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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1892.

[No. 27.]

Birds.

BIRDS—birds! Ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-
cleaving wings;
Where shall man wander, and where shall he
dwell,
Beautiful birds! that ye come not as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged
and stark,
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and
dark;
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the
cottage's eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bon-
nie green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the
brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow
the lake;
Ye skim where the stream parts the
orchard-decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the
desolate strand.

Beautiful birds! Ye come thickly
around,
When the bud's on the branch and
the snow's on the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses
flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf
eddies about.
Beautiful birds! How the schoolboy
remembers
The warblers that chorused his holi-
day tune,
The robin that chirped in the frosty
Decembers,
The blackbird that whistled thro'
flower-crowned June!
That schoolboy remembers his holiday
ramble,
When he pulled every blossom of
palm he could see,
When his finger was raised as he
stopped in the bramble,
With, "Hark! there's the cuckoo;
how close he must be!"

THE TURNPIKE-BOY AND THE BANKER.

A WEALTHY citizen sat gloomily
watching the outpouring of his gold.
He could not repress a feeling of
bitterness as he saw those he had
always imagined his dearest friends
assisting in the run upon his strong
box.

Presently the door was opened,
and a stranger was ushered in, who
coolly drew up a chair and said,
"You will pardon me for asking a
strange question; but I like to
come to the point."

"Well, sir?" interrupted the
other.

"I have heard there is a run on your
bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replyin'g to
your query. If you have any money in the
bank you had better at once draw it out."

"Far from it. I have nothing in your
hands."

"Then, may I ask you, what is your
business?"

"To know if a small sum will aid
you."

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because, if so, I'd gladly make a de-
posit."

The money-dealer started.

"Do you recollect twenty years ago, when
you resided in E—?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not
forgotten the turnpike-gate through which
you passed daily. My father kept the gate.
One Christmas morning he was sick, and I
attended the toll-bar. On that day you
passed through. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

again." He immediately walked out of
the room.

The banker opened the roll. It contained
\$30,000. The motive was so noble that
he sobbed, he could not help it. The firm
is still one of the first in the city.

BE SLOW TO ACCUSE.

"Mother, I cannot find my seventeen
cents anywhere," said Arthur, coming into

said I had lost it, and that I knew some
one had taken it out of my pocket."

"But very likely she did look confused
on hearing you make such an unkind
speech. She knew very well that there
was no one in the house you could suspect
of taking it but herself. You might as well
have said so in plain words. An innocent
person is more apt to look guilty, when
accused of a crime, than one who is hard-
ened in wrong-doing. The latter usually
has a face ready-made to suit any
occasion. A gentleman once said
that the most guilty-looking person
he ever saw was a man arrested
for stealing a horse, which after
wards proved to be his own."

"But what has become of my
money, mother? It is gone, that
is certain."

"I believe you lost a fine toy
once, that it was supposed a little
neighbour had stolen," said his
mother with a smile.

"But I cannot have left this in
the grape-vine arbour this winter
weather."

"But there are plenty of other
losing places about. Did you have
on that jacket last evening?"

"No, mother, I believe I had
on my gray one, but then I know
I put it in my pocket book."

"Don't say you know, my dear,
for it may be an untruth. Please
bring me your gray jacket."

Arthur walked slowly up to his
room, but he walked back more
slowly still, and looked very foolish
when he came into his mother's
room again.

Mother comprehended it at a
glance, and smiled as she said

"I wonder who looks guilty this
time?"

"O mother, I am sorry, but I
did not mean to accuse Susan so
wrongfully. I remember now just
as plainly as can be wrapping up
those three-cent pieces and two
pennies in that bit of paper and
putting it into my jacket pocket."

"It is a serious thing, Arthur,
to make such charges as you did
a moment ago against an innocent
person. What if you had men-
tioned it among your schoolmates?
It would not be long before it
would be told all about."

"Susan, at Mr. Reynolds', steals. I won-
der they keep her. If she ever
wished to get another place it
might be a very difficult matter.
Though you contradict the story
afterwards, it would never undo
the mischief. Many will repeat

an injurious story who will never take
the trouble to correct it. I will pray for
you dear boy, that you may learn to correct
this sinful habit, and I hope you will pray
with me. You will never improve a bad
habit until you pray over it. Run now
and tell Susan that you have found your
money, and try to make some amends for
your injustice by being more than usually
thoughtful and obliging."

"God will not listen to the prayer of a
man who is too lazy to go to work and try
to help himself."



BIRDS.

"I am, perhaps, prolix. Listen, how-
ever, and I shall soon have done."

The banker, feeling interested, assented.

