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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1898.

[No. 20.]

## For Christ's Sake.

Oh! what shall I give to the Saviour,  
For what he hath given to me?  
I'll give him the gift of an earnest life,  
Of a heart that is loving and free from  
strife,  
As he hath given to me.

And what shall I do for the Saviour,  
For what he hath done for me?  
I'll pray for the sick and the evil-doer;  
I'll make my friends among the poor,  
As he hath done for me.

And what shall I bear for the Saviour,  
For what he hath borne for me?  
Remembering I am his constant care,  
Whatever he sends me I will bear,  
As he hath borne for me.

And what shall I be for the  
Saviour,  
For what he hath been for me?  
Long-suffering, kind, unselfish,  
pure,  
To bear, believe, to hope, endure,  
As he hath been for me.

## MOTHS.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

It is the general custom with moths to have four wings. There are however, some small creatures, known as "plume-moths," that have the four wings so divided as to seem as if they amounted to ten or more wings. These slices of wings fold together, as a lady folds her fan.

On the leaf of a purple-blossomed lupine on a hill, I once found the pupa of one of these plume-moths. The pupa was a grayish thing with a few black marks; it was attached to the lupine leaf by only one end of the creature, it being the habit of the plume-moth larva to make a cocoon, but to fasten itself by the tail to the leaf, and then throw off the larva-skin.

The twenty-eighth of June, a small gray moth came out of my lupine-leaf pupa. That moth was a very queer-looking thing when it sat down. It looked like the letter T, for my moth's wings folded into the cross line, and its body made the upright portion of that letter. The fissured wings are signs of one of the "lowest moths," as they have been called, but even a lowest moth that knows how to fold its wings in so peculiar a fashion would seem to be more interesting than some moths higher in the scale of Lepidoptera. One evening in July when I was in the yard with a lantern to see what insects were abroad by night, I caught a glimpse of what I thought to be a divided-plume moth; it came and lit an instant on the outside of the lantern.

Such moths may well congratulate themselves that they have lived to attain wings. For it is not every moth-caterpillar in the world that is likewise successful. No one who has not investigated the subject knows how many disappointments moths have in their infancy. There is a variety of hairy, black and brown caterpillar in this yard that is very unfortunate. He would turn into a moth, but when a person goes to look at his cocoon on the fence, one discovers his fate.

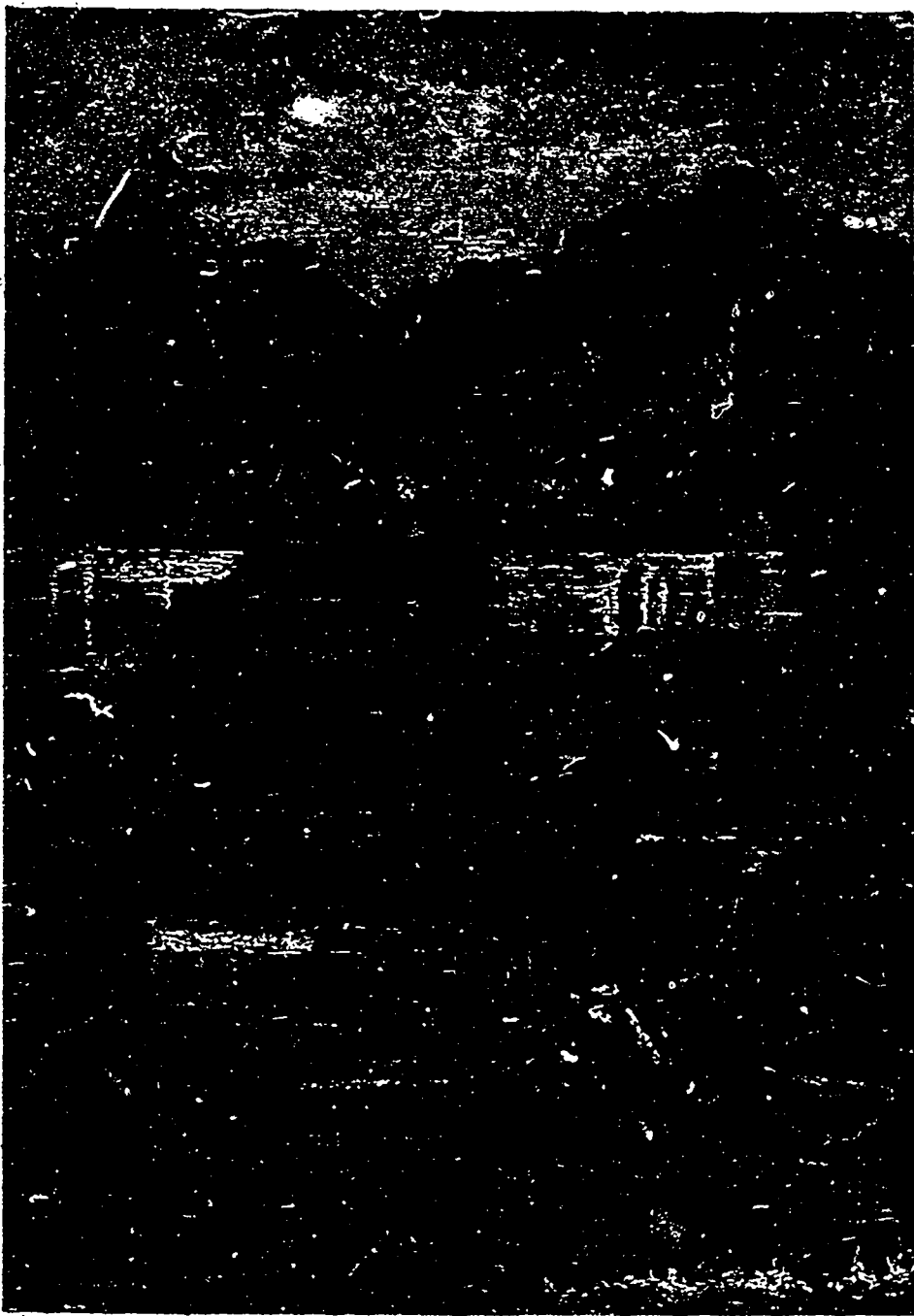
I was looking, in July, at such caterpillar cocoons, and found one that contained the remnant of a caterpillar. Perhaps that moth had come out successfully. I looked at another.

