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#### Temperance Hymn.

From Gallia's teeming winepress, From Holland's streams of glid, ere thousands, in their where thousands, in their blindness,
Prepare the balt of sin;
From many a fiery river,
From many a poisonous rill,
God calls us to deliver
The victims of the still.

What though they sing of

What though they sing of pleasure,
While each the goblet fills;
What though their bliss they measure
By quarts and pints and gills;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
Heaven gives us grain for bread;
Distillers, in their blindness

Distillers, in their blindness, Make whiskey in its stead.

Shall we, by temperance aided, In health and peace to live -Shall we to men degraded Refuse the boon to give?

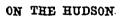
The fountain! Oh, the fountain!
The balm of health proclaim,

Till men, o'er sea and mountain,

Shall speed to tell its fame ! Waft, waft, ye winds, the story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till temperance in its glory

Shall spread from pole to pole; Till health and peace and

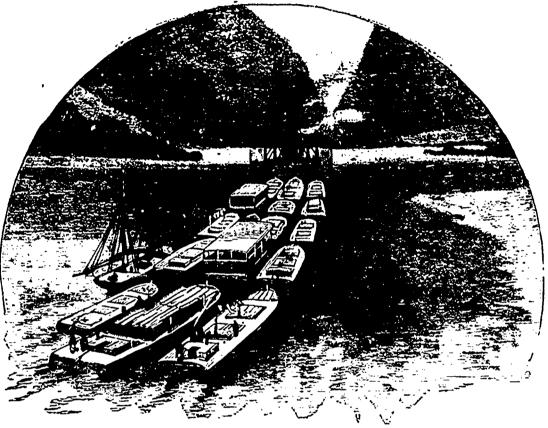
blessing
Shall follow in its train, And Christ, all hearts possessing, God over all, shall reign.



No river on the continent can equal the Hudson for magnificent scenery, historic interest, and literary association. Our own St. Lawrence may have a more majestic flow, and the storied heights of Quebec a more intense historic spell.



ME RHOUXLYN BRIDGE



IN THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON-STRAMER TOWING CANAL BOATS.

The Thompson and the Fraser may be more sublime, amid their mountain surroundings. But the grandeur of the Highlands and the Catskills, and the soft beauty of the Tappan Zee are all suffused and glorified by

That light which never was on sea or shore. The consecration and the poet's dream.

The genius of Drake, of Halleck, of Irving, of Willis, have invested every mountain and vale with a poetic spell and peopled them with the airy creations of the imagination.

On my recent visit to the Sunday-school Con-vention at Boston, I made a run to New York by a route over which I had gene before, and a very route pleasant route it was— that by the New York and New England Railway. I stayed over a few hours at the quaint old town of at the quaint old town of Providence, haunted with the memory of its founder. Roger Williams. As he landed on its shores in 1636, he was greeted by the Indians with the salutation "What Cheer," which seemed to be the only English words they knew. The words are perpetuated in the name of steamships, banks, of steamships, banks, hotels, the public park and other "What Cheer" institutions of Providence.

It is a charming ride to the quaint old town of Norwich, a pleasant city of 25,000 inhabitants, its streets terraced on a steep acclivity looking over the

Thames, for which a local writer claims that not even Richmond Hill or Green-wich Observatory looks on a Thames more fair.
At New London, largely inhabited by

At New London, largely inhabited by retired captains and sealers and whalers, one takes the famous Norwich Line steamers for New York. These are among the largest steamers that ply upon the crowded Long Island Sound. They can carry about a thousand passengers and are perfect palaces of splendour. dour. In the carly

morning, as one approaches the great and busy port of New York, he gets a splendid view of the magnifi-cent Brooklyn Bridge and skyscraping buildings of lower New York.

No city in the world that we know has such a long, wide a long, wide thoroughfare as Broadway, and none so crowded with magnificent buildings, many of those in the lower part having from twelve to twenty stories. The New York sys-tem of parks, Central, River-side, Morning Side, Washing-ton and others ton, and others, make it one of the most attrac-

America. But it is of the magnificent Hudson River that we set out to write.

Or leaving New York, we pass the strange phenomenon of the Palisades—a wall of columnar basaltic rock, antiogous to that of the Glant's Causeway, varying from two hundred and fifty to six hundred feet high, and extending for fifteen miles. Their splintered and time-worn crests present most picturrests present most picturesque appearances.
Wechawken, a little further on, is invested with melan-

on, is invested with mean-choly associations as the his-toric duelling-ground of New York. Now most magnificent facilities for the transaction of an enormous business oc-cupy the site of the old duel-

of an enormous business occupy the site of the old duelling-grounds, and staunch and elegant ferries convey passengers to the famous city of Diedrech Knickerbocker, of Peter Stuyvesant, and of Hendrich Hudson.

