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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1892.

[No. 31.]

## THE ECLIPSE.

The boys in the picture are looking at the sun through a piece of smoked glass. It was reported that there would be an eclipse of the sun, so they found a piece of broken glass and held it over a lighted candle that the surface of it might be coated with smoke in order that they may look at the bright sun without injuring their eyes.

An eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon coming between it and the earth. Sometimes it becomes so dark that persons can hardly see. The next time there is an eclipse of the sun don't fail to look at it through a piece of smoked glass. You will then see a dark object moving gradually upon the sun until that luminary is almost totally hidden. It will be worth seeing. Examine the almanac, which will tell you when the next eclipse occurs, have your glass ready and you will see something you will never forget.

## THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

In very early times England was called "Albion," a word which means "white," because of its white cliffs. But the writer Pliny, who lived many years ago, and who was a great lover of flowers, thought that perhaps it was so called because the white rose grew so plentifully there. But the rose did not become the national flower of England till many years after the country was called "Albion." When Edward III. was king of England, a coin was made which had a rose on one side. This coin was called a rose noble. But even then the rose was not England's national flower.

When Henry VI. was king, a great trouble arose in the land. He was a good man; so good that he has been called the "Saintly Henry." He belonged to the Lancaster branch of the royal family. And the other branch, which was the house of York, wished for the throne themselves. The leaders of these two families met one day in the Temple Garden, at London, and disputed together. The leader of the house of York plucked a white rose from a rose bush, and called upon all his friends to do the same.

The leader of the house of Lancaster then plucked a red rose, and asked the friends of that house to pluck a red rose also. So in the great wars that followed between these two branches of the royal family, those of the house of Lancaster wore the red rose for a badge, and those of the house of York wore the white rose. These wars are called in history the "War of the Roses." They lasted

thirty years, and many, very many, men were killed. Then a prince of the house of Lancaster married Elizabeth of York, and this marriage put an end to the wars.

There is a pretty story that at the time of their marriage a rose bush in Wiltshire, which had always borne white roses, put out roses of mingled white and red. However true that may be, there is a rose which grows in English gardens, of mixed petals, white and red, and which is called the York and Lancaster rose.

So the two roses have ever since been united in one, and make the double rose,

which is called the Tudor rose. It is carved upon royal palaces and royal tombs. The prince of the house of Lancaster who married Elizabeth of York, was Henry VII. He built a beautiful chapel at Westminster Abbey, in which he and his wife were buried. If you should go there, you would see the rose, both double and single, carved all over the walls and on its doors, paneled in its windows, and also carved upon the splendid monument under which

good lady insisted, and scandal-monger and scandalized were placed face to face.

No one ever ventured a second time to repeat a scandalous story to the inexorable lady, who insisted that what was said of an absent person should be said in his presence.

The author of "The Five Talents of Woman" quotes several amusing anecdotes of tale bearers. One tells of a Scotch minister, who rebuked one of his flock for her

by a lady, who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The woman did as she was directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my child," replied Philip, "so is it with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can. Go, sin no more."

## THE HIGH LEVEL.

BY "DANIEL QUORM."

"Why, my dear friend, we should hardly know ourselves if we went to live up where Paul lived.

"I've heard folks who've come from California say that out there the air is so pure that you can see miles an' miles, everything is so clear; an' 'tis all so still that you can hear singin' miles off; an' 'tis always summer over there, so that the bees don't lay up any honey, because there's no winter, and no need for it.

"Now that's the high level to heaven, 'zactly. 'Tis up where you can see ever so far, where you always catch sight o' the golden gates, and see the shinin' o' the Father's house, and where 'tis so very still you can almost hear the singin' inside. I wonder we don't emigrate right off, 'tis such a pretty country, and no rate of taxes. And like the bees, you've got honey up there all the year round.

"Why, 'tis down here for us as well as up there, if we would only have it:

"There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers."

"And if you like to ask why we don't live there, the answer is plain enough:

"Self, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours."

"Seems to me that Paul made short work with self. He gave self notice to quit, an' gave up the freehold to his blessed Lord. And I mean to try and follow his example, and say to myself: 'Dan'el I, won't have you for a tenant any longer, you're more trouble to me than all the world besides. You're so hard to please an' so uncertain that if you happen to be all right to-day, there's no knowin' what you'll be like to-morrow. I shall turn 'o out, neck and crop, with all your goods and chattels.'

"Then when anybody knocked to the door and said, 'Dan'el Quorm live here—does he? I should dearly love to say, 'Dan'el's gone away, an' he's dead an' burned; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'



THE ECLIPSE.

they lie. This monument is inclosed by a screen of bronze, and here again you find the rose.

