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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Lost - A Boy.

He went from the old home hearthstone,
Only six years ago,
A laughing, frolicking fellow,
It would do you good to know.
Since then we have not seen him,
And we say, with nameless pain,
The boy that we knew and loved so
We will never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him
Comes home to us to-day,
But this is not the dear fellow
We kissed and sent away.
Tall as the man he calls father,
With a man's look in his face,
Is he who takes by the hearthstone
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music
Wherever the lost boy went;
This man has a smile most winsome,
His eyes have a grave intent.
We know he is thinking and planning,
His way in the world of men,
And we cannot help but love him,
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow
Who comes to take his place,
With hints of the vanished boyhood
In his earnest, thoughtful face;
And yet comes back the longing
For the boy we henceforth must miss,
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone
Forever with a kiss.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY ANNIE E. ARGALL.

It is impossible to read the history of the French Revolution without a shudder at the awful violence of unrestrained vengeance. The tyranny and selfish luxuriousness of successive careless kings had cruelly oppressed the nation; the people for long years had secretly murmured at this oppression; between them and the royalty and aristocracy there was a bitter feeling of enmity and resentment, none the less bitter for its political mask of concealment. Thus at the close of the last century, France, blind with the fury of the self-avenger, rose to wreak what she termed retribution on the innocent descendants of her former tyrants. Louis XVI., a quiet, studious man and gentle sovereign, may be said to have suffered only for the sins of his grandfather, Louis XV., whose vices must be now nameless. Marie Antoinette, his young and beautiful queen, whose greatest fault was a taste for lavish adornment and novel amusement (because, poor girl! she had never been taught to look for anything higher), was condemned because she hated the Revolution which had beheaded her husband. Princess Elizabeth, Louis' sister, was accused similarly, and suffered the same fate; even the seven-year-old Dauphin had to die because he was one of the hated race of kings. Any who espoused the royal cause were doomed to frightful suffering and death; the smallest kindness to any of the hated family was detected and visited with imprisonment or death, the last being always the most merciful release. Such is the outline of the first dark experiences of the French Revolution, which can be filled in with unnumbered tragedies, the end of which is not yet. It lies with God, by whom "all actions are weighed," and whose ways alone are equal. "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Marie Antoinette was born on Nov. 2, 1755. From birth she was placed, as were her brothers and sisters, under the care of nurses and governesses. Her mother, Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, knew but little of love for her children. She had nurseries and special rooms fitted up

for them, placed them in the care of servants, and visited them formally about once in a week or fortnight, inspecting all arrangements as she might have reviewed her troops, as a matter of ceremonial duty, and no more. Yet sunny, light-hearted Marie certainly enjoyed a happy childhood; chiefly, it must be confessed, spent in pastimes and merry frolics. Although the princess was clever and bright, her education was sadly neglected, a fact which caused her much sorrow in later years. The elaborate system by which the Empress sought to obtain her children's education was perhaps too complicated; displays of girlish accomplishments there cer-

she could not play any instrument until at her future home, Versailles, she obtained lessons privately from a celebrated teacher for three months; at the end of which time she gave evidence of her skill and real love for music, with much proficiency. French, the language of their school room, she spoke fluently, but could not write in it correctly. German, her native tongue, was so neglected that she lost all power of speaking or understanding it. Italian was her one genuine accomplishment, of history, general literature and science she was entirely ignorant.

At Innsbruck, her father, Emperor Francis I., died after a few days' sickness

future husband, whom up to that time she had not seen. He was about twenty, a particularly retiring youth, and his coldly distant reception of his beautiful bride at Compiègne wounded her sensitive heart extremely. He had no aversion to the marriage, but simply treated his wife with the chill courtesy he bore to any ladies of his court, and neither love nor confidence. They were married amid much splendour at Versailles, on May 16, 1770. Until the death of Louis XV., four years later, they were called the dauphin and dauphiness. From the first Marie had many enemies. Her foreign birth, and with it, her disregard of the code of French etiquette, so different to her own, gave much offence, and gained for her the unpopular title: "The Austrian." Her beauty excited envy; her want of education, contempt; and trifling as all these may seem, they were yet the influences which forced the tide of public opinion so strongly against her. As queen she was hated more than ever, and scandalous reports which no contradictions of hers could refute, were current all over France. Not until they had been married more than eight years did she win her husband's love and confidence; which strengthened her brave young heart through the stormy, troubled years that followed. Of their four children, two happily died in infancy; and one only, Princess Maria Theresa, survived the horrors of the Revolution.