"He's all right," I thought but he was not, for the next instant I had discovered a small, thin, brown "puparium," as the covering of a fly-pupa is called. It was cylindrical, being rounded at the ends, and now there was a hole in it. The fly had come forth. Alas, for the poor moth-

caterpillar, inside of which this fly had lived as a maggot.

Sancho Pansa, speaking of his devotion to Don Quixote, says, "Above all, I am faithful, so that nothing in the world can part us but the sexton's spade and shovel." According to my experience it is death, likewise, that parts the fly-larva from the moth-caterpillar, which stands for the "Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." Once when a white fly-larva came from a caterpillar that had died, I furnished the larva with a little earth, and the creature turned into a pupa the same day. Two kinds of flies have come from such pupae of mine. One fly is reddish, and the other small and black.

the picture measures about three feet and a half from tail to head, and when his magnificent wings are spread out to the full they measure over six feet and a half. This bird loves to build his nest in such a position as we see here—on a solitary rock far away from the reach of men and other animals. As the food of the sea-eagle consists entirely of fish, the nest in our cut seems to be in a particularly good position; for with very little trouble the big birds can dive in and catch a fish or two for their young ones. Here we see one of them with a fish in his claws, and the two young ones, who have been eagerly watching the operations, are flapping their wings in great delight at



THE NEST OF A SEA-EAGLE.

Often a moth-caterpillar has more than one of these fly-larvae dwelling in him, preying on his vitals. In one nook of the fence, where I think two moth-caterpillars had formed cocoons, I found six or eight brown fly-pupariums.

These are sometimes about three-eighths of an inch long, and if one, when empty, is held in the sun, the holder may perceive the little rings that run at intervals around the brown puparium.

## THE NEST OF A SEA-EAGLE.

One of the largest of those birds that are found by the sea and build their nests in the cliffs along the coast, is the sea-eagle. The species represented in

the successful termination of their parent's hunting expedition. The nest seems to be hardly out of the reach of angry waves, but the old birds may be safely trusted to build their little home well out of danger's reach.

"Ninety-eight per cent. of genius is hard work," says Thomas A. Edison, and he adds, "As for genius being inspired, inspiration is in most cases another word for perspiration." As the foremost example in the world of one type of genius, Mr. Edison is an authority on the subject, and his aphorism corroborates Johnson's often-quoted definition of genius, "the infinite capacity for taking pains."

## THE QUAKER AND THE BULLY.

A quiet Quaker, who began the publication of a weekly paper in a western town soon showed his colours by attacking the rum interests. He published the facts about some of the worst saloons and resorts, calling them "ulcers on the body of the community." He was especially marked and pointed in regard to a saloon "on the corner of Third and Pine Streets, whose proprietor is George W—." The day after the issue of the paper a big-fisted saloon-keeper came into the editorial sanctum and in domineering tones delivered himself as follows: "See here, did you write this?"

The editor glanced carelessly over the column indicated and answered in a cool voice, "Yes, I did."

"You crab-coated—" (here he gave vent to a lot of profane adjectives). "Do you know that hurts my business?"

"Yes, and I am glad it does."

"You are glad it does?"

"Yes, friend, that is what I said."

The rum-seller was too surprised by his unexpected manner to reply for a moment; then he swore for awhile; but as that did not seem to have the effect he expected, he said: "Well, I'm just here to warn you that if you print any more against the liquor business in this town we'll make it hot for you. Now, you've had your warning and you can take it or not."

"And supposing I don't take it?"

"Then look out for yourself, that's all."

"That is, thee means that personal violence will be used?" Upon this the editor took some notes on a page of paper that lay before him.

"It means that we will kick you out of the town."

"Kick me out of the town," repeated the editor, writing it down. "Good; and is that all?"

"We'll burn your shanty over your head if you ever come back again, and tar and feather you."

"Burn shanty, tar and feather," repeated the editor, taking notes of the interview. "Go on, friend, anything else."

The bully was somewhat mystified and showed signs of "weakening." The editor paused and waited. There was a moment's silence, then the priest of Bacchus growled, "We'll make it hot for you."

"I think thee said that before," quietly remarked the editor, and laying down his pen he calmly began to sharpen a pencil.

"We mean it, too," snarled the saloon-keeper, beginning to think he had caught a tartar.

"I am glad to hear thee speak so frankly," replied the editor and turning his chair around he looked at the angry man with a pair of blue eyes that showed anything but fear. "But does thee know what I intend to do?"

"I shall publish every word of this interview thee has been pleased to give me. I shall let the good citizens know that thee has threatened me and my property with violence, and if in the future any violence is done, the authorities will know upon whom they have to lay their hands. More than this, I shall tell more of the doings at thy place than I have yet told. And more, if thee comes here again to threaten me with what thee and thy comrades in sin propose to do, I will turn thee over to the authorities for trespassing on my property. Thy name is George W—. Thy saloon is at the corner of Third and Pine. Now that I have all the particulars, thee may go, while I write the article."