## TALE-BEARING.

HANNAH MORE thought that speaking ill was as bad as doing ill. If a tale-bearer repeated to her some gossip story, she would say, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The tale-bearer might stammer out a qualification, or beg that no notice should be taken of the story; but the

gossiping habit. It was in the days when a gentleman carried a "repeater," a watch which struck the hours, and repeated the strokes on pressing a spring.

"Janet," said the clergyman, "I have warned ye often; ye are over muckle given to scandal. Ye maun keep your mouth as it were wi' bit and bridle, as the Scripture saith."

"Aweel, minister," replied Janet, "sae I hae always kept a watch upon my tongue." "Hoot, Janet! It maun have been a repeater then."

The pious Philip of Neri was once visited

Jesus and I.

While clinging to Jesus with unyielding hold,  
How sweetly I dwell in his heavenly fold;  
Our union is perfect, all foes we defy,  
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

Jesus and I, my Jesus and I,  
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I;  
Since the world I've forsaken,  
And the cross I have taken,  
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

The storms may be fearful, and trials severe,  
No bow in the heavens to comfort or cheer;  
Dark clouds of temptation may spread o'er the sky,  
We'll cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

Companions and friends, though most closely allied,  
May sever their friendship, each other denied;  
Their long-cherished union may suddenly die,  
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

Contention and strife in the world may prevail;  
True kindness and love may everywhere fail;  
In union immortal continued on high,  
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1892

MIRRORS.

We are mirrors. We cannot help being reflectors. We reflect in our characters every influence that touches our lives. I am interested to you. You speak one sentence. I know that you are an Englishman, or an American, or a Spaniard. You are a combination of reflections. We become like those with whom we associate. Two boys in a university in England roomed together eight years. Toward the end of that time these two boys were so much alike that it became remarkable. They had reflected and reflected until one was almost the image of the other. If you called on one, and found the other one in instead, you might talk to him on the same subjects and expect to receive the same answers that you would from the other. I once knew a girl who was growing so saintly that every one wondered. No one guessed her secret. She became very ill, and a dear friend of hers obtained permission to open a locket which she wore constantly about her neck. There she saw engraved on the inside of the locket the clew to the secret: "Whom having not seen, we love." If we reflect the glory of the character of Christ we shall be changed from glory to glory—that is, from character to character. How this is I cannot tell. Had Paul written in these times he would probably have used the photograph instead of the mirror as a symbol. I cannot tell how the impalpable shadow which appears on the plate is fastened there; no one can. And I cannot

tell how character is changed. We reflect Christ for a time, and then we are changed; and then we are changed again and then again, and so on from glory to glory. First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear; and after that it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Do you not see the infinite possibilities of this? We are to go on and on. We are to be God's reflectors in this world.

CHINESE GIRLS.

According to those who have been there, the condition of women in China is one of degradation. They are ignorant, and so shut up within themselves that they are removed from all elevating and refining influences that might make them better and purer. They are taught to believe that they have no souls as the men have, and, feeling themselves to be mere goods and chattels, they know nothing of the dignity of pure womanhood.

When a visitor calls to see the husband, the wife and daughters hide themselves generally until he is gone. A wife never sits at the table with her husband. The rice and food is brought in steaming hot for the men and boys and, after they are done, the women may eat what is left. I have been told that even the Christians follow this rule. Propriety forbids a man to make any reference what ever to a woman. He must not even inquire after the wife of a friend. If she is mentioned between the most intimate friends, they must do it in a roundabout way, using, for instance, the term "house back," meaning the person at the back of the house; or, if they live in northern China, they will say, "the broom and dust-pan," so you see there is not much respect paid them.

Still, although they are placed so low in the social scale, the women of China are not in as bad a state as the women of some other oriental countries. They exercise considerable authority in the house, and the women of the working people have more freedom. Although they are not so badly off as the women of Turkey or India, for instance, still their condition is such as to make the heart of every Christian woman bleed for them.

NED'S "EXTRA."

BY A. L. NOBLE.

JENNY SEWELL was the youngest clerk in Parker's dry-goods store. She had been such a bright faithful "cash" that at thirteen she was promoted. Still being rather small, her wages were smaller yet, and queerly enough her work was heavy; often it was whatever the older clerks found unpleasant. But Jenny did her best. She had a Christian mother, and she was a "King's daughter."

One night Jenny was hurrying home, hugging her old muff close to keep warm; for it was cold and stormy. She was thinking how much good rich people could do. How poor people could (as she thought) only try to be good. Just then Ned Willis, the newsboy, passed her with a kindly nod. Ned lived in the same block. A group of business men were ahead, and seeing them, Ned opened his mouth and yelled: "Extra! extra! All about the fire! Terrible loss of life! Extra! extra!"