"Well, sir, I threw open the gate and
wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank
you, my lad, and the same to you. Here
is a trifle to make it so,' and you threw me a
seven-shilling piece. I long treasured it
and as I grew up I added to it, until I was
able to rent a toll myself. You soon after
left that part of the country. Yearly, how-
ever, I have been gaining. So this morn-
ing, hearing there was a run on your bank,
I collected my capital, and here it is." And he handed a bundle of notes to the
banker. "In a few days I will call

his mother's room with quite an anxious
face. "I put it here in my pocket-book.
It had been hanging up in the hall all day,
and I do believe that new girl has taken
it out. She saw me have it last night and
put it away."

"Look in your other pocket, Arthur. A
little boy who is apt to forget things must
not be too positive that he puts his money
in his pocket book. And never accuse any-
body of stealing without a shadow of evi-
dence. This is very sinful as well as un-
kind. What if Susan should lose her
money and accuse you of stealing it? Re-
member the Golden Rule."

"But, mother, she looked guilty when I

The Little Prayer.

A little maiden knelt one night—
A little maiden all in white—
She knelt and said her simple prayer,
Asking the dear Lord's tender care,
That while her eyes were sealed in sleep
He would her soul and body keep.

A stranger sat within the home,
A man whose wont it was to roam,
Who had no God, no church, no heaven,
In his hard reed, no sins forgiven;
No faith, no hope, no bed-time prayer,
No trust in God's protecting care.

He watched at first half mockingly
The child beside her mother's knee,
With eyes down-drooped and folded hands,
While over her shoulders golden strands
Of hair fell down, and snow-white feet
Peeped from her gown all fair and neat.

"And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."
So prayed the child, whose faith and love
Walted her simple words above.

The proud man listened, and the years,
So full of sin, doubt, griefs, and fears,
Seemed blotted out, and he, once more
A child, was kneeling on the floor
Beside his mother, while he prayed
The same prayer as this little maid.

Dear childhood's prayer, so sweet, so strong;
With power to hold the heart so long,
And melt the frost of years away,
Until the corner led to pray;
And humbly, ere he went to sleep,
Besought the Lord his soul to keep.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WILKINSON, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1892

A TALK WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

DEAR young friends: I will talk with you a little on temperance. But do I hear the girls say "you do not need to talk with girls about that, for girls and women never drink." You are mistaken, girls. There are many women who drink, and who go just as low down in the ditch as any drunkard you ever saw; and many of these are mothers with little children who need their love and care. Strong drink turns a once kind parent into a selfish, brutal one; and very often little children are made to suffer from blows, hunger, cold and neglect by the ones who should provide and tenderly care for them. The children of such parents often learn to drink by seeing father and mother do so. They send their children to the saloon to get their beer, and the children begin to taste of it as they carry it home. They soon

learn to drink, and that first taste is the beginning of a drunken life. A gentleman in New York saw two little girls, six and eight years of age, who had been sent to a saloon for a pint of beer. They scarcely had got outside of the door before they each took a taste of the beer. The man watched and before they got out of sight they each took another sip. The bartender who sold them the beer said that a great many boys and girls were sent there by their parents for beer, and more than half of them had learned to drink. Now, boys and girls, I think you begin to feel as I do that this is a very important subject. But you say "What can we do about it? We are sorry these things are so." We have seen some of the misery which drunkenness causes, but we are but boys and girls and can do nothing. Oh! yes you can do something. In the first place you can sign the temperance pledge and faithfully keep it. This is a long step towards doing something, for if you keep your pledge you will never make a drunkard. Get as many others to sign the pledge as you can, and watch for an opportunity to do something else. If you are very much in earnest you will find something to do. I read of three brothers and their cousins who had formed themselves into a temperance society and were very anxious for something to do, when a man called them to help him for a man, who, while drunk, had wandered into the woods. He was apt to have fits and his friends had become very anxious about him. The boys were delighted to think they now had a chance to do something for a drunkard. They ran into the woods and hunted until they were very tired, and it seemed as though they had been everywhere. At last they found him stretched out on the ground, looking as though dead; but he was not dead, and men came and carried him home to his poor old mother, who tenderly cared for him and nursed him back to health. He signed the pledge and by the grace of God he was enabled to control that terrible appetite which before had control of him. What shame and suffering would have been avoided if he had signed the pledge when a boy. There was a story in *Pleasant Hours* a short time ago of some little girls who on their way home from school saw an intoxicated man and immediately wanted to do something for him. By singing temperance songs to him and earnestly pleading they, at last, succeeded in getting him to sign the pledge. You see children can do very much when they really try. It is with this as it is in doing anything else, you must not only begin with a great deal of interest and courage, but you must be persevering if you would succeed. Do not be discouraged if you fail once, but try, try again.

EMMA.

WHAT DO YOU READ?