There was an impressive silence. The cowed bully eyed the editor with rage and hesitancy, but the eye of the Quaker was calm as a mirror. Besides, the bully noted that he was broad-shouldered, weighed about 190 pounds, and his hands looked as if he had once followed the plough or wielded the sledge. The bully quietly went out, the editor began to work on the interview, and naught was heard but the scratching of the editorial pen.—The Union Signal.

## Two Visions.

Where close the curving mountains drew.  
To clasp the stream in their embrace  
With every outline, curve, and hue,  
Reflected in its placid face—

The ploughman stopped his team to watch  
The train, as swift it thundered by.  
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,  
He strains his eager, wistful eye

The morning freshness lies on him.  
Just wakened from his balmy dreams;  
The travellers, begrimed and dim,  
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh for the joyous mountain air  
The fresh, delightful autumn day  
Among the hills! The ploughman there  
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides  
His steady plough, with patient hand,  
Thinks of the flying train that glides  
Into some new, enchanted land.

Where, by day day, no plodding round  
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind;  
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,  
With ploughs and furrows left behind!

Even so, to each the untrod ways  
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,  
That ever sheds its brightest rays  
Upon the path we do not know.

—Century

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1898.

## A TALK TO BOYS.

A recent address on Sunday evening at Upper Canada College was by the Principal and had for its subject—

Ecclesiastes 9:10 "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

You boys can understand perfectly from your games, for instance, what a capital test of men or boys a test like this supplies. What does the captain of the hockey or football team consider when he is selecting the fellows who are to play on the college team? He watches for boys who put out all that is in them—those who take trouble and learn to play skillfully and then when they are in the game do not spare themselves—in short those who, in the Bible phrase, do "with their might" what they have taken in hand.

You will find this same test applied to you all through life. When you get situations in banks or merchants' offices, when you begin to practise professions of your own, as lawyers, doctors, teachers, or whatever it may be, your employers, your clients, will be watching you. They will be saying, "Is this a man who puts his heart into his work—who does with his might what is given him to do?" And in nine cases out of ten your success or failure in life will depend on the day this question can be answered. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business," the Bible says in another place, "he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." How constantly in actual life do we see this fulfilled. A young fellow starts in life with little to help him, neither wealth nor position nor friends; and

simply by industry and energy, by doing "with his might" what his hands find to do, comes to be a man of weight and influence, a leader of his fellow-men, mingling easily and naturally with the highest in the land, which is what is meant in the Proverbs when it is said "he shall stand before kings."

Indeed, you will find the moment you go out into the active work of life that men at once begin to get divided into two great classes—the efficient and the inefficient, the energetic and the indolent, the busy workers in the great hive of human life who store up what is useful for themselves and others, and the drones, who are thrust aside as useless and whom society scarcely misses when they perish. So you see that the facts of daily experience bear out the advice given in our text as to the conduct of our lives.

Now there is a very special reason why boys of your age, particularly, should have this truth put strongly before them.

## SCHOOL LIFE

represents a transition period, probably the most critical period through which you will ever have to pass. It is the period when you pass from childhood, when play is the chief business of life, to manhood, when work is its chief business.

Only a few years ago and your parents were quite happy if you were only playing with all your might—if you raced around the fields, played ball till you were tired, got thus a good appetite, slept well by night, and so grew stout and strong and simply enjoyed life. It was easy enough then to follow out the injunction of the text, and do with your might what your hands found to do. But not one of you wishes to remain a little child. You want to be men—most of you, I imagine, are in a hurry to be men. That at least is usually the case with boys. But if you are to be men then you must learn to lay aside the childish condition in which play is the main occupation of life. Our business as teachers is to help you over this period of change, to help you to mingle hearty work with hearty play, and so gradually prepare you for the serious work of life.

Now, do not for one instant let yourselves think that when you pass away from the childish stage you are giving up the chance of keen enjoyment. It is largely a question of skill, which also means taking the trouble to acquire skill.

## DO SOMETHING WELL.

You all know what a delight it is for a boy to do something in which he excels; to skate well, to ride a bicycle with safety and speed, to manage a horse, to run rapidly, to take a long jump or a high one. Nature has planted in us this desire to excel. On the whole I doubt if a man has any recollection of unalloyed happiness greater than the memory of what he has felt when a boy in the mere sense of physical activity and energy.

Now, the delight which you thus feel in physical activity and skill, you may, here at school and as you grow to manhood, feel in things of the mind. The student who has mastered his subject, the orator who holds the ear of a great listening audience, the writer who feels that he can command the deep attention of his readers, the keen man of business who knows his facts and how to use them, the engineer who plans great structures—all such people have for the most part a keen delight in the exercise of their powers. The moment you learn how to do anything well and easily, then doing that thing becomes a pleasure instead of a pain. So, if you will do "with your might" what you have to do in life, you have an excellent chance of getting from it much keen pleasure.

There are two other reasons—perhaps one may call them higher reasons—which I think I ought to urge upon you for doing with your might what is given you to do.

First, your duty to your parents. I suppose there is not a boy in this hall who has not had something said to him as he left to come back to school, either the strong, hearty advice of a father, or the loving counsel of a mother, or of others dearest to him—urging him to do his best at his work this term. This ought to mean a great deal to you. Parents do not ask or expect that you shall all be brilliant or clever—they simply wish you to do "with your might" the business of schoolboy life. Your doing so will make them happier than almost anything else. This ought to be a great inspiration to a boy.

Then there is your duty to God. God gives us our powers of mind as well as our powers of body. It is impossible to believe that these powers should be given us without a duty going along with the gift—the duty of using them.

