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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1895.

[No. 26.]

Canada, Home of the Free.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

Great Canada, home of the free,
A land where no slave ever trod,
Established by heaven's decree,
And founded on truth and on God.

Thy oceans on far east and west,
Whose billows defy curb and chain,
In majesty roll in unrest,
And tyrannic treat with disdain.

Thy mountains their peaks raise to heaven,
As though they their praise would declare,
For the wealth their Creator has given
In minerals unbounded and rare.

Thy forests, thy prairies and plains,
Are teeming with treasures galore;
Thy lakes and thy rivers, as chains,
A highway for ships with their store;

Thy air it is bracing and pure,
And free as the beams of the sun;
Thy blessings and comforts secure,
Renewed as the seasons roll on.

Fair Canada, glorious and free,
May the cities be centres of light;
May thy commerce and trade ever be
Based on honour and justice and right.

May that which a nation exalts
Be thine in unmeasured degree;
Thy religion be strong, few thy faults,
Great Canada, home of the free.

London, Ont.

LORD DUFFERIN ON CANADA.

"Few people in Great Britain have any notion how blessed by nature is the Canadian soil. The beauty, the majesty and material importance of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence are indeed the things of every traveller, while the stupendous chain of lakes of which it is the outlet is well known to afford a system of inland navigation such as is to be found in no other part of the habitable globe. The inexhaustible harvest of its seas annually gathered by its hardy maritime population, the innumerable treasures of its forests, are known to all. But what is not so generally understood is that beyond the present inhabited regions of the country—beyond the towns, the lakes, the woods—there stretches out an enormous breadth of rich alluvial soil, comprising an area of thousands of square miles, which is destined at no distant time to be occupied by millions of our prosperous fellow-subjects, and to become a central granary for adjoining continents."

ABOUT YOUR BOYS.

TREAT your boys as though they were of some importance if you would have them manly and self-reliant.

Be careful of the little courtesies. You cannot expect your boys to be respectful, thoughtful, and kind unless you first set them the example.

If you would have your boy make in your his confidence, take an active interest in all that he does, don't be too critical, and ask for his views and opinions at all times.

Don't keep your boys in ignorance of the things they should know. It is not the shiculous truth, but the unwholesome way in which it is acquired that ruins many a young man.

Don't act as though your boy amounted to nothing; nor be continually making comparisons between him and some neighbour's son to his disadvantage; nothing will dishearten him quicker.

Don't think that anything is good enough for the boys, and that they don't care for nice things; have their rooms fixed up

nically as possible; let them understand that they are to be kept in order, and the results will justify your pains.

Furnish your boy with good wholesome reading matter. Have him read to and with you. Discuss with him what you read, and draw out his opinions and thoughts on the subject. Help him to think early for himself.

Make home a pleasant place; see to it that the boys don't have to go somewhere else to secure proper freedom and companionship.

Take time to make them feel comfortable and contented, and they will not want to spend their evenings away from home.

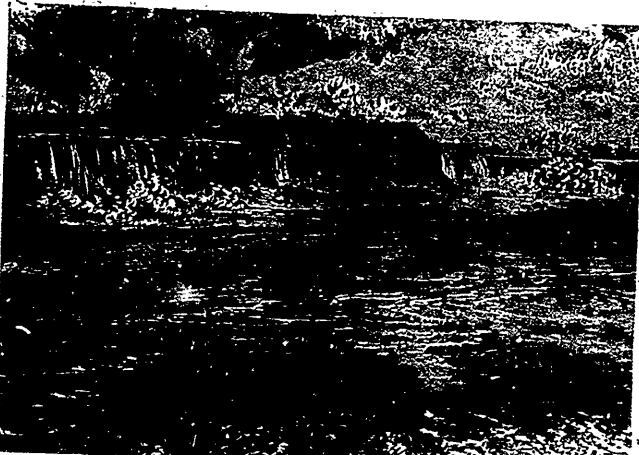
Pick your son's associates. See to it that he has no friends you know nothing about. Take an interest in all his troubles and pleasures, and have him feel perfectly free to invite his friends to the house. Take a little pains to make him and his friends comfortable and happy. He will not be slow to appreciate it.—*Evangelist.*

rock which crosses the course of the river, and forms an immense circular basin.

A writer says: "There are other sublimities of nature no less impressive in their grandeur. There are water-leaps from loftier heights, and amid scenes which fill the soul with awe; but no such vast volume, no like rush and turmoil and impassible delight, or profound emotion calm of the woodland, in the sweet the rills, the flowers, the birds, the wavy mists of romantic hills, the scars which mild convulsions have inflicted, the snow-dusted mountain summit—but from none of these come such profound impressions as from the awful plunges and reverberating thunders of Niagara Falls."

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

"No tramp is allowed' around here.



NIAGARA FALLS.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Among the wonderful natural sceneries of our country, certainly Niagara Falls stands near the foremost, and deserves a visit from every Canadian traveller.