THERE are few things which I am more anxious about than to have my boys and girls form a taste for good reading and read good books. I do not mean stupid "goody-goody" books, but those which are really good, bright, interesting—full of fun some of them—and all such as will help you to grow into good, genuine men and women, besides giving you a good time while you are growing. You will be pretty apt to grow like the characters you read about and admire. Think of this when you are asked to read "blood and thunder" stories, or lives of bad men and women; or silly, wishy-washy stuff often found in story-papers, about such people as never lived—and never ought to. You certainly do not wish to be like them, but you are in danger of becoming so if you read such books.

Once a boy went to my school who would read such stuff, in spite of all his mother and I said to him about it. When he was fourteen years old he thought he was in love with one of the school-girls, and that she liked another boy better than she did him, and that he was jealous of his "rival," just as folks are in the books he read. So he determined to scare her into loving him better. He asked the two to take a walk with him; and when outside of the town he suddenly stepped in front of the other two, and in a very theatrical way said to her: "Decide at once which one of us you love best, for the other must die." He

looked and acted so ridiculous that she laughed, never imagining he was in earnest. At this he exclaimed: "Ah, is this the way you scorn me?" and drew a pistol from his pocket and shot himself. Afterward they found in that same pocket a novel with exactly such a scene described. In that, the "hero" was not fatally wounded, his lady love relented, he got well, and they were married. But poor Eddie was not so fortunate. His shot proved fatal, and he died, begging all around to save him. I always felt he was killed by trashy story-reading.

EYES THAT SEE.

WILLIAM HOLLAND was a boy who noticed things. When he drove along the country roads, or took a ramble in the fields or woods, he saw every flower, insect, and bird within the range of his vision. Every time he returned from a drive or tramp he had scores of wonderful things to tell his parents or brothers and sisters. I need not say that he gained a large amount of useful knowledge.

"My boy," his father said one day, "I am glad you like these things. You can tell something about almost every butterfly and bird in this neighbourhood. If you want any books to help you in your studies, I shall be glad to get them for you."

"Oh, will you, papa?" the boy exclaimed in delight. "Well, I should like to have two books—one on butterflies and one on birds."

"Do you know where I can get them?" asked Mr. Holland.

"No, I don't now, but I think we can find out."

And so William and his father looked through the catalogues of a number of publishers and then wrote to a certain naturalist of whom they had heard, and found that French's "Butterflies of Eastern United States," and Wheaton's "Birds of Ohio" (for the Hollands are residents of that State), were the books they needed. It was not long before William might have been seen walking out to his favourite haunts with his book-bag, containing the two volumes named, slung over his shoulder.

"I am pleased with the lad's love of nature," remarked William's mother to his father, as she watched her son's figure retreating across the clover-field. "It keeps him out of mischief and bad company."

"Yes, that is true," replied Mr. Holland. "He really doesn't care to run on the streets or mingle with rough boys, he is so busy with his studies. I think that for his own good as well as for his own happiness we must humour this scientific hobby of his. It may make him a useful man too."

Not long after this conversation William began to take notes of the interesting observations he made, and wrote several essays from them on birds and insects that pleased his teachers and schoolmates very much. Instead of writing on the old threadbare subjects that other boys chose, he had found a new field of thought, and put his own ideas and researches on paper, and that is what made his essays so interesting.

"Why, I never saw such things as you have," said Phil Morgan to William, "and I've been out in the woods many a time."

"Well, that's because you haven't used your eyes," responded William.

"I'd like to learn to use them, then. Will you let me go with you to-morrow if you take a walk?"

"Certainly."

"And I want to go, too," said Henry Towne.

"And I, too," chorused several others. And thus it happened that because one boy had eyes that saw things, a small society was formed for studying the natural objects in that locality. The Good Book says of the heathen gods, "Eyes have they but they see not." But that could not be said of these boys, for their eyes and ears soon became very acute.

William made one rule for this society which every member had to observe or be expelled, and that was that no useful bird was to be killed, no nest robbed or destroyed, and no insect treated cruelly. Thus while the boys learned a great deal and were kept out of bad company, they also had their tender and humane feelings cultivated.

THE BUSY BRAVER.

THE beaver is well known as one of the wisest builders among animals. It is not, perhaps, so generally known that the muskrat almost equals him in constructive skill. Here is a description of the muskrat and the way in which he builds his houses with several stories and spiral staircases!

The muskrat is somewhat similar in appearance to his dry-land cousin, but is incomparably larger. The brown muskrat, which is larger than the black muskrat when full grown, will measure twelve to fourteen inches from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, and his rat-like caudal appendage sometimes attains a length of eight inches.