The men turned, and three or four of them hurriedly bought papers, and pushed on in the face of the snow and sleet.

"Where is the dreadful fire, Ned?" asked Jenny, catching up with him as he fell back a little.

Ned thrust his tongue in his cheek and with a wink replied: "Oh, there is lots of 'em in different places!"

"Don't that extra tell of any?"

"Ain't an extra; it is what's left of morning Herald."

"Oh, Ned! I am so disappointed in you," cried Jenny impulsively.

"Oh, come now, all the fellows do it," said Ned, a little—just a very little abashed.

"But I did not think you were like the others. Folks say you are so nice to your mother and little sick brother."

too. Suppose I sold a five-cent paper of pins to somebody, and when they got out of the shop the paper had not a pin in it? Why, I wouldn't be so mean."

"Now, I don't believe you would," said Ned, looking at her big, gray eyes, so wide open and earnest, "but we boys have to be smart."

"Do you like a man who is tricky?"

"No, I can't say I do."

"Does your mother teach your little sick brother to lie and steal?—for getting other folks' money for nothing is stealing?"

"See here, Jenny Sewell, don't you preach. That man got a paper."

"It was no good. Likely he'd read it hours ago. It ain't square, Ned. Don't do it again, for God's sake."

"Come, now, give us a rest," said Ned; but he walked along by Jenny, and let her tease him to go to the boys' club in the coffee house. He actually promised her to "look in there some night."

Jenny was cold and tired when he left her; but she went around to the coffee-house and asked a mission lady she knew to look after Ned. The lady was young, pretty and just as "snoot" in her way as Ned was. Before long he got into the way of buying a five-cent lunch there. Food was so very cheap and hot. They gave him errands to do. Bitter cold nights he came to the mission service to get warm. Before the year was past Ned was at work in a shop, had come to believe honesty was the best policy, to know that God saw him.

Jenny wore her silver cross, wished she could "do good," and took no credit to herself for having started a bright boy on the road to honesty and temperance.

A WHISTLING WELL.

Wide Awake tells of a curiosity in the town of Great Valley, in Cattaraugus county, New York. It is a "whistling well," on the farm of Colonel Wesley Flint.

This well was dug by the colonel's father, forty five years ago, to the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned. Some time after, a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the well, and a flat stone, with an inch-and-three-quarter hole bored in it, was fitted over it. Into this hole a whistle was fastened, which changed its tune as the air was drawn up or down; and it was soon found to be a reliable weather barometer. In settled weather the whistle was silent; but if a storm was coming on its approach was heralded by a warning shriek of the whistle as the air rushed out of the well.

When the storm passed and clear weather came, the current of air changed and it was drawn into the well, and the faithful whistle told the story by its changed tone. The whistle itself has long been worn out; but the well still foretells the changes of the weather to those who understand the meaning of the varying current of air. In rainy weather a stream of spray is forced up through the opening.

HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

A few months ago all England rang with the story of a young physician who, to save the life of a child dying of diphtheria, applied his lips to an incision made in her throat to remove the putrid matter that was choking her. The little girl died, and the doctor fell a victim to his heroic effort. "At the gate of heaven," it was said by one who loved her, "surely he will be first welcomed by a little child!"

It warms the blood to hear of a single act of such heroism, but the latest accounts from Spain tell us that a whole city has rivalled this hero in self-devotion and courage. The people of Saragossa were famous for their dauntless bravery in the Moorish and Peninsular wars. The old fire apparently still burns in their blood, but in saving life, not in destroying it.

When the cholera broke out in the city, the inhabitants with one mind set at work to remove every case of want, to supply every household with plentiful and nourishing food, and to give to every case of the cholera the utmost skill and care. Every citizen gave money, food, or labour; such was the care taken of the patients that

very few had to be removed to the hospital."

Individual cases of heroic self-sacrifice occurred every day. The mayor was foremost among the nurses of the victims of the epidemic; the forty firemen devoted themselves night and day to the work, "without a thought of their own safety, only eager to save life."

A poor washerwoman bringing home clothes to a lady whom she found in a state of collapse, in which it was impossible to warm her, throw off her dress, jumped into bed, took the dying woman in her arms, and rubbed and chafed the clammy limbs until circulation was restored. This is but one instance of the universal spirit of self-devotion which animated the whole community.

