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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1892.

[No. 33.]

VENDOME COLUMN, PARIS.

The Vendome Column in Paris is an imitation of Trajan's Column at Rome, 142 feet high and thirteen feet in diameter. It was erected by order of Napoleon I. in 1806-10 to commemorate his victories over the Russians and Austrians in 1806. It was thrown down by the communists in 1871, but a bed of manure was prepared to receive it, so that, though broken, it was not utterly shattered. It was skillfully re-erected in 1875. It is constructed of masonry covered with plates of bronze, forming a spiral band of 300 yards, on which are represented in high relief the military career of Napoleon. The figures are about three feet high. The metal was obtained by melting down 1,200 Russian and Austrian cannons. A figure of Napoleon crowns the column. In 1879 the present writer climbed the monument to the gallery shown at the top.

SWIFT-MOVING TRAVELLERS.

It was discovered long ago that light moves at the rate of about 192,000 miles in a second. Electricity moves with a velocity greatly in excess of this. It is calculated that its speed is 228,000 miles in a second, or 102,000 miles faster than that of light. Beside these velocities that of a railway train, or even that of a bullet from a rifle, seems very slow. The speed of the latter is about 1,460 feet in a second. Sound does not travel so fast as this, its rate being about 1,142 feet per second. There is an exception to this when we speak by telephone. Here electricity carries the sound waves, or that which corresponds to sound waves, and thus the sound of the voice travels with a great rapidity, though we do not know if the actual speed has been measured.

The velocity of light has been measured by the help of some of our distant neighbours—near neighbours, rather astronomically speaking. These neighbours are the moons of the planet Jupiter. These moons have their eclipses just as our moon does. They pass into the shadow of the great planet, just like our moon passes into the shadow of the earth, and then eclipses, total or partial, result. Now the periods for the eclipses of Jupiter's moons may be calculated with the same accuracy as the eclipses of our



VENDOME COLUMN, PARIS.

sixteen minutes later than when the earth is at the nearer distance from that planet. This difference of apparent time arises from the fact that the light in travelling from Jupiter to our earth must travel in the one case 185,000,000 miles farther than in the other; and to make this distance the added sixteen minutes are required. Now, if we divide the number of minutes, or the number of seconds, in the sixteen minutes, 960 seconds, into the number of miles, we obtain the distance light travels in a second, that is about 192,000 miles.

We may add that this comparatively near neighbour of ours, the planet Jupiter, is remote from the sun an average distance of about 475,692,000 miles, and that is also his average distance from the earth. It takes light an average of about forty-one minutes to travel from Jupiter to our earth. But there are also stars beyond our planetary system—those we call the fixed stars, though all of them are in motion—from which it requires many years for light to reach us. The nearest star whose distance has been measured, requires three years, and another nine and a half years. The polar star is far more remote, and light making its long journey from that star to our world requires the long period of forty-six years. From others it is estimated that five hundred years, and even longer periods, are required for this swift-moving messenger to make the journey. How wonderful above all our thoughts or power of expression are the works of God. They are full of the depth and riches of his wisdom and power.

IT NEVER PAYS

- It never pays to neglect your health.
- It never pays to worry about the weather.
- It never pays to borrow trouble.
- It never pays to throw away the Bible.
- It never pays to keep a man because it looks little.
- It never pays to make fun of any religious teacher.
- It never pays to be a grumbler or a fault-finder.
- It never pays to go to any place where you cannot take your religion with you.
- It never pays to be impolite.
- It never pays to be conceited.
- It never pays to put off becoming a Christian.
- It never pays to economize by doing without a religious paper.

own moon, and the time when any eclipse should occur may be foretold many years in advance of its coming. But as the orbit or path of Jupiter around the sun lies outside of that of our earth, it follows that in its own revolution around the sun, the earth is sometimes nearer to Jupiter than at other times by a distance equal to twice its own distance from the sun. Now the distance of our earth from the sun being about 92,000,000 miles, twice that distance is about 185,000,000 miles. Now, it is found that when the earth is away from Jupiter this longer distance, or 185,000,000 miles, an eclipse of a moon of Jupiter will occur apparently about

A Spell of Madness.

BY KATHARINE PARKER WILLIS.

