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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1899.

No. 23.

Building a House.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hummingbird,
"I think we'll build to-day;
Just stir yourself, and soon we'll have
A house well under way.
I found a safe and cozy spot
Up in the apple tree,
Where you and I can live at ease,
And rear our family."

Now, Mr. Hummingbird was such
A kind, good-natured fellow,
He hastened to obey his wife,
Brushed off his coat so yellow,
With stripes of red and lustrous green,
And straightened out his vest;
Then, turning up his collar, swift
He started on his quest,

To find material to build,
Out in the field he spied
Three snow-white horsehairs and a tuft
Of old gray moss beside,
A luckless sheep, in passing by
The prairie bush, had torn
Some fleecy wool from off its back
That very summer morn.

So Mr. Hummingbird toiled hard—
He never liked to shirk—
While Mrs. H. reviewed the things,
Then also went to work.
She hummed a merry little tune,
Till wool and moss and hair
Were woven in a dainty nest,
Destined her eggs to bear.

The lining, something soft and fine
It ought to be—ah! see
That frowny-headed dandelion
Under the apple tree!"
Cried Mr. Hummingbird, and pulled
The wig off in a trice.
"Now, dear," quoth Mrs. Hum-
mingbird,
"Our home is surely nice."

Some twigs and moss she glued
outside,
So deftly and so well,
That where the tiny nest was hung
No robber birds could tell;
And when within that cozy house
Two eggs were laid with care,
And hatched, no family around,
With theirs could e'en compare.

MENDING THE NETS.

The fisherman's wife, in the illustration, is trying to teach her little daughter how to mend her father's nets when they are broken, and they need mending very often. They are sitting on the beach and working away at the net as it hangs from the big fishing vessel. There is a certain way of making nets, and also a certain way of mending them, and they have to be well and strongly netted. Don't these things—the sea, the boat, the nets, and the mending—remind us of something we have read in the story of the life of Jesus? Didn't the Master call two of his noblest disciples to leave their lowly occupation of mending the nets with their father on the shores of Galilee, to come and follow him? And these two men, James and John, left their work and their home and their friends, and cast in their lot with him who had not where to lay his head. Do you think Christ would have called them if they had not been doing anything?

THE JEWS' PLACE OF WALLING.

J. James Tissot, the distinguished French illustrator of the Life of Christ, writes in *The Century* for April of a walk "Round About Jerusalem," and gives this picturesque description of a scene at the Wall of Lamentation:
Let us now turn down into the Jews' quarter, and go to the Wall of Lamentation. Friday is the best day to choose for this, because on that day the Israel-

ites are there in greater number, and one thus has a wider variety of types at hand. All along this old Solomonian wall, every stone of which is of the greatest antiquity, are leaning crowds of men, most of whom are clad in more or less shabby fur greatcoats. The majority of them seem to be poor, but one must not be certain as to that point. Some hold their heads in their hands and press their brows against the wall; others read. From time to time one will sob whereat all the rest begin to weep and wall in the most doleful manner. I saw among those present many who had real sorrows, profound griefs, several of whom

forts us, and we go through life aided, sustained, and uplifted by it."

A LEGEND OF THE DELUGE.

The Hydahs, of Alaska, occupy Prince of Wales Island. They have a tradition of a great deluge, which covered all the land and mountains; the people tried to save their lives by taking to their canoes, anchoring them to the highest mountain peak, in proof of which they point you to an anchor stone now on top of the highest mountain on Prince of Wales Island. But despite all this, every liv-

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON.

I suppose every boy and girl on this side of the world has heard of the man in the moon, and has looked many a time for his jolly round face in the great silver ball in the heavens. But our opposite neighbours, the Chinese young folk, look for a rabbit in the moon.

Once upon a time, the story runs, there was a grand meeting of animals in China to do honour to the god who was their special friend and protector. On a high hill there was an altar built of stone for sacrifice to the deity. The wood was piled upon it, and the priest stood by with his torch waiting for the beasts of the field and wood to come and lay their offerings upon the altar. And first there came from the jungles of Tibet the lion, the great king of the forest. Advancing with stately step he declared with a mighty roar that he would use his great strength for the support of his god, he would crush to the earth and tear in pieces any enemy who offered him insult.

As the great beast retired into the forest, the beautiful and fleet horse pranced forth. Proudly curving his neck, he spoke, saying that his deity might rely on his swiftness at any moment. The lion was strong and savage, but where speed was required he was useless. At any moment, he said, he was ready to travel on the errands of the god anywhere over the broad earth; and he would carry his friend into safety, and bring to him news of the treason of his enemies. And then with a graceful leap the horse bounded away and in a moment was out of sight. Then the cow stepped forth in her gentle way, and promised to nourish all little children who were in the god's favour; and the patient ox declared that he would drag, day after day, great stones for the building of the temple in honour of the deity. The dog offered to sit before the entrance and defend the holy place from all unworthy to enter. The tiger and the leopard, the elephant, and even the anaconda, each and all came forth and promised to use their power to the glory of their god. The gay and brilliant birds of Asia, perching in the trees overhead, all sang praises in his honour, and declared that the groves around the temple should ever resound with their songs.