If we give way to laziness—if we are willing to grow up in ignorance, we are despising the best gifts of God. "Not slothful in business—fervent in spirit—serving the Lord." That is the spirit which St. Paul believed should be in every Christian. So when you are tempted to idleness or carelessness brace up your minds by thinking of this text: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

## THE MOTHER'S BOYS.

How natural it is for the mother to speak of her sons as "boys," even though they are grown up and stalwart men in the world. "I wonder why the boys don't come," said a silver-haired mother, as she went to look out of the window to see if her sons were coming in sight to take the promised tea with her.

"Boys!" exclaimed a young girl, with a merry laugh. "Do you call those big men 'boys'? Why, auntie, they are over forty years old!"

The dear old mother turned and looked at the young girl, and said, in gentle tone:

"They will always be boys in the mother's heart, no matter how large and old they are. You cannot understand that now, but perhaps, my dear, sometime you may."

Long after that silver-haired mother and her "boys" had all "passed on and up the heights," the young girl, a silver-haired mother herself, remembered and understood.

The Tribune tells this sweet story of one mother's three "boys":

"A dear old lady, whose home is in Brooklyn, has been an invalid for many years. She is confined nearly always to her wheeled-chair, and her usual station is in a deep bay-window that looks out on a quiet street shaded by maple trees. The pleasure of her life is the green tossing foliage, and its chief annoyance the slingshots of the small boys hunting sparrows. On the window-ledge in front of her lie three heaps of postal-cards and, when she is not watching the trees and the sparrows, she is fingering her mail.

"The three heaps are always of equal height. There are just as many cards in one pile as in another. And the likeness between the heaps doesn't stop there. What one postal card says all the others say. The only differences are in the date lines and the signatures. All the cards in one pile are signed 'Ned,' in the next 'Guy,' and in the third, 'Richard.' Every morning the postman's whistle brings three cards, one for each pile.

"Each postal card says: 'I am well and doing well.' Never anything else, and never anything more. The white-haired lady in the arm-chair has three sons who are in 'leather.' They travel for their firms. Each trip lasts a fortnight. Every other Sunday they are together at home. Every day they are away from home they send their mother the message she looks for. The date-line tells her where each boy is, the five words that nothing has gone wrong with him. The 'boys' are nearly of middle age. They are unmarried, and are giving their lives to the invalid in the arm-chair."—The Evangelist.

## HAL'S EXPERIENCE IN THE CHERRY TREE.

"No, I'm not going a step! It's hotter than Africa here! Besides, I know all about it, anyhow. Wasn't I listening when that missionary was here to tea?"

Mamma only said, "Very well," and went upstairs so quietly that Hal tried to think of a better excuse, and had just about decided to add that his mite box was empty when he heard her bedroom door shut. So he began to whistle, and went out to climb into the old cherry tree, his favourite resort; stretching himself out on the largest limb, he looked up at the fleecy clouds, and watched the sunlight and shadow chasing each other in and out among the green leaves. He did not know that he had shut his eyes, but, opening them suddenly, he saw a queer mud hut at the foot of the tree. And the tree itself seemed different; the leaves were larger than they had been a moment before, and so odd shaped! His clothes were gone, and his skin looked brown, and, oh, how much hotter it had grown in these few minutes! A strange noise seemed coming nearer, he heard the sound of hurrying feet, mingled with cries of pain; he slid down from the tree just as a throng of dark-skinned men, women, and children were passing by. "The slave traders!" He tried to hide, but it was too late. Soon he was bound, and being driven on, on, over marshes and through jungles, hungry and weary,

no kind hand to help him, until at last the sea came in sight.

Poor Hal! his little brown feet were more tired than his white ones had ever been; his head ached, and he trembled all over with fear. Oh, if somebody would only come and help him! If he only lived in a land where such dreadful things were unknown!

"Nobody cares," he said. "It's pleasanter to sit up in a tree than to go to meeting, and the mite box is empty, 'cause it's just whiptop time"—and Hal was getting mixed in his dreams. But he felt the air grow suddenly cooler, and he saw somebody with kinder eyes and a more grieved look than mamma; and a voice said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Hal's eyes were opened very wide now, a cloud had come over the sun, a soft breeze was swaying the branches of the tree, and he sat very still for a minute. Then two drops fell—not from the skies—and he climbed down quickly and ran to find mamma.

Next Band Sunday Hal and his mite box went to meeting.

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 24, 1898.

HINTS FOR DAILY LIVING: HOW TO BE HELPFUL.

(Gal. 6:2; Matt. 20:26-28.)

The spirit of true religion is one of helpfulness. "Bear ye one another's burden," says St. Paul, "and so fulfil the law of Christ." Each of us has a burden of some sort—even boys and girls. Sometimes their burdens are as hard to bear as those of older persons. They often have difficult lessons, heavy tasks, perhaps grievous sorrows.

We should help one another. Older children may help the younger brothers and sisters to learn their lessons. They may help them in their games and sports. Nothing is more beautiful than to see this spirit of helpfulness in family life, and nothing is more painful than the spirit of selfishness. Let us ask what Jesus would do under such circumstances. The verses from St. Matthew tell us what he did. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. So should we also seek to walk in his footsteps. The greatest man is he who helps men most. Even boys and girls may share that greatness and goodness by being kind and loving and helpful in the home, in the school, in the church, and in the world.

## PLEASANT WORDS FROM ENGLISH LIPS.

The London Engineering, an authority in the British navy, while commenting on the destruction of the Maine in the issue of April 22, 1898, says:

"Whatever may have been the cause, one fact stands out with prominence. The conduct of the whole ship's company was worthy of the best traditions of the American navy.