LOOK not upon the wine when it is red in the cup! Stay not for Pleasure when she fills her tempting beaker up! Though clear its depths, and rich its glow, A spell 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. Aye, but within its glowing deeps A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire, Its coolness change to thral, And by its mirth within the brain A sleepless worm is nursed; I here a 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 lips, Let not its curse be thine. 'Tis red and rich, but grief and woe Are hid those rosy depths below.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, U.D. Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1892.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

THE other day there floated to my ear a grievous complaint, and all because some young people were compelled to forego a pleasure excursion on account of their language lessons. "What is the use of all this plodding over strange tongues," one young girl exclaimed. "If I know English thoroughly, it's all I'm ever likely to really need to be acquainted with. And out so undomestically thought a young girl years ago, who, after marrying and settling down," as she supposed, found that after all she must support herself in some way. Hearing that an advantageous position in the Public Library was about to be filled out that no one qualified had yet been found, she applied, only to find that had she been able to speak French and German the position would have been granted her at once. Another young lady of a literary turn could have taken a lucrative position on a popular paper had she only given more faithful attention to her German lessons a few years before. When Alexander the Great was about to be taught by the great philosopher Aristotle, his teacher withheld him to quite a distance from the court, where he taught him, it is said, "every branch of human learning," and especially the art of government. Had he been distracted by the scenes of court life, Alexander at sixteen years of age would hardly have been fitted to be left with the government in his hands while his father, Philip of Macedon, marched against Byzantium. Fill your minds with all use-

ful knowledge now, dear young friends, from all sources human and divine, while your heads are clear and your minds strong to receive it; the use of it all is sure to be revealed in time.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY S. P. SULLIVAN.

TRISTINE LACY was a lively, human girl, and longed for something different than the necessarily quiet life of her native village. She was therefore more than delighted when her cousin, Myra Grayson, wanted her to spend the season in Washington. She could not sleep an hour the night the letter came. Such visions as danced before her mind of society pleasures, how many airy tulle evening dresses and other robes de toilette and she not spun out of her imagination ere the day dawned.

The idea that she might not go had not once entered the mind of Tristine. Mrs. Lacy had read the letter with that calm serenity which her daughter accepted as consent. She was never denied anything which loving parents could bestow, and so she was quite unprepared for the shock she received after fasting her soul for a week in the coming society campaign.

"Come into the library, my daughter," said Mrs. Lacy one day as they rose from dinner. Seating herself and drawing the girl to her in an affectionate hand-clasp, she said, "Tristine, you know that it is not in the heart of either your father or myself to deny you any rightful pleasure. But after earnest prayer for guidance, we have decided that it cannot be for your highest spiritual good that you should visit Myra Grayson at this time. Even at home you find it hard to resist the allurements of the world. What would it be in Myra's home, where there is no allegiance to the Saviour whom you profess to love?"

Disappointment, keen and sharp, was written on Tristine's flushed cheek. "I think I could have resisted the temptation to dance if you had trusted me," she said. "Dancing is not the only temptation, my daughter," was the mother's reply, and then followed a long, loving talk, in which Mrs. Lacy told of the deadening of conscience in such a life as she would be forced to lead. Loving the world as she did, she plunged into it was the surest way, she said, to fall from her Master's side. The safest mode of resistance, she added, was to keep away from and not to go deliberately into, temptation.

Tristine confessed with shame that since the proposed visit she had not taken as much interest in her Bible study, or her secret devotions.

"So is it ever, my daughter. Sin walks at first with tiny foot-falls, but in the end treads giant-like, o'ermastering all. So beware. I do not claim, dear, that you will find it easy to bear the disappointment. From a human standpoint, you are ill-treated, and your parents are old fogies; but in eternity there will be a calmer and a juster verdict. I would have my daughter get a real taste of the pleasure which comes from the service of her Master before she turns to the world for it. Will you try to find that pleasure at home, my Tristine, this winter?"

"Yes, mamma, I will try." And with this reply began her effort. Under her mother's wise leadership, the winter sped happily, because busily and usefully employed. With her Sunday-school class of boys, her visits to the sick and afflicted, and other work her heart was full.

"Mamma," said Tristine, entering her mother's room one afternoon in July, "what do you think of my having a class lawn party over in the side grove? Bessie Rossier had one last week for her girls, which she says was a perfect success, and she promises to help me."

"Well of it, indeed, if you will let me have a finger in the pie. By the way, why not ask Ellie Tyler to come and bring her class of little girls which she has just taken. It will encourage her and be helpful to you."

"The very thing, mamma. Why is it that you always think of things that fit?"