And then, last of all, in the humblest, quietest manner, a little white beastie hopped forth from the shade, a timid little rabbit. In a gentle voice he said that he was neither strong, nor fleet, nor graceful, nor in any way useful, and as he had nothing to offer whereby his god could be glorified, he desired to offer himself, and without another word he leaped forward and cast himself on the smoking pile. The Chinese say that the god was so pleased that he placed the modest little rabbit in the moon, and said he should always be kept in honourable remembrance.

THE STORY OF A PARROT.

A parrot, in a remote country district, escaped from its cage and settled on the roof of a labourer's cottage. When it had been there a little time, the labourer caught sight of it. He had never seen such a thing before, and after gazing in admiration at the bird with its curious beak and beautiful plumage, he fetched a ladder and climbed up it with a view of securing so great a prize. When his hand reached the level of the top of the roof, the parrot flapped a wing at him and said, "What d'ye want?" Very much taken aback, the labourer politely touched his cap and replied, "I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you were a bird!"



MENDING THE NETS.

were fine, dark Jewish types, and who, I learned, had come from Portugal. What touched me most deeply, however, and that which at the same time caused the tears to dim many an eye, was the sight of a group of Jewish women. They were moving slowly away, with tears streaming gently down their cheeks, they murmured softly to themselves or were quite silent. They would walk a few paces, then turn gracefully about, and drawing their hands from their black mits, they would throw a good-bye kiss, a last adieu, to their beloved wall—their consoler, their confidant, their true friend. "For," said an honest Jew who often acted as guide for me in my many wanderings about Jerusalem, "this wall is a friend to whom we confide all our sorrows; it has known our fathers when they were happy and prosperous, it sees us now in our misery and many troubles, it links us with the past, it consoles us, it com-

ing thing perished, except a solitary raven.

When the waters subsided, so the tale runs, the lone raven flew to the beach, when, lo! it heard above the roar of the elements the cries of babes. It saw a huge shell cast up high and dry, this the raven succeeded in opening, where upon there trooped out a legion of small people, who, thanking the raven for their deliverance, promised to care for it evermore. These were the Hydahs, and the raven has always been held in superstitious regard by them.

"You must be broken of that bad habit of yours," said Johnny's father, when he gave him his third scolding about playing with fire.

Johnny looked at him thoughtfully. "Father," said he, "hadn't I better be mended 'stead of broken?"

Bob White.

BY SYDNEY COOMBS.

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat. And he sits on the zigzag rails remote. When the whistles at breezy, bracing morn.

When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn: "Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he harking some comrade as blithe as he? Now I wonder where Robert White can be!

O'er the billows of gold and amber grain There is no one in sight—but, hark, again!

"An! I see why he calls, in the stubble there, Hides his plump little wife-and-babes fair! So contented is he, and so proud of the name."

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The West', 'The Canadian', 'The Methodist', etc., with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COOMBS, 8 P. HERRING, 114 St. Theresa St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1899.

LITTLE HUMBLE FRIENDS.

Nothing will ever be so valuable to human beings as the companionship of other human beings, but lacking these, why not make companions and friends of the lower forms of life?

"I've no time to be running after creatures—poking into ants' nests, watching the birds bring up their young, or strolling about the country in search of beetles," says one.

again bare and lonely. Most people think of such affection and such interest quite beneath their proud places as human beings, but they forget that Shakespearo, who knew the hearts of kings and comedians, and knew the ways and the habits of the humblest flower, they forget that the loftiest scientific minds think none of God's creatures unworthy the profoundest study.

"He prayeth best who loveth best. All things both great and small. For the great God who loveth us, He made and loveth them all."

—Ladies' Home Journal

"PAPA, WHAT SHALL I TELL JESUS?"

Just yesterday a godly Welsh lady related to me the remarkable and touching incident which God used to crush the hard, sinful heart of her drunkard father and to transform him into a clean, devoted and pious man.

A beautiful daughter was born into the home and became the idol of the father's heart. Her stay was brief, but full of purpose. The child, holding her clasped hands, was fragrant with the breath of heaven. She knew Jesus before she knew the world, learned to lap his name with the dawning of her third year.

She was divinely precious. Her tiny lips told of the messiah of pure love. Her angel voice sang the sweet strains of heavenly song. Her tender heart breathed out, in childish innocence and simple faith, the prayer: "O dear Jesus mamma and papa, and 'Dear Lord, make papa to be good.'"