Next to the beaver, the muskrat is one of the most ingenious of rodents in the construction of its houses, and its mode of life and habits are very interesting. They select the low river marsh lands as their dwelling place, and there they build their homes. A location is preferred which is flooded at high tide, but which is clear of water at low ebb; and every creek and almost every little inlet to the river affords innumerable positions that are favourable. After determining upon the exact position of their house, the rats burrow leads or miniature tunnels from the water's edge at low tide to the spot upon which the house is to be erected. They then set upon collecting material for their dwelling. The tall canes and coarse marsh grass are cut down and pulled in place, and the marsh mud is used as a kind of mortar. A large circular foundation is laid, and the ground floor arranged on a level with the leads. This completed, an upward lead is made like a spiral stairway to the second floor, which is made into a room similar to the first, but of less circumference. A third and sometimes a fourth floor is built, with the spiral lead running from the level of the marsh to the top of the house, each succeeding room being of somewhat less diameter, up to the roof or dome, which acts as a water-shed. The height of each floor from the level of the marsh is regulated by the successive heights reached by the tide, the top floor being always higher than the highest water-mark at flood-tide. The rats are social in their habits, and at extremely low ebb, when the accommodations are greatest in the houses, quite a number may be found in the same hut. At flood-tide fewer are found in any one house, as the accommodation is limited then only to the upper stories, which are free of water.

"I CAN SWIM, SIR."

DURING a terrible naval battle between the English and Dutch, the English flag ship, commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the mainmast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ship from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin-boy.

"Why," said the admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied. "If I be shot, I can be easier spared than any one else."

Narborough hesitated; his men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea, amidst the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as the time went on defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading, a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserves were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet were scattered far and wide, and the cabin-boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honour due to him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old admiral that he exclaimed, "I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own!"

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin-boy, having become Admiral Cloudesley Shovel, was knighted by the king.

A Vacation Song.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

SEATS and books are put away,
Study is suspended;
School-room doors are closed and locked,
Till summer shall be ended.
To the sea and country hasten
Many a little rover;
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,
Vacation days are over!
We must not look in a spelling-book,
For lessons are over."

Climbing up the mountain paths,
Through the meadows straying,
Picking berries, ferns, and flowers,
By the brookside playing;
Listening to the merry birds
That sing to every corner.
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,
How we love the summer!
Vacation joys bring girls and boys
A happy, happy summer."

Strolling on the level beach,
Washed by the billows daily,
Showering to the foaming waves,
Plunging in them gaily;
Seeking shells and mosses fine,
The ocean's scattered treasure.
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,
Vacation gives us pleasure;
While mirthful cries and beaming eyes
Declare vacation's pleasure."

When the autumn days begin,
And summer flowers are drooping,
What a host of little folk
Pack to school come trooping!
Then the teacher smiles to see
Each sunburnt little rover.
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,
Vacation days are over!
Dear teacher, how we'll study, now
Vacation days are over!"

corner as I can think of; and I began to be
afraid as Gip's dead!"

It had been hard work for Sandy to say
all this, but when he came to the word
dead his voice was choked, and the sob he
had kept down broke out vehemently.
He felt the strange boy's arm stealing
round his neck; and so astonished was he
that his sobbing ceased, and he held his
breath to listen to what he was saying.
"If little Gip is dead," he whispered,
"she is gone to heaven, to be with the Lord
Jesus, and she can never, never be hungry
or cold, or lost again. There are thousands
and thousands of little children there, all
good, and happy, and safe; and he loves
them so! Nothing can ever hurt them
again, because he is always taking care of
them. If little Gip is dead, she must be
with the Lord Jesus."

"I didn't know that," murmured Sandy.
"I don't know nothin'." I don't know as
my little Gip is dead. I'd rather have
her than let her have her. She was so
fond of me, and I could make her happy.
I could and I'd like her safe. I never see
him as you speak of, or heard tell of him
before now. Gip didn't know him any more
than me, and she'd be a deal happier with
me; and wherever he is, she'll fret for
Sandy, as used to give her peppermint and
candy, and carry her to look at the pretty
shops. If Lord Jesus finds her, he ought
to give her up to me again; for it isn't him
as has nursed her, and took care of her
ever since she was born."

Sandy's shyness had worn off whilst he
spoke out his mind; and now he faced the
lame boy with an expression of indignation,
almost of angry defiance, at the thought
that anybody had a greater claim to Gip,
or could make her happier than he. The
stranger looked somewhat saddened and
perplexed; but he kept his hand on
Sandy's shoulder, to prevent him from
running away from him.