Mrs. Lacy answered by a smile. The arrangements were duly made, and the day dawned as bright and beautiful as a day could be. Tristine had the table set in the choicest nook in the grove, under the ever-

hanging limbs of two grand old trees. One of them sent out a root, which formed a most delightful seat. On this Bessie dropped gracefully, hat in hand, when informed by Tristine that she was to "lurk, not labour," at this feast. Mrs. Lacy had sent over the well-filled basket, with the promise to come later. Tristine was busily engaged in filling a plate with crullers when Ellie Tyler appeared, the personification of a radiant Hebe, with her hat pendant from the back of her neck. She bore a tastefully-arranged waiter of malaga grapes and other fruit. What a happy trio! Were the dear children who came trooping in later to enjoy this delicious repast one-half so happy?

Tristine was now past longing to enjoy any higher pleasure than that of living for others, because Christ had lived in her. The next year when she spent a few weeks in the Capital City in company with her parents, she smiled at the idea of choosing a visit to Cousin Myra's for real joy.

Tristine had fully realized the force of the couplet:

"No shattered box of ointment We ever need regret; Far out of disappointment Flow sweetest odours yet."

ANTS AND THEIR SLAVES.

Of all the hideously human traits possessed by ants, none is so remarkable as their addiction to slavery, a circumstance which has long been one of the most familiar features in their history. Some of the slave-keeping species attack the ants of their victims, steal their larvae and pupae, and carry them off to be reared for a condition of servitude. One species is entirely dependent on its slaves; others can partially "do" for themselves, and even, on a push, carry on the functions of the nest without the aid of their auxiliaries. Sir John Lubbock ventures the belief that slavery exercises on ants the demoralizing influence it has always been understood to exercise on those nations of men among whom it is found. In time the slave-owners become helpless dependents on their servants. Their bodily structure has, in course of untold ages, undergone a change; the mandibles have lost their teeth, and become mere nippers, deadly enough in war, but useless for every other purpose. They have lost the power of building, and display no care for their young; the slaves performing every domestic office, including the providing of food and carriage of their masters from place to place. They have even lost the habit of feeding, and were it not for their anxious slaves, would perish for hunger with plenty in their close vicinity.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

BY MRS. M. A. E. GALEP.

NEVER were those words from "Holy Writ" so impressed upon my mind as when listening to our "silver-tongued orator," Wendell Phillips, a short time before his death. A band of reformed men had gathered one evening in the old Bethel church in Boston, to listen to words of encouragement from several gentlemen. The audience was composed mostly of the lower classes of working men and women,—those who were trying to live better lives and become temperate.

After speaking as none other could speak to such an audience, he paused, and in lowered, impressive tones, asked to be pardoned for an incident in his own life he wished to relate as a note of warning to those of his hearers who might be tempted, as he had been, to neglect to speak to a brother man he might possibly save. Said Mr. Phillips, "When I was a young man, which would have been in the early part of this century, I was with a friend with whom I had had a business talk sitting under a piazza in Charlestown. As we were in conversation, I thought I noticed a smell of liquor, and felt sure that it came from the breath of the young man at my side. My first impulse was to speak to him, for although all, or nearly all, at that time drank more or less, I had decided fully that it was an evil, and that young people especially should not drink intoxicating liquors. My second thought

was that it would do no good to speak to him, and so I left him. Seventeen years after that," said Mr. Phillips, "I was called to give a temperance lecture in a small town about thirty miles out from Boston, for I had then become deeply interested in the work of trying to reform men, and if possible save the youth. After delivering my lecture to a large and attentive audience, and as the people were leaving the church, I noticed a man pressing his way up to the place where I was standing talking with others who had waited to speak with me. As he came nearer, the poor man in his worn, soiled garments, took me by the hand and, in tones of reproach I can never forget, said to me, 'Wendell, Wendell, why didn't you say to me seventeen years ago what you have said here to-night, and you could have saved me. Now it is too late for you or any one else to save me from a drunkard's grave! Oh, Wendell, I am too far gone!' Those terrible words," said Mr. Phillips, "caused me to decide, then and there, that another chance to speak to one whose breath gave signs of strong drink should never be neglected, for the poor man before me was none other than the young man who years ago sat beside me on the piazza. My vow then made has never been broken. And now, dear reformed brothers," said he to those before him, "take warning from bitter experience, and never pass any one who needs a word of kindly warning or gentle reproof or brotherly help. You may have power to save them!"

WISE ROVER.

ROVER's dinner was very hot. When Jane cooked it for him she poured it into his pan and set it out on the grass to cool. Rover barked while she did it.