On Jan. 11, 1793, Louis XVI. perished on the guillotine; Oct. 14, of the same year, his wife, Marie Antoinette, was beheaded on the same spot. A colossal obelisk of red granite marks the site where the scaffold was built, and the Church of St. Madeleine has since been erected over their obscure graves in commemoration of these and other victims of the Revolution.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

tainly were, but not genuine work. We read of drawings shown as the work of the princess, which her pencil had never touched, of Latin and other quotations recited to favoured audiences, glibly, yet their original meaning entirely unknown to the royal scholar. Next, beautiful calligraphy would be executed in pencil by the governess, and traced in ink by the pupil, the writing when thus completed being much admired and praised as the penmanship of Princess Marie. Everything was superficial, for display, and so much the latter that, strange as it may seem, the accomplishments of Maria Antoinette were rumoured as something equal to her really marvellous beauty. It was her life-long regret and mortification that she could do nothing well. Fond of music,

during a brief absence from his home. Although she was then but ten years old, Marie afterwards loved to recall his tender farewell of her, when just at the point of starting his journey he delayed that he might once more caress his beloved little daughter, Marie. Her childhood was passed in the renowned Palace of Schönbrunn, amid the enchanting pleasures of garden, lake and forest, such as she loved and appreciated to the utmost. Her beauty, her home, her seemingly-fair destiny were but the natural environment of her fearless, noble, and generous spirit.

When fourteen years of age she was betrothed to Louis, heir-apparent to the French throne. At fifteen she bade farewell to her home at Vienna and to her beloved brothers and sisters, to meet her

TEMPERANCE.

WHEN we speak of anyone being temperate, we naturally suppose he does not use intoxicating drinks. I presume all the readers of this paper have seen men staggering along the streets under the influence of liquor. What a terrible thing it is, to be bound and chained by the habit of intemperance! We find so many such—especially in the large cities. The most of the suffering found there is caused by drinking. A circumstance related in my hearing recently corroborates this statement. I will give you the substance of it:

A young lady was reared in affluence, then married. Her husband proved to be a drunkard. She did all in her power to care for herself and family, but in spite of all her efforts, she became a total wreck. After ten years they were found almost freezing and starving to death.

This was caused by intemperance. What a blessing it is to be where we are free from the influence of it! There are a few States in the Union that have put it away; and you never see, written in large letters, "Saloon," "Beer," "Ale," etc., but the air is free from the odour of these drinks.

Children! make it a point never to touch anything of the kind. I have known some boys who thought they would take just a little to see how it tasted, but, by so doing, they might like it, and it would become their ruin.

Boys! don't touch it, for it will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." Our will-power is strong, and if we will let it alone it will be well for us. The Lord is able to keep us temperate in all things; and if we give ourselves to him, he will take us and keep us from the evil, he will wash us and make us white. Nothing unclean can enter heaven. If we want to see Jesus, we must keep free from bad habits, and shun the very appearance of evil.

Your Own.

WHAT if your own were starving,
Fainting with famine pain,
And yet you knew where golden grew
Rich fruit and ripened grain?
Would you hear their wail
As a thrice-told tale,
And turn to your feast again?

WHAT if your own were thirsting
And never a drop could gain,
And you could tell where a sparkling well
Poured forth melodious rain?
Would you turn aside,
While they gasped and died,
And leave them to their pain?

Yet, what else are you doing;
O ye by Christ made free,
If you'll not tell what you know so well
To those across the sea,
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary;

"They're not our own," you answer,
"They're neither kith nor kin."
They are God's own: his love alone
Can save them from their sin;
They are Christ's own:
He left his throne
And died their souls to win.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1895.

AN EASTERN TRADITION.

It was a strange time to travel—with a little Baby too; but while the midnight stars were shining, they went very quietly out of the town of Bethlehem. They were dressed as if for a journey, and they went on, far from the town, across the hills and down the valleys. Sometimes a shepherd on the hillside in his watchful slumber heard distant footfalls, raised his head, looked around his folded flock; then, as the sound died away, pressed close the lamb in his bosom and slept again. The travellers went on; a patriarch, walking with a pilgrim staff, while he led a sure-footed, willing beast that bore a young and lovely mother, and in her arms a sleeping Child.

Can you think who they were?

Through the long night and the gray morning they went on, until the rising sun seemed to paint Judea's far-off hilltops against the sky.

A little morning rest, and they journeyed again. Soon the trees and shrubs seemed stunted, and the grass scorched by the noonday heat, and at every step the coarse fringes of the patriarch's woollen robe trailed in the dry dust of the desert. At evening they had crossed the desert and rested beneath a fir tree, while he unloosed theatchet of his sandals, and took the Infant from his mother's arms.

Do you suppose the little dimpled hands patted in baby glee, or was there a sad thoughtfulfulness on the Child's face at the strange scenes around him?