When the disease had spent itself the Spanish Government offered rewards to the principal officials, who promptly refused them. It then bestowed the Grand Cross of the Order of Beneficence on the entire city. This Cross is given only to a few individuals, who have risked their lives for the help of others; there is no order more highly valued in Spain. Never before has it been conferred upon an entire town.

One cannot help wondering what example or teaching lifted these people to such lofty heights of heroism.

GARFIELD'S EARLY CHOICE.

At the funeral services of President Garfield, some years since, the minister told how he became a Christian in his early youth. His careful consideration of the great question and his earnest and candid acceptance of Christ as the Guide of his life, is a bright example for every young person to follow; and the secret of his wonderful power and success lies in this great decision that he made when he was but a lad. The account is as follows:

"When James A. Garfield was yet a child, a series of religious meetings were held in one of the towns of Cuyahoga county, by a minister by no means attractive as an orator, possessing none of the graces of an orator, and marked only by entire sincerity, by good reasoning powers, and by an earnestness in seeking to win souls from sin and righteousness. The lad Garfield attended those meetings for many nights, and after listening to the sermons night after night he went one day to the minister and said to him: 'Sir, I have been listening to your preaching, night after night, and I am fully persuaded that if these things you say are true it is the duty and the highest interest of every man of respectability, and especially of every young man, to accept that religion and seek to be a man. But, really, I don't know whether the thing is true or not. I can't say that I believe it, but I dare not say that I fully and honestly believe it. If I were sure that it was true I would most gladly give it my heart and my life.' So, after a long talk, the minister preached that night on the text, 'What is Truth?' and proceeded to show that, notwithstanding all the various and conflicting opinions in the world, there was one assured and eternal alliance for every human soul in Jesus Christ; that every soul was safe with Jesus Christ; that he never would mislead; that any young man giving him his hand and heart and walking in his pathway would not go astray, and that, whatever might be the solution of ten thousand insoluble mysteries, at the end of all things the man who loved Jesus Christ and walked after the footsteps of Jesus, and realized in spirit and life the pure morals and the sweet piety, was safe if safety there were in the universe of God. safe, whatever else was safe; safe, whatever else might prove unworthy and perish forever. And he suited upon it after due reflection, and came forward and gave his hand to the minister in pledge of his acceptance of the guidance of Christ for his life, and turned his back upon the sins of the world forever. The boy is father to the man; and that pure honesty and integrity, and that fearless spirit to inquire, and that brave surrender of all the chains of sin to conviction of duty and right, went with him from that boyhood throughout his life, and crowned him with honours that were so cheerfully awarded to him from all hearts."

**Vacation Song:**

I have closed my books and hidden my slate,  
And thrown my satchel across the gate;  
My school is out for a season of rest,  
And how for the schoolroom I love the best!

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,  
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide—  
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,  
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars,

Where the daisies of buttercups gild the scene  
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the green,  
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced as they pass  
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons have written in clouds and trees,  
And no bird whistles except the breeze,  
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,  
A stray sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream,  
Which hides itself, like a school-boy's dream,  
Under a shadow at a touch of sight,  
But laughing still for its own delight.

My classmates there are the birds and bees,  
And the saucy squirrel, less wise than these,  
For he only learns in all the weeks  
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet  
A lesson of hers did I once forget;  
For womanly love do her lips impart,  
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

Oh, come! oh, come! or we shall be late,  
And down will fasten the golden gate.  
Of all the schoolrooms in east or west,  
The school of Nature I love the best.

a crust of mouldy bread or the rind of an orange: the strongest always gaining the victory over those younger or weaker. He heard little children, who could hardly speak, stammering out bad words, which had no meaning for them, but which showed what the sin was of those about them. Now and then a baby looked at him over the shoulder of a drunken mother, who was entering or leaving a ginnapalace. Because his heart was full of little Gip he saw all these things as he had never seen them before. Two or three times he had called to a child moping alone, as if it were an entire stranger to the other children about it, but none of them had answered to the name of Gip. At length he went home, heartsick and very sorrowful.

Mrs. Shafto had been sewing away busily whilst Johnny was absent, fretted by her husband's persistent fears that Sandy had carried something off with him, and by his slow, lazy search through all the shelves and drawers which the boy might have rifled. Several times he fancied something was missing, and would not let her rest until she put down her work, and found what he was searching over as gone. She was in very low spirits herself. It was so odd of the boy, she thought; he had seemed to cling so much to her last night. Could it be that he was afraid of her promise at the police-station, that she would keep her eye upon him? Did he suppose she meant to make a sort of prisoner of him? If Sandy tried to keep out of their way, there was very little chance that either she or Johnny would come across him again. London was too wide a place for that.