They are situated on the river of the same name, which connects Lakes Erie and Ontario. The entire river is about thirty-six miles in length, and in that distance there is a descent of three hundred and thirty-four feet; so that the charms of the river are not confined to the Falls, but are shared by the Rapids, where great volumes of water rush along the steep but gradual descent, in perpetual foam.

The Falls are twenty-two miles from the head of the river; and at this point, Goat Island divides the waters into two falls, the larger being on the Canadian side. This is about six hundred yards broad and one hundred and fifty-four feet high. Those on the American side are ten feet higher, but only two hundred and twenty yards wide.

Every facility has been afforded to travellers for viewing this wonderful "glory of the waters," particularly by means of a suspension-bridge which crosses the river several hundred yards below the Falls. Still farther below is the famous "whirlpool," almost, if not quite, impassable, formed there by an immense stratum of

Clear out, you young vagabond, or I'll arrest you."

The man who said these words spoke in a loud voice, as though he wanted everybody to hear him, and understand how much power he possessed. There was so much bluster about it that quite a crowd gathered about the pale-looking boy and the self-important police officer, to see what would follow.

"I ain't no tramp," the boy answered, with a scared look coming over his face. "I am looking for a job of work."

"You can't deceive me with that lie. Begone, I say. If you are not out of hearing in three minutes, I'll arrest you," and there was another wave of the hands that had so much of power vested in them.

"I don't know where to go," the boy replied, as he half staggered away.

"He is drunk, arrest him," some unfeeling man said.

"No, I'm hungry. I never tasted of liquor in my life," and there came a flush of indignation to the pale, thin face.

A lady just then came along, and heard the accusation and firm denial. She stopped, and stood still, while the boy slowly walked or pushed his way through the crowd.

Her eyes flashed with anger as she noticed

the insolent look upon the face of the "officer of the law," but tears filled them as she looked at the weeping, pale-faced boy. In a moment she stood by his side, while the crowd shrank away, and even the cowardly policeman dropped his eyes beneath her gaze.

The boy understood in a moment that he had found a friend, and for the first time his lips quivered, and tears came to his eyes.

"Oh, lady, believe me, I am not a tramp, and I never tasted liquor in my life," and here he broke entirely down.

"Come with me, my boy," she said, taking hold of the cold, bare hand.

One man stepped out of the crowd, and helped the boy to the home of the lady, who lived near by. No one dared to interfere, for Mrs. N. was known too well by all. Even the blustering man dressed in a policeman's garb suddenly became very quiet.

Not a single question was asked of the unfortunate stranger until after a warm, substantial supper was given to him, and then he told his pitiful story.

He had worked in the mills at B., twenty miles away, and had supported his invalid mother and little sister, until they shut down, and all work stopped. He had tried in every conceivable way to pick up a little money, but without avail, as there were scores of other men and boys looking for work also. Starvation at last stared them in the face, and he resolved to look for work somewhere else. So he had walked the whole distance, faint and tired even when not half-way to his journey's end, and was then threatened with arrest as soon as he had reached the town.

"I did not care anything about myself, lady, and would just as soon been arrested as not, but mamma and little sister Maggie have not had a mouthful to eat since yesterday noon," and again the lips quivered, and the large, bright tears fell from the boy's eyes.

Mrs. N. was quick to think, and she acted as quickly as she thought.

"I'll take you right to the depot in time to catch the six o'clock train, and you will be at home before seven. Take this money, and purchase provisions for your friends, and then return upon the morning train, and we will see what can be done for you. I've put on Arthur's overcoat for you, and a thin dress for January weather. Hurry up, or you will miss the train."

As Mrs. N. said this, she slipped five dollars into the trembling hand; and pretending not to see the falling tears; she helped the sobbing boy to get the overcoat on, and then the two hurried to the depot. Not a word was spoken by either, until Mrs. N. purchased a ticket to B., and placed it in the boy's hand.

"Now keep up good courage, my boy, and come back upon the morning train," and then the train came rushing up the track.

"You will go home a good deal quicker than you came, my boy," she said, with a smile upon her sweet, womanly face.

But the boy could not even bid her "good night," and so he only waved his hand to her as he jumped upon the platform of the cars.

The next morning the pale-faced boy came as he was charged to do. He smiled as he recognized Mrs. N. at the depot,

and then he could talk and smile, while he told of the happiness that filled his home the night before. The scene that followed will make another story, which we will not record now. We only add the fact that the unfortunate mill boy found employment through the kindness of a sympathetic Christian woman, who lives to carry into practice the principles taught by the blessed Master, who "went about doing good."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1895.

"I HAVE REDEEMED THEE"

BY REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

If you were to go to a village in Norway, you would see a stork, carved in wood, over the door of one of the houses.

Let me tell you the tale which the people are wont to tell about it. In that house lived a boy named Conrad. Every summer a stork made its nest near by. Conrad often fed it, and thus it became quite tame. When Conrad grew to be a young man, he ran away to sea, against his mother's wishes. The stork came back every summer to Norway from its long journey to the South, and the mother was kind to it because it reminded her of the innocent days of her little Conrad.