"The suddenness of the catastrophe, the rapidity with which the vessel sank, the darkness, the succession of explosions after the great outburst, and the fact that many of the crew were asleep all tended to put the morale of the ship's company to as severe a test as could well be imagined; but not a man failed in his duty."

The same paper recalls a circumstance which may be forgotten by our readers. In the great hurricane at Samoa in 1889, in which six warships were lost, the English steamer Calliope was able to escape, and reached the open sea. She passed close by an American war-ship which was being driven helplessly on the rocks to destruction. The crew of the doomed ship manned her sides and rigging, and as the English vessel passed them to safety, they gave her a hearty cheer of congratulation. The band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," and as they played the ship struck a reef.

The English paper says, "The Americans had death staring them in the face, yet with a heroism characteristic of the nation, they were able to send a message of encouragement and goodwill to those who were able to find the safety denied to themselves. The incident never should be forgotten by either nation, least of all by England."

Every worthy action is a fruitful seed. That single cheer given on the other side of the world in the face of night and death no doubt has brought forth in many an English mind the feeling of kinship with which Great Britain has now come forward to stand side by side with America.—Youth's Companion.

**A Harvest Sermon.**

BY W. SNOAD.

The woods are russet golden. On the hill  
The busy hum of insect life is still,  
The dreamy softness in the air grows chill.

The swallows' nests are empty in the eaves;  
Her filmy web, dew gemmed, the spider weaves,  
Framed by Virginia creeper's blood-red leaves.

The harvest fields of all their wealth are shorn,  
The last rich load in triumph home is borne,  
And gleaners gather up the fallen corn.

Not one of all those sheaves of gathered grain  
But feeds mankind, or, sown, lives on again;  
Not one amongst the gleaners toils in vain.

No falling leaf from those great elms hard by,  
Drenched through by autumn mist, can aimless die,  
But feeds the nook where spring's first violets lie.

Nor, sisters, is one fight for justice lost,  
Though thrashed and winnowed - to destruction tossed;  
God works alike by sunshine and by frost.

Strive for the right! Do battle brave and true!  
Fear not and faint not! For the end in view,  
Leave it with him. Dead efforts live anew!

**UNDER THE TROLLEY-WIRES.**

The sharp ringing of a bell sounded clear above the tumult of Hamilton Corner, where the busiest thoroughfares of Winchester meet. Close at hand came a lake car, and Jim Connolly, springing forward with his iron rod, shifted it around the curve into Centre Street.

Jim was switchboy for the Electric Traction Company. His post was the middle of the street where all day long he dodged teams and turned electric cars toward their various destinations.

It was late afternoon now; Jim was tired and rather lonely, and as he glanced about for some acquaintance his eyes lighted on Ted Casey standing, with back to him, on the curbstone near by. A bundle of afternoon papers was tucked under Ted's arm, but he was staring idly at a fantastic poster.

The opportunity was irresistible. Jim quickly looked four ways, and seeing that the corner was now free from cars he darted over behind Ted and seized him by the collar.

"Aw, le' me be!" cried Ted, deeply aggrieved. Then, twisting around, he caught sight of his captor, and grinned at him in a friendly way.

"Say, Jimmie, what's that in your pocket?" With sudden curiosity he snatched at a queer object which protruded from the inside of his friend's coat.

"Le' go!" Jim struck down the venturesome hand. "That's my life-preserver. Want to see it?" And with all of an inventor's pride he drew out a peculiar sort of clamp which he always carried about.

It was formed of two pine sticks rudely whittled into shape and hinged together at one end. On the inner side its jaws were faced with strips of heavy glass, whose use was not at once apparent.

Jim enjoyed the newsboy's mystification. "Maybe I'll get it patented some time," he hinted, impressively.

"What's it for?" asked Ted. "To handle live wires with. The glass is proof against electricity," explained Jim.

Ted eyed the strange instrument with increased respect. "Did any live wires ever get loose round here?" he asked, eagerly.

"They might break any time," said Jim, quite seriously. Once he had ventured to question Officer Wayne: "What would you do if a wire broke?"

"Live wire? I'd clear the street and send for Higgins." Higgins was foreman of the repair gang. "If it dropped onto anybody I'd have to ring up the ambulance, of course."

With a hearty respect for the force which kept all these cars in motion, Jim had picked up, from motormen, linemen and engineers, a store of practical knowledge which he was eager to put into use.

His opportunity had been long in coming, and this day promised to be as monotonous as any other. But fifteen

minutes later the long-expected accident occurred.

A car from the west side came out of Pleasant Street and started north. As it swung around the curve its trolley slipped off and caught between the copper wires, snapping one of them near their junction.

The wire dropped into the street, and for a moment there was indescribable confusion as it bounded and writhed among frightened horses and scattering people. The corner was quickly cleared, and at a safe distance a ring of spectators formed to watch the wire spitting out blue and green flames on the pavement.

Down on his Centre Street switches Jim had been startled by a quick, jarring ring of the wires. He did not need the cries and commotion, the rush of people and the stopping of cars to tell him what had happened. Instantly he saw that his chance had come, and running up he broke through the ring just at Officer Wayne's elbow.

"Live wire!" he gasped, plunging a hand into his coat pocket. "I can fix it!"

He had started forward impetuously, but Wayne caught him by the arm and pulled him back, understanding only that the boy meant to run into danger.

"Stand back!" said the officer, sharply. "Don't you know a live wire when you see it? If you touch that, you'll never know what hurt you!"

"It won't hurt me!" cried the struggling boy, in a hot rage at this opposition. "I've got something to handle it with."

"There's a switch on Main Street a hundred yards away," answered Jim. "Run back to the switch and take the left track!" he shouted to the nearest conductor.