Another night came, and their path was through a narrow, rocky pass. The mother's young eyes could quickly see any threatening danger. Looking up, she said, "Sire, what are those moving figures on the rocks above?"

He replied, "Only the wild goats that are browsing on the cliffs."

But the mother saw the strange forms coming nearer, and she asked, "Can Herod's cruel bands have reached us here?"

Clasping her Baby close, she murmured, "No! my angel-named Immanuel; robber bands cannot destroy this Holy One, the power of the highest shall overshadow thee." Suddenly a giant form seized the father by his hoary head, and tried to snatch the girdle from his loins.

The patriarch looked poor. What had he for the chief of that robber band? He was clothed in a coarse robe and wore rough sandals; but the perfumed air around told the sweet secret of hidden frankincense and myrrh in that broad belt. Perhaps there might be gold there too!

The father struggled and turned pale at the hold of that strong arm; but suddenly it fell, a soft hand was laid upon it.

"Hast thou a mother?" Ah! that voice! It was the accent of a Nazarene, his boyhood's tongue.

He looked in the clear moonlight he saw a pleading, lovely face, an innocent sleeping Babe in her arms, and on her lips the name of mother.

That word! his heart was frozen long ago in the hard winter of crime, but that word melted the icy depths.

With the air of one used to command, he sent the robbers back to their cavern dens; then reverently bade the pilgrims go safely on their way.

Many years passed by, and brought the time when the powerful Romans conquered all who would not pay tribute to Caesar.

The robber bands were taken, and their chief brought in chains to Jerusalem.

How he raved in his gloomy dungeon—how the chains clanked—every link of them seemed the wretched years of crime that had dragged him to this depth of woe; and when his angry spirit wore out his weary body and he slept, why was it in his dreams he so often saw the one sweet picture in his memory, the Holy Infant in his mother's arms?

The day came, for which all other days were made.

He who was once the sleeping Infant was outstretched upon the cross; beside him on another cross hung the outlaw robber chief. Even as the nails pierced those hands, already dyed in blood and sin, so sorrow and repentance pierced his wretched heart.

He could only turn his eyes to the sinless Mighty One beside him, and the lips that had blasphemed called him "Lord." He prayed; and penitents of earth and saints of heaven have rejoiced over that precious answer, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

LEARN A TRADE.

It has long been customary in the royal family of Prussia to require every boy, when of sufficient age, to learn some useful trade. The late Emperor Frederick learned the trade of a carpenter. Prince Albert is well skilled in the art of book-binding; and his two older sons are learning the trade of stone and brick masons, while the third is to become a carpenter. The reason for this is found in the considerate prudence of the family. While connected with the strongest government in Europe, these Hohenzollerns—this is the family name by descent—recognize that thrones and wealth are uncertain. So great a conqueror and emperor as the first Napoleon may perish in banishment on an obscure island; Louis Philippe may be compelled to flee in disguise, and die neglected in a foreign country; Louis, the third Napoleon, may follow in the same manner, and die in like obscurity; and many another prince or monarch has lost his throne and died in exile. The German princes do not forget history; and they deem it well that every lad born among them shall learn some useful trade, and be prepared to take care of himself by the industry of his own hands if evil emergency should arise.

We commend this example to all young

men and boys. There are thousands who deem it beneath their station to learn a plain trade. Many prefer to seek a way for a living by almost any other method rather than do this. Very many of these same young men, if they possessed knowledge of skilled art, would be able to reach honourable independence, while without such knowledge they must remain all their lives the servants of other men.

"ALL THE GIRLS."

BY LILY SHERMAN RICE.

"All the girls." I hear a great deal about them. "All the girls" are having new tennis suits this season and life is a dreary waste to cousin Bess because she must make her old one do another year. Her sister Helen will feel aggrieved the whole vacation through, if she can't go to California on the teachers' excursion with "all the girls." Even Baby Blue starts off to school in a pout because mamma won't let her carry a pickle to eat at recess, like "all the girls." And so it goes. Always "all the girls" are better off than we!

Of course Helen and Bess and the baby don't intend us to understand them literally when they talk in this way. They're speaking of "all the girls" in their special "set," not of "all the girls" in the neighbourhood or the town, certainly not of "all the girls" in the country, or the hemisphere, or the world. Everybody knows what they mean. The expression is a perfectly common one. I must be very notional, they think, to find any fault with it.

But the commonest expressions are worth studying now and then. If "all the girls"—all my girls—would study this one, they would learn more contentment for themselves and more sympathy for other people, I'm thinking. Let me borrow it to make a few remarks with. They won't be true. But they will all be a great deal nearer the truth than the remarks that Helen and Bess and the rest make every day. Listen then.