The poor boy had a hard time on the ocean. One day as he was sailing along on the Mediterranean Sea, the pirates from Algeria captured all on board. Conrad was told that he must be their slave unless he had some rich friends to "redeem him." The poor boy had to work hard all day, and slept in a little cell at night.

One day, while at his toil, he saw a stork flying above him; but little did he think that it was the same favourite bird which had, by a kind providence, been sent to him. It reminded him of his own loved stork away in Norway. He whistled to it, and the stork knew the sound and flew down to him. Day after day the bird shared his food with him. Conrad was glad to find that it was the same stork he had petted at his Northern home.

As the time drew near for the stork to move to his home beyond the sea, Conrad determined to send a message by him to his mother, that she might "redeem him from slavery." He therefore wrote a letter to his mother, and tied it to the stork's leg.

After a few days, Conrad's mother found her summer visitor at the door. Fastened to its leg she found the letter. What was her joy when she saw that her long-lost boy was alive! She raised the large amount of money that was needed to purchase his redemption. To do this she had to make great sacrifices, but her great love for her lost boy made her more than willing to do this. It was sent and he was redeemed.

Jesus' words to you are: "Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee." (Isa. 44. 22.) He needed no stork to tell him that you were in the slavery of sin. He knew that Satan had taken you captive, and that you could never return to your Father's home unless he redeemed you. He therefore took upon him a body like ours, and gave himself up to die that dreadful death on the cross. He there paid the debt for our redemption. How much he suffered no tongue can tell. On the cross he cried, "It is finished;" and now he calls to you in tenderness and love, "Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."

RICHES.

"Yks, if I had lots of money, I know what I'd do!" said a little boy one day, and he gave his head a knowing shake, as if he thought a great deal more than he chose to tell.

"Poor child!" said a friend who overheard; "you don't know everything yet; you'll be a great deal wiser when you are older."

"Let me tell you a story of the Duke of Brunswick and his diamonds. He had more than four hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and they made a prisoner of him. He never dared to leave home, even for a night, lest someone should steal them. He lived in a house built so that he couldn't take any comfort in it. It was much like a prison, it was made so thick and strong, with the doors and windows barred and bolted. A very thick, high wall was built outside the house all around it, and on the top of the wall was an iron railing, tipped off with sharp points that would cut like a knife, and so contrived that if a person touched one of them a chime of bells would instantly ring. This railing cost a great deal of money, what would seem a large fortune to us.

"He kept his diamonds in a safe, built in a thick wall in his bedroom, where he could look at them whenever he wished. And his bed was placed against this wall, so that no thief could get at them without waking or killing him. The safe was very strong, made of stone and iron. If anyone should try to pry it open, a number of guns would go off that would kill the person at once, and at the same time bells would be set ringing in every room in the house.

"He had but one window in his bedroom, and that so high up he could not see out, and no one could get in. The door was made of the stoutest iron, and no one could get in without understanding the curious lock. Besides all this, he kept a case of pistols, all loaded, on his table.

"What a room! What comfort could that man take, although he was so rich? Poor man! Poor rich man! He didn't have half the enjoyment in life that you children have, who have no diamonds to take care of, and can run in and out as you have a mind to.

"You see that it is not money that makes a person happy. No, indeed. Holy Scripture says, 'Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.' It tells us also to lay up 'treasures in heaven, . . . where thieves do not break through nor steal.'

I am sure my little workers know what is meant by "laying up treasures in heaven." The doing of beautiful deeds of love and mercy here in our Lord's name, that shall be counted in heaven as priceless gems. How many are laying up such "treasures"?

HE'S A LITTLE FELLOW.

WALKING down the street the other day, I saw a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, ragged old handkerchief, and as I sat down alongside he cautioned:

"Look out, now, don't hurt him."

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow just able to fly.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tuckered."

"What will you do with him?"

"Got him good and warm and let him go. He is such a little fellow, and so he ought to have a fair show."

"And he shall," said I.

I added my efforts to Jack's and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a cornice.

"He's all right now, Jack."

"Yes, 'cause he's had a boost. Boys kin get along most anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold blast, sweeping up from the river. "but birds is such little fellows that we've got to sort o' 'list and tote 'em round now and then. He's all right now, and we're all right, and good-bye to you."

"Good-bye, Jackie," I said, involuntarily raising my hat as the tattered, kind-hearted chappe flow round the corner.—Canada Presbyterian.

A Dominion Hymn.

BY G. O. H.

God bless our Canada,
Western Britannia,
Favoured domain;
From the Pacific's shore,
To the Atlantic's roar,
Increase her wealth and power,
And o'er us reign.

We thank thee for this gem,
Scion of British stem,
Delightful land;
Forest and prairie wide,
Mines, mount and flowing tide,
Wants everywhere supplied,
At thy command.

Increase our righteousness,
Pulpit, Senate and Press,
In this unite;
Our legislatures bless,
May they never careen
The sons of wickedness,
But favour right.

Politics purify,
Let party spirit die
Eternally;
Sectarian warfare end,
Each prove the other's friend,
And all together blend
In harmony.

Suffer not artful knaves,
Or alcoholic waves,
Our hopes to blight;
Subdue our enemies,
Avert calamities,
And may the flag of peace,
Wave in the light.