"I wish you would come and talk to
mother about it," he said, after a pause;
"she's had three children that are dead,
and she says they are happier than they
could have been with her. If little Gip is
not dead, mother will know what to do,
and how to set about finding her, for she's
the cleverest woman in all London; and I'll
help you search for her. I'm not strong
enough to work; but when it is a fine day
like this, I can get about on my crutches,
and go farther than you'd think. I call
them my wings. Yes, I'll search for little
Gip, as well as you, if you'll come along
with me and tell mother."

Sandy hesitated a little. Compared with
him the lame boy was so grand that he
scarcely dared go hand with him; but
there was the hope of getting advice and
help in seeking Gip, and he could not lose
any chance. He watched the stranger
getting himself balanced on his crutches
with a new and tender sense of pity, and
the very feeling that he could so easily
run away from him kept him closer at his
side. He would have walked behind him,
but the boy did not seem to understand
that.

"Keep close to me," he said; "I want
to talk to you. My name is John Shafto,
and we live in the place I'm taking you to.
Tell me what your name is, and where you
live, while we are going along. See! I can
get on with my wings as fast as you, unless
you run."

He was keeping up with Sandy quite
easily, his white face turned towards him
full of eager interest and friendliness.
Sandy had never seen a face or heard a
voice like his.

"My name's Sandy Carroll, sir," he
answered, pressing nearer to John Shafto,
for all his reserve had melted away like
frost in the sunshine, "and mother's called
Nance Carroll. She's never anything else
but drunk. If she's sober a bit of a
mornin', it don't last longer than she can
get a few coppers. I was a gettin' scared
little Gip 'ud take to it, for mother 'ud
give her drops of gin and such like; but
now she's lost I don't know what'll become
of her. Maybe it 'ud be better for her to
die, and go to that place you spoke of,
only I don't see how she's to get in. If
I'd known of it before, I'd tried to get
Tom and little Vic took in, but it's
late now. They're buried and done for a
s'pose."

He spoke very regretfully, for he had
been fond of Tom and little Vic, though

they were nothing to Gip, who had lived
to learn the pretty tricks he could teach
her; yet he was grieved to think that per-
haps he could have managed to get those
babies taken into a good place, where
they would never be hungry or cold again,
if he had only known of it.

"If Tom and Vic are dead," answered
John Shafto, "they are gone to heaven.
Every little child goes there when it
dies."

"I know nothin' about it," said Sandy;
"tell me all you know."

"Mother knows more than I do,"
he replied, "let us make haste to her."

It was not long before they reached the
house, which lay at the back of a small
chapel, and in a corner of a little square
grave-yard, where the grass grew rank and
dark over the mounds, in spite of the
smoke and soot falling upon it from the
chimneys around. There was no other
dwelling in the yard, but the blank high
walls of some workshops enclosed it. Nor
was there any symptom of the turf having
been dug up for years, and the headstones
of the graves were black with smoke. All
was quiet, and dark, and gloomy; the sun
could hardly shine into it at midday, and
now it was evening. But it is very peace-
ful and still, hushed away from the great
turmoil and bustle of the city, though it
lay in the very heart of it. Sandy lowered
his voice when they turned into the grave-
yard, and crossed it by a path paved with
flat stones, which bore the names of
persons long since dead and forgotten.

At the back of this grave-yard, in a
corner where a sharp eye might by chance
see it from the street, stood a little long
old-fashioned house of two storeys, if the
upper floor could be called a storey when
it was not more than seven feet high in the
pitch of the roof, with two dormer windows
in the front. On the ground-floor there
was a large shop window, with a very
dingy hatchment in the centre, and above
it a bunch of funeral plumes, brown with
age. On one side of the hatchment hung
a card, framed in black, with "Funerals
performed!" on it, whilst in the opposite
pane was another card, displaying the
words, "Pinking done here." One of
the three large panes had been broken,
and a stiff placard was pasted over it, to
keep out the wind and rain. The old
house looked as if it were skulking in the
corner of the grave-yard to hide its poverty
and decay; keeping out of sight as much
as it could, yet forced to show itself a little,
that those who dwell in it might have a
chance of earning a scanty living.

John Shafto's crutches seemed to tap
more loudly on these gravestones than on
the common flags in the street; and before
he and Sandy reached the house, the shop
door was opened from within. A rosy,
cheerful, motherly-looking woman, with
blue ribbons in her cap, stood in the door-
way as they drew near to it. So strange
and odd and out of place she seemed
beside the broken window and gloomy
hatchment, that even Sandy felt a strange
sensation of surprise. Her voice, too,
when she said, "Johnny!" was cheerful,
and as she kissed the lame boy fondly,
Sandy stood by, staring at her with wide-
open eyes.

"This is my mother!" said John Shafto.

"And who have you brought home with
you, Johnny?" she asked, holding out her
hand to Sandy, as if she did not see his
poor rags and dirty skin. He did not
know what to make of it; but she took his
hand in hers, and gave it a warm, hearty
clasp.