Further north the river is invested with numerous literary associations. Undercliff, the home of the poet Morris. Idlewild, the home of his companion poet, Willis; and Sunnyside, the home of the most genial and best-beloved on both sides of the sea of American writers, Washington Irving. Here too is the famous Sleepy Hollow, with its weird legend of the "headless horseman," and of the luckless wooing of Ichabod Crane; and near by is the old Dutch church in whose quiet graveyard, beside the Hudson which he loved so well, sleeps the dust of the sweetest writer of his time.

West Point, the famous military academy and garrison, with its Revolutionary associations of Washington and his generals, and of the hapless Andre and Arnold, is to the Hudson what Quebec is to the St. Lawrence. It is itself well worth visiting for its charming prospect and romantic memories.



WEST POINT-FORT IN THE FORESHOULD.

give an engraving of the view from the

Soon the cubliment portion of river is removed the famous Highlands of the Hudson. It has not the glooms grandeur of our own Samonny, nor the reacted Rhine. But it is more begut ful than the one and more sublime than the other, and at the Storm King the scenery is said to be strikingly like the Don Gate of the Danube. Here where the great cliffs jut out into the stream it seemed impossible to find a ledge for the railway. In some places a pass could only be found by letting men-down by ropes and blasting out a toothold in the face of the cliff. The grandeur culminates in old Storm Kine and Crow Nest, twin mountains that tower above the placid wave

"Where Hudson's stream o'er ellvery gands

Winds through the hills afar, Old Crow Nest like a monarch s Crowned with a single star"

This is the some or Rodman Drake's exquisite poem, "The Culprit Fay," one of the most charming bits or many lore extant...

Here, legend avera, the spectral ship" is sometimes seen by nelsty mid-night, the ghost of the 'Half Moon" of Hendrich Hudson—the first of surps that over burst into that silent sea.

"A ghostly thip with a ghostly crew In temper she appears, And before the gale, or against the gale, She sails without a ray of sail, Without a holmsman stoers."

Between the Nightands and the Catskills is a region of tranquil beauty.

"By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn.
By palace, village, cot a sweet surprise
At every turn the vision breaks upon."

The broad river flows between the populous banks, its liquid surface ploughed by many a keel, while

"Lake slow shuttles through the sunny

warp
Of threaded sirver from a thousand brooks,"

ply the busy ferries from shore to shore. The Catskills, wave on wave of purpling hills, swep higher and higher till they ploree the sky at a height of over 4.000 feet.

The whole region is suffused with the spell of trying's gentle muse, and haunted with memories of Rip Van Winkle and the gnomes of the Katzen-

fourney to Boston was made Our journey to Rosson was made necess the country from Newburg on the Hudson through delightfully romantic scenery, across the valleys of the Housmonic and Connecticut through Hartford, the beautiful capital of the wooden numeg State, to the trimount city on Boston Bay.

#### BURDETTE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of dishes, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction hell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing vourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that, on the sunny side of thirty do that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p.m., and don't get hame until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills you, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your mals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "Old So-and-so's boys." Nobody cares for them; the great basy wer'd down't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your

out will make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be upl to cet into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your bolidays and the better satisfied will the world be with you .-- Bob Burdette.

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## Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1896.

#### MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS.

The safety of the mountain climber depends mainly upon his being well shod, and for this reason the Swiss guides wear heavy shoes with sharp spikes in the soles. On a clear summer morning Senni, the most reliable guide in all the region about, started out with three gentlemen to ascend one of these three gentlemen to ascend one of those mountains in Switzerland whose summit. continually capped with snow, seems to be lost among the clouds. The ascent was made and the summit gained without incident. Lashed togother with a strong rope, which was fastened about each man's waist, the party turned to retrace their steps. Suddenly a sharp turn brought them to a steep slope

covered with snow.

"Keep carefully in my steps, gentlemen," said the guide, "for a false stop here might start the snow and send us

down in an avalanche.

Scarcely had Senni uttered the words scarcely had senm uttered the words when here and there the surface was seen to move, and in another moment a whole field of snow was sliding down the icy incline at a terrific pace, carrying with it the unlucky climbers, who were almost buried in the white, whirling slakes. A little farther down was a steeper slope, and beyond that a precipice, over which they would certainly be dashed, unless some one gained a footbold and arrested the terrible speed.