May laws be ever pure,
And human rights secure,
Under thy sway;
No rebels may we screen,
And naught e'er intervene,
To check. God save our Queen
Victoria.

WAYS TO MAKE MISSIONARY MONEY.

THE ladies of one adult society helped the members of the juvenile society to make their missionary money by giving them towels and napkins to hem and aprons to make.

At another place quilting and comfort tacking were done.

The boys of one band brought woollen socks and stockings. These they unravelled, and with the yarn made balls. The balls were covered with leather and then sold. Some brought large spools which they whittled into shape. Then they ran a handle through the hole, sharpened the end, smoothed all off with sand-paper and painted them, when they had the nicest kind of tops to sell. These boys also made kites and sold them.

A band of girls met and made clothespin bags, iron holders, dish rags, laundry and stocking bags, shoe bags, watch cases, and scrapbooks for the babies. They also made a lot of little bags and gave them out for receptacles for self-denial pennies.

Another band of children made candy,

parched peanuts and sold them, planted missionary gardens, raised flower plants and sold clippings, made popcorn balls, and sold eggs from missionary hens.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

I RECALL with tenderest remembrance a day when sitting on the bedside I held a little hand in mine, and eyes whose look can never be forgotten looked straight into mine. And the voice of my darling child, so earnest and distinct, said: "Papa, do you think I will die?" I said, "I don't know, my darling; but suppose you should die, what would you do?" and she said "Papa, the first thing I would do I would find Jesus and put my arms around him and thank him that he died for me." And I said in my heart, "Oh, Lord, give me a faith as simple and as real as that."

Epworth League.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

July 7, 1895.

A NEW MAN.—2 Corinthians 5. 17.

In other words a new creation takes place when a person believes on the Lord Jesus Christ and receives him as a personal Saviour. The change thus experienced is radical and complete, and is effected by reason of the faith which has been exercised. It is not by works, lest any should boast.

Evidence is furnished in proof of the change experienced. "Old things are passed away." They are gone, blotted out, as writing upon a slate which the wet sponge has wiped away, or as the warm sun has made the snow to disappear.

"All things are become new." The person's life is new, there is not the zifful course which was formerly pursued. New companions are selected. New pleasures are pursued. Things formerly loved are now hated, and those formerly hated are now loved. The fruits of the Spirit are manifest. There is love, peace, joy, longsuffering.

The proofs of the new creation are seen and admired. "Behold!" Those who are witnesses of the every-day life, take knowledge that they have been with Jesus. A renewed life, a holy conversation, are the best evidences of true conversion. A little girl said to her mother, respecting her companion, "Mary Jane, she is converted." "Why?" said the mother, "Because," answered the little girl, "she plays like a Christian, she does not cheat." Lying and cheating are sinful, neither of which are for one moment tolerated by those who have become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

THE BAND OF MERCY.

THE moral force and value of the Band of Mercy lies in the influence of the simple promise made in the words, "I will try to be kind to all living creatures." When one thinks of it, what is it, really, for them to "try to be kind to living creatures?" The only things under the power of children are living creatures. Younger brothers and sisters and playmates, a dog, a cat, a bird, a moth or grasshopper; those are the subjects of their childish power, and if they learn in their earliest days to use this power mercifully and gently, they have gained that greatest of life's lessons—self-government. The boy that holds in his hand unharmed, or, out of kindness, refrains from touching a bird, has made that conquest of himself which lays the foundation of all virtues and absolutely forms the backbone of character. Will a man who has learned this secret of self-conquest in boyhood, and gained this power of self-control, be easily tempted to crime in manhood? Here lies the supreme value of the early teaching of habitual kindness to inferior creatures. It gives strength to the childish heart and mind to resist the passionate and brutal instincts inherent in humanity, and, as small gymnastic feats, daily practised, will develop, at last, the muscles of an athlete, so a child surrounded by the influences of humane education, accustomed daily to repress those lower instincts and to use their active benevolence toward living creatures, gains moral muscle, day by day.

Canada.

BY DR. E. H. DUNWALT.

The woods of Canada:
How cool and soft below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves
Swift-changing with the midnight weaves
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada:
Dark pine and birch drooped low;
The maple tall, the maple tall,
The sturdy beech, and the birch,
And wild their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada:
The choppers' blows resound
Through the crisp air, while cold and still
The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill
Lies white upon the ground.

No sparkling streams of Canada,
That health cool shadows pass,
When wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,
Through verdant meadow, ankle-deep
In clover-blends and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada;
Deep in whose murmuring tone,
From pebbly caverns dimly seen,
Neath leafy shade of living green,
Gray trout and salmon glide.

The beautiful lakes of Canada;
With loving eyes I see
Their waters, stretched in endless chain
By fair St. Lawrence to the main,
As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Hutton's wake
Or fade with dying day,
Fond memories in my heart awake,
Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada,
Where sun sinks to the earth,
In setting, whispering warm good-night
To myriads of flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth.

The robust life of Canada
I cheerily home I see
Though gold nor jewels fill the hand,
Its Nature a self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free.