"He's lost his little sister in the streets
last Tuesday," said John Shafto, "and I've
brought him home to ask you what we
must do, mother. You'll be sure to think
of something. Now then, Sandy, you
come in and sit down, and tell mother all
about it."

He led the way into the house, and Mrs.
Shafto gave Sandy a friendly push to
follow her before her. Inside the shop,
on the counter, lay a little coffin, about the
size that would hold Gip, and Sandy peered
for an instant to look at it as if, perhaps,
he might see Gip's dear face and tiny
limbs lying for ever at rest in it. But it
was empty, and he kept down a sob which
was creeping to his throat, and passed on into a
small kitchen behind the undertaker's
shop.

(To be continued.)

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

In a recent address before the Young
Men's Christian Association of Trenton,
N. J., General James F. Boston related a
new and interesting anecdote of Abraham
Lincoln.

In the third day's fight at Gettysburg,
Daniel E. Sickles, ex-sheriff of New York,
lost a leg. It was amputated above the
knee, and the wounded man was conveyed
to Washington and placed in a building
opposite the Ebbitt House. General Rus-
ling, who knew Sickles well, called to see
him. While there, President Lincoln was
announced, and he was shown into the
room. The three men fell into conversa-
tion about the battle. Sickles asked Lin-
coln whether he had been greatly worried
as to the result of the fight.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Lincoln; "I thought
it would be all right."

"But you must have been the only man
who felt so," replied Sickles, "for I under-
stand there was a deep feeling of anxiety
here among the heads of the Government."

"Yes," replied the President, "Stanton,
Wells, and the rest were pretty badly
rattled, and ordered two or three gunboats
up to the city and placed some of the
Government archives aboard, and wanted
me to go on board; but I told them it wasn't
necessary, that it would be all right."

"But what made you feel so confident,
Mr. President?" persisted Sickles.

"Oh, I had my reasons, but I don't care
to mention them, for they would, perhaps,
be laughed at," said Lincoln.

Of course the anxiety of both the other
generals was greatly excited, and Gen-
eral Sickles again pressed Mr. Lincoln to
explain the grounds of his confidence.
Finally Lincoln said: "Well, I will tell you
why I felt confident we should win at
Gettysburg. Before the battle I retired
alone to my room in the White House, and
got down on my knees and prayed to Al-
mighty God to give us the victory. I said
to him that this was his war, and that if
he would stand by the nation now, I would
stand by him the rest of my life. He gave
us the victory, and I purpose to keep my
pledge. I rose from my knees with a feel-
ing of deep and serene confidence, and had
no doubt of the result from that hour."

"General Sickles and myself," continued
Rusling, "were both profoundly impressed
by Lincoln's words, and for some minutes
complete silence reigned. Then Sickles,
turning over on his back, said, 'Well,
Mr. President, how do you feel about the
Vicksburg campaign?'"

"Oh, I think it will be all right, too.
Grant is pecking away at the enemy and I
have great confidence in him. Like Grant,
He doesn't let his people give me any
trouble. I prayed to see Vicksburg, too. I
told the Lord all about the Vicksburg cam-
paign, that victory here would end the Con-
federacy in two, and it would be the
decisive one of the war. I have abiding
faith that we shall come out all right at
Vicksburg. If Grant wins here I shall
stick to him through the war."

The conversation took place on the 5th
of July. Vicksburg had been captured
the day before on the 4th, but the news
had not yet reached Washington.

A GOOD THING FOR BOYS.

MANUAL TRAINING is one of the few things
that are good for everybody. It is good
for the rich boy, to teach him respect for
the dignity of beautiful work, it is good
for the poor boy, to increase his facility for
handling tools, it tends, also, to be the
things we must handle for a living after-
wards, it is good for a bookish boy, to
draw him away from books, but most of
all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in
showing him something he can do well.

The boy utterly unable, even if he were
studious, to keep up in book knowledge
and percentage with the brighter boys, be-
comes discouraged, dull and moody.

Let him go to the workroom for an hour
and find that he can make a box or plane or
rough piece of board as well as the brightest
scholar may, very likely better than his
brighter neighbour, and you have given
him an impulse of self-respect that is of un-
told benefit to him when he goes back to
his studies. He will be a brighter and
better boy for finding out something that
he can do well.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Sun Tree."

CHAPTER V.

A NEW FRIEND.

"We are to be friends, you see," said
the lame boy, cheerfully, as Sandy set him
to lean against the parapet, while he
picked up the crutch; "I thought I should
never catch you, though I have been
following you as fast as ever I could all the
way from the place where Mr. Mason was
preaching. You liked his sermon, didn't
you? I saw you listening as if you'd
never heard anything like that before; and
it's every word true, and more. I thought
I'd like to ask you how you liked it; and
when you turned in here, I caught up with
you. Now would you mind telling me
who it was you were speaking to, in
I said?"