In her fifth summer the "tiny tot" was stricken with a fatal illness. At the bedside, a constant, watchful nurse, she sat her ruminated and bloated father. That child had been an angel of mercy to him. Many times she had piloted him from the drink den to his home, when the drunk demon had rendered her nature as a brute instinct.

Time upon time when the "hell fros" of passion inflamed by rum leaped out to devour all that was sacred and dear in the home circle, she had thrown her net in the very centre of the burning, never failing to allay it. Thus, by the magic influence of her loving efforts to lead him away from danger and into the security of a Saviour's love, she had threaded a path of her own being into the very heart-life of that reckless, godless father.

"Papa, dear, what shall I tell Jesus when I see him, 'cause you do not love and serve him." "That tiny form now rests in the silent tomb," said the child, "and I stand on high. Its earth-stay was brief, but its fruitage abundant. The father, a redeemed, transformed drunkard, now living a life of great usefulness in the Master's service, has had his beautiful monument to the child's memory—Watchword."

"Will you read it to me steadily and without a break?"

"Yes, sir." The merchant then took the boy into a back room, where all was quiet, and began to give him the boy the paper, he reminded him of his promise to read the passage through steadily and without a break and commanded him to read. The boy took the paper and bravely started. While he was reading the merchant opened a basket, in which were a number of lively little puppies, and tumbled them around the boy's feet.

"No, sir, I do not know that they were there?" "Yes, sir."

"Why did you not look to see what they were doing?" "I couldn't, sir, while I was reading what I said I would."

"Do you always do what you say you will?" "Yes, sir, I try to."

View of Calgary.

By CHARLES WESLEY. Jesus, was ever griefed. Was ever love, like mine? Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief; My love, for thine, is my delight. The crucified appears! I see the dying God! Oh, might I pour my ceaseless tears, And mix them with thy blood!

AN ABSENT-MINDED BRIDEGROOM.

A recent writer in Harper's Magazine has this story to relate about an absent-minded friend: "I could not fight here on this tall keg from now till the Connecticut river turns round and runs up-stream, an' tell you about the different things I know of that Hank forgot, first an' last; but I'll only mention one instance, an' that happened at the time Hank got married."

You see, Hank knew his fallin' as well as anybody, an' he was mortal afraid he would forget about givin' the minister the fee, so he had to share with me right to that, and completely forgot everything else.

He was to be married in the evening at the parsonage, an' when he went round to get the fee, he forgot himself at the appointed time, an' meandered into the parlour, an' told the dominie to go ahead with the splicin', the good man looked up, sort o' puzzled and surprised like, an' said: "Haven't you—er—forgotten eutin', Mr. Hobbs?"

THE EYE OF A BIRD.

Any one who has watched a blinking owl in the daytime may have noticed that his eyes were covered with a white membrane, while at the same time his eyelids were held open. This membrane is called the eye cap, and is translucent and admits light, while at the same time it acts as a protective screen. Birds that fly among the bushes have these as a protection, and it is said that when the fog closes toward the sun he shuts out the glare by drawing this curtain. It shuts across the eye from the point nearest the beak in a horizontal or oblique line, and when not in use folds back into its corner. But the nature of the eye which enables a bird to see with equal ease and clearness objects near and remote is the marasmus, a folded membrane, full of blood vessels, which line back of the eye. Its use may be illustrated in this way: A bird of prey, seeing its quarry far below, rushes precipitately toward it, and it is necessary that his eyes should quickly pass from a state of far-sightedness to one of near-sightedness. In his excitement the blood flows to the marasmus and fills it. This then presses forward the lens of the eye, which in turn causes the cornea to grow more convex and thus the condition of near-sightedness is produced. It is by the aid of the marasmus that a bird can fly with apparently headlong rush and yet alight with grace and ease.

As He Flights.

By MARGARET VANDERGRIFT. Ever see a blackbird lifting up each wing. Like he laughs all over, when he starts to sing? That's the way I feel myself, soon as it comes spring.

Ever see a robin branding good and firm. With his feet straddled far apart, tugging at a worm? You can't help but watch him, though it makes you squirm.

That's the way to go at things—that's exactly how! Pity that a robin can't be taught to plough. Hear the fellow chatter; he does love a row.

Now the larks sing different, sweet and high and clear; They don't scold and bustle, and they don't quarrel. I can see the white on them—well, they needn't fear.

Mother'd make it warm for us if we shot a lark. Or a thrush or robin—there now, only hark. As the crows fall over, where they caw and quarrel.

Always sounds exactly like they're making fun. And they doesn't do it when you have a gun; Beats me how they keep away when you carry one.

My! How good the earth smells! How I ply folks. That must live in cities full of smells and smoke. So't a country fellow very nearly chokes.