The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,

BY

Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER II.

JACK'S HOME.

Write it on the liquor store,
Write it on the workshop door:
"Where there's drink there's danger."

MILDRED GREY entered the house and carefully gathered up the dainty cups and washed it. She had no sisters, no mother; there was no one in the house to do all these things but herself. Her mother had died some eight years before; since that time she had been her father's sole housekeeper and comforter; and a skilful housekeeper she was, keeping everything tidy and in order. Although the rooms were cheaply furnished, she had a way of making everything show to the best advantage; and in every-room could be seen so many of these dainty little fixings which cost comparatively nothing, save work and skill, and which go so far towards making a place look homelike. No wonder Jack Harding liked to spend an evening there!

What a contrast it presented to the home he went to after leaving Miss Grey's! The bare floor-looked, so cheerless! He thought, though, that he would not have minded that if only it had been kept clean. But it seldom was a broom—much less soap and water. The walls were covered with cobwebs; the rusty old stove was always stacked up with ashes; and Jack did not remember seeing the dishes all washed up and put away—every corner littered all over the table in endless confusion.

No wonder a sigh escaped his lips as he opened the door and stepped into such a dreary-looking place.

He often wondered why he continued to stay in such a home as that. It was certainly no gain for him to do so, for he paid regularly every week for his board and lodging just what he would have had to pay to strangers. During the summer he worked out to get money to carry him through school in the winter, for he was very fond of study; and

with a sigh, he thought how soon he must tear himself away from his loved books, and go to work, and yet it would be a relief to be away from such a miserable home.

"Well, I suppose you ain't had no supper yet," said the harsh-toned stepmother. "A pretty time to come home expectin' to git some!"

"I had my tea at Miss Grey's," said Jack, quietly.

He slowly ascended the stairs to his room, and that indeed presented a great contrast to the one below. You would have been surprised to see how spotless and clean it was. Whose hand kept it so? Certainly not the stepmother's; it was Jack's. Every Saturday he went at it with a pail of hot water and a rag and cleaned it himself.

It was bad enough to see the rest of the house at sixes and sevens, but that room he called his own he could not and would not have untidy. He had once even ventured to noisily suggest that he would help clean up downstairs, but his stepmother wrathfully informed him that she was mistress of the house and would keep it as she pleased.

When Jack passed through the kitchen that evening, a bottle of brandy on the table, more than half empty, did not escape his observation.

He thought of it again as he sat poring over his books, and wondered how and why it was there.

Could it be possible that his step-mother drank? He had been suspicious of it before when he had come home and found her prostrated on the lounge in a heavy slumber, but he had never felt quite so certain of it. He wondered how she got at the liquor; surely she did not go herself and purchase it.

His little half-brother was asleep in a small bed in one corner of the same room, and just then, as Jack turned over a pile of school-books, a number of them fell off the table, making considerable noise, and causing the sleeping Charlie to spring up in sudden alarm.

"It's only I, Charlie, don't be afraid," said Jack, kindly; and crossing the room, he sat down by the bed and asked:

"I say, Charlie, where did that bottle of brandy come from on the table downstairs? Who brought it here, do you know?"

Charlie was too sleepy to be in a talking mood, but he was fond of Jack because he was always kind to him, so arousing himself with an effort, he said:

"I got it down at the hotel."

"Who sent you for it?"

"Mother did; she said she didn't feel well, and would have to have some for medicine."

"Yes, lots of times; but she doesn't look sick, does she?"

"I should say not!" said Jack.

"And do you know," said Charlie, sadly, "she borrowed that fifty cents you gave me, to get it with!"

"Did she?" exclaimed Jack, in disgust. "Well, that's a shame! but never mind; I'm going to work in a couple of weeks, then I'll give you some more. Now, go to sleep, my boy!" and Charlie turned over and was soon in the land of dreams, while Jack went back to his books.

A couple of hours after he heard heavy, unsteady footsteps, and he knew that his father was coming home drunk as usual.

Presently he heard such a terrible tumult in the room below that he felt quite alarmed. He had been accustomed to hearing his father and step-mother quarrel, but never quite such loud, angry talk as this; so he hastened downstairs just in time to see his father trying to push his stepmother out-doors.

"What are you doing?" demanded Jack.

"She won't leave, and I won't have her in my house," exclaimed the father.

"And what are you?" said Jack. "Hain't she as good a right to be drunk as you? Let her alone! Let her alone, I say!" and taking a hold of his father he dragged him into the adjoining room, and fastened the door, while the intoxicated woman staggered back to the lounge and was soon snoring heavily.

Jack, poor Jack, went back upstairs and cried himself to sleep, and when he awoke in the morning his heart was still heavy.

It was the Sabbath—clear, sunny and beautiful, and Jack lay for a few minutes watching the sunlight peeping in the window. He remembered hearing Miss Grey say that the sun always seemed to shine brighter on the Sabbath than any other day. But he felt that nothing in the world could possibly look very bright to him. The birds were singing cheerily in an old peach-tree close by the house, and all the world without seemed so joyous; his little heart alone was heavy and sad.