Rover had often thought it strange that his dinner should always be hot when it had been in the pan a bit, but it was always hot at first. He thought about it each day while he dozed by the fire and everybody said he was asleep, but he never could find out the reason.

He looked at the smoke coming out of the pan and watched it blow over the house. Then he lay down and barked at his dinner. He knew that so long as the smoke came out the dinner would hurt his mouth if he tried to eat it. And sometimes he wondered what was the reason of that.

There was snow all over the grass. When Jane put out the pan she put it upon the snow, so that it would cool faster. Rover knew that the snow was not pleasant to lie on, because it was cold.

When Rover had looked at his dinner and at the smoke and at the snow awhile, and thought how strange some things are, he got up and stood beside the pan.

First he tried to pull the scraps of meat out on the snow, but they hurt his mouth, and he barked again. Then he stooped, and, with his nose, pushed the snow over the edges of the pan, until he had covered his dinner with snow, and cooled it so that he could eat it.

So his thoughts by the fire had done him some good. Was he not a wise dog?—Harper's Young People.

CAN'T RUB IT OUT.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on a window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out." Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing what you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech the other day to your mother. It wrote itself upon her loving heart and gave her pain. It is there now, and hurts her when she thinks of it.

You can't rub it out. You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and let him do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written on the book of memory. Be careful, the record is very lasting. You can't rub it out.

For the Giver.

WHAT for the Giver, giant tree,
"Fair gifts of gold and red—
These have I guarded patiently—
Behold my fruit outspread!
From fragile buds it slowly grow,
Fed from his hands with crystal dew;
To thank him, at his feet I strew
My gifts of gold and red."

What for the Giver, happy bird?
"A heart's pure grateful song;
I know it will not pass unheard,
Amid a loftier throng.
Have I not reared my little brood?
Who sheltered me in solitude,
Deep in the tangled, wind-swept wood?
My gift, this grateful song."

What for the Giver, gentle flower?
"My last look his shall be;
Has he not kept me, hour by hour—
Watched o'er me tenderly?
In gratitude for rain and shine,
And all the grace and beauty mine,
How could I fade and leave no sign?
My last look it shall be."

What for the Giver, little one?
"Are there no gifts from thee?
Behold! the year is almost done,
Must God still waiting be?
What deeds of kindness, flower-like, sweet?
What words, like songs to ears they greet?
What heart-fruits to lay at his feet?
Are there no gifts from thee?"

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XI.

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

MR. SHAFTO could not sleep that night. Generally his sleep was sound and long, lasting far into the morning, after his wife had been up for an hour or two, and was busy with her sewing. But to night he heard the clock strike again and again; yet his brain would not rest. Neither would his conscience, for it kept filling his brain with accusing and tormenting thoughts. He saw himself as he had never done before, worthless, indolent, and selfish; depending for the very bread that kept him alive upon the woman whom he had once professed to love. The memory of his children came back to him; how unloving he had been to them; how peevish when they were noisy; how indifferent when they were ill; and how he had been almost glad to know they would need no more provision made for them save a coffin and a grave. All Johnny's life seemed to pass before him, so full of pain, and empty of all boyish pleasures; but full also of love and patience, and quiet trust in God, and empty of selfishness and repining, as if he had been sent into the world to be a complete contrast to his father. Then the thought of Sandy came to reproach him; and he had picked out of the gutter, who knew not a word about God and the love of Jesus Christ; yet this boy had a love in him deeper than all his ignorance and wickedness, which proved him to be a truer child of the heavenly Father than he was, with all his learning. How could he sleep when he did not know where Sandy was sheltering; when a small still voice was saying to him, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to him, ye did it not to me?"

He could scarcely wait for the fire to be kindled the next morning, but was downstairs before John and Mrs. Shafto had begun their breakfast. He felt awkward, and his face grew red, as John made haste to quit his easy-chair, in the warmest corner, the chair had been kept for him ever since John could remember.

"Sit still, Johnny, sit still," he said; "another chair will do for me."

He took a seat by the table, on a hard, straight-backed chair, such as his wife was used to sit upon. There was an embarrassing silence among them, which was broken by Mrs. Shafto, who spoke in a forced tone.

"Is there anything the matter with you, Mr. Shafto?" she inquired. He liked her to call him Mr. Shafto; it sounded more respectful; but he wished she had said John to him just then.

"No, my dear, no," he answered, "nothing that you can set right."