As a general rule, a switchboy does not give orders to a conductor, but Officer Wayne stood beside Jim and imperatively seconded his commands. Word was passed along, and the line of cars moved back to return on the other rails.

The first motorman looked to Jim for further directions.

"Run to the switch in front of the City Hall, and shift back to the right track. Jim turned to Officer Wayne.

"That's all, he said. 'Keep 'em moving, and tell 'em to mind their own switches. I've got my hands full here.'"

On the corner near by stood a group of people who annoyed Jim with idle questions and comments upon his courage in holding the wire. Courage? He had not thought of it, though he was proud that he knew how to handle the power.

But on one spoke of his own particular invention until Higgins arrived, clad in the rubber boots and gloves which protected him from electric shocks.

"Have you got the wire, boy?" he asked. "What's that you're holding it with? By George, you'll do!" he exclaimed, taking note of the glass insulators. "But why didn't you ground the wire touch it down to the rails?"

Jim laughed. "And stop the cars!" was his terse comment.

Higgins cast him a shrewd glance and turned to his man. "Here, Jones," he



JIM'S OPPORTUNITY.

But Wayne would not argue. "You stay here!" he gruffly commanded. "Be quiet, now! If you make any more trouble I'll arrest you."

Indignant as Jim was, he had too much sense to contend longer with the policeman. But he felt that he represented the "road," and he was not yet defeated. Slipping back in the crowd, he ran around its outer edge and worked through at another point whence he made a sudden dash for the wire.

A sharp, warning cry arose, for the bystanders looked to see him instantly killed. Wayne and others sprang forward, but before they could reach Jim he had seized the scintillating wire with his clamp. He raised it from the pavement, and, lo! the live thing became tame and apparently harmless.

As he bore it over to the corner of Pleasant Street, the ring of people broke and followed him excitedly. It was a moment of peril for the heedless crowd, and Officer Wayne, seeing now that the boy knew his business turned back to guard the sagging wire.

Jim glared with open contempt at the police who pressed about him. "Folks are fools about electricity!" he growled. "Just because the wire isn't spluttering, they think it's dead!"

"Can you hold it that way a few minutes?" asked Wayne, looking doubtfully at the blockade of vehicles on all sides.

"Of course I can!" said Jim impatiently. "I could hold it all day. Why don't you move your teams? Have you sent for Higgins yet?"

"We've telephoned."

By this time other policemen had come to Wayne's assistance, and the corner was rapidly cleared. On the further track cars began to move north, the motorman started them slowly and passed cautiously under the hanging wire, which Jim had straightened as much as possible, and only the south-bound cars lay helpless in a long line on Main Street.

"What can be done with these?" asked Wayne. "Nothing?"

said, "catch hold of this contrivance. Now, boy, we'll manage the rest of it. Get back to your switches."

"He had grit," some one remarked, as Jim ran off. "That was a risky thing to do wasn't it?"

"We have to take chances," Higgins briefly answered. "The lad knew what he was about."

But though he said little, he was aware that this young employee of the road had acted quite beyond his own line of duty. For this reason he reported the whole affair to the superintendent, and Jim was summoned to appear at the office after his day's work.

Ted heard the message, for since the episode of the broken wire he had hung around his friend continually.

"What'll they give you, Jimmie?" he asked, in hopeful excitement.

"Oh, m. y. e a hu. dred shares of stock and a special car."

This reply was designed to tax the newsboy's credulity, for Jim only wanted a chance to display his invention. And like many another inventor, he forgot that its work could be easily done in a different way.

The superintendent was reading his evening paper when Jim entered the office. Common report among his employees had made him a man of strict rules and penalties, yet he did not seem as austere as Jim had imagined. "I was ordered to report here," said Jim, advancing to the desk.

"James Connolly, switchman at Hamilton Corner?" asked the superintendent.

"That's my name."

"How old are you?"

"Seven 'em."

"Higgins says you managed that break pretty well this afternoon. And you kept the cars moving. How did you handle the wire?"

"With this." Jim had expected the question, and in quiet triumph he passed his clamp over the desk. The superintendent smiled queerly as he examined it.

"Crude, but effective—and scientific," he commented to himself. Then, aloud,

"Others boys can attend to the switch Higgins wants a live lad to help on the repair gang. You can join him." Youth's Companion.

**HOW A WARSHIP FIGHTS.**

Before a battle-ship goes into action, all spare gear is stowed away, and her decks made as bare as possible. This is in order that the enemy, a shot may find but little to make splinters of, should they come aboard. A war-ship possesses three means of attack—her guns, ram and torpedoes. The gun-range from one-hundred-and-eleven-ton weapons which throw an eighteen-hundred pound projectile, with a charge of nine hundred and sixty pounds of powder, down to three-pound quick-firers. The effective range of the big guns is over ten miles, and ten shots a minute can be thrown by the quick-firing ones.

One of the big battle-ships fighting at close quarters, with her Maxims in play, would hurl at the foe about two thousand six hundred projectiles a minute these varying in weight from one thousand eight hundred pounds to one ounce. Some of these projectiles would be filled with high explosives, and would destroy everything for yards around the place where they exploded. As British possessions are so widely scattered that ships have to remain for a long time away from ammunition bases, they carry much more shot per gun than do foreign men-of-war.

When a ship is commissioned, the first thing that the crew do is to practise "general quarters," until they are able to clear for action and be ready to fire a broadside within three minutes from the moment the order is given. Eventually, however, the crew get to know the ship so well that they can get her ready for action in a minute and a half. This they have to do by night as well day. Probably the captain chooses midnight, when all but the watch are fast asleep, to order "quarters" to be sounded. Immediately the bugle rings out, every man jumps from his hammock and rushes straight for his station, each one endeavouring to be first at his post.