There's a bunch of May-pinks, just I've seen this spring; Well, I'll pick them later; not another thing. Seems to me that's mother so—this'll make her sing.

Beaten father this time; he was first last year. But he'd not a notion they'd be growing there. I shall get a kiss for them, and she'll call me "dear."

Does me good to see her when she looks so fine. Get along, you, Dobbin! Half the field's to plough. Ain't you going home to tea? I am, anyhow!

"Tommy," There's a girl at our school, mamma, they call 'Postscript.' Do you know why? "Tommy—No, dear." "Tommy—'Cause her name is Adeline Moore."

Prohibition.

BY CHARLES F. BRATTIE.

Prohibition! let the name
Through the state—the nation name,
scribe it with a living pen
On the hearts and minds of men,
Prohibition, go and write
On the dizzy mountains' height,
Raise it on your banners high,
Paint it on your azure sky.

Let the name go ringing forth,
To the chill and rugged north;
Let it swell from every mouth
Through the bright and sunny south,
Make it crown the fete and feast
In the free and cultured east;
Give it room and voice and zest
In the gorgeous, rowdy west.

Braid it, maids and matrons fair,
With the flowers that deck your hair,
Mothers, knit it o'er the head
Of the crib and cradle bed,
Broilder it upon the door,
On the carpet, on the floor,
On the ceiling, on the dome;
Let it shine in every home.

Bridegroom, on the bridal ring
Grave it, crown it freedom's king,
Soon to free the slave and thrall
Of the monster alcohol.
Husbands, fathers, halt its reign,
Breaking whiskey's galling chain,
Prohibition everywhere
Lifting millions from despair.

City, village, hamlet, town,
Wreath it with the laurel crown,
Let it shine upon the wall
Of the legislative hall,
Paint it in the halls of state,
Grave it on the temple gate,
Let it on the altar glow,
State and Church, against the foe.

Sailors, nail it ever fast
On the vessel to the mast,
Soldiers, let your banners be
Blazoned with its heraldry,
Patriots, let your standards wave
Prohibition for the brave—
With its flag of light unfurled,
Prohibition for the world.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Certain red banners of indignation
waved up into D'rexy's cheek; she was
marching to her Waterloo.

"Urias!" she exclaimed, "do you suppose
I'd send my own blood, a little
child, my only kin, to a country poor-
farm as long as I'm able to do for him?"
"I can't have him here. I don't like
children, D'rexy."

"That's because you never tried 'em,
Urias. You don't care to be paying his
board to any one, do you?"

"They don't ask board at the county
farm," he said sulkily.

"Urias Sinnet! Would our town offi-
cers take charge of the nephew of peo-
ple as well-to-do as we are?"

"Well, this is my 'se, D'rexy, and
I have not invited him."

D'rexy kept on with her cooking, there
was a sharp hissing and a pleasant odour
as she poured milk into the frying-pan
to make cream gravy.

"Urias, suppose you turn him out!
Do you suppose I'd let him go alone?
He's a helpless baby, you're an able man.
He's in the right of it, and you're in the
wrong. What would all the people of
our township, what would our church
folk think of it? They'd side with the
woman and the child, Urias, they al-
ways do."

Urias was silent. D'rexy had spoken
undeniable truth. This gospel-civilized
ages sides always with the woman and
the child in her arms. The woman and
the child sit near the heart of things,
they are shrined at the springs of life.
Presently he said weakly,

"I don't know what you mean, D'rexy
sinnet, flying in the face of Providence
the way you do! If the Lord had meant
us to have children, he'd have sent 'em
to us. Seeing he did not, it's going
clean against him to take on the way
you're doing."

Now Aunt Espéy had come along
swiftly, and laid her hand on her
nephew's arm. "Urias, who sent this
child, if not God? Who called away
his mother? Who spared the child to
come here, and offered no other home?
Our Father is meaning blessing and
training for you in this, and it is you

that rebel against Providence. Our Lord
'took a little child and set him in the
midst of 'em,' just as now he has
stooped from heaven to set this child here,
Jesus said, 'Their angels do always behold
the face of my Father which is in hea-
ven.' He said, 'Whoso receiveth one
such little child, receiveth me.' Pha-
raoh's daughter was not the last one who
said, 'Take this child and nurse it for
me, and I will give thee thy wages.'

"Urias, you're a church member and
a deacon, and you are trying to escape
your privilege of being a co-worker with
God. We're like rebellious children, we
balk and cry against what is good for
us, for our soul's health and learning, as
children flout at their medicine or their
lessons or against going to bed. Didn't
Paul hear it said to him, 'It is hard for
thee to kick against the pricks?' Urias,
it is better for you to run with joy the
way your Lord points out."