"I don't think Miss Grey would expect me to try to lie in bed like this. Just what kind of a home I have to live in, and Jack to himself, as he slowly dressed. "I am really glad the summer is coming, even though I do have to leave school and go to work. It will be a relief to be away from a place as this as I have always had such a longing to be in a place I could call home, that I have stayed here, horrible though it is. Then I hated to leave on Charlie's account; poor little chap, he'll have a hard time of it, and he's such a good little fellow, too!" and with a sigh he looked at the innocent, babyish face of the sleeping child.

Miss Grey's God's pity is greater than yours I never—some of the dark blue ones he had picked so carefully and close to her white throat; and as he listened to her talk he forgot for a time the misery at home.

The lesson was about Jesus hushing the tempest on Galilee, and Miss Grey knew just how to explain it to catch the attention of the boys.

"I want to tell you," said she, "what a storm is like on the Sea of Galilee. They are not much like the storms we have here on Lake Ontario. We always have some warning that a storm is approaching. We see a dark cloud off yonder, and gradually the water grows rough and angry. The storm does not overtake us all at once. But on Galilee—that beautiful sheet of water in the northern part of Palestine—they do not have any warning at all; scarcely that a storm is approaching. One moment the water is calm and peaceful; and soon its gentle rippling rises to waves with white crests; and the sky and water grow a deep purple, and the waves become mountains of angry foam—a scene of wild confusion, grand and terrible."

Every boy in the class was deeply interested in Miss Grey's description of a storm on Galilee, and one of the boys said:

"I don't think I would care to manage a boat in such a storm as that."

"No, indeed!" said Miss Grey. "And was any wonder that the disciples were sore afraid? But you see they had Jesus in the boat with them, and he arose and commanded the waves to be still, and immediately there was a great calm. So with us, on the sea of life, it matters not what storms may assail us, if only we have Jesus in the ship with us we are safe."

As Jack was leaving the church Miss Grey joined him, for they both lived in the southwestern part of the town.

"You are discouraged to-day, Jack," said she.

"Well, I was, but your talk has cheered me some," he replied. Then with boyish enthusiasm he continued, "Do you know, Miss Grey, I would rather hear you teach a Sunday-school class than I would to play a game of baseball."

Miss Grey could scarcely keep from smiling at this boyish compliment, which was given in such deep earnest.

"And," said Jack, "I do long to be good; but that depends entirely on circumstances with me. I can be good in fair weather, when everything goes right; but when things go wrong I am just what people call me—the worst boy in the town, and a grim smile stole over his handsome face.

"But it is sometimes those who have the most to contend with—the best lives," said Mildred. "Suffering draws us nearer to God."

"Well; it doesn't draw me," said Jack, stoutly. "I hate myself and everybody else when things don't go right, and I just want I'll get into a terrible racket some of these days."

They separated at the next crossing, and Mildred walked home with Jack still in her mind.

"A serious face, my dear," said her father, as he entered the room that evening.

"I was thinking of Jack Harding, papa," said Mildred. "He does seem to long so much to be good, but he is continually getting into trouble."

"There is splendid material in that boy, if only it could be called out," said Mr. Grey. "I do not wonder that you feel interested in him."

(To be continued.)

THE BOY FREDERICK.

RECENTLY there died in Washington, D.C., a negro who commanded the respect of the whole country—Mr. Frederick Douglass. Mr. Douglass was once addressing a school, and he told them the following story:

"I once knew a little coloured boy whose mother and father died when he was but six years old. His was a slave, and had no one to care for him: He slept

on a dirty floor in a hovel, and in cold weather would crawl into a meal-bag head foremost and leave his feet in the ashes to keep them warm. Often he would roast an ear of corn and eat it to satisfy his hunger, and many times has he crawled under the barn or stable and secured eggs which he would roast in the fire and eat.

"That boy did not wear pantaloons, as you did, but a tow linen shirt. Schools were unknown to him, and he learned to spell from an old Webster's spelling-book, and to read and write from posters on cellar and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak, and soon became well known. He became Presidential Elector, United States Marshal, United States Recorder, United States diplomat, accumulated some wealth. He wore broadcloth, and didn't have to divide crumbs with the dogs under the table. That boy was Frederick Douglass.

"What was possible for me is possible for you. Don't think because you are coloured you can't accomplish anything. Strive earnestly to add to your knowledge. So long as you remain in ignorance, no long will you fail to command the respect of your fellow-men."

Battle Cry of the Juniors.

BY REV. J. T. BRONDEL.

JUSTICE bright are we,
In Jesus we will be
Forever true.

Well arm'd we face the foe,
And onward bravely go,
Our Captain Christ to know,
His will to do.

The Bible is our chart,
Its truths we try to heart,
And onward go,
We'll strive to make them shine,
In lives so pure and fine,
In deeds that are sublime,
That all may know.

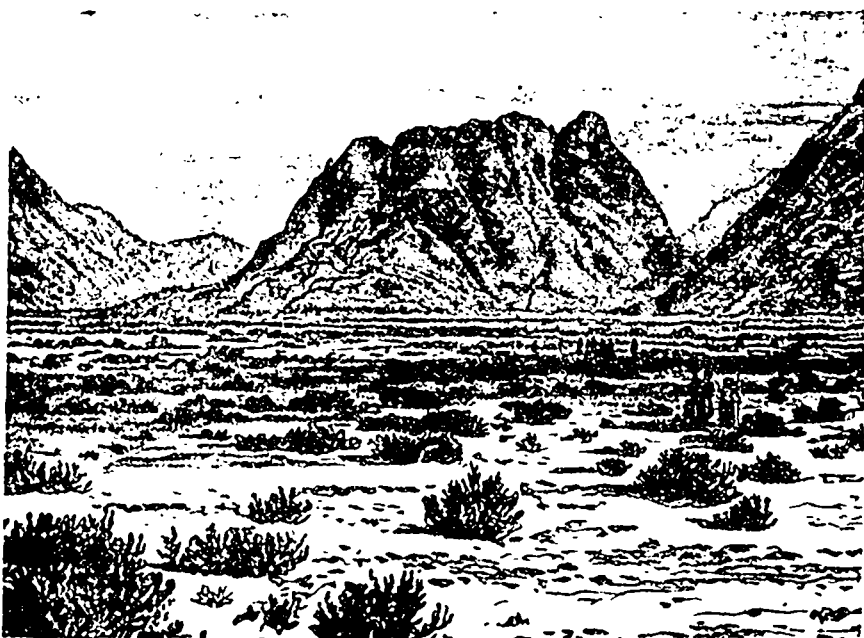
United happy bend,
For Christ and truth we stand,
For Christ and truth we stand,
His praise to sing,
We'll strive that we may win,
A conquest over sin,
At last to enter in,
With Christ our King.

A cheerful band are we,
Our hearts are true to God,
With song of praise,
We'll strive to do what's right,
And battle with our might,
To hold forth God's true light,
Through all our days.

A VENTRILOQUIST OF THE OLDEN TIME.

You have read of the Witch of Endor, and you have often wondered how she could raise Samuel from the dead. The truth is she was not a witch, and she did not raise Samuel. Saul wished to speak with him, and the woman intended to deceive Saul by going through certain incantations and then to tell him that Samuel was risen, although to him quite invisible. If Samuel had not "come up" as he did, she would have still further deceived her king, by herself replying to the questions Saul asked Samuel. This she could do by imitating the prophet's voice, and throwing her own to where the prophet was supposed to stand, putting, into his mouth a speech characteristic of the man. She had a familiar spirit, an excellent memory, was familiar with the relations heretofore existing between Saul and Samuel, and could pretty nearly divine the reply Samuel would make to any of Saul's questions, but Samuel quite unexpectedly arose and spoke for himself; so now that he was risen she was afraid. In terror, she charged Saul with deceiving her—a thing quite natural under the circumstances, as she intended to deceive him. But the Lord raised Samuel, and quite upset her plans and exposed her deceit.

The word witch translated in our Authorized Version is ventriloquist, and the whole account of this transaction is quite at variance with the idea that the woman was able to raise or in any way communicate with the dead. It could not be done then, as it cannot be done now.



SINAI.

SINAI.

"In the third month, when the children of Israel had gone forth out of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai. For they were departed from Rephidim, and were come to the desert of Sinai, and had pitched in the wilderness; and there Israel camped before the mount." According to the best information we have this is the valley here spoken of; and the mountain you see in the distance is the holy place where God came down to teach poor erring men how he would have them live—what he would have them do. It was in this mount that Moses went up to hear the words of his Maker. Around this mount the bounds were set, past which neither man nor beast might go without the certainty of death, by being shot through or stoned. Moses alone was permitted to go up into the Divine presence. From the awful recesses of this solemn place, the trumpet of God sent forth its voice exceeding loud, calling the hosts of Israel to hear and do what God commanded. "And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mountain. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly, and when the voice of the trumpet sounded long and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice." That Divine voice then gave to Moses the Ten Commandments to be obeyed by all men, and the rites and ceremonies for the government of Israel.

It must have been in this valley that the people set up the Golden Calf when they grow weary of waiting for Moses to come down from the presence of God. And because of their rebellion they were kept here in this valley and around the feet of those hills, shut in from the world, and kept back from the Promised Land for a whole long year.—*Methodist Monthly Greetings.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON L [July 7.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Exod. 20. 1-17. Memory verses, 3-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.—Luko 10. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Duty to God, v. 1-11.
2. Our Duty to Man, v. 12-17.

TIME.—B.C. 1491. This date, the most

important in history, may be readily remembered, because what is perhaps the next most important date is about as many years after Christ as this was before Christ—the discovery of America, A. D. 1492.

PLACE.—Mount Sinai, in the wild peninsula south east of the Isthmus of Suez. The tribes are believed to have been assembled in what is now known as the Wady (Plain or Valley) er Rahab, which opens in front of Ras Sufsafeh, a precipitous cliff which forms the north-western extremity or front of a great mountain range, Jebel Musa, "The Mountain of Moses," which Hebrew, Moslem, and Christian traditions alike point to as the mountain of the law.