"Are you ready for your breakfast?" she asked, "shall I do a little rasher of bacon for you?"

"I'll have what you are having," he said.

He saw the next moment that it was dry bread she was eating, though Johnny had a little butter upon his. He took a crust of bread, and ate it; every morsel threatening to choke him. He had never trouble himself to ask what sort of a meal his wife and boy had, an hour or two before he took his own comfortable and tasty breakfast, at which he had so often grumbled. He could not look much about him, for he was afraid of meeting the eyes of either of them, and all the three were very quiet, scarcely speaking a word to one another.

"Mary," he said, as soon as breakfast was over, "I think as there is nothing for me to do, I'll go and see if I can find Sandy, and look about a bit for Gip."

Mrs. Shafto could not believe she had heard him aright. It was so long since he had cared to go out into the streets, except on a Sunday, when he had his black suit on, and went to chapel, that she felt sure she was mistaking what he said. She stood at the table, with his empty cup in her hand, gazing at him in bewilderment; and as he happened to look up, once more his face grew red.

"I have been thinking of Sandy all night," he said; "and as there's nothing for me to do at home, I'll go and see if I can meet with the boy about the Mansion House or any one of the stations. Don't soil your hands with my boots, Mary; I'll brush them myself."

Again Mrs. Shafto could not trust her own ears. She had cleaned her husband's boots for him every day ever since they were married, and he had never offered to brush them before. Now she saw him carrying them away into the little scullery behind the kitchen, and presently he returned with them on his feet. He held himself more upright than usual, and there was a light in his eyes, as if they really saw what was lying before them.

"You're sure there's nothing amiss with you, Mr. Shafto?" she said again, with more anxiety than before.

"Nothing that you can set right," he answered, "but, please God, it will come right by and bye. Good morning, my dear, don't expect me to dinner. Good-bye, Johnny."

They followed him to the shop door, and watched him cross the grave-yard with a firmer and brisker step than John Shafto could ever remember in his father. But Mr. Shafto felt almost dazed when he turned into the bustling working-day streets. He had remained so long indolently at home, except on a Sunday, that it was altogether a new thing to be pushed and jostled about as he threaded his way slowly along the crowded pavement. More than once he felt that he must give up his purpose, and go back to his quiet corner and his easy arm-chair, where he could stretch his tired legs across the hearth and be warm and comfortable. The noise and hurry wearied him, and his head ached with the constant rattle and roll of wheels along the streets. What he was doing would be of no benefit to himself, or any one belonging to him. A strong temptation came over him to return. What was Sandy, or what was little Gip to him, after all?

"What were you to Christ?" asked the still small voice that haunted him; "what were you to him, that he should seek after you? Was it any benefit to him that you should be found and brought back to God? Did he leave nothing, give up nothing, to save you? Was all the world pleasant and smooth to him whilst he sought you? Go home to your own ease and comfort, if you will; but do not think he will own you as one of his. Remember what he said, 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

Mr. Shafto plodded on through the noisy and dirty streets, in spite of his weary limbs and aching head. He pursued his way resolutely amid the throngs of people and conveyances, looking carefully through his short-sighted, dim eyes at every boy that was selling flowers, and ask-

ing one now and then if he knew anything of Sandy Carroll. None of them knew Sandy Carroll, though, if he had inquired for "Carrots," many would have given him the information he wanted. There seemed to him a vast army of fustian boys and newspaper boys, who quickly caught his eye turned upon them, and pursued him instantly as a possible customer. He felt badgered and worried, but he would not give up his search. He turned at last towards the neighbourhood where Sandy had lived, and wound his way in and out among the back slums and alleys, asking many questions of the terrible looking women dawdling about them. There was something in his solemn face and voice which impressed them, as if they thought him some important personage going about in disguise, and they were most eager to tell him all they knew and suspected of Nancy Carroll. There was not much doubt among them that she had made away with Gipsey, perhaps in a drunken fit, scarcely knowing what she was about. But she had quite disappeared from her old haunts, and Sandy had not been seen since Sunday evening. The policeman on that beat knew nothing more than the neighbours; for since Sandy had positively sworn that the murdered child was not his sister, the inquiry after his mother had ceased. "There was no chance," he said, "of finding the missing child now that more than a week had passed by with no news of her. She was dead, without doubt, by this time, whether she was murdered or no."