All the girls' mothers weep for them when they are born. All the girls are thrown to the crocodiles. All the girls' homes are in huts. All the girls sleep on mud floors. All the girls have blubber and train-oil for breakfast. All the girls dine off cats and rats and mice. All the girls are dressed in skins. All the girls wear one garment day and night and wash it twice a year. All the girls plough in the fields, yoked up with their fathers' cows. All the girls live in dread of famine or of wild beasts. All the girls' brothers spit on them. All the girls' fathers sell them for cattle. All the girls are married at fourteen. All the girls' husbands despise them. All the girls' mothers-in-law beat them. All the girls' children desert them when they grow old or sick. All the girls are in mortal fear of ghosts and bogies and witches and the evil eye and the cruel gods. All the girls mourn because they have no souls.

I said these statements would be truer than those my girls are in the habit of making. If Helen doubts it, let her get down her school geography and meditate on the population tables at the end. What proportion of all the people of the world are in countries where we should choose to live? How would the number of girls that make excursions across continents compare, do you think, with the number that never travel outside the village where they were born, except as they go afoot? Do you suppose that Baby Blue and all the other little girls that pine for pickles carry lunch-baskets enough to feed the children that are actually hungry this very minute? Would all the tennis flannel in the United States cover the children that are cold?

It does not need many of these comparisons to show us where we stand, both as to privilege and responsibility. The truth is, all the girls that have clothes to keep them warm, food three times a day, and a place of their own to work and dress and sleep in, laws to protect them and a friend or two to love them, a chance to learn to read and a Bible to read from—all these girls are princesses of the earth. It becomes princesses, does it not, to be serene and large-hearted and beautiful?—*Well-Spring.*

LETTING MOTHER REST.

ONE of the papers tells of a pretty and talented girl who had completed her school course with credit, and by reason of special accomplishments had received much attention and admiration, and who was asked the other day how she enjoyed her freedom from school life.

"Oh, I'm enjoying it very much," she answered, brightly. "I'm doing the housework, and letting mother have a little rest."

"Your mother is away then, is she not?" was the natural question.

"Oh, no," was the reply; "she's at home, but I'm giving her a chance to rest in the morning, and to dress up and sit out on the piazza when she feels like it. I think it will do her good to have a little change."



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

August 25, 1895.

THE DEAR OLD BOOK.—2 Timothy 3. 15.

Timothy's mother and grandmother taught him the Holy Scriptures. The Old Testament only is meant, because the New Testament was not written when Timothy was a child or an infant, as Mr. Wesley renders the word which in our version is called "child." The word Scriptures means "writings" which refers to the method used in ancient times to preserve the holy records, which were written on sheets similar to our maps.

We are more highly favoured than Timothy was, inasmuch as we have both the Old and New Testaments. The latter confirms the former. We can examine them together and see how one interprets the other. Happy are those children whose parents teach them to know the Holy Scriptures. Parents who neglect their duty in this respect incur great guilt, and inflict serious injury upon their children. Happily the art of reading is now so well known, and the Bible is so extensively circulated, that all may read for themselves the blessed book which teaches all mankind the way of salvation.

Christ commanded his followers everywhere to "Search the Scriptures." This blessed book is not for a few privileged persons. All can read for themselves and thus become wise unto salvation. Observe, that no matter what men may know about all other branches of knowledge with which it is possible to be acquainted, until they understand the way of salvation, they are without God and without hope in the world. Let all our young friends make themselves familiar with this Book of books, which alone answers the question, "What must I do to be saved?"

HOW TO TEACH A LESSON TO A JUNIOR LEAGUE.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

In teaching a lesson always make the subject of personal salvation the leading theme. You need not always allude to it in so many words, but so construe your remarks and questions that this one great subject may be brought to the minds of your scholars.

In praying for success in teaching the lesson pray that what you say may lead to the conversion of your scholars.

Ask questions until the children begin to give "funny answers" which to them seem witty. At such a time to cease questioning is preferable to taking the precious time to correct the offender. He can be dealt with privately at the close of the meeting, and the other children will know nothing of the affair. Then they will never have a chance to drive him away from the meeting by remarking, as one leader did: "Ho, John, you thought you'd be funny, didn't you? but the teacher got ahead of you. Ha, ha!"

Many of the answers given to a teacher's questions are irreverent. They often flavour of the slang of the day. They should never be allowed, and by stopping the lesson for a few seconds, and by remaining silent, the displeasure of the teacher may be expressed better than by scolding.

Give Them a Chance.

(Written for "Our Boys.")

BY CAMILLA B. SANDERSON.