For a couple of minutes the clanging of iron doors and the clanking of chains are heard throughout the ship, then all is silent again. The bright muzzles of the guns glisten out at the ports; down in the magazines are men ready to send ammunition to the gunners on the decks above; the torpedo crews have placed Whiteheads in the tubes, and every other preparation has been made to give battle to an enemy.

Illuminated sights are used on the guns at night. Each big gun is worked by what is termed a "crew"—that is, a number of sailors or marine artillerymen specially told off to it. The captain, or "Number One," as he is called, lays the gun and fires it—the other members of the "crew" stand in a file to pass the projectiles and load the gun. There is also a crew to each torpedo-tube. These tubes are now nearly all submerged.

A Whitehead torpedo costs about \$2,000. It has an effective range of eight hundred yards, and its war-head carries a bursting charge consisting of one hundred and eighty-eight pounds of gun-cotton. The Whitehead is propelled through the water by a beautifully-designed little engine, situated at its tail-end. The weapon can be set to run at a given depth, in any given direction, and either to float or sink at the end of its journey. It is fired from the tube by means of compressed air or a powder charge.

The ram is the one weapon which is manipulated by the captain. His object is to out-manoeuvre the enemy, so that he can bear down upon them without fear of their ramming his ship. When the order to ram is given, everybody throws himself flat on the deck, to prevent being thrown down by the force of the impact. Ramming is, however, a very risky operation, as though the captain may succeed in crashing a hole through the enemy's side, the enemy may blow up his ship by discharging her submerged torpedoes.

Forty girls were at work in a high building in Chicago last month, when the cry of fire threw them into a panic. Kate Carney, the superintendent, recalled them and marshalled them safely into an elevator. There was not room for her to enter, but she ordered the elevator boy to descend. She escaped by stairways and halls, though almost overcome at times with smoke and smoke. Kate Carney's name lends itself to a popular ballad; her act of unselfish courage to the approval and emulation of the world.

**Nature's Feast.**

Dame Nature dons her sweeping-cap,  
And then takes out her brooms,  
And, oh, she raises such a dust  
As she sweeps her spacious rooms'

She brushes fields, and hillsides,  
And the leafy forest floor,  
The city streets, the country lanes,  
The rocks and sandy shore.

She swings her broom the brisk March  
wind,  
And sometimes lifts it high  
To sweep with strong and vigorous  
strokes  
The clouds from out the sky

She scrubs and scours her house  
throughout,  
Until 'tis sweet and clean,  
And then she hangs her draperies  
And lays her rugs of green.

She freshens up the rugged vines,  
She makes the waysides fair,  
She adds a bit of colour here,  
A patch of brightness there.

She flings her perfumes all about,  
She gilds the rosy East,  
And sends a thousand minstrels out  
To bid us to her feast.

Such welcome gives she to her  
guests,  
That children like to stay  
Within the house so often cleaned  
In this good old-fashioned way.

**FORTRESSES OF DEFENSE.**

When the Spaniards under Cortez  
invaded Mexico in 1519, with the intention  
of conquering the people and  
bringing that rich country under the  
control of Charles V., they found the  
project far from being an easy one.

At that time Mexico was inhabited  
by various tribes of people, the chief of  
which were the Aztecs, who had maintained  
supremacy over the other tribes  
for nearly a hundred years.

The religion of these early Indians  
was like themselves—cruel and blood-  
thirsty. The gods they worshipped  
were like those who made them—ferce  
and unholy. There were thousands of  
temples, or Teocallis, in the land. These  
Teocallis were built in the form of terraced  
pyramids, with stairways on the  
outside leading to a paved platform on  
the top, where all worship was carried  
on.

The great Teocallis, or "house of the  
gods," of Mexico, was three hundred  
and seventy-five feet high, and three  
hundred feet square at the base. Each  
of its lofty terraces had its own flight  
of steps rising one above the other on  
the southern side of the pyramid.

In their worship, the priests, with the  
victims chosen for the sacrifice, climbed  
the first of these stairways and passed  
entirely around the terrace until they  
reached the next flight of steps; and,  
so ascending in solemn procession, they  
marched on, up and up, to the great  
altar on top, where the stone of sacrifice  
was.

Each temple was not only a place of  
worship, but it answered the purpose  
also of a watch  
tower. From the  
commanding height  
of the broad, flat  
top the priests  
overlooked the city  
and watched the  
people. Like watch-  
men, they used to  
call out the hours of  
the night through  
their trumpets.

In the towers  
which stood on the  
top of the Teocallis  
were deposited after  
cremation, the ashes  
of the heroes of the  
tribe. In one tower  
was kept a huge  
snake-skin drum  
which was used to  
call the people together  
to witness a  
sacrifice, or for war.  
The sound of this  
drum could be heard  
for a distance of  
eight miles. In the  
year 1881 excavations  
were made in  
front of the cathedral  
in the city of  
Mexico, where the  
great Teocallis once  
stood, and a few feet  
below the surface  
were found the old  
capitals of the door  
posts of the temple.

They were heads of large stone serpents,  
ten feet long and five feet high, with  
feathered ornaments carved out of solid  
stone.

The Teocallis, or "house of the gods,"  
was the principal building in a town  
or hamlet. One of them stood in the  
centre of every settlement. It was sur-  
rounded by a wall which was often  
turreted, and always high and strong;  
for in time of war it was around these  
temples that the battles raged most  
fiercely.



SOME OF ELIJAH'S FLIGHT.—SUNSET IN THE DESERT.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN  
TRIBES.