INTRODUCTORY.

The lessons of last June brought us to the passage of the Red Sea by the children of Israel. They marched southward, guided by the pillar of cloud and fire, till they reached vicinity of Mount Sinai, where the law was given by Moses.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Ten Commandments.—Exod. 20. 1-7.
- Tu. The Ten Commandments.—Exod. 20. 3-17.
- W. The Commandments written.—Deut. 27. 1-10.
- Th. God's law perfect.—Psalm 19. 7-14.
- F. Delight in the law.—Psalm 119. 1-16.
- S. Christ's summary.—Mark 12. 28-34.
- Sa. Love proved by obedience.—1 John 2. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Our Duty to God*, v. 1-11.
 - By whom were the commandments given?
 - To whom did God first speak them?—Exod. 19. 20.
 - What had the Lord done for his people?
 - What is the first commandment?
 - What may we not make or worship?
 - What reason is given for this prohibition?
 - Which commandment forbids profaneswear- ing?
 - Why is this forbidden?
 - What is the fourth commandment?
 - What did God make in six days?
 - To whom does the seventh day belong?
 - Who are forbidden to work on that day?
 - What is our whole duty to God? Eccles. 12. 23.
2. *Our Duty to Man*, v. 12-17.
 - To whom is honour due and why?
 - What says Paul about this command? See Eph. 6. 2.
 - What is the sixth commandment?
 - Whom does John declare to be a murderer? See 1 John 3. 15.
 - What is the seventh commandment?
 - What does the eighth commandment forbid?
 - What duty to man does the ninth commandment exjoin?
 - What will help us to keep the law? See Rom. 13. 10.
 - What are we forbidden to covet?
 - What words sum up the whole law? (Golden Text.)
 - What conduct will show our obedience? See Micah 6. 8.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. Our sole rule of duty?
 2. Four duties toward God?
 3. The duty of love to man?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where were the Ten Commandments given? At Mount Sinai. 2. How were they given? By the voice of God. 3. Repeat the Ten Commandments: First? Second? Third? Fourth? Fifth? Sixth? Seventh? Eighth? Ninth? Tenth? 4. What command does our Lord give? Golden Text: "Thou shalt love," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The existence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What was the practice of the first Christians? Spiritual fellowship was one of the special marks of the primitive Church from its beginning at Jerusalem. Acts 2. 42; Colossians 3. 16, 1 Thessalonians v. 14; Hebrews 10. 25.

The Stars.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SKYMOUR.

WHAT are all those points of light
Up in yon ethereal height?
Worlds like ours—but far away,
Sun in depths of space, are they?

Are they young or are they old,
Each with story to unfold?
Brightening each, beneath a sun?
Sun itself—its circuits run?

Is the genial summer-warm
Followed by the winter-frost?
Are there flowers and verdant grass
Where the living creatures pass?

Far athwart an azure sky,
Do the birds of beauty fly?
Does the wide resounding sea
Dwell in vast immensity?

Are they worlds of human kind?
Full of sentient, loving mind?
Bravest men and women good?
Noble race of kindred blood?

Has the night of death and sin,
Never, never there set in?
Each a world of real bliss?
Each a starry paradise?

As they scan the heights above
Do they know the God of Love?
He to whom their thoughts aspire,
He, their most devout desire?

Glorious worlds indeed are they?
Part of heaven for us, some day?
We, with them, our God adore?
Drink their joys for evermore?

Paisley, Ont.

THE SINGING.

TEACH the Juniors the words of the songs, so that they can sing without the assistance of books. This will make the meetings the more social, and will cause less confusion when a hymn is announced.

There are various ways of teaching songs to children, the most common being to have them repeat line by line over after you. Another way is to print a verse at a time on the blackboard, and to have the children read this verse over and over until they have committed it to memory. Yet another method is to have the words of the hymn pasted upon charts or rolls and hung up in front of the room.

The singing is something that should not be neglected at any session. Eternity alone will reveal what Christian hymns have done for the world. The songs learned in childhood will never be obliterated from the mind.

Moreover, singing, especially that of the young, has a charm over people that nothing else possesses. Five young ladies were once seated in a car together when the thought



Milk. Education. Tea. Coffee. Non-alcoholic Beverages.



Bread.



Alcoholic Liquors.

occurred to them to sing a hymn, and, by the way, it is always well to follow such an impression whenever it comes. The hymn decided upon was "Near, my God, to Thee." A young lady sang each verse as a solo, and the others joined in with the chorus.

Everybody in the car seemed to be enjoying the music, and the conductor stood with his hand upon the knob of the door, waiting to hear the hymn before entering the next car. At that moment a crash came and the next car was in ruins. The song saved the conductor.

A SPEAKER once addressing an audience of boys and girls, told among other things that cider started the appetite for stronger drinks. At the close of the meeting a poor, besotted, broken-down man came up and said to the speaker, "You did right in warning the boys and girls against using cider. Just look at what I am! It was the cider on my father's farm that made me a drunkard!"

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