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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1897.

[No. 26.]



ARMS OF CANADA.

Our Own Country.

BY THE EDITOR.

O nation, young and fair and strong!

arise
To the full stature of thy
greatness now!
Thy glorious destiny doth
thee endow
With high prerogative. Before
thee lies
A future full of promise. Oh!
be wise!
Be great in all things good,
and haste to sow
The present with rich germs
from which may grow
Sublime results and noble, high
emprise.
Oh! be it hence thy mission to
advance
The destinies of man, exalt
the race,
And teach down-trodden nations
through the expanse
Of the round earth to rise
above their base
And low estate, love freedom's
holy cause,
And give to all men just and
equal laws.
Oh! let us plant in the fresh
virgin earth
Of this new world, a scion of
that tree
Beneath whose shade our
fathers dwelt a free
And noble nation—of heroic
birth.
Let the penates of our fathers'
hearth
Be hither borne; and let us
bow the knee
Still at our fathers' altars.
O'er the sea
Our hearts yearn fondly and
revere their worth.
And though forth-faring from
our fathers' house,
Not forth in anger, but in
love we go;
It lessens not our reverence, but
doth rouse
To deeper love than ever we
did know.
Not alien and estranged, but
sons are we
Of that great fatherland be-
yond the sea.

QUEBEC AND ITS MEMORIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is an air of quaint
mediaevalism about Quebec
that pertains, I believe, to no
other place in America. The
historic associations that throng
around it, like the sparrows
round its lofty towers, the
many reminiscences that be-
leaguer it, as once did the
hosts of the enemy, invest it
with a deep and abiding in-
terest. But its greatness is of
the past. The days of its feudal
glory have departed. It is in-
teresting rather on account of what it
has been than for what it is. Those cliffs
and bastions are eloquent with associa-
tions of days gone by. They are sug-
gestive of ancient feuds now, let us hope,
forever dead. These walls, long loved
by the ebbing and flowing tide of human
life, are volubly with old-time memories.

In the soft afternoon light of a lovely
summer day I drove out to the Plains of
Abraham and the battle-field of Ste.
Foye. The bouldered and billowy plain
on which was lost to France and won to
Great Britain the sovereignty of a con-
tinent, seemed desecrated by the con-
struction of a racecourse, and the erec-
tion of a prison. On the spot made
famous forever by the heroism of the
gallant young conqueror, who for Eng-
land's sake, freely laid down his life, a
rather meagre monument asserts, "Here
Wolfe died victorious."

ITS STORIED PAST.

In the evening, from the grass-grown
and crumbling ramparts on the land-