The lame boy's voice was frank, and his
face was lighted up with a friendly smile,
such as Sandy had never met before. He
could not shut up his heart against him.
Besides, he had been longing to speak to
someone about little Gip; somebody who
would neither jeer at him nor be angry
with him, as the other fusce-boys were.
Yet he felt shy still, and his brow-
face grew crimson, and his tongue stammered,
as he once more leaned over the parapet,
and gazed down at the eddying of the
water under the arch, with his head turned
away from the stranger.

"I were talkin' to him as that gentle-
man spoke of," he said in a very low tone,
"him as were lost himself when he were a
little child; lost in the streets you know.
The gentleman said now he were growed up
he do always walk up and down the streets
lookin' fur folk as were lost. So I was
askin' him to take care of my little Gip, if
he came across her."

"Who's little Gip?" asked the gentle
cheery voice at his side.

"Oh, she's my little gel!" cried Sandy,
laying his head down on the stone coping,
but doing his best to speak calmly,
"mother's little gel, you know, and
mother got drunk last Tuesday, that night
it rained cats and dogs, and lost Gip some-
where; and I've been lookin' for her
ever since everywhere, pokin' into overy



THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.—To illustrate Lesson for July 10.

The Thing to Keep.

I'm going to keep my temperance pledge,
And come here when I can;
Because I want to do some good
When I become a man.

For little boys and girls must learn
To study and to think;
This meeting is a training-school—
We train to fight strong drink.

We are the hope of this fair land,
And as we live and grow,
True temperance principles you will
Observe in us, I know.

No wicked words shall pass my lips,
No stale tobacco breath;
The triple pledge I mean to keep
Till life shall close in death.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A. D. 30.] **LESSON II.** [July 10.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Acta 2. 1-12. **Memory verses, 1-4.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.—John 16. 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Blessedness, holiness, and power come through the Holy Spirit.

INTRODUCTION.

After the ascension the disciples returned to Jerusalem, and made their religious home in the upper room (Acts 1. 13), but spent at least the regular hours of prayer at the temple. (Luke 24. 53.) In prayer and praise they remained ten days, when the promise of the Father was fulfilled.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Day of Pentecost—This event took place then because: (1) The disciples were prepared; (2) Great multitudes from all parts of the world came to Jerusalem at this time, and could carry back the Gospel. (3) It was the harvest feast, a symbol of the spiritual harvest. (4) It commemorated the giving of the law from Sinai. The new covenant joined on the old. *One place*—Probably the upper room in the city. *A sound*—Probably heard outside the house. *Wind*—Not a wind, but like it. *Cloven tongues*—Rather, the seeming fire parted into tongues, one for each. *Each of them*—The one hundred and twenty, including the apostles and the women. (Acts 1. 14, 15.) *With other tongues*—Than the ones they knew by birth. *Noised abroad*—Rather, when this sound was heard, i.e., as of the rushing wind. *Own tongue*—Fifteen languages or dialects are here noted. It is not probable that each disciple spoke in all

the languages, but some in one, some in another. The gift of tongues typified the spread of the Gospel over all the world.

Find in this lesson—

- What is the best gift of God.
- What the Holy Spirit is like.
- What he does for us.
- How we may receive this gift.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What took place on the day of Pentecost? "The Holy Spirit was poured out upon the disciples." 2. In what way? "With a sound like wind, and in form like tongues of fire." 3. What was one effect of this gift? "They spoke various languages." 4. What was another effect? "Some mocked." 5. What was a third effect? "They were filled with the Holy Ghost and with power." 6. What was the fourth effect? "Three thousand were converted to God in one day."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. What benefits will Christ's people receive from him at the resurrection?

Being raised up in glory they shall be openly accepted in the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity.

It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory.—1 Corinthians 15. 42.

A HASTY WISH.

BY IDA BUXTON COLE.

JESSIE seated at the table, pouting; Nannie and Carrie enter.

Nannie—Why, Jessie, you look cross.
Jessie—No wonder, I am cross.
Carrie—That is too bad, for we came to take you with us. But what is the matter?

J.—Oh, everything; I just wish I was in China, so I do.

C.—And do you think you would be happier there?

J.—I don't know, but I should hope I wouldn't have to run on errands all the time.

N.—Perhaps your feet would be so crippled that you couldn't. I am glad I live in a country where girls are well cared for and loved.

J.—I don't care, I hate to—

C.—Yes, Jessie dear, you do care; you are out of temper now, but come with us and learn of the children who are less favoured than we are.

J.—Where are you going?