It was quite late in the afternoon when Mr. Shafto reached home again, so worn out with his unusual exertions that he could scarcely drag one foot before the other. Heart-sore, as well as foot-sore, he was. He had seen strange sights that day—women lying drunk upon the pavement, unable to reach their own miserable homes, and hide there; children shivering with cold, and starved almost to skeletons. Once when he had sat down, he, Mr. Shafto, on a doorstep, too weary to go farther without resting for a few minutes, a child had called to him through a broken cellar window, begging for a morsel of bread. He had made a pilgrimage through some of the dreariest places in the great city, and he went home forgetting himself in the thought of the sin and misery seething about him.

He was very quiet as he sat in his arm-chair, watching Mrs. Shafto get ready for tea. Both she and John guessed he had no good news about Sandy, and they did not venture to ask him where he had been looking for him, lest he should answer in a vexed and angry manner. But he did not stretch out his tired legs so as to take up all the hearth, and he smiled faintly, as if it were a difficult thing to smile, at his wife's attention to him.

"Johnny," he said, "don't you hear a little noise in the chapel yard?"

John Shafto had heard a slight, very slight sound about the shop window, as if a dog were prowling round it. But, until his father spoke, he did not like to move, lest it should disturb him. Now he drew his crutches to him with readiness, and started off to see what this unusual noise might mean.

He returned in a few minutes, his face glowing with pleasure, but with a little hesitation in his manner. Mr. Shafto had just begun his tea, but he put down his knife and fork, as though he would not listen to John's intelligence whilst he was eating. His wife could not understand what this change might mean.

"It's Sandy, father," said John, "he won't come in."

"But he must come in!" exclaimed Mr. Shafto, eagerly. "Mary, my love, do you go and make him come in. Perhaps he would give me the slip if I went, and I could never catch him if he took to running. We must have him."

Mrs. Shafto had not wanted to hear all he said, but was already at the shop door, with her hand on Sandy's arm, urging him to come inside, and not listening to any objections from the boy. Not that he wished to make any objection, for he had been longing to have a look at John Shafto and a word with him all day. He followed her with timid steps and hanging head into the kitchen, where Mr. Shafto was sitting.

"Come up to the fire, my boy," said Mr. Shafto, cordially; "there's plenty of

room for us all. And, Mary, pour him out a cup of tea to warm him. He's welcome to it. Johnny, sit down to the table; and let us all be comfortable together."

Sandy hardly knew what to do, but at a quiet sign from Mrs. Shafto he sat down on a stool near the fire, and took a large cupful of tea from her, without a word. All this was quite different from what he had expected when he had stolon across the grave-yard and scratched against the window, and whined like a dog, in the hope that John Shafto would come out; ready, if Mr. Shafto appeared, to hide behind one of the tall headstones. It was so different, too, from hanging about the baker's shop windows till they were closed, and then going to sleep in a cask. So different! He wished it could only last.

"Sandy," said Mr. Shafto, when tea was over, "I've been searching for you all day to tell you that it is all true what my Mary and Johnny believe. It is true that God sees and hears all, and that he loves you as much as he loves the Queen upon her throne. It is true that the Lord Jesus Christ is seeking to save you, and your mother, and little Gip, as much as if you were as rich and learned as anybody in London. He's been seeking me many and many a long year, and I've been keeping back from him, I did not want him to find me out in my selfishness and idleness. But he has found me to-day, and shown me what I am; and I believe he sent you here to help me to find myself out. It is not much that we can do for you at any rate, till I can get some work, but what we have we will give to you; and please God, Sandy, we'll help you to find both Christ and little Gip."

Mrs. Shafto was wiping away her tears quietly; and John pressed close to his father's side, and slipped his thin hand into his. It was one of the happiest evenings they had ever known, whilst they discussed ways and means of how Sandy could be clothed, and taught, and put into some way of getting his living, less uncertain than selling fuses.

"Mary, my love," said Mr. Shafto, as bed-time drew near, "would it do for Sandy's mattress to go into Johnny's room, beside his bed? For we are not going to let him live in the streets again. I'll come upstairs with you, and see what can be done."

That night Sandy slept in a corner between John's bed and the wall, where the low roof slanted over him. If John lay awake in the night, he would never again feel lonely; and if Sandy roused up out of his sound slumbers, he would know that John was close beside him. Both the boys were delighted with this arrangement; but it was John who, during the sleepless and painful hours of the night, thanked God again and again for having given him Sandy for a companion and friend.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

ONE of the serious mistakes made by mothers in training their children is in supposing that careful habits can be cultivated in careless surroundings. A ragged or worn carpet, so little valued by the mother that grease or ink spots can be left on it without causing comment, may become a moral calamity. Tying the child up in a bib, and giving it the liberty to spill its food when eating, is responsible for bad table habits in the men and women we meet. A child who is made to eat its food carefully, in a room where the furnishings are respected, where a penalty will follow carelessness, naturally acquires careful, refined manners. Many a mother spends more time repairing damages—the results of careless habits, due largely to the furnishings in the dining-room—than she would need to spend in setting a table carefully and keeping the room in order, so that its order and neatness commanded the respect of the children. The ounce of prevention is worth several pounds of cure in the training of children, and it is a pity that the ounce of prevention is not administered in the infinitesimal doses necessary in early childhood, rather than in the radical doses necessary to overcome neglect in matters that are never minor, for manners and habits mark the man.



FAIR HAVENS—CRETE.

FAIR HAVENS—CRETE.

In that interesting chapter, the twenty-seventh of Acts, containing an account of the shipwreck of St. Paul, we find mention several times the Island of Crete and also of Fair Havens, a harbour in this island.

The island of Candia ancient Crete—closes in the Greek Archipelago. It is one of the largest islands in the Mediterranean sea, of irregular form, about 140 miles in its extreme length and varying from six to thirty miles in width. Though exceedingly mountainous, the soil is very fertile and produces an abundance of fine wheat.

The mountains are composed of a gray or white free-stone or marble. Mount Ida is one of a chain extending toward the north-west. It is of gray marble, and there is no verdure upon its surface. Its sides are covered with loose stones.

According to mythology, Jupiter spent a great part of his youth in these mountains, hunting.

There are many springs and fountains on this island, which accounts for the fruitfulness of its valleys. In ancient times it was celebrated for its hundred cities.

The intercourse between the Jews and the Cretans seems to have begun very early. In the second chapter of Acts we read that among those who were at the feast of Pentecost, were "Cretes."

I am very sorry to say that in the first chapter of Titus, St. Paul gives the Cretans a very bad character in his day. After writing to Titus warning him of their numerous faults that he must guard against and reprove them for, he says: "They profess that they know God, but in works they deny him."

I wonder if the same rebuke would not apply to people in these modern times? Do you know any such? How is it with yourself?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 30-33.] **LESSON VIII.** [Aug. 21.]

THE APOSTLES PERSECUTED.

Acts 5. 25-41. Memory verses, 29-32.

GOLDEN TRUTH.

We ought to obey God rather than man. Acts 5. 29.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God changes the storms against his people into favouring gales.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

The great popularity of the Christian Church aroused the anger of the rulers against it. They put the apostles in prison, but an angel released them, and they imme-

diately returned to their preaching. The Sanhedrum met in the morning, but found their prisoners gone.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Captain Of the temple guard. *Feared the people*—While the apostles feared only God. *Straitly*—Strictly. *Filled Jerusalem*—A testimony to the success of the apostles. *We are his witnesses*—They bore witness to what they had seen and heard—Christ's words, miracles, resurrection, mighty works; changed lives, experienced blessedness. *So is also the Holy Ghost*—By the wonders of Pentecost, and miracles of healing and conversion of souls by the power of the Holy Ghost. *Cut to the heart*—Literally sawn asunder. *Gamaliel*—The teacher of Paul. A modern Pharisee. He and the Pharisees were favoured by the doctrine of the resurrection. *Theudas*—A leader about the time of the birth of Jesus. The Jews were very restive under the Roman rule, and there were many insurrections. *The days of the taxing*—During the boyhood of Jesus. Roman taxes were, by many Jews, regarded as treason to their religion. They acknowledged allegiance to God only. *Beaten them*—With scourges, to express their disapprobation of the apostles' disobedience to their command, and as a substitute for the severer punishment which some desired to inflict.

Find in this lesson—
Some things men do against the gospel.
How God overrules them for good.
Some things to avoid.
Some things to imitate.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What did the rulers do to the apostles? "They put them in prison."
2. What did God do for them? "He sent an angel to release them."
3. What did they then do? "They went straight back to the temple and preached the Gospel."
4. What followed? "They were again brought before the council for trial."
5. What did Peter do there? "He preached the Gospel to the rulers."
6. What was the result of the trial? "They were scourged—they rejoiced—they preached more than ever."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

36. What was the Spirit's work as to the person of Jesus?

He brought into being the human nature of our Lord, so that he was born without sin; and gave to him as the Christ (or the anointed) wisdom and grace without measure for his redeeming work.

THE FAREWELL KISS.

I was sitting at my breakfast table one morning in my room in Louisville, Ky., says Col. Alex. Hogeland, the news-boys' friend, when the door-bell rang. My son opened the door, and came to the dining-room and said:

"There is a lame boy on crutches at the door who wants to see you. He has been crying, I think."

I stepped to the door, and in a flood of tears, he asked me to go and see his father, who was in jail. *Said the boy:*

"My father is to be hung to-morrow. The governor will not pardon him. He cut my mother's throat when he was drunk. He was a good man and we were always happy only when father got drunk. Won't you go and talk and pray with my father, and then come to our house when the body is brought to us?"

I went as requested, and found that the demon drink was the sole cause of the family's ruin and desolation. The father was hung, and when the body was taken to that home I was there. Six worse than orphaned children were curled up on a bundle of straw and rags, crying with a grief that would make the stoutest heart quail. The crippled boy, but fourteen years old, was the sole support of this little family. The father's body was brought in by two officers. The plain, board collin was rested upon two old chairs, and the officers hurried out of the room and away from the terrible scene.

"Come," said the crippled boy, "come and kiss papa's face before it gets cold;" and all six children kissed the face of that father, and smoothed the brow, sobbing in broken accents, "Whiskey did it; papa was good, but whiskey did it."

Since that day I vote as well as pray for the destruction of this arch enemy of the little children of the land.

Rum.

A song for the right of man—
The day of his triumph has come,
And women and children have no rights
In this glorious age of rum!
Rum for the labourer's arm;
Rum for the scholar's head;
Rum for the man who lies in the street
And for the man that lies in the bed.
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
On Wellington, Market and Main—
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
Till the lamp-posts reel again.

The little girls have no bread,
The boys have no shoes on their feet;
The grate is as cold as the pavement-stones—
The father is drunk in the street.
Drunk! drunk! drunk!
There's whiskey at every door,
There's a palace for whiskey in every square,
But no shelter for the poor.
There is darkness in the halls,
And the voice of joy is dumb;
And the graves and the jails and the lunatic cells,
Are filled with the spoils of rum.

John Blount worked all the week—
His fortune was in his time;
He drew his wages Saturday night—
Six dollars, every dime.
And as he sought his home,
Some friendly voice did say:
"Walk in, walk in, young shentlemans,
Unt hear de organ play."
There was music and gas and wine,
And not a kind word to save;
And on Monday morning John's children saw
Their father borne to the grave.

To the city fathers we call:
If you have children and wives,
How can you turn your eyes away
When we plead with you for our lives?
If you have hearts of flesh,
Hear us while we entreat
That you break this foul, deceitful snare
Set for our naked feet.
If you regard us not,
And no compassion take,
When the Lord demands your stewardship,
What answer will you make?

Don't take the first step in the wrong road nor in the way of evil, and you will not be found travelling in chains.

WALKING LEAVES AND TWIGS

"Why, mother," exclaimed a little girl "I didn't know that leaves and twigs and trees could walk, but just look here;" and she pointed to some little twigs and small leaves which had been shaken by a gust of wind down from the tree under which they were sitting, and which after lying still for a moment, began crawling back to the tree from which they had fallen.

They were leaf-shaped, or twig-shaped insects, which have the chameleon-like power of taking the color of the foliage or branches to which they cling, and which, if they are shaken down, soon begin to crawl back to the tree, and ascending its trunk again to attach themselves to the limbs or twigs from which they had fallen. In the northern States these crawling leaves or twigs are frequently found; the farmers call them "live twigs," and "animated leaves." They are green, or brown, or dun colour, according to the tree or part of the tree to which they attach themselves, and when they are shaken or fall to the ground, would by any one be taken for the leaves or twigs, till they begin to move back to the tree.

For a long time these walking and climbing leaves and twigs in Australia were looked upon as most wonderful. A party of sailors, we are told, once wandering in the woods there, sat down to rest under a tree when a gust of wind shook down by them several dead and brown leaves. These, after lying still for a short time, began to show signs of life, and crawled to the tree from which they had fallen, and ascending its trunk soon fixed themselves to their respective twigs. The sailors, in alarm, left the tree, saying, "was bewitched. But the leaves were on the leaf-shaped insects, which being shaken to the ground were taught instinct to go back to their homes as soon as possible. Providence has made the colour and appearance like that of trees, insure them safety from the birds, who otherwise might devour them for food."

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