It was growing quite dusk in the quiet grave-yard, and the tall headstones looked taller and blacker than in the daytime, the gas was lit, though it was turned very low, in the gloomy shop, not for the chance of any customers coming to Mr. Shafto, but for the sake of the persons who employed his wife to sew for them. John was lingering about the grave-yard, hardly caring to carry his sad face into his mother's presence, and feeling that his father's fretful speeches would be too hard for him to bear, when a shrill, low whistle behind him made him start as he were frightened. It was still light enough for him to see Sandy, whose bare feet had made no sound at all upon the flagged pathway.

"Oh! Sandy! Sandy!" he cried, "how could you run away from us? I'm so glad you've come back."

"Why, I didn't run away," answered Sandy, "I crept away early this mornin', because I don't want nothing of you but to come and see you at odd times. The master, he don't like me bein' here, he don't. So I crept away quiet; and one of my pals lent me a pair of fuses, and I were in luck to-day, and sold 'em sharp, and bought some more; and now I've got fourpence halfpenny, besides a meat pie I've bought. Oh! I wish little Gip were here."

He could not bear to think of little Gip's delight, if she could only see the meat pie, and go with him to spend the money, which was safely tied in a corner of his ragged pocket with a bit of string.

"Sandy," said John, "I've been searching for little Gip all day."

"Ah!" sighed Sandy, "but you'd never know her if you saw her. I'd know her miles and miles away. I s'pose Jesus 'ud know her, wouldn't he? or it's no use me askin' him to look out for her."

"To be sure he knows her," answered John earnestly. "He knows us all by our names, and he's sure to know all the little children when he's so fond of them; every one of them. Don't doubt that, Sandy. He's sure to take care of Gip. Don't you know that once he lived in heaven with his Father, but when he saw how lost and miserable we were, and how we should never, never find the way to heaven ourselves, he came down into this world, and lived like we do, and was always seeking those that were lost?"

"It were very good of him," said Sandy; "but I never heard tell of it afore."

"Sandy," continued John Shafto, his voice growing more and more earnest, "I don't think I could bear to live if I didn't know all that. Sometimes when I'm in great pain at nights, till I can hardly keep from crying out—and I don't like to wake

mother, she has to work so hard—I feel as if I heard him speak to me. Sometimes he says, 'John, lovest thou me?' And I say, 'halt ahead, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.' Then he says, 'Bear this a little while, for my sake. And I remember what pain he bore for me; and all my pain seems as nothing. Sandy, if you could hear him say, 'I am taking care of little Gip, and if you love me, some day you shall have her again,' that would help you to bear it, wouldn't it?"

"Ah!" answered Sandy, with a deep sigh, "but how am I to know it?"

"I will tell you the very words Jesus said himself," replied John. "listen: 'For the Son of man, that a himself, you know; the Son of man is come to save that which was lost. How think ye! if a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, does he not leave the ninety-nine, and go into the mountains, and seek that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoices more over that sheep than over the ninety and nine that went not astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.' Not one of them, Sandy, not one of the hundreds and thousands of little children in London. He is looking after them all, every one; and he knows little Gip as well as you do. I thought of that when I saw such lots and lots of them, and I was afraid one might be little Gip, and me not know her. 'Lord,' I said, 'Thou knowest her quite well. Take care of her for Sandy, and bring her back some day.' I think he will perhaps before I die."

"Or Johnny," said Sandy, in a frightened voice, "you're not goin' to die, are you?"

"I—and-by, Sandy," he answered quietly; "the doctor says there's no hope for me, and mother and me have talked about it; and we are going to be as happy as we can till the time comes, and she's to wear her blue ribbons in her cap, because I like it so. It's harder for poor mother than me, because she'll have to wait, and now she has nobody but me."

"But you'll be put into a coffin," said Sandy, "and buried deep down in the ground."

"That's not much," replied John Shafto, "that's only my body; but I shall go to the other children. Mother says all this world is like one large room to God; and he is among us, like a mother is with her children when she sits at work in the same room with them, seeing all they do, and hearing all they say, but perhaps not seeming to take much notice of them. And to die is only like going into the next room; where we shall see him and hear his voice, and be no longer like little children at play, but be more like his grown-up sons and daughters; and he will talk to us more, and teach us harder things than whilst we are so little. I shall be glad to be called into the next room for everything, save leaving mother."

"I don't know nothink about it," answered Sandy; "only we'd two babies as died, and were nailed up in coffins, and buried. Are they gone into that next room?"

"To be sure they are," said John Shafto. "And if mother's killed little Gip—"

begin Sandy, but he could not finish the sentence.