"Halt! halt!" shouted Senni, and with desperate force he buried the from spikes of his boot into the solid ice beneath the snow, and brought the party to a stop within a few feet of the awful precipiee: a few more seconds and they would have been dashed into the chasm.

Our heavenly Father knows that steep places lie before his children in their journey through this world, and he has provided for us "shoes of iron and brass". The spikes in these "shoes" are truth, courage, honesty, faith, and prayer. If we are to pass safely by the directrons chasms that we most in our prayer. If we are to pass safely by the denocrous chasms that we meet in our pathway, we must be well shed with Christian principles. Roy J. R. Miller.

#### A BIRD HOSPITAL.

Every little while the papers tell of some spinster who proposes to endow a hospital for sele cate, but if we have be lieve the Chicago Times-Herald, the

feathered folk already have a place to

go to when they are sick:
Among its many admirable institutions Among its many admirator institutions for the care of the sick and disabled, Chiengo enjoys the distinction of possessing a bird hospital, the only one of its kind, it is claimed, in the United States. Its manager, C. A. Cross, seems to be able to make the financial ends of the thesitation of host more if they do the institution, at least, meet if they do not overlap to any great extent.

It is only necessary to watch Mr. Cross for a few minutes moving about among his feathered friends to realize that his heart is in his husiness. While that his heart is in his business. his work brings a living to himself and wife, it also brings restored health to many a little winged sufferer, and this many a little winged sufferer, and this phase of his life work apparently affords the bird doctor quite as much satisfaction us the other. His wife, however, seems equally interested in the novel business, and he modestly attributes much of the success of the "institution" to her delicate care of the inmates. The birds, too, seem to understand all this, and show their appreciation by signs, and sometimes utterances, which show how deeply they appreciate the kindness of their physicians.

According to Mr. Cross, birds are sub-

According to Mr. Cross, birds are subfact to nearly all the ailments which infect humanity. The parrot, particularly, leads all birddom in the number and variety of diseases to which it is subject. Pneumonia, catarrh, consumption, diphtheria, tonsilitis, and a wide range of other throat troubles are among the common ailments of this popular talker. Even gout is not uncommon among these aristocrats of bird-

Mr. Cross explains that the most fruitful sources of disease among parrots are improper food and carelessness on the part of their owners in leaving doors and windows open while the birds are moulting, so that they then contract colds. Improper food results in stomach troubles, frequently catarrh of the stom-ach. This is brought on most frequently by feeding the birds potatoes and other greasy food. The moulting season is the dangerous time for all captive hirds.

Mocking-birds and canaries moult in the arly fall, and Mr. Cross says he always has his hands pretty full with these lit-tle singers during that season. Though he does not get as much for taking care of the smaller birds, they are really more trouble, as they are not so easily handled as the parrots, and have less intelligence to aid in pulling them around

#### The Song of the Hammer.

BY E. PAXTON HOOD.

The soldier may boast of his grandeur

and glory.

And tell of the thunders that roll'd o'er the field: He may hold up his weapon all dripping

and gory.

And sing of the splendours that shone on his shield.

But we have no battle-song, breathing of clamour;
We hold up no weapon all dripping

with gore:
So a song for the Hammer, the old iron

Hammer!
Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more!

The banner may fan it, the trumpet before it

May bray forth its praises with loud brazen breath, we will but sing of the death shadow o'er it,

Its pathway of ruin, of danger and death:

While the soldier, besworded, may lift up the hanner.

We'll tell him the blacksmith must glory restore: So a song for the Hammer, the old iron Hammer!

The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more!

the forge in the village the blacksmiths are singing. hammer is fashioned—lo! there.

hammer is fi where it lies:

In the far-distant forests the anvils ar-

ringing,
On the waste and the desert the prou:

cities rise.

Thou ancient truth-bringer, thou might

world-tamer, Great symbol of labour, triumphan-once more! All hall to the Hammer, the old trop

Hammer!

Hammer shall conquer when The swords are no more.

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 9, 1896.

Mount Hor.-Numbers 20, 25-29.

WHIGH, SITE ATED.

This mountain was also in Arabia. stands about half-way between the Red Sea and the Dead Sea. The scenery around it is bold, and presents a somewhat rugged and desolate appearance. There is nothing therefore very attractive or captivating connected with it. Mountains are always more or less evidences of the power of God, for who but a being of omnipotent power could pile up those lofty mountains one upon another? He is a great God, and should excite our admiration and awe.

#### AARON'S LIFE.

Aaron's association with Mount Hor gave it celebrity. Read verse 28. Aaron was the first high priest under the law. The priesthood was to remain in his family until the dispensation of Moses should give place to that of Christ. His conduct had sometimes, at the conduct had sometimes, at the conduct had sometimes, at the conduct had sometimes. least, been of a most reprehensible kind, especially when he made the mistake relative to the golden calf as an object of worship, while Moses was in the Mount holding communion with God, and reviewing the commandments. Good men sometimes commit serious mistakes, and bring the judgment of flod, not only upon then selves, but also upon others. Take care and sin not, or you will in-Take care and sin not, or your fure others, as well as yourselves. "One fure others, as well as yourselves. "Aaron sinner destroyeth much good." Aaron was punished by not being allowed to enter Canaan.

### AARON'S DEATH.

It is a solemn thing to die. It is a mercy that we are ignorant as to the time and circumstances connected with our own demise. We know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth. The command was given by God that Aaron command was given by God that Aaron should be divested of his priestly robes and vestments. This was done in the sight of all the people. How affecting the scene! So we will have to lay aside all our earthly avocations, and enjoyments, and pass away beyond the bounds of time. Are we prepared for the charge which we shall scen have to the change which we shall soon have to meet? We must needs die. Nothing can secure us from death. meet? We must needs die. Nothing can secure us from death. There is no discharge in this war. A good man once said, "Live so as to be prepared to leave the world at any moment." Be ye also ready.

#### LACE-BARK TREE OF JAMAICA.

The Department of Agriculture, Forestry Division, at Washington, has a col-lection of rare trees and plants second only to that belonging to the famed Kew only to that belonging to the famed Kew gardens, London. A recent addition to this dendrological museum is a "lacebark tree" from Jamaica. The inner bank of this queer tree is composed of many layers of fine and intricately woven fibres which interlock with each other in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits of this curious vegetable lace have been made. It have table lace have been made. It bears washing with common laundry soan, wasning with common managery soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness seldom excelled by artificial laces made of cotton, linen, and silk. The intricate web of this unique bark makes it compare favour-ably with the last-mentioned produc-tions for both beauty and durability. It is to be sincerely hoped that the agricul-tural department will see that the Jamaica lace tree is introduced into the United States, and its cultivation carefully fostered.—St. Louis Republic.

The Coward.

Who is coward? Who? The boy who cannot bear A hasy word, a scornini look. A toughtless jest, a damaged book; Whose selfish spirit cannot brook The play he may not share.

Who is coward? Who? He who would rather fight
Than own that he is in the wrong, Or orb his wild, unruly tongue; Who rather would be fierce and strong, Than kind and just and right.

Who is coward? Who? The boy who never craves For grace to help him to retrain From taking God's own name in vain, But idly follows in the train Of Saton's willing slaves.

Who is coward? Who? who dares not refuse To join in every ovil way With those who seek to lead astray: The boy who is asbemed to pray. Afraid the right to choose.

## THE BOY DISCIPLE.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was with a deep feeling of relief that the two families watched the Master go away into Perea. Phineas still kept with him. As the little band disap-peared down the street, Ruth hid her face in her mother's dress and began to

I don't want my father to go away again!" she sobbed. Abignil took her in her lap and tried to comfort her, although there were tears in her own eyes.
'We will go home soon, little daugh-

ter, and then father will be with us all the time. But we must wait first, till after the cold, rainy season, and the Feast of Dedication."

What! another feast?" asked Jesse. what: another reast? asked Jesse, whom the summer had seemed one confusion of feativals. Don't have lots of them down in this try! What's this one for ? to whom long country !

Grandfather will tell you," answered mother. "Run out and ask him his mother. "Run out and ask his for the story. I know you will like it."

Scated on his grandfather's knee, Jesse doubled up his little fists, as he heard how a heathen altar had once been set up on the great altar of burnt-offering, and a heathen general had driven a herd of swine through the holy Temple, making it unclean. But his breath came quick, and his eyes shone, as the proud old Israelite told him of Judas the Mac-cabee, Judas the lion-hearted, who had whipped the Syrian soldiers, purified the Temple, and dedicated it anew to the worship of Jehovah.

"Our people never forget their heroes." ended the old man. "Every year in home, no matter how humble, candle is lighted at the beginning of the feast; the next night, two, and the next night, three, and so on, till eight candles shine out into the winter darkness.

"For so the brave deeds of the Mac-

burn in the memory of every child of Abraham!

The feast came and went While the candles burned in every home, and the solden lamps in the great Templo blazed a welcome, the Nazarene came back to his Eather's house, to be onco more about his Father's business.

Joel caught a glimpse of him walking up and down the covered porches in front of the Gate Beautiful. The next moment he was pushing and elbowing his way through the jostling crowds, till

e stood close beside him. After that, the services that followed were a blank. He saw only one face that had looked into his beside the Galilec, and drawn from his heart its intensest love. He heard only one voice,—the voice he had longed for all these weeks and days. Just to be near him! To be able to reach out reverent fingers and only touch the clothes he wore; to look up in his face, and look and look with a love that never wearied.

-that was such happiness that Joel was

lost to everything else!

But after a while he began to realize that it was for no friendly purpose that chief priests came pressing around with questions

thou be the Christ, tell us plainly! they demanded. they demanded. Then up and down through the long Porch of Solomon, among all its white marble pillars, they repeated his answer;
"The works that I do in my Father's

name, they bear witness of me. I and my Father are one!

shouted a mocaring
"Blasphemy!"
for one "Blasphemy!" shouted a voice behind him. "Blasechoed Pharisce and Sadducee. Borroad The crowds pushed and shoved agreed. The crowds pushed and shoved between the pillars; some ran out for stones. In the confusion of the uproar, as they turned to lay violent hands on him, he slipped out of their midst, and went quietly away.

Joel hunted around awhite for the party he had come with, but seeing neither Phineas nor Lazarus, started back to Bethany on the run. A cold winter rain had begun to fall.

None of Reuben's family had gone in-to Jerusalem that day on account of the weather, but were keeping the feast at

They were startled when the usually quiet boy burst excitedly into the house, and told them what he had just seen.

"O mother Abigail!" he cried, throw-

"O mother Angan; ne classifing himself on his knees beside her. "If he goes away a sain may I not go with him? I cannot go back to Galilee and leave him, unknowing what is to hap-pen. If he is to be persecuted and driven out, and maybe killed, let me at least share his suffering, and be with him at the last!

You forget that he has all power. and that his enemies can do him no harm," said Abigail, gently. "Has he harm," said Abigail, gently. "Has he not twice walked out unharmed, before their very eyes, when they would have taken him? And besides, what good could you do, my boy? You forget that you are only a child, and might not be able to stand the hardships of such a journey."

I am almost fourteen," said Joel, stretching himself up proudly. "And I am as strong now as some of the men who go with him. He gave me back He gave me back my strength, you know. Oh, you do not know how I love him!" he cried.
"When I am away from him, I feel as you would were you separated from Jesse and Ruth and father Phineas.

"Child, have you no care for us?" a responded reproachfully.
"Oh, do not speak so!" he cri

"Oh, do not speak so!" he cr catching up her hand and kissing it. do love you; I can never be grateful enough for all you have done for me. But, O mother Abigail, you could never understand! You were never lame and felt the power of his healing. You were never burning with a wicked hatred, and telt the balm of his forgiveness! You cunnot understand how he draws me to him !

"Let the boy have his way," spoke up cuben. "I, too, have felt that won-Reuben. derful power that draws all men to him. Gladly would I part with every shekel possess, if I thereby might win him the favour of the authorities."

When once more a little band of fugi-tives followed their Master across the Jordan, Joel was with them.

The winter wore away, and they still tarried. Day by day, they were listening to the simple words that dropped like seeds into their memories, to spring up in after months and bear great truths.

Now they heard them as half-understood
parables,—the good Samaritan, the
barren fig-tree, the prodigal son, the unjust steward.

There was one story that thrilled Joel deeply,—the story of the lost sheep. For he recalled that stormy night in the sheepfold of Nathan ben Obed, and the shepherd who searched till dawn for the straying lamb.

was only long afterwards that he realized it was the Good Shepherd himself who told the story, when he was about to lax down his own life for the lost sheep of Israel.

Meanwhile in Bethany, Rabbi Reuben and his wife rejoiced that their daugh-

ter's visit stretched out indefinitely.

Jesse openly declared that he intended there always, and learn to be a to stav goldsmith like his grandfather.

Ruth, too, was happy and contented,

and seemed to have forgotten that she ever had any other home. As the early spring days came on, she lived ulmost entirely out in the sunshine. She had fallen into the habit of standing at the gate to watch for Lazarus every evening when he came back from the Temple. As soon as she saw him turn the corner into their street, she ran to meet him. fair curis and white dress flustering in the wind.

No matter how tired he was, or what cares rested heavily on his mind, the pale face always lighted up, and his dark eyes smiled at her coming

Lazarus does not seem well, lately," she heard Murtha say to her mother one day. "I have been trying to persuade him to rest a few days; but he insists he cannot until he has finished the scroll he is illuminating."

A few days after that he did not go to ie city as usual. Ruth peeped into the darkened room where he was resting or a couch; his eyes were closed, and he was so pale it almost frightened her.

He did not hear her when she tiptoes into the room and out sgain; but fragrance of the little stemlers rose she inid on his pillow aroused him. Ho opened his eyes and smiled languidly, as he caught sight of her slipping noise-lessly through the door.

Her mother, sewing by the window, looked out and saw her running across the street. Jesse was out in the house, playing with a ball. Jesse was out in front of

"Who is that boy talking to Jesse?" asked Abigail of Rebecca, who stood in the doorway, holding out her arms as Ruth came up.

"Why, that is little Joseph, the only son of Simon the leper. Poor child!"
"Simon the leper," repeated Abigail.

"A stranger to me.

"Surely not. Have you forgotten the wealthy young oil-seller who lived next synagogue? He has the richest

the synagogue? He has the richest olive groves in this part of the country."

"Not the husband of my little playmate Esther" cried Abiga... "Surely he has not been stricken with leprosy?"

"Yes: It is one of the saddest cases I have ever heard of. It seems so terrible for a man honoured as he has been, and accustemed to every luxury, to be such a demissed outcast." such a despised outcast."

"Poor Esther I" sighed Abigail.
"Does she ever see him ?"

The disease is fast de-"Not now. stroying him; and he is such a hideous sight that he has forbidden her to ever is changed. Of course he would be stoned if he were to come back. He never seeks the company of other lepers. She has had a room built for him away from the sight of men. Every day a servant carries him food and tidings. It is well that they have money, or he would be obliged to live among the tombs with others as repulsive-looking as himself, and such company must cerworse than none. Sometimes little Joseph is taken near enough to speak to him, that he may have the poor comfort of seeing his only child at a distance."

What if it were my Phineas!" claimed Abigail, her tears dropping fast on the needlework she held. "Oh, it thousand times worse than death !

Out in the street the boys were making each other's acquaintance in the off-hand way loys of that age have.

"My name is Jesse. What's yours?"

"Joseph."

Where do you live?"

"Around the corner, next to the synagogue My father is a carpenter. What's

vom s?

Joseph hesitated. "He used to be an oil-selve," he said finally. "He doesn's he said finally. "He doesn't do anything now.

"Why ." persisted Jesse.
"He is a leper now," was the rejuctant answer.

A look of distress came over Jesse's lepers once. face He had seen some and the sight was still fresh in his mind. As they were riding down from Galilee, Joel had pointed them out to him. group of beggars with horrible s sores that had eaten away their ficsh, till some were left without lips or eyelide one beld lids: one held out a deathly white hand from which nearly all the finners had dropped. Their hair looked like white wire, and they called out, in shrill,

eracked volcos, "Unclean! Unclean! Come not usur us !"

"How terrible to have one's father se that," thought Jesse. A lump seemed to come up in his throat; his eyes with tours at the bare idea. Then. boy-like, he toused up his ball, and for-got all about it in the game that followed.

Several days after he met Joseph and a servant, who was carrying a large, covered basket and a water-bottle made

of skiu. 'm going to see my father, now," h. "Ask your mother if you with me." said Joseph.

Jesse started towards bis home, then torned suddenly. "No, I'm not going to ask her, for she'l be sure to say no. I am just going anyhow."

"You'll catch it when you get home!"

exclaimed Joseph.

'Well, it cannot last long," reasoned Jesse, whose curloally had gotten the better of him. "I believe I'd rather take chipping than not to go.

Joseph looked at him in utter astonish-

Yes, I would," he insisted; "so come on!

A short walk down an unfrequented road, in the direction of Jericho, took them to a lonely place among the bare cliffs. A little cabin stood close against the rocks, with a great sycamore-tree bending over it. Near by was the en-trance to a deep cave, always as cooft as cellar, even in the hottest summer

At the mouth of the cave sat Simon per. He stood up when he saw coming, and wrapped himself in a white linen mantic that the leper. closely in a white linen mantle that covered him from head to foot. It was a ghostly sight to Jesse; but to Joseph, so long accustomed to it, there seemed nothing strange.

At a safe distance the servant emptied his basket on a large flat rock, and poured the water into a stone jar standing near. Last of all, he laid a piece of E was Esther's parchment on the stone. letter to her exiled husband.

No matter what storms swent the valley, or what duties pressed at home, that little missive was always sont. She had learned to write for his sake. By all his friends he was accounted dead; but her love stronger than death, bridged the gulf that separated them. She lived only to minister to his comfort as best he could.
Simon did not send as long a messange

in return as this trusted measurer usually carried. He had much to say to his boy, and the sun was already high.

Jesse, lagging behind in the shelter of the rock, heard the tender words of counsel and blessing that came from the white-sheeted figure with a feeling of 24.0

As the father urged his boy to be faithful to every little duty, careful in learning the prayers, and above all obcdient to his mother, Jesse's conscience

been to prick him sorely.

"I believe I know somebody that could cure him," he said, as they picked their av over the rocks, soing 'Cause He made Joel well."

"Who's Joel ?" asked Jeseph.
"A boy that lives with us. He was inst as hame, and limped way over when he walked. Now he is as straight as I am. All the sick people where I lived went to him, and they got well."

Joseph shook his head. "Lapers can't be cured. Can they, Seth?" he

asked, appealing to the servant,

"No, lepers are just the same as dead," answered Seth. "There's no help for

Jesse was in a very uncomfortable france of mind, as, hot and dusty he left his companion and dragged home at a snall's pace.

vext morning Joseph was waiting for nout in front. "Well, this she whip him out in front. he asked, with embarrassing frankness

'No." said Jesse, a little sheepishly. "She put me to bed just as soon as I had caten my dinner, and made me stay there till this morning."

#### (To be continued.)

Bixby-"What tdiets girls are when they imitate men." Marine (flattered): -"Do you think so? That proves how excellent the imitation is"

#### Do Your B.st

Have you failed to-day, good heart? 'Tis no cause for sorrow; Try again; the clouds may part— Perhans may part to-morrow. If you are a brave, strong man, You will do the best you can. Do your best, and leave the rest, Better may come to-morrow.

Have you lost your land or gold? That's no cause for sighing;
One bright hour doth oft unfold
Many a year's denying.
Be not weary or downcast,
"Patience holds the gate at last." Do your best, and leave the rest, And never give up your trying.

Rich or poor, be all a man; Wear no golden fetter, Wear no gotten letter,
Do the very best you can,
And you'll soon do better.
Every day you do your best
Is a vantage for the rest.
Don't complain; every gain
Is making your best still better.

#### SIGNAL LIGHTS.

I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea.

One day, on one of these trips, she sat on a coil of rope

watching old clean the signal lamps.

What are you do-

what are you doing?" she asked.
"I am trimming the signal lamps," said old Jim.

said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might get wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away, and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did as was afterward shown.

The next day she ame to watch old The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on a coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of the cloths, and old Jim began to swear

cloths, and old Jim
began to swear
awfully. Mary slipped from her place,
and ran into the cabin; but she came
back shortly and put a folded paper into
his hand. Old Jim opened it, and there,
printed in large letters—for Mary was
too young to write—were these words:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the

Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

What is this, Miss Mary?"

"What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have your signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and went like

nad forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a child. At last he said:

"You're right, missy; I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights for I might be out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you all those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now, which Mary gave him, and on the cover he printed, "Signal Lights for souls bound for Heaven."

## DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any borth on your ship? I want to earn comething."

What can you do?" asked the gentle-

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on to two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner. questioner.

questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue, must be made of good stuff."

## LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON VI.-AUGUST 9. DAVID'S VICTORIES.

2 Sam. 10. 8-19. Memory verses, 11, 12. GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear.—Psalm 27. 1. Time.—About B.C. 1034.

would make the Hebrew soldiers brave? would make the Hebrew soldiers brave? Did Joab count upon God's aid? 13. Which branch of the armies was the first to flee? 14. What caused the Ammonites to give up the fight? Why did Joab not follow up the victory?

II. The Lord's battle against Syria, verses 15-19.

II. The Lord's battle against Syria, verses 15-19.

15. What did the Syrians do after their defeat? 16. What led Hadarezer to engage in the conflict? 17. Why did David go with the army in person? Where was the battle fought? Name some of the results that followed this great victory. What became of the alliance between the Syrians and the Ammonites?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

A suspicious spirit will cause us to injure our friends. It takes courage to be faithful to do hard things and suffer painful ones. For love of country and home and life people will do and dare. Our chief reliance should be upon God. It takes bitter experience to teach some people wisdom. Ruin will be the fate of all who oppose Christ and His cause. Are we on the safe and winning side?

## THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY'S NURSE.

Few knew of his unhappy childhood, and the teaching of his faithful old

A SEALTH TO VER

BETHANY, "WILDERNESS OF JUDEA," DEAD SEA AND MOAT, FROM TOWER ON MOUNT OLIVET .- See Story.

-1. Rabbath, the capital of the Places.—1. Raddath, the capital of the Ammonites. 2. A plain surrounding the city of Modeba. The plain was inhabited by Reubenites; the city belonged originally to the Moabites, and afterward fell into their hands. 3. Hamath, a Syrian metropolis, not far from Damascus.

#### DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (2 Sam. 10. 8-19). Answer the Questions. Tell in your own words the Lesson story.

Tuesday.—Read a song of victory (Exod. 15. 1-11). Fix in your mind Time

Wednesday.—Read a story of God's care (1 Chron. 18. 1-13). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read about trust in God (Psalm 144). Learn the Memory Verses. Friday.—See how God delivers (Psalm 18. 32-50).

Saturday.—Read how to praise for deliverance (Psalm 34). Study Teachings of the Lesson

Sunday.—Read the soul's warfare (Eph. 6. 10-20).

## QUESTIONS.

I. The Lord's battle against Ammon, verses 8-14.

8. Where was this battle fought? By whom were the Ammonites aided? How did Joab secure an advantage over them?

What was the plan of battle chosen by the enemy? How did Joab arrange 9. What was the plan of battle shows by the enemy? How did Joab arrange his forces? 10. State what you know of Abishai? 11. What agreement did with Abishai? 12. Why t agreement did Dishai? 12. Why needed? What courage

nurse, of whom to the last he would speak of as "the best friend he ever had in the world;" and although every one knew of his strong fidelity to evangelical truth, and of his firm faith in God, perhaps comparatively few were aware how beautifully simple and childlike was that faith. The idea that he was little else than a narrow bigot will be considerably beautifully ships. The idea that he was little eise faith. The idea that he was little eise than a narrow bigot will be considerably modified by a thoughtful perusal of the remarkably interesting volumes of his

And yet the home into which the And yet the home into which the future philanthropist was born was such as to discourage the growth of true piety. His father was an able man and of keen sense, but largely engrossed in public life; his mother, daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, was a fascinating woman, and attached, after a certain manner to her children, but too rascinating woman, and attached, after a certain manner, to her children, but too much occupied with fashion and pleasure to be very mindful of their religious training. Occasionally his father gious training. Occasionally his father asked him a question from the Catechism, but for the rest he was left to grow up in the cold, formal religion of the time.

But there was in the household a But there was in the household a simple-hearted, loving, Christian woman, named Martha Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother when at Blenheim. She loved this gentle, serious little boy, and was wont to take him on her knee and tell him stories from the Scriptures. Throughout his life, it seems to us, can be traced the effects of these teachings, which, growing with his growth and strengthening with his

strength, ripened into a firm and intelligent but a child-like faith. She taught him the first prayer he ever uttered, such which, even in old are be found himself. nim the first prayer he ever uttered, which, even in old age, he found himself frequently repeating. He promised Mr. Hodder, before his fatal illness, to put this prayer into writing, but he was never able to fulfil this promise.

#### Messages From Home.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON:

Oh, the wind comes over the hills this morning—
Straight over the hills—from home.
I catch the scent of the pointed them
As the ardent spring within
Stirs;

And the sweet, low things of the wood.

land seend
A moses

land send
A message kind to their exiled friend.
Telling how gladsomely they're adorning
The wood—no corner or crevice scorning
Under the sun-filled dome.

The streets are empty, the town is sleep ing.

The air is quiet and clear The air is quiet and clear; But heavy wheels and hurrying feet Too soon will banish the silence sweet. The breeze and the hour will depart. I will house their messages in the heart.

There, closely held in its loving keeping.
They will set its pulses with gladies leaping.
Though the day break dark

drear.

A breath divine o'er my soul is sweet ing— I wait in glad amaze;

I wait in glad amaze; It fans my faith to a living flame, Putting my doubts and fears to shame; Heaven seems so real, so blest, near!

There is no place for doubt or fear.
Or care to come with their stealthy
creeping;
Far, far away is the voice of weeping,
And all my soul is praise.

O breath of heaven, beneath thy power

Again I consecrate
My little life to Him who gave!
The storms will beat, the ten

rave;
Again the cares of earth will press,
But I am strong 'gainst strain
stress—

Strengthened and stayed by this still hour And the message from Home. Oh, price less dower,

It was well for thee to wait!

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