary, Mr. Cross, succumbed to sickness, and died at his post a witness for the truth. A native house was built over his grave, and beneath the same roof in this land of strangers were interred the remains of two or three little children, who were removed to a better country, while their bereaved and afflicted parents were striving to plant the standard of the cross in this dark benighted land.

After three years of apparently unrequited toil at Samosamo, Mr. Hunt removed to Viwa, where the last six years of his life were spent. Though broken in health, he devoted himself with increased zeal to toil and study, teaching, preaching, translating. To him belongs the honour of giving the New Testament to the Fijians in their native tongue, and it was soon printed on an imported press. He kept up also his personal studies, reading Greek, Hebrew, Blackstone's Commentaries, and English literature, and writing a work on Sanctification, which he illustrated in his own religious experience.

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"

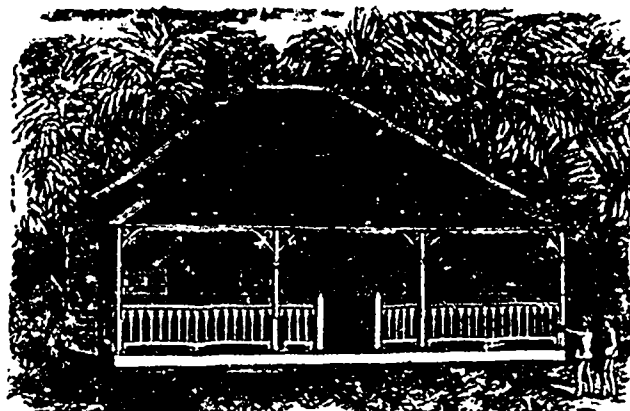
Such devotion, however, could not fail of its glorious reward. A great religious awakening took place. Among the converts was the Queen of Viwa. "Her heart," says Mr. Hunt, "seemed literally to be broken; and, though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all we could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women and some of the men literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As many as could chanted the 'To Deum.' It was very affecting to see upwards of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were, a few years ago, some of the worst cannibals in the

group, and even in the world, chanting. 'We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord;' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents."

Soon a bitter storm of persecution burst on the Christians of Viwa. The neighbouring heathen made relentless war upon them. "Oh, if you missionaries would go away!" they said. "It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away, before long all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!" "It is very easy," said the Christians, "for us to come to Mbau and be cooked, but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity."

CONSUMING ZEAL.

Mr. Hunt's continuous toil at length told seriously upon his health. The man of iron strength, who had come up to London from the fields of Lincolnshire



WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, FIJI.

only twelve years before, was evidently dying. Of him, too, might it be truly said, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.' The converts from heathenism, with sad faces, flocked to the chapel and prayed earnestly for the missionary. "O Lord!" Elijah Verani cried aloud, "We know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If one must die, take me! Take ten of us! But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

As he neared his end, he confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji. Sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji, my heart has travelled in pain for Fiji!" Then, grasping his friend Calvert by the hand, he exclaimed again: "Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake bless Fiji! save Fiji! Save thy servants, save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen, in Fiji!"

Turning to his mourning wife, he said, "If this be dying praise the Lord!" Presently, as his eyes looked up with a bright joy that defied death, he exclaimed, "I want strength to praise him abundantly!" and with the note of triumph, "Hallelujah!" on his lips, he joined the worship of the skies. The next day his coffin was borne by native students to the grave. It had on it no emblazonry, and no record but this:

REV. JOHN HUNT,

Slept in Jesus, October 4th, 1848.

Aged 36 years.



GRAVE OF THE REV. W. CROSS.

When Birdie Wakes.

When daylight comes, like soft roll of drums,
I hear my birdie waken.
From downy wing, the dear little thing,
His tiny head has taken.
And then along comes a gust of song,
Sweet, sweeter his sweet notes strive;
Our heart-strings thrill, his every trill
Is song itself.

The Battle of Life.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy—
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years
come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my
boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling
feet,
Going down to the river where two
worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my
boy;
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be quick, or another may take your
place,
And you may be left behind.

There's a work to be done by the way,
my boy,
That you never can tread again—
Work for the loftest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, plane, spindle and
pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my
boy—
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven
might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breastplate and
shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may
wield,
In the cause of right and truth.
—Bradford Republican.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY
Julia MacNair Wright.

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

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The child did not encroach on 'Rias' few rest hours at home. 'Rias was up before five "doing his chores," as he said, and working in his garden. Then, as most of his fifty acres was in pasture, where he raised stocks of various kinds, many of his days were spent pursuing his trade of carpenter, and from seven until sunset he was somewhere building barns, fences, corn-cribs, or houses. There were days when his potato-patch and corn-field claimed his care; stormy days, when his shop beyond the kitchen and woodshed sounded to his hammer and saw. D'rexy said 'Rias worked too hard, and no doubt he did. D'rexy also said that Heman would soon be able to help Uncle 'Rias. It was held out to the child as a prospect of great honour and happiness. Meanwhile the little man carried in chips, cleared up the litter of his own playthings, and helped hunt eggs and feed the chickens.

That small world about the farmhouse was a world of glory and beauty to him. He had no playmates, and wanted none but the family dog, the fowls, and the usual motherless cosset lamb or two, brought up by hand, by D'rexy, in the door-yard. Heman watched, wide-eyed, the performance of feeding the lambs from a bottle. He fed them bits of his own bread, and led them about with a collar made of some of Aunt D'rexy's carpet rags.

No palace ever afforded a child the luxuries offered by a barn. D'rexy was not nervous about her charge. He scrambled on the hay, and in and out of the farm vehicles. If D'rexy heard stentorian shouts that meant trouble, she went to look after matters, and now and then Aunt Espey strolled about to see how the child was getting on. Good plain food, plenty of sleep, unlimited out-of-doors, moulded the sticky image brought to Aunt D'rexy by the drummer of the Notion Store, into a brown, burly, jolly creature, who still wore his radiant yellow curls, because Aunt D'rexy loved them, and even 'Rias thought that "they looked well in church."

'Rias said but little to Heman. As D'rexy had suggested, he objected "to knuckling down," as he denominated yielding to others, even when they were on the right; and then, too, he was somewhat jealous, in his silent way, that D'rexy took so much comfort in the little boy. Being married twenty years had not instructed 'Rias that there

is always a corner in a woman's heart vacant unless a child fills it. That is why the little sisters, and the children, and the grandchildren find and fill their place with women, in a succession of childhood.

One evening D'rexy was busy in the milk-room; she kept eight cows and sold the milk to a milk route; she was getting the cans ready for the morning cart. Aunt Espey had called Heman to come and go to bed. He ran into the kitchen where 'Rias sat tilted back against the wall reading his semi-weekly paper. Heman ran up to him and clasped his hands over the man's knees.

"Ride me on oor foot!" he demanded. 'Rias gazed on him, as an entomologist at a new specimen. Then he slowly brought his chair into perpendicular, took Heman awkwardly on his foot, and slowly swung him up and down, while Heman, pleased with little, shouted with glee. Then 'Rias saw D'rexy looking through the door at him. He dropped the boy as if caught in a sinful deed.

"There, go to bed; children are great plagues," he remarked in self-justification.

"I make him say 'please' and 'thank you,'" said D'rexy.

Tea at the farmhouse was over at six, and then how beautiful were the long, warm summer evenings, flushed with pink and gold! 'Rias carried Aunt Espey's rocking-chair to the side porch, and took his own favourite position, tilting his chair back against the side of the house. It was the hour for home talk. D'rexy generally occupied the time before the dew fell in gathering seeds, thyme, summer-savoury, and sage. The boy trotted along after her carrying a pail or basket for the spoils.

"That child will be a great blessing to you, 'Rias," said Aunt Espey.

"Well, I don't know," said 'Rias, mindful of that affair of knuckling down. "His father was one of the fellows that keep stora. There's a heap of men looking out for easy ways of making a living; nothing is easy enough for 'em. I tell you what, Aunt Espey, we ain't so much in need of professors and store-keepers as we are of farmers and mechanics. It's the men of muscle that keep up the country; the men that make something where there was nothing; the men that plan waste land and raise a crop; that take boards and make houses; or clay and make brick; or raw iron and make tools. These are the real producers, Aunt Espey, and I don't banker for the other kind in my family. Leslie, Heman's pa, didn't seem to know how to make money."

"Maybe, 'Rias," rebuked Aunt Espey, "if you had died as young as he did, you wouldn't have appeared very forehanded either."

'Rias overlooked this very reasonable suggestion, and said, "And there was Selma, a nice girl, but she had terrible high-faluting ideas about education. Now I believe in education, some of it, not too much. There's plenty of folks chasing after knowledge of foreign languages, and the stars, and so on, that overlook common work needed nigh at hand, like building roads and keeping up fences. If Heman's like that, I wouldn't take to him very powerful."

"Yes; but you'd be glad, for example, if he showed the parts of a good doctor, or the making of a minister."

"I don't know as I should. If all men are ministers, who's going to fill the pews and give the money for church work? If all are doctors, who's going to pay the fees? Some of all are good, but for my family, give me a good, stirring farmer, or a capable mechanic. They're the bone and sinew of the nation, and what makes the world go round, being the bulk of the population. I hold to every man knowing some trade well. Untaught day-labour is always getting out of work. The Jews knew what they were about when they taught every man a trade. Paul made tents. Solomon says, 'The king himself is served of the field,' meaning farming; and he isn't far out when he says, 'The sleep of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much.' Solomon's generally in the right of it. There was Jim Kittle whom I used to go to school with. Ought to have been a blacksmith, but thought school-keeping was more gentlemanly. He's always been a poor, useless, out-at-elbows lot, and I can tell you another little ditty about that, Aunt Espey. Tom Glass, that thought clerking so much elegantier than mason-work, has never had a home of his own, and never will."

Privately 'Rias considered Heman "a stirring child," but felt it beneath his dignity to say anything so complimentary. When the minister came to call and found him in his shop making beehives, and Heman filling a basket with shavings, 'Rias, knowing that the minister had no hint of the "knuckling

down" bugbear, said that "the little chap was surprising good at church and at family prayers."

"He'll make a parson some day," said the guest, patting the child's head.

"I'll be satisfied if he makes a good, honest carpenter or bricklayer," said 'Rias.

When Christmas came, Aunt Espey knit some red mittens, and made a little plaid cap, and some horse hnos; D'rexy made a canton-flannel rabbit, a horse's head on a section of broomstick, and a strong paper soldier hat, with waving plumes. 'Rias made no remark, but silently approved home-made toys, and on Christmas morning appeared with a neatly-fashioned sled, painted blue.

"If he's to grow up worth anything, he has to learn to play in the snow," he said sheepishly, and he took immense satisfaction in observing that before the glory of that sled the women's gifts were simply nowhere. 'Rias made certain wide grimaces, that were his style of laughing, when he remarked Heman shouting, shrieking, rolling over scrambling up, laughing and "apering with that sled in two luc' f snow that whitened the dooryard.

In March, D'rexy one evening made pop-corn sticks and some taffy, and covered a ball, while Aunt Espey prepared a picture-book, pasting in, on cloth pages, pictures which she had collected during the six months. To-morrow would be Heman's fourth birthday, they told 'Rias. 'Rias made no comment, but he retired to his shop for half an hour, and made what was better than comments, a little windmill of four red vans on a stick. His excuse for this piece of work was that "he never could abide a child that didn't know which way the wind blew."

There was a night, late in March, when lights burned all night in the farmhouse, and against the curtains might be seen the shadows of people passing to and fro. The child was very sick, burning and moaning with fever. One or two children of the township had lately died with scarlet-fever, and 'Rias had been full of slow, silent sympathy, as he helped his neighbours bury their dead. While D'rexy was applying remedies and Aunt Espey giving advice, 'Rias disappeared. D'rexy concluded he had gone to the shop for quiet. In an hour and a half hoofs clattered and wheels rattled. Here was 'Rias with the doctor. The man of remedies pronounced the case a bad cold, but no scarlet-fever, and in the morning the boy was better.

D'rexy said gratefully, "'Rias, it was mighty good of you to ride to town for a doctor in all that storm, after your day's work. You knew he'd be near here at Mr. Ladd's in the morning, and for your own self you never called him in the night, because night visits cost more."

"Yes," assented slowly the man who never, never knuckled down, "yes, D'rexy, but how could I sleep, thinking scarlet-fever had got into our home? It was worth the trip to find out we were free of that."

"I reckon," said D'rexy but she knew what he felt to be worth the trip was, to find "that Heman was not dangerous."

"I never knew 'Rias to be so powerful in prayer as he was this morning," said D'rexy with satisfaction, to Aunt Espey. "It appeared somehow as if he'd taken to soul-growing."

"Yes," said Aunt Espey, "the Lord has got 'Rias in hand, and is teaching him. It's the tender-hearted that pray powerfully, D'rexy."

Spring opened, and the sturdy Heman, past four and big of his age, elected to follow 'Rias like a shadow. Often the child was seen riding the horse that was ploughing, and 'Rias explained this concession by stating that "the child lagged so far behind and was so little, he was plumb sure to lose him in the furrows unless he set him on the horse."

Heman could find the eggs, and feed the dog and chickens by himself now, and hour after hour he spent in the shop with 'Rias, making very singular things which bore the large names of "road waggon," "cisterns," "tanks," and "hen-houses."

"It beats all how straight that child can drive a nail," said 'Rias triumphantly to D'rexy; then remembering that this was altogether knuckling down, he added as he buried his face in the roller-towel, that "no doubt it was all accident; and come he was ten years old he'd be all for a yard-stick, and not know a hammer from a monkey-wrench."

One evening, when Aunt Espey and D'rexy had been to see a sick neighbour, they came home to find 'Rias and Heman sitting on a saw-buck, and 'Rias telling this tale to Heman.

"Oh, I can't tell you stories like the women folks. All the story I know is about the man you're named for, Heman,

who played on the horn in the Lords temple at Jerusalem. He had fourteen sons and three daughters, and the whole of them could sing like larks, and he stood 'em in a row in the temple every day, and they sang and played on harps, just like rows of angels."

(To be continued.)

TWO BRAVE GIRLS.

Nearly two hundred years ago, two girls, Prudence and Endurance Place, twin sisters, lived in the Cocheco Valley, New Hampshire. At that time the country from Portsmouth to Ossipee was an unbroken wilderness, and settlers were few in the beautiful valley.

The Place family lived in a log house in a small clearing. Indians occasionally called at the house, but Mr. Place treated them courteously, and never sent them away empty-handed.

When Prudence and Endurance were fourteen years of age, Mr. and Mrs. Place, with the younger children, went on a visit to Portsmouth, leaving the twins to keep house. During the first day of their home-keeping the girls gathered the big yellow pumpkins from the field, and laid them in a pile near the back door.

While resting from their labour, they amused themselves by cutting two hideous jack-o'-lanterns from large pumpkins, each seeking to outdo the other in carving the grotesque features. They stuck them on poles, fixed the candles inside, and made ready to astonish their father on his return by showing the grinning ogres at the window.

While Endurance prepared the simple supper and set the house to rights for the night, Prudence went out to drive home the cow and sheep. She had to go farther than she had expected, and as she came near a brook she was startled to see three Indians on the other side, talking earnestly, gesticulating, and pointing now and then toward the log house in the clearing.

Prudence was alarmed by their suspicious conduct. Turning back, unseen by them, she fled homeward, and told her sister what she had seen.

"They've found out father and mother have gone away, an' they're coming here to steal, an' p'raps to kill us," the two said to each other.

For a minute the frightened girls knew not what to do. The jack-o'-lanterns were lying in a corner of the room, and like an inspiration it came to Endurance that with these horribly grinning faces they could scare away the Indians. Near the back door was a pit, dug for storing potatoes, and now covered with boards and brush. Taking their jack-o'-lanterns, they scrambled into the pit and concealed the entrance cleverly by drawing the boards and brush into place. After what seemed hours of waiting and listening, the girls heard stealthy steps about the house, which was in total darkness. Listening intently, they heard the Indians in the garden, evidently searching for them.

Now was the moment for action. The candles were lighted in the jack-o'-lanterns, and they were thrust up through the brush. The Indians caught a glimpse of the frightful faces, and, filled with superstitious terror, fled, believing they had seen devils.

In the morning, when Prudence and Endurance ventured from their concealment, they found in the garden path a tomahawk and three eagle's feathers.

The spot was ever afterward regarded with superstitious awe by the Indians, not one of whom was ever known to approach the log house of the Places.

A Fellow's Mother.

BY M. E. SANSTER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise. With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes. "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Rags and buttons, and lots of things. No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care (not much, I mean), If a fellow's face is not always clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad, But only sorry if you are bad, And I tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive what's'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes. "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day— A fellow's a baby that don't obey."
—Youth's Companion.



WOODPECKER.

EMERSON AND THE WOODPECKER STORY.

No squirrel works harder at his plucking harvest than the carpenter woodpecker in autumn at their acorn harvest says John Muir in The Atlantic, drilling holes in the thick, corky bark of the yellow pine and alders...

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW JUNE 25. GOLDEN TEXT

- This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. - 1 Tim. 1, 15. HOME READINGS. M The raising of Lazarus - John 11. 32-45. Tu Jesus teaching humility - John 13. 1-17. W Jesus, the Way and the Truth and the Life - John 14. 1-14.

- Th The vine and the branches - John 15. 1-11. F Christ betrayed and arrested - John 18. 1-11. S Christ crucified - John 19. 17-30. Su Christ risen - John 20. 11-20. I. Recite the Title and Golden Text of each lesson. II. Make a simple outline map of ancient Jerusalem and its surroundings. The city was nearly square but sloped a little toward the north-west. 1. Locate the temple courts, in the south-east corner. 2. The Mount of Olives, with Bethany on its farther slope. 3. The Garden of Gethsemane. 4. The probable sites of the upper room, the high priest's palace, the meeting place of the Sanhedrin, and Pilate's house. 5. Calvary. 6. Trace the journey from Bethany to the upper room where the last supper was eaten, from the last supper to Gethsemane, from Gethsemane across the city and back again to the different places of trial, from Pilate to Calvary. III. Recite the one miracle of the Quarter, and its teaching to us. IV. State (by the titles) in which lessons are found the scenes here indicated: 1. A woman weeping in a garden. 2. Husbandmen gathering up shrivelled branches, prunings of the vineyard. 3. Four men gambling. 4. A teacher surrounded by his inquiring and anxious disciples (three lessons). 5. One girded with a towel. 6. Men and women crowded about a fire on a cold evening. 7. A man grumbling about the misuse of money. 8. One man cutting another with a sword. 9. One talking straight into a grave. V. State the principal teaching of each lesson.

Last some building stone be mislaid or missing by reason of any interruption in the quarter's lessons they are here repeated. The wall should be finished,



KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

showing the twelve square or oblong building stones, each containing initials of title and first words of Golden Text, to aid in recalling the lessons in the review drill. Write for the foundation, "Jesus helping me."

"The lessons are all about Jesus our Lord. The Saviour who lived among men, Of his dear loving call, and his death for us all, And his glorious rising again."

Table with 4 columns and 4 rows of lesson initials. Column 1: I, V, CP, IS OUR. Column 2: A, VI, VB. Column 3: CHRIST. Column 4: JTH, VII, SBA, XI, XII, NLS.

ABOUT THE KARENS.

Last Sabbath was special missionary collection in the Bible school which George and Nellie Hatton attended; and the superintendent announced that the money then collected would be sent to spread the truth among the Karens. On their way home from school, the brother and sister talked it over, and as they found they knew little about the Karens, they decided to ask their papa about them. As usual, they found him ready for their questions, and glad to answer as far as he could. "The encyclopedias tell us that the meaning of the word 'Karen' is 'wild man,'" said Mr. Hatton. "Though I do not know why they should be called thus; for from all I glean from the writings of those missionaries who have labored among them, they seem to be a meek and peaceful race, though, as a nation, ignorant and uncivilized. "Where do they live?" asked Nellie. "In the mountainous districts of Burma and Siam, though according to their traditions they are not natives of those countries. Instead, they say they came from far to the north-west of their present home; but followed among the mountain ranges until they came to Burmah. "The Burmese seem to be their natural enemies, treating them as slaves whom possible, often subjecting them to the most cruel persecutions. "Do they live in such houses as we do?" asked George. "No, the climate there is so warm that they do not need the protection of such houses as ours. They are built of stout posts and bamboo, and thatched with palm leaf. The floor is made of a matting of split bamboo stretched over a strong timber framework, which is raised six or eight feet above the ground. The entrance is reached by a ladder, sometimes very rudely constructed; and when the inmates are within, if they do not wish visitors, they draw the ladder up. "Housekeeping there is certainly performed under difficulties. The water must be drawn from a curbsell well by means of a bucket and rope, and is often



WOODPECKER'S HEAD AND TONGUE.

know they have such a passenger, they sometimes treat them to a most unceremonious shaking up. "Here is the picture of a Karen mother putting her baby to sleep in what we would probably call a swinging cradle; but which she would tell you was a 'poquette'."

Canada.

By REV. J. HARRY KING. Half Canada I beloved land, Pride of Imperial Crown, Rich heritage 'neath Heaven's hand, We sing thy wide renown, Land of the peaceful hearth and home; Of destiny sublime; Honoured and cherished, though we roam Afar to fairest clime. Fair realms of fast and rock-ribbed shores, Where breaks the mighty sea; Land which the richest fruitage bears - Home of the glad and free; The noble sires and sons inflame The patriot's slumbering pride; The subjects of thy vast domain, In happiness abide. Half Canada, our native land, 'Neath Britain's flag unfurled; The sceptre shall in honour stand, And sway with hers the world. May Heaven's favours crown thy way, Thy glory spread afar; 'Till brotherhood the nations sway, And ends the ban of war.

Readable Books.

The Miracle at Markham. How Twelve Churches Became One. By Charles M. Sheldon. With numerous illustrations. Paper, 50c. p. cloth, 60c. A new story by Sheldon will interest a world of readers. The success of his books is without a parallel. Fifteen London publishers are competing for the market. Already 4,000,000 copies are reported as sold. "The Miracle at Markham" is said to be Mr. Sheldon's best. Yesterday Framed in To-day. A Story of the Christ and How To-day Received Him. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. H. Alden). Cloth, illustrated, 70c. This is one of the most remarkable books Pansy has yet written. Her book is unlike anything else in print. Into the gray days of railroad and telegraph, phone and electric light, the author brings a central figure - Jesus the Christ. It is an appropriate sequel to her beautiful life of Christ, which appeared last season.

The Cross Triumphant. By Florence M. Kingsley, author of "Titus," "Stephen" and "Paul." Paper, 60c.; cloth, \$1.00. The extraordinary popularity of "Titus," which enjoyed a sale of nearly a million copies within a year, made Mrs. Kingsley's a somewhat famous name in all America. The new story is well worthy of the excellent series to which it forms a complement.

A Double Throedrift. By Ellen Thornecroft Fowler. Paper, 70c.; cloth, \$1.25. "Concerning Isabel Clark" was one of the most successful books of the past year. The London Spectator remarked of it: "The novel of the season" will probably be the verdict upon this equally witty and brilliant story. The book positively radiates humour.

I, Thou and the Other One. By Amelia E. Barr, Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "A Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc. etc. Illustrated. Paper, 60c.; cloth, \$1.00. Mrs. Barr well maintains the popularity won with her earliest stories. This new one is said to be the best she has written since "A Bow of Orange Ribbon" appeared.

We pay postage. Send orders to WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. Colver, Montreal. E. F. Heald, Montreal.