N.—To our Girl's Missionary Band.

J.—I don't want to go, there isn't any fun, is there? Besides, I've heard papa say that this missionary talk was a big smoke over a very little blaze.

N.—We don't want smoky blazes, only the pure, clear light of Jesus' love shining into all hearts, and that is why we meet to pray, work and learn.

C.—If you had been with us last Saturday you wouldn't want to be in China.

N.—No, indeed, our teacher told us all about it, if you were there your father and mother wouldn't love you much because you are a girl, and you wouldn't be Jessie Cornell either, you would be No. 2, and Allie would be No. 1, for the Chinese don't think girls worth naming.

J.—How silly! I am as good as Fred, any day.

C.—But the Chinese wouldn't think so; sometimes they kill the girl babies.

N.—And your father would say he had only one child, meaning Fred, for you and Allie wouldn't count.

C.—And Fred would go to school, but there are not many schools for girls. Then if your father should die, your mother would have to obey Fred just as he minds her now.

J.—The idea of my dear, good mother obeying her son.

C.—That is Chinese; now don't you wish you were in China?

J.—If I was a woman I would go there and teach them better.

N.—That would be running on a big errand, would it not, Jessie, and you wanted to be in China to escape errands, you know.

J.—That isn't fair, Nannie, to tease me so; I didn't know about Chinese girls when I made that hasty wish. I do wish it was big enough to help.

C.—You don't have to wait until you are big; you can help now.

J.—How? What can I do?

N.—Come with us to our meeting; we give our prayers, and besides we are earning money to pay part of the expenses of a dear missionary woman who has left her home and gone to foreign lands to teach the people of our Saviour.

J.—I should like to go. I'll ask mamma if I may give my half-dollar I was saving for a doll. I don't need a new doll as much as the Chinese girls need to be taught.

C.—I am so glad our teacher says that if we cannot go abroad ourselves we can send these Gospel tidings to "every creature." Let us sing:

"Christ to-day is giving thee
Harvest work beyond the sea.
White already is the field,
Fruit eternal it shall yield.
All the fields of earth are white,
Hosts are crying, 'Give us light!'
Spread the truth and ceaseless pray,
Christ will haste his promise day."

HOW GOD TEACHES THE BIRDS.

ON the Island of Java grows a tree, the leaves of which are said to be a deadly poison to all venomous reptiles. The odour of the leaf is so offensive to the whole snake family that if they come near the plant in their travels, they immediately turn about and take an opposite direction.

A traveller on the island noticed, one day, a peculiar fluttering and cry of distress from a bird high above his head. Looking up, he saw a mother-bird hovering round a nest of little ones in such a frightened and perplexed manner as to cause him to stop and examine into the trouble. Going around to the other side of the tree he found a large snake climbing slowly up the tree in the direction of the little nest.

It was beyond his reach; and since he could not help the little feathered songster by dealing a death blow, he sat down to see the result of the attack. Soon the pitious cry of the bird ceased and he thought, "Can it be possible that she has left her young to their fate and has flown away to seek her own safety?"

No; for again he heard a fluttering of wings, and, looking up saw her fly into the tree with a large leaf from the tree of poison and carefully spread it over her little ones. Then alighting on a branch high above the nest, she quietly watched the approach of her enemy. His ugly, writhing body crept slowly along, nearer and still nearer, until within a foot of the nest; then, just as he opened his mouth to take in his dainty little breakfast, down he went to the ground as suddenly as though a bullet had gone through his head, and hurried off into the jungle beyond. The little birds were unharmed; and as

the mother-bird flew down and spread wings over them, the poison-leaf (poison only to the snake) fell at the feet of the traveller; and he felt, as never before the force of the words, "Are not the sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father," for who but he who made the dear little birds could have told the one the power there was in this little leaf.—*Good Words.*

GIRLS AS PACKHORSES.

NO sooner are the Swiss girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work the land affords, says a traveller. The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when of age, premature but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer.

I have seen sweet little girls of twelve or fourteen staggering down a mountain side or a long rough pathway under the weight of bundles of fagots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped than they hurried back for others. I have seen girls of fifteen years, barefooted and bareheaded in the blistering rays of an August sun, breaking up the ground by swinging mallets heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man. I have known a young miss no older than these to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travellers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted that it was sometimes very hard to take another step, but she must do it. And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout-limbed guide, protected by the law, so that he cannot be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds, but the limit to the burden put upon girls is their inability to stand up under anything more. But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden bearers, till, by the time the girls come to womanhood, there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand, and quite commonly the chief hand.—*Christian Union.*



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THERE is a book we want every boy and girl in Canada to read. It is Pansy's new Temperance story, *John Remington, Martyr*, and a grand and interesting story it is.

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