The pity of Aunt Espéy was such that
her words had weight. Urias saw before
him the duty of self-conquest. The
child, with childhood's presence, had
perceived itself the subject of controversy
and on the verge of unpopularity. He
scrambled up, ran, laid his arms on the
knees of Urias, and looking up in his
face, innocently demanded, "Does oo
yike me?" Urias could not say "no";
he would not say "yes." He took a
middle course. "I like good boys," he
said grimly. "Nen oo yikes me. I'm
dood," said the child, as he ran and gath-
ered up the cobs and tumbled them back
into the basket behind the stove, and
seeing D'rexy setting the table, began to
run to and fro, carrying knife, fork,
spoon, cup, what not, and laying each
on the table in promiscuous disorder.
D'rexy followed him up putting things
straight; he turned his happy little pink
face to her, calling out cheerily: "How
you gettin' on, darlin'?"

This was as the rod of Moses that
smote the rock. D'rexy suddenly sat
down on the corner of the wood box, hid
her face in her apron and rocked back
and forth in a tempest of sobs and tears.
All her life-long repression, all her private
disappointment, her loneliness and
yearning for love, poured forth in that
agony of weeping. Urias was amazed,
alarmed, profoundly moved. Cold and
hard in his ways, he still had a heart,
and D'rexy filled it. She was his, all
his, and all he had. That she was cap-
able of such profound emotion he had
never guessed; that she suffered, was
overwhelming. D'rexy crying in this
way! He went to her in all the awk-
wardness of a man untutored in gracious
ways, silent, secretive, ignorant how to
express the best that was in him. He
laid his big, hard hand on her head.

"D'rexy, woman, what's hurting you?
What's wrong, girl? Don't take on so,
D'rexy." He patted her shoulder.
"You'll hurt yourself, woman. Don't,
don't do it. I can't bear it! Yes,
you've lost Selina; but I'm here. I care
for you, D'rexy. Didn't you know it?
I'm powerful slow of speaking, but I
care." Aunt Espéy had been setting
the dinner on the table, putting the child
on a chair built up with two cushions;
she poured out the cups of tea. "Din-
ner's ready," she said in her soft, slow
voice.

"Come, D'rexy, come, my girl," said
Urias, pulling the apron from his wife's
face and wiping her eyes. "Come, a
cup of tea will settle your nerves." He
put his hand under her arm and raised
her up, leading her to her place at the
table, as he had not done since the first
weeks of their married life. Perhaps if
he had kept up those little courtesies
and attentions his heart would have been
softer and his wife's happier. He felt
better when he saw her in her own chair.
The most terrible part of her break-
down had been to him that forlorn sit-
ting on the edge of the wood box! He
gave a relieved sigh, and gave the bless-
ing in a more fervent tone than usual.

"Did oo bess 'at?" demanded the in-
fant, pointing to the golden dish of the
pie; "nen dim me some." But D'rexy
had her own views of raising children,
and was mindful of the debris found in
that frock front; she bestowed upon the
boy a glass of milk and a piece of bread
and gravy. "There, that will make a
big boy of you!"

When Urias came back from his work
that evening he glanced anxiously at
D'rexy. Had she kept on crying? Was
her passion of grief a sign of coming ill-
ness and speedy dissolution? D'rexy
seemed the same as ever, except that
there were dark circles about her eyes
and less smile at her lips. It was borne
in on Urias that these foot-prints of woe
were not all for Selina dead, but for the
bitterness of disappointment in him.
He had not showed up well that day, and
he knew it. When he came from milk-
ing he gave his wife a sprig of honey-
suckle. "It smells powerful peart," he
said awkwardly.

That night when all was dark and
silent in the house, tired as he was,
Urias Sinnet could not sleep. He was
wakeful because he knew that D'rexy,
though absolutely quiet, was also awake,
and not only awake but weeping silently,
bitterly. He wondered if in all those
years she had spent other nights crying,
and he had not known it. Why did she
mourn Selina, or want the child when
she had himself? He wanted only her.
"Women are curious," he said to him-
self. "But I'll break my head before I
cross D'rexy."

CHAPTER II.

THREE GROWN-UPS AND A BOY.

"D'rexy, the Lord's been mighty good,
sending that child to you," said Aunt
Espéy one day. "You're the kind of
women that just need a little child to
do for. If you hadn't felt it wrong to be
pinning after what the Lord did not send,
you'd have fretted after children. Since
little Heman came here you're as cheerful
again."

"And that seem strange when Selina,
that was like a child to me, and I brought
up since I was fifteen, is dead?"

"Oh, no," said Aunt Espéy. "In ten
years you'd been obliged to get used to
not seeing Selina; and it appears to me
you felt her farther off than you do now
that she's in the heavenly land. You
know, too, she had her troubles and
hard work, and now glory is her por-
tion. It's true, D'rexy, and we ought
to feel it so. 'Blessed are the dead
that are already dead, yea, more than
the living that are yet alive.' I believe
too, D'rexy, that the Lord sent the little
child here on an errand to Urias, to ex-
pand him, to make his heart bigger."