Give them a chance, my brothers,
You who are strong and true,
Life is so full of blessing
For you, and such as you.
But these have been hurt and hinder'd
Since ever they saw the light,—
Heirlooms of family folly
Have scorched their lives like a blight.

Give them a chance, my brothers,
These lads of city and town,
Gay, or sullen, or reckless,
Headless of smile or frown,—
Some of them worse than orphan'd,
Some of them pampered and spoiled,
Some of them only careless,
Their young lives yet unsoiled.

Give them a chance, I pray you,
These younger brothers of ours,
Possible men of genius,
Of grand resources and powers.
Open to them life's pathways,
With worthy goals in view,
Show them the way to the higher,
All they may be and do.

They, too, are made in God's image,
They, too, are bright and strong,
Treasures of unstamped bullion,—
To whom shall the coins belong?
"Christ and the Church" demand them,
The Devil claims them too,
Who shall decide the question?
My brothers, it is you.

Jesus, the Elder Brother,
Speaks to your hearts to-day,
"These are my lambs, go feed them,
Ere they wander far away."
He asks of you but their birthright,
A place in the march of life,
One chance in the game for their innings,
Fair play on the field of strife.

Give them a chance, my brothers,
These lads so bright and brave;
Life is too short for waiting,
Hasten that you may save.
On to the rescue! stay not,
Till all through our lovely land,
These lads from the streets and highways
Are saved by the work of your hand.

Then when the game is ended,
And the last long march is done,
When the battle of life is over,
And the well-earned victory won,—
These lads, among Christ's ransom'd,
Will shout, with hearts aflame,
"Crown these, O Lord, with glory,
They saved us in thy name."
Toronto, Ont.

The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,

BY

Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER IX.

IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

"The ills we see—
The mysteries of sorrow, deep and long,
The dark enigma of permitted wrong—
Have all one key;
This strange sad world is but our Father's
school;
All chance and change his love shall gladly
overrule."—*Havergal.*

In a few days the talk of the town was that Bob Pierce had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, and no one seemed to know aught of his whereabouts.

Jack heard all this, but he thought but little of it—or if he thought at all it was with a sigh of relief to think that the fellow who had so often treated him unkindly had actually left the town.

One day, soon after, while walking along the beach, Jack passed by a group of rough, half-drunken fishermen, and he saw by their suspicious glances and odd gestures, that he was the subject of their conversation.

many people think you know a lot about it, since you were last seen with him." Jack stood motionless, staring at them in blank astonishment, not comprehending the drift of their remarks in the least.

The men laughed at his amazement, and one of them tauntingly remarked: "He looks innocent enough, now, don't he? How easy it is to pretend!"

"What do you mean?" thundered Jack, beginning to get very angry. "Why, just this," said one of the men boldly. "Bob Pierce has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; he was last seen with you, the both of you were just ready to get in a boat. Now people all know that you were not good friends, and the common opinion is that you got into another quarrel while out in the boat, and you got so angry that you chucked him down to the bottom of the lake. You have a little temper, you know," said the man, meaningly.

Yes, Jack had a little temper—in fact a great deal of it, and he was now so angry that the men drew back in fear. "It's a lie!" shouted Jack fiercely. "I do sincerely hope that he is at the bottom of the lake, for he has been the torment of my life, but I never put him there!"

Jack was too angry to weigh his words or care what he said. "Be careful, young man!" said one of them. "The authorities are gathering evidence, and if they find sufficient against you they will arrest you, and such remarks will not be much in your favour."

"I don't care what I say!" foamed Jack. "I was not with Bob Pierce in the boat that afternoon, at all." "Where were you then?" was the next question.

"I was in the woods, sound asleep," said Jack. "What a slick story!" laughed one of the men, scornfully. "And who will prove that you were there?"

And Jack's heart sank within him as he remembered that there was no one at all to prove this—no one but the flowers, the stately trees, and the silvery stream, and they were all such silent witnesses—they would not speak either for or against him.

"Take my advice, young man, and skip out of here as quick as you can. Everything looks against you, and they'll have you arrested in a few days," said one of the men. "I shall stand the consequences, whatever they may be," said Jack, walking proudly away.

As he passed through the streets he was aware that many people cast strange, suspicious glances at him. It had been hinted all over the town that he knew more about Bob Pierce's disappearance than anyone else, and public opinion was strongly against him—not that people thought that he would willfully do such a dark deed—but they knew what a terrible temper he had, and they suspected that he had been too angry at the time to know what he was doing.

When he entered Miss Grey's both Mildred and her father were so startled at the look on his face that they sprang to their feet with a cry of alarm, for he was still so angry that his face was as white as death.

"Jack, what is the matter?" they both exclaimed. "Have you heard that Bob Pierce has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared? Well, because I was last seen with him, and knowing we had not been very good friends, they think I got in a temper with him about something, and threw him into the lake," said Jack desperately.