**LESSON IV.—JULY 24.**

**ELIJAH'S FLIGHT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.**

1 Kings 19. 1-16. Memory verses, 9-12.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently  
for him.—Psalm 37. 7.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Flight of Elijah, v. 1-8.
  2. The Vision at Horeb, v. 9-14.
  3. The Command of God, v. 15, 16.
- Time.—905 B.C., beginning the day  
after the great day on Carmel.  
Place.—The wilderness of Beersheba,  
in the south of Judah, and Horeb (Sinai).

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Elijah's flight and encouragement.—  
1 Kings 19. 1-8.  
Tu. Elijah's flight and encouragement.—  
1 Kings 19. 9-18.  
W. A despondent heart.—Psalm 55. 1-8.  
Th. Cast down.—Psalm 42.  
F. The glory of the Lord.—Exod. 33.  
12-23.  
S. The refuge.—Psalm 56.  
Su. Distress and deliverance.—Psalms  
120, 121.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Flight of Elijah, v. 1-8.  
What story did Ahab tell?  
Who sent a messenger to Elijah?  
What was the queen's message?  
What effect had this on the prophet?  
Where did he leave his servant?  
Were did the prophet himself go?  
What prayer did he offer?  
Who came to him as he slept?  
What did the angel say?  
What did Elijah see when he arose?

sack. This purse, which is at once the  
receptacle and emblem of the "Great  
Seal," is made of rich purple velvet, on  
which are exquisitely embroidered in  
richly coloured silks the arms of Eng-  
land, surmounted by an imperial crown,  
and spurling with their hind feet a  
motto which is the Latin equivalent of  
"For God and my country." The purse,  
which was at one time changed an-  
nually, has always had an intelligible  
attraction for the wives of Lord Chan-  
cellors, and many examples of it may  
be found in the houses of the legal  
nobility cunningly worked into anti-  
macassars and similar forms of home  
decoration.

**A BOY'S TEMPTATIONS.**

You have heard of the old castle that  
was taken by a single gun. The at-  
tacking force had only one gun, and it  
seemed hopeless to try and take the  
castle; but one soldier said, "I will show  
you how we can take the castle." And  
he pointed the cannon to one spot and  
fired, and went on all day, never moving  
the cannon. About nightfall there were  
a few grains of sand knocked off the  
wall. He did the same the next day,  
and the next. By-and-bye the stones  
began to come away, and by steadily  
working his gun for one week he made  
a hole in that castle big enough for the  
army to walk through.

Now with a single gun firing away at  
every boy's life the devil is trying to  
get in at one opening. Temptation is  
the practice of the soul; and if you never  
have any temptation, you will never  
have any practice. A boy who attends  
fifty drills in a year is a much better  
soldier than the one that drills only  
twice. Do not quarrel with your tempta-  
tions; set yourselves resolutely to face  
them.

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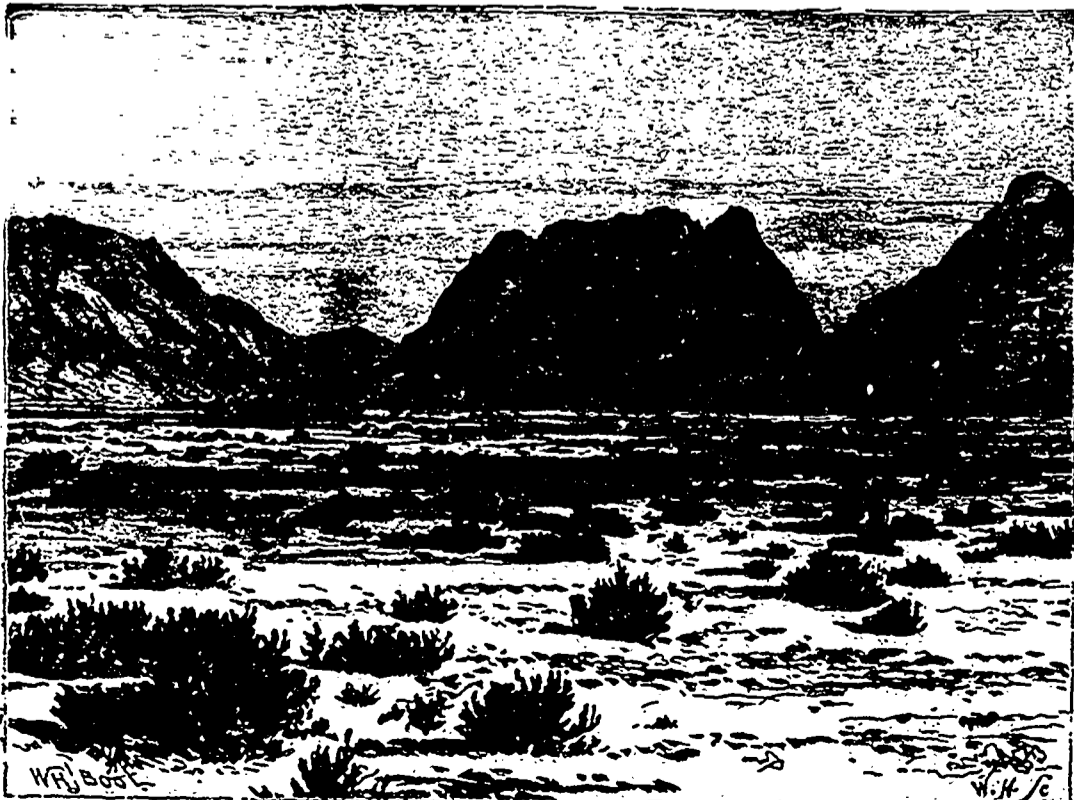
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