"I really think Urias likes him more
than he lets on to," said D'rexy. "It is
a point of not knocking down yourself."

"He'll come round," said Espéy, "for
one thing, he's glad the boy has the
same name his father had. My brother
Heman was an uncommonly good man.
He was drowned off a schooner when
'Rias was pretty small, and we all saw
hard times, for 'Rias' mother was weak-
ly, and I had my mother to support, and
she was bed-ridden. In those days,
D'rexy, folks that could live as we do
now would have seemed to me like kings
and governors of the earth. Women
had poor chances for work, and mighty
small wages. Many's the week I've
nursed somebody all the week for a
dollar. Up early and late, nursing and
running the home too, and when I was
going home with the dollar, if any one
said, 'Miss Sinnet, here's a sack of corn
meal, or a peck of potatoes, or a leg of
pork,' besides, I felt well off. When I
wasn't nursing I made rag-carpets or
sewed. I was at something all the
time, and often I thought food and drink
at our home were like the widow's meal
and oil, always down to the last, but
never quite out. O D'rexy, we learned
to trust the Lord by the minute then,
and go hand in hand with him."
"I don't make a doubt," said D'rexy,
"that 'Rias' hard times when he was a
boy made him industrious and hardy,
and saving, and prayerful like too, but I
believe they made him anxious after
money, and setting too great store by
riches. 'Rias craves to be rich, and I'm
always fearing he'll take some terrible
risky ways to get rich."

Aunt Espéy shook her head over her
knitting; it was her private opinion
that her nephew was a child of God, yet
with a large part of his training in the
ways and manners of the heavenly house-
hold yet to come, he lacked much of the
graciousness of a follower of the gracious
Galilean. Perhaps D'rexy detected some
of these thoughts, for wife-like she spoke
up for Urias. "'Rias has very good
views, and I want to train up little
Heman so that 'Rias will like him, and
take comfort in him. Aunt Espéy, what
do you think are the chief points in
training up a little boy? You've seen
many boys come up to be men, some
good and some bad, more's the pity."

"Well, D'rexy, it appears to me, re-
verence is a good deal lost out of train-
ing now days. Folks wait on them-
selves, and on children too, when chil-
dren ought to be brought up to be wait-
ing on their elders. It don't hurt a boy
a mite to fetch a chair, or open a door,
or pick up what is dropped by his grown
folks. It does him good; helps him to
be quick-eyed, industrious, unselfish.
Children are let to be saucy, and I
laughed at when they're little, and
growled at when they're big. It's just
as easy to have 'em polite-spoken when
they're little. It makes 'em popular too;
folks like to have 'em round. First of
all they ought to be taught to give God
reverence; to respect his day, his Book,
his name. Then, D'rexy, if you fetch
the boy up to be truthful, and honest,
and industrious, and tidy, I don't see but

you've got all the foundation you want
for a proper character. For, D'rexy,
I'm not supposing the boy can be any
of these things unless he's obedient, he
needs to be that first of all."

It seemed that the dear Selina had
begun well with her child in all the
points of training Aunt Espéy demanded.
"Little Heman," they called him, but
the admiring D'rexy thought him well
on the way to be 'big Heman,' as she
watched him playing under the trees,
usually with a big slice of corn cake or
brown bread in convenient reach.
D'rexy had contrived a little waggon out
of a starch box, four big spools, and a
piece of twine. Heman enjoyed it as
heartily as if it had cost a dollar.
D'rexy instinctively felt it not well to
vex the prudent 'Rias by laying out un-
necessary money on the child. She
made his toys, and solved the question
of a bed for him by buying a crib from
a neighbour, and paying for it with cur-
rants and pears from her well-stocked
garden.

(To be continued.)