Both his listeners turned very pale when they became aware of the serious nature of the crime their young friend was in danger of being charged with, and Mr. Grey anxiously said:

"But surely, Jack, there is not enough evidence against you to warrant an arrest?" "I think there is plenty," said Jack. "Everything looks against me; no one will believe in my innocence but you two. And believe in my innocence a little if you will assure me that you believe me when I tell you that I know nothing of Bob Pierce's whereabouts."

"We do believe you," said both Mildred and Mr. Grey, earnestly. "I hope he is at the bottom of the lake, for he has been the torment of my life!" exclaimed Jack, fiercely: "but I never put him there."

"Hush, Jack, hush!" said Mildred gently. "Don't you know that such remarks would go very much against you, were they to get out?"

"I can't help it, Miss Grey; you can't imagine how much that fellow has tormented me! and I firmly believe that the trap I have got into now is one of his own planning." And Jack told his friends how hard he had urged him to accompany him for a boat-ride. "It looks very much like it," said Mr. Grey, thoughtfully.

"But you were in the woods all that afternoon," said Mildred, eagerly. "Can't you think of some way of proving that you were there?"

"No, Miss Grey, I have nothing but my own word for it, and it isn't worth anything. I told the men where I was that afternoon, but they only laughed at me. I am aware that it does sound like a made-up story, but it is not."

"But, Jack, can't you think of anyone who might have seen you either enter or come out of the woods?" said Mildred, anxiously.

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Grey, "if you can just prove that you were there that afternoon, you will have no more trouble." "I don't think a single soul saw me, and I can't prove that I was there," said Jack, gloomily. "It sounds exactly like a made-up story."

CHAPTER X.

A HEART AT REST.

"There is no ruined life beyond the smile of heaven, And compensating grace for every loss is given."

It was a late hour that night when the three dispersed to their various rooms for the night. They sat up trying to think of some way of helping Jack out of his trouble; but all the planning they could think of amounted to naught. They felt that the only thing that would clear him would be to prove that he was asleep in the woods that afternoon; but if no one saw him how could they prove it? And when at last they separated for the night they were still deeply puzzled.

Jack felt that it was impossible for him to sleep with such a terrible weight on his mind, so he put out his light and sat by the open window.

It was a clear, beautiful night, and softly the silver moonlight rested on the silent town—all was restful, calm and still, while Jack's heart was well-nigh broken with its weight of care and anxiety. To know he was innocent and yet not be able to prove his innocence—how torturing the thought!

He fancied to himself how trying it would be—if the worst came to the worst—to stand up in a crowded court-room and tell them that he was asleep in the woods that afternoon; how they would all laugh at him, and call it a made-up story.

And another thing which would help to condemn him was the fact that he was considered to be the worst boy in the town. He was continually getting into some racket—sometimes it was his own fault, sometimes it was someone else's—mostly the latter.

The more Jack thought of his awful position the more dejected he felt over it. His anger was all gone now, and in its place was a feeling of heart-broken sorrow—a feeling that life and the future were quite beyond his endurance.

"I certainly cannot bear it!" he said to himself, in bitterness of heart, as he looked up into the starry sky above.

And the stars whispered back these sweet words of Divine consolation to him: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

All these consoling promises flashed through his mind one after the other, and, with a heart yearning for help and comfort, he exclaimed: "Oh, my Saviour, I feel ashamed to call upon thee now in my greatest need—and yet—and yet I feel that I cannot bear this awful weight of sorrow unless thou dost help me! I beseech thee to blot out all my transgressions, and take my life—my miserable life—into thy dear keeping for evermore!"

And while he was yet speaking, his prayer was answered. A great peace, such as the world cannot give, neither can it take away, crept into his heart, and it seemed to him that the loving, tender face of the Saviour smiled down upon him from the starry sky above.

He was surprised at his own happiness; he had never dreamed before that such peace and joy would be his, or he would have sought this resting-place long, long ago.

Alas, how difficult it is to make unsaved people understand how great is the joy of abiding in Christ! Hearts would turn to the Saviour much quicker if they but fully comprehended it.

Jack no longer dreaded the future. With Christ, the Royal Prince of heaven, on his side, what mattered it to him how many were against him?

He went to bed and slept peacefully, and when he awoke next morning and saw the sun shining in his room he felt that it could

not be compared with the sunshine in his heart.

When he went down to the dining-room his face was so joyous and peaceful that Mildred exclaimed:

"Why, Jack, what has happened? Have you thought of some way out of your trouble?" "No," said Jack, "but I have found rest—the rest and peace that Jesus gives, and I am not afraid of the future now, with such a Helper on my side."