"She's there too," said John, "safe and happy. God's little girl, you know. Where else could little children go to, save to him, straight to him? But, Sandy, you don't think she's been killed?"

"Not quite," whispered Sandy; "but ever since I see that dead baby I've been scared."

"There was no time to say any more, for Mrs. Shafto had opened the shop door, and was looking out anxiously across the dark grave-yard.

"Sandy's come back mother!" shouted John, joyfully. "make her come in. I want to talk to her." "Hundreds and hundreds of things he doesn't know. Make him say all night again, mother. I'll go in and see her." "To let him?"

John disappeared, but he was not long, and he returned to Sandy to urge him to go. "Mrs. Shafto had called at him through the door, and his eyes and muttered some words. But the other two made up for his going, and Sandy was not in a mood to take offence readily. It was

too good fortune for him to sit in the clean cosy room, with John Shafto to talk to him, that he should throw it away for a trifle. He kept as far back as he could, and did not lift his voice above a whisper, but he felt happier than he had ever done in his life, except at a few rare times with little Gip.

(To be continued.)

**READING BOOKS.**

"Do you call that a big lake?" asked a half-witted lad. "Why I can pour all its water into this basket, and yet have room for two more lakes."

"Of course you can," was the reply. "the water would leak out as fast as it was poured in."

That is the way with some readers; they pour into their mind a great amount of reading, but it soon leaks out. For a short time they may remember what they read, but after a while they can recall little more than the title of the book. Such reading points them little more than does the water the basket through which it runs. To be able to read with profit, we must know what and how to read.

Select your books; select such as are worthy of careful reading; select those that present what you need to know, and in such a way that you can understand and remember; select those suited to you rather than to some one else. You may judge by what others say of the books, and by the titles and tables of contents and introduction. If, after beginning to read, you find the book hardly worth finishing, stop reading; rather lose the time already spent than waste more for the sake of finishing what you have begun. You are not reading to get through, but to get good. Having the right kind of book, make a business of reading it. Give your attention to that as a work that must be well done. Begin at the beginning; read slowly. It is not the last page you are after, but the good the book has in it; get that and all of it, if possible. If you do not understand a chapter or paragraph, read it over slowly, stopping to think now and then. When it is understood, then try to fix it in the memory. Have it so fixed that you will not only remember, but be able to tell it to others or act on the lessons yourself. Do not skip unless you are reading for some special object. Read everything carefully, and stop to think of the writer's meaning. If he does not teach what you believe, consider why you differ. This may be a slow way of reading, but by it you will become master of the book, and will be better rewarded than if you had read a dozen books hastily. When a book is finished, fix the whole in your mind by thinking how you would tell it to others and what you are to do now that you have new facts and lessons.

**ANECDOTE OF GORDON.**

WHILE everybody was discussing his late the other day, I heard a story of General Gordon which shows the peculiar religious nature of the man who held Khartoum for nearly a year against the Mahdi. Gordon was dining in London one day with several club men, one of whom, when the wine had circulated freely and the party had reached the stage of extreme good fellowship and familiarity, accused the General of looting a bottle of wine, and in proof of his assertion he pointed to the bulging side of the waiter's coat. "That is very quick to seize the idea, and without even questioning the General began to bet on the brand of wine he was supposed to have secreted. The wagers were freely made, and soon the referee in a half jest, wholly peculiar way, clapped the General on the shoulder and ordered him to produce the bottle. "Chinese" Gordon rose to his feet, and, putting his hand into his bosom, drew out a Church of England prayer-book.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a tone of undisguised indignation, "this little book has been my companion for years, and I sincerely trust that you all may find a comforter and supporter in the trials of life that will prove as true to you as this has been to me," and with these words he left the room. A collection of apologies went to him next day.

**LOST IN LONDON**

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

**CHAPTER IX.**

**SEEKING THE LOST.**

BUT when the morning came, and Mrs. Shafto went to rouse Sandy, and kindle the kitchen fire, what was her surprise and disappointment to find that he was gone! The mattress had been dragged into a corner, and the pall roughly folded up, and laid upon it, but there was no other trace of the guest who had been made so comfortable by her last night. John looked exceedingly grave and troubled, though he did not put his anxiety into words. Only Mr. Shafto, when he came down to a late breakfast after the fire had burned up well, and the room was warm, displaying some triumph, and declared, with more energy than was usual to him, that the lad was a rogue and a thief, no doubt, and they would not have had him go off without carrying some plunder with him. Nothing, however, was missing from the kitchen, and there was no plunder in the shop, except a few rusty plumes, and the hatchment, with its faded painting, in the window.

Yet it was a sad day, for John Shafto and his mother, though Sandy was not proved to be a thief. Their hearts had warmed so to the desolate boy, and they had felt so keen a sympathy with him about little Gip, that this desertion pained them to the quick. John Shafto, as he lay awake all the early part of the night, had pondered over every possible means of tracing the lost child, and had prayed to God, with intense earnestness, that she might be found. He had felt so comforted by these prayers and ponderings, that he had made haste to get up in the morning to talk to Sandy; and not only to talk, but to set off in search himself upon his truttles, as soon as he could learn anything by which he might know little Gip if he saw her. Now all this was over. Sandy was gone, without a word to his new friend. A great blank fell upon John Shafto, as though all his life had been thrown back upon him carelessly and ungratefully.

Very slowly the hours of that autumn day passed by. John Shafto limped along some of the back streets near his own home, gazing with fresh interest and attention at the stunted and puny children playing about the doors and in the gutters. There had never seemed such swarms of them before, nor so much sadness in their lives. He saw them fighting with one another for



NATURE'S BEVERAGE.

## NATURE'S BEVERAGE.

DEAR me! don't the people in this wagon seem glad to get a drink? Well, I suppose we can all understand that, as there is hardly anything that tastes so good as a drink of cool water when one is thirsty. The little girls look as if they could hardly wait, for they have driven a long way and the day is warm, but they are waiting patiently and without a word, like well-behaved children, until mamma and grandma have had theirs, because you see there is only one cup. The horses, too, poor creatures, are enjoying it as much as anyone.

## STINGY DAVY.

DAVY was a very pretty little boy. He had light curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sisters. One day he went into the kitchen where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy. "Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She has company to dinner, and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it; so you may have it if you won't be stingy with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard; but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

"If I divide with them there won't be a spoonful apiece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just the least bit."

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft, where he was sure no one would ever think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly he heard his sister Fannie calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

"They always want something I have," he said to himself. "If I had just a gingersnap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

When the jelly was eaten, and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barnyard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house; for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

"O Davy!" said Fannie, running into the barnyard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking of course his sister would say she had wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fannie. "We had all the doll's dishes set out on a little table under the big tree by the porch; and we had strawberries, cake, and raisins. Just as we sat down to eat, Mrs. White saw us from her window; and she sent over a big bowl of ice cream and some jelly left from her dinner. We had a splendid time. You ought to have been with us."

Poor Davy! How mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating his jelly alone.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 7.

## THE APOSTLES' CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Acts 4. 19-31. Memory verses, 29-31.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

They spake the Word of God with boldness.—Acts 4. 31.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Holy Spirit gives courage to speak and power to do.

## CIRCUMSTANCES.

In our last lesson we left Peter and John on trial before the Sanhedrim. After Peter had finished his address, the apostles were sent out of the room, while the council consulted together as to what they should do. Not daring to punish them for a good deed, and with the people on their side, the council recalled the apostles and tried to silence them by threats.

## HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Answered—The command of the Sanhedrim. To their own company—Of Christians assembled in the city, and probably praying for these imprisoned disciples. God, which hath made heaven, etc.—And therefore able to grant their request. Who... hath said—In the second Psalm. People imagine vain things—Things they were unable to do, and vain; useless if they could do them. Jesus, whom they had anointed—i.e., made King and Messiah, which was done by anointing. Whatsoever... thy counsel determined—God controls even bad men. He is never frustrated in his plans. Grant unto thy servants—They did not ask freedom from persecution, but only strength to do their duty and spread the gospel. The place was shaken—As on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit came down in power. It was the token that their prayer for help was answered.

## Find in this lesson—

One quality all need in order to be good. What we should do when others tempt us to do wrong. What we should pray for most.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What did the Sanhedrim do to Peter and John? "They forbade them to preach, and then let them go." 2. What was their reply? (Repeat verses 19 and 20, beginning with, "Whether it be right," &c.) 3. Where did they go when released? "To the assembly of the disciples." 4. What did they all do? "They prayed with one accord." 5. For what did they pray? "For boldness to speak, and for the power of Christ to be with them." 6. How were they answered? "They were filled with the Holy Spirit, the source of courage and power."

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

35. What was the Spirit's work of inspiration?

He moved and guided the writers of the Bible so that they truly recorded the truth of God.

Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost.—2 Peter 1. 21.

2 Samuel 23. 2; Acts 4. 25, 28, 25; 2 Timothy 3. 16.

## Castle Mountain.

BY DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

CASTLE Mountain! I could dream Wide-awake with such a theme; Children, may I dream for you, May I tell you how it grew, Looking like a castle old, Built for kings and warriors bold? Could you see its lofty dome, It would seem a palace home; Gazing on its battlements, You might say a "king's defence;" You might think the walls inside Picture-hung and beautified; You might look for lofty doors, Rich and tessellated floors, Where the royal guests advance, Where they feast and where they dance; You might fancy thrones were there, Where sweet music filled the air; You might think of lamps of gold Shining 'neath the arches old.

But no king of earth we know Built the mountain crowned with snow. He it was who made all things, Older, richer than the kings; Not a servant did he call, Not a craftsman to the wall; He commanded, and it rose Till it stood in grand repose; Not a hammer-stroke was heard, Not a living voice or word; Deep and broad he laid the rocks, Lifted without hands the blocks; It was built for us to see And adore his majesty.

In a Rocky Mountain pass Stands the mighty, towering mass; You could never climb the wall, Only there the snow-flakes fall, And they weave a crystal crown Flashing in the sunlight down, Or they feed the torrent spray Singing down their rocky way; As I dream I think I hear All their voices, soft and clear: "We are children of our King, Whose we are and whom we sing; Here he dwelleth in the light, Here he reigneth on the height; We are going to the sea, There to tell his majesty All the kingdoms are his own, Ocean deep and mountain throne."

## AN EAGLE AND A SALMON.

THE common eagle is a bird of wonderful keen sight. At a height of eighty yards it can see a grass mouse or a stoat; and having once located its prey, it will swoop down with the speed of an arrow, and rise with its victim in its claws. Mrs. Wilmot, the superintendent of the Canadian fish hatcheries at Newcastle, Ont., told me the following story about an eagle: "A pair of eagles built their nest near our house, well up in a large pine tree, year in and year out for many seasons. One autumn the cold weather set in earlier than usual, and the smooth parts of the stream that ran by our house were frozen. But the eagles still remained in the big pine, save when they flew abroad for food. One morning as I sat by the window looking out in the direction of the pines, I noticed one of the birds leave the tree and poise directly above a rough part of the river which was frozen. Then he went down like a bolt and disappeared under the water. I watched with great interest to see what he would fetch—watched one, two, three, four seconds; but he did not appear. This was something so unusual that I became intensely interested. I stood at the window half a minute, watching where the bird disappeared; and then, sure that something had happened to him, I snatched my hat and ran down to where lay my little boat. After some difficulty I managed to get into the open water, and then pulled to the spot where the eagle had gone under. Looking down I saw the bird, with his wings partly extended, and held fast to the bottom in some unaccountable way. With a grappling hook I drew him out. Judge of my surprise when there came to the surface, besides the eagle, an enormous salmon. It was for this splendid prize that the eagle had made this plunge. Of course, he buried his strong, sharp talons in the side of the fish; but when he wanted to rise he could not lift his prey. Neither could he withdraw his talons from the salmon's side; and so he perished. The fish weighed a trifle over thirty pounds."

## GOING AFTER FIRE.

"TELL us a story," grandma, please Jonnie, "of when you's a little girl."

"Yes, grandma; or when you lived in the woods, and heard the bears howl at night," said Edna. "I wish I could see one— a real live one."

"I never saw but one live one," said grandma, "and that was one morning when I ran over to our neighbours to borrow some fire."

"Borrow fire!" cried the children together.

"Yes," laughed grandma. "You know so long ago they didn't have any matches. There were none made then. If we let our fire go out, we had to borrow some. Mother usually covered up a heap of big knots deep in the ashes over night. On raking them open in the morning, there would be a bed of coals to begin the day."

"But one night, late in the fall, the knots did not burn, and there was no fire to get breakfast. I was the oldest—about as big as Edna. Well, mother pinned a woollen blanket over my head with a thorn, for we didn't have many pins. Giving me the little iron fire-kettle, she bade me to be spry, for the children were hungry."

"Well, I got my kettle full of bright coals, with a blazing knot on top. I ran off through the frost, the wind keeping the coals and knots all ablaze."

"When I got about half way home I heard a crackling through the thick bushes. Almost before I had time to stop, a great black bear ambled out into the rough, narrow road. I was so scared that I dropped my kettle flat on the ground and stared at him. And he stared at me, sticking his long nose out toward me, sniffing and snuffling."

"But he didn't like the smell of the burning knot, and the next moment he leaped out of the path and went crashing off through the bushes."

"I didn't stop for the coals, but, scooping the knot into the kettle, I fled toward home in a great panic. A little time after that, father and Mr. Noble, our neighbour, caught the bear in a trap, and father had a coat made out of his skin."—Our Little Ones.

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