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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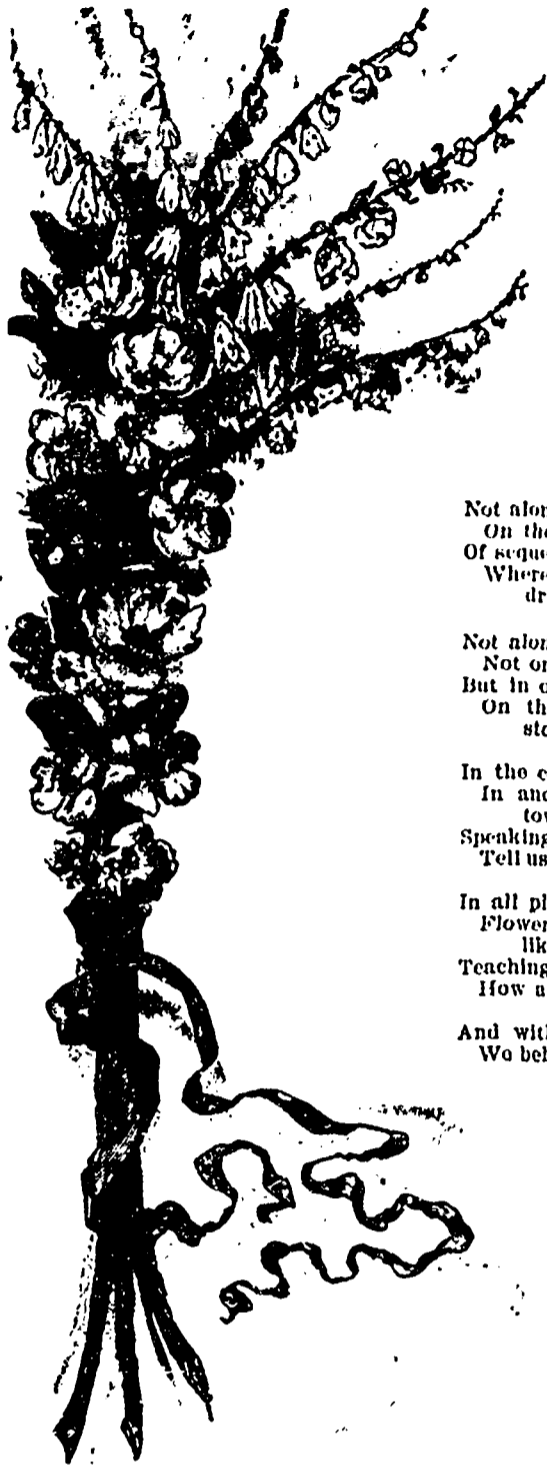
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The Message of the Flowers.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Spoke full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
 Stars are they, wherein we read our history,
 As astrologers and seers of old,
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars, which they behold.
 Wondrous truths, and manifold as wonders,
 God has written in those stars above;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of his love.
 Bright and glorious is that revelation,
 Written all over this great world of ours;
 Making evident our own creation,
 In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.
 And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
 Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
 Of the self-same, universal being,
 Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.
 Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
 Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
 Buds that open only to decay;
 Brilliant hopes, all waver in gorgeous tissues,
 Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
 Large desires with most uncertain issues,
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night:
 These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
 Workings are they of the self-same powers,

Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
 Some like stars, to tell us spring is born;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in spring's armorial bearing,
 And in summer's green emblazoned field,
 But in arms of brave old autumn's wearing,
 In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
 On the mountain-top and by the brink
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
 Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
 But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

SUPPRESS THE SALOON.

No thoughtful person believes that we have reached a settlement of the saloon question. In other countries as well as this the curse of the saloon is commanding the attention of the best men of all parties in State and Church. It is not the discussion of an abstract question of political science that interests them, but the actual existence of a fountain of crime and poverty in the heart of even the best communities, which grows worse as the years go on. In every country the political managers—the men who are in politics for the money in it, whose one aim is to hold and control the offices—and the saloon keepers are fast friends. In the United States the saloon is the dominant element in both political parties. The political managers will do nothing to endanger the support of the liquor interests. They take their position not because they have any regard for the saloon keeper, or on account of a liking for intoxicating drinks, but because they do not believe there is any chance of party success unless they can command the patronage of the saloons.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 18.

THE NEW LIFE IN CHRIST.

Col. 3. 1-15. Memory verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.—Col. 3. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Change of Heart, v. 1-7.
2. Change of Conduct, v. 8-11.
3. The Epistle to the Colossians was probably written A.D. 61 or 62.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "Risen with Christ"—By conversion and Baptism. Rom. 6. 4. "Seek those things which are above"—Read Matt. 6. 23; Phil. 3. 20. "Where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God"—The centre of attraction to all his disciples.
2. "Set your affection on things above"—Cultivate religious aspirations. "Not on things on the earth"—This does not teach that we are not to be fond of relatives and friends, but that the earth and all its pleasures and treasures are to be used as the school-room and school-

books are used by boys and girls—to fit our souls for a larger, more mature life.

3. "Ye are dead"—By yielding your heart to God and joining the church you have, so far as you can, turned from the lower to the higher life. Develop this new spiritual life in practice. "Your life is hid with Christ in God"—Like a seed buried in the earth.

4. "Then shall ye also appear with him"—We know not what we shall be, but we shall be like him."

5. "Mortify"—Made a corpse of. "Your members which are upon the earth"—The sinful possibilities of your life. "Inordinate"—Uncontrolled. "Evil concupiscence"—Immoral living.

6. "The children of disobedience"—Those who live evil lives.

7. "Blasphemy" here stands for reviling, evil speaking.