Mildred was too overjoyed to speak; while Mr. Grey said, "Let us kneel and give God the praise," and very earnest and touching was the prayer that followed.

"You see," said Jack, "I felt that I couldn't bear my life alone, so in my greatest need I appealed to Christ to help me, and he has been so merciful."

"All of us can truly say that. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, or rewarded us after our transgressions," said Mr. Grey.

(To be continued.)

IN THE WOODS.

WHAT folly to suppose there is no life about you because it eludes your search! I might have searched in vain for half a day, yet found nothing among the trees. It would seem as if every creature anticipated the possible visit of a Paul Pry, and was cunning enough to outwit him. The greater the effort made by the intruder, the less are his chances of seeing much. Let him be patient. Often a moment or two spent leaning against a tree effects more than a mile of noisy ploughing through the brittle, crackling leaves. The careless snapping of a twig may not startle you, but it telegraphs your whereabouts to creatures many a rod away. How do I know this?

In this way: Not long since I was watching a weasel as it tripped along the rough rails of an old worm-fence. It was intently engaged, following the trail of a ground-squirrel, perhaps. Suddenly, as if shot, it stood in a half-erect posture, turned its head quickly from one side to the other, then rested one ear on or very near the rail, as I thought; then resumed a semi-erect position, gave a quick, barklike cry, and disappeared. There was no mistaking the meaning of every movement. The animal had heard a suspicious sound, and, recognizing it as fraught with danger, promptly sought safety.

Extremely curious myself to learn what the weasel had heard, for I was sure it was the sound of an approaching object, I sat perfectly still, awaiting coming events. The mystery was quickly solved; a man drew near. In about two minutes I heard footsteps, and in two more saw the man approaching. Calculating the element of time in the succession of events, it appeared that the weasel heard the approaching footsteps first fully one minute before I did, and about six elapsed before the man reached me, from the time of the weasel's disappearance; in all, some seven minutes. Now, allowing twenty paces to the minute, and two and one-half feet to the pace, this man was considerably more than one hundred yards distant. Indeed, I think he was walking faster and took longer steps than I have allowed in my calculation, and was really still further away than 116 yards when the weasel caught the sound of his approach. Is it any wonder, then, that the woods seem silent as we saunter carelessly along?—*The Christian Union.*

THAT LAST WORD.

A YOUNG girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her, "Bessie, never insist on having the last word." The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is, that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and, in the homely colloquial parlance of the up-country, where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."

The King's Daughter.

HER Father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done,
And, since the King loves all his people well,
Therefore she too cares for them, every one:
And when she stoops to lift from want and
sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and fall on either hand;
She dreads not summer's heat nor winter's
cold,
For both are subject to the King's
command;
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is the daughter of a King.

E'en when the angel comes that men call
Death,
And name with terror, it appeals to her;
She turns to welcome him with quickened
breath,
Thinking it is the royal messenger:
Her heart rejoices that the Father calls
Her back to dwell within his palace-walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams, a picture in its
frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For that imperial palace whence she came,
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because she is the daughter of a King.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 25.

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

Josh. 3. 5-17. Memory verse, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I
will be with thee.—Isa. 43. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. The Preparation, v. 5, 6.
2. The Promise, v. 7-13.
3. The Procession, v. 14-17.

TIME.—B.C. 1451, in the early part of
April.

PLACE.—The river Jordan, a little north of
Jericho. When the Israelites crossed it it was
in flood.

CONNECTING LINKS.

The entire generation that had left Egypt
(excepting only Joshua and Caleb) had per-
ished in the wilderness; and their sons, still
directly guided by God, had at last reached
Canaan, and were now ready to cross the
Jordan and begin the conquest of the land.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Crossing the Jordan.—Josh. 3. 5-17.
Tu. Command and promise.—Josh. 1. 1-9.
W. Stones of remembrance.—Josh. 4. 1-11.
Th. Obligations of God's goodness.—Josh. 4.
14-24.
F. Caution against pride.—Deut. 9. 1-6.
S. Telling of mercy.—Psalm 78. 1-8.
Su. God our preserver.—Isa. 43. 1-7.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Preparation*, v. 5, 6.
What was to be a signal for the people to
move? Verse 3.
At what distance were they to keep from
the ark? Verse 4.
What were the people commanded to do?
What were they to expect from the Lord?
What command was given to the priests?
Of what family were these that bore the
ark? See Num. 4. 1-4.
2. *The Promise*, v. 7-13.
Who made and who received a promise?
What was the promise?
What command was Joshua to give to the
priests?
Whose words were the people called to
hear?
What were they to learn about God's pres-
ence?
What about his power?
By whom had God before made this prom-
ise? See Deut. 7. 1.
What would precede the people into
Jordan?
Whom were they to select?
What would result when the priests entered
the river?
3. *The Procession*, v. 14-17.
What was the order of the procession?
At what season of the year did they cross?
What is said of the Jordan at harvest time?

What happened to the waters above the
crossing?

What is said of the waters below?
At what point did the people cross?
Where did the priests stand with the ark?
How long did they remain there?
What is God's promise of safety to all his
people? (Golden Text.)

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God honours those who honour
him?
2. That he will deliver all who trust in
him?
3. That none need fear when he is guide?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What river lay between the Israelites
and Canaan? The river Jordan. 2. By what
were the Israelites led to the river? By the
ark of God. 3. What took place when the
priests brought the ark to the edge of the
river? The waters were cut off. 4. How

land was so full of inhabitants, and their
cities were surrounded with such high and
strong walls, that they feared they could
not drive their enemies out of the country;
but Joshua and Caleb believed that the
Lord could do what he had promised to do,
and give them possession of the country,
and he told the people to be of good cour-
age and go over and possess the promised
land; but they were full of doubts, and
did not believe what God had promised,
and refused to go over. The Lord was dis-
pleased with them on this account, and
said that only Joshua, Caleb, and the chil-
dren that were too young to understand
what they were doing, should go over into
the promised land.

After waiting forty years, Joshua led
Israel through the river Jordan into the
promised land. God divided the waters of
the Jordan and led them through dry-shod.
A little while after, they compassed the

words," and they acknowledged that they
were witnesses."

Joshua then made a covenant with the
people, and wrote the words of the cove-
nant in a book of the law, and took a great
stone and set it up near the sanctuary, and
said, "Behold this stone shall be a witness
unto us; for it hath heard all the words of
the Lord which he spake unto us: it shall
be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye
deny your God."—Joshua xxiv. 27.

The reason why Joshua set up this
stone was that they might remember their
covenant. If they were tempted to forget
it and serve other gods, when they looked
upon that stone they would be reminded
of the covenant they had made. Joshua
knew that he would die in a short time, as
he was then 110 years old, and he desired
to leave something to remind them of his
faithful teachings.

We do not need a stone to remind us of
our duty, for we have the Bible which we
can read at our homes, and learn the way
of life, and be reminded of our duty to
God. We should not forget to read it
often, and heed its faithful teachings.

DON'T GIVE UP.

WE never know what effect a single word
may produce. A good story is told of a
gentleman who happened in a schoolroom
as the spelling class was in progress.

One little fellow stood apart, looking sad
and dispirited. "Why does that boy stand
there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the
teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can
make nothing of him. He is the most
stupid boy in the school."

The gentleman was surprised at this
answer. He saw that the teacher was so
stern and rough that the younger and more
timid were very nearly crushed. He said a
few words to them, and then placing his hand
on the noble brow of the little fellow who
stood there, he said, "One of these days
you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up—
but try, my boy, try."

The boy's soul was aroused. His dor-
mant intellect woke. A new purpose was
formed. From that hour he became studious
and ambitious to excel. And he did become
a fine scholar, and the author of a well-
known commentary on the Bible, a great
and good man, beloved and honoured. It
was Dr. Adam Clarke.

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THE STONE OF WITNESS.

did Israel pass over the river? On dry
ground. 5. What has been the voice of God
to the world ever since? Golden Text:
When thou passest," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's presence
with his people.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What are the actual privileges of baptized
adults?

They are made members of the visible
Church of Christ; and their right, as penitent
believers, to the blessings of the Christian
covenant is sealed to them.

THE STONE OF WITNESS.

JOSHUA was a great man in Israel. The
Lord greatly honoured and blessed him,
because he was true to him when nearly
all the nation were unfaithful. When the
twelve spies were sent into the land of
Canaan to view the country, ten of them
brought back an evil report, because the

city of Jericho seven days, then blew their
trumpets and shouted, and the walls fell
down. This proved that Joshua was right
when he believed that God would give
them possession of the country, even
though the cities were walled, and the
people were very numerous and strong.
Joshua did all he could to keep the Israel-
ites from worshipping idols; but some of
them brought idols of the heathen coun-
tries round, and worshipped them in their
houses.

Just before Joshua died, he assembled
all of the people together, with the priests
and officers, and rehearsed before them all
the dealings of God with them. He then
asked them to choose whether they would
serve the Lord, or serve idols. He set
them the example by saying: "As for me
and my house, we will serve the Lord,"
and the people answered saying, that they
too would serve the Lord, and that their
idols should all be destroyed. Joshua said
to them, "Ye are witnesses of your own