8. "The old man with his deeds"—The unregenerate nature which you had before conversion.

9. "The new man"—The newly put on nature. "Which is renewed"—Which is being developed. "Knowledge after the image of him that created him"—Perfect knowledge of God, which would exclude all sin.

10. "Where"—In the sphere of this renewed man. "Greek nor Jew"—The two classes into which in Paul's time the religious world was divided; those trained to worship God, and those trained to worship idols. "Circumcision nor uncircumcision"—A foolish way of describing the same thing, for the phrase refers to the rite of admission into the Hebrew Church. "Barbarian"—The Greeks and Romans regarded all other nations as barbarians. "Scythian"—This race, from which the modern Russians have been developed, were regarded by the ancients as the most savage on earth.

11. "Bond nor free"—A large portion of the population of the ancient world was enslaved. But when people of these different sorts became Christians they forgot every unpleasant feature of their earthly life, for they found "Christ" to be "all, and in all." The thought of Christ changed all conditions and made all his followers brothers.

12. "Elect"—Chosen; not, however, to the exclusion of others. The sentence should read, "Put on therefore as God's chosen, holy, beloved ones. Bowels of mercies"—Or, as we would say, "hearts of mercy."

13. "Forbearing . . . forgiving"—The first word relates to present offences, the second to past offences.

14. "Above all"—Around all, as a girdle. "Charity"—Love. "Bond of perfectness"—A perfect girdle, keeping together all other virtues.

15. "Peace of God"—Peace was Christ's legacy to his disciples. "Rule"—Literally, "sit as umpire."

HOME READINGS.

- M. The new life in Christ.—Col. 3. 1-15.
- Tu. The new man.—Eph. 4. 17-24.
- W. Children of light.—1 Thess. 5. 5-11.
- Th. Walking in light.—Eph. 5. 6-16.
- F. Chosen to be holy.—1 Peter 2. 1-9.
- S. Living to God.—1 Peter 4. 1-11.
- Su. A fruitful life.—2 Peter 1. 1-8.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Change of Heart, v. 1-7.
 - What things should Christians seek? Where is Christ seated? Where should our hearts' warmest affections be set? To what things is the Christian dead? Where is his life hid? When shall Christians appear with Christ?
2. Change of Conduct, v. 8-11.
 - What five things mentioned in verse 8 has the Christian put off? What is meant by "the old man" and his deeds? What is meant by the "new man"? What sort of men are in the image of him that created them? Is it right to dislike anybody because of where he was born, or how little he knows, or how little he owns?
3. The Bond of Perfectness, v. 12-15.
 - How are the Christians of Colosse addressed? What are they urged to put on? How are they to treat one another? Whose example are they to follow? What chief grace are they urged to cultivate? What should rule in their hearts? Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. That only God can make us true Christians?
 2. That if we are Christians we should act like Christians?



The Cup of Death.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Proverbs 23 31-32.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red within the cup!
 Stay not for pleasure when she fills
 Her tempting beaker up!
 Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
 A spoil of madness lurks below.

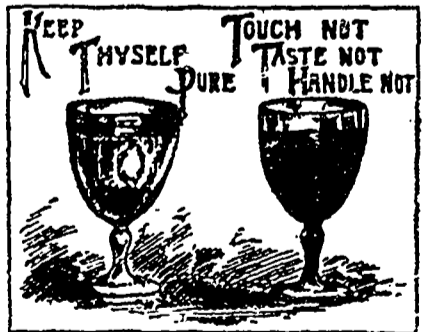
They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
 And merry on the brain,
 They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
 And dulls the tooth of pain.
 Ah, but within its glowing deeps
 A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
 Its coolness turn to thirst,
 And by its mirth within the brain,
 A sleepless worm is nursed.
 There's not a bubble at the brim,
 That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
 And spill its purple wine,
 Take not its madness to thy lip,
 Let not its curse be thine.
 'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
 Are hid those rosy depths below.

Our lesson is part of a letter written by Paul to the church in Colosse, in which he tells them that if their hearts have risen with Jesus, if they belong to him, then they must live a new life. They must live as Jesus would have them, and put away lying and every wrong and unclean thing, and let love and truth and purity come in, and let peace rule.

As one of the worst things to break peace is alcohol, we talk about it very often that all may be warned against it



and never let it get the least chance to rule and to spoil the lives that belong to Jesus.

"I will be pure" is the word for us today, as we finish our walk for this quarter. But look down at the foundation. Never forget that! Jesus helping me, I will be pure!

Which is better, to let things get dreadfully soiled and then wash them, or not to let them get soiled in the first place? Oh, it is better to keep pure than even to be made clean after being unclean. Let us ask Jesus to take away the very beginnings of sin and wrong in our hearts and keep us clean. Ask him to keep the wrong thoughts from coming in and to help us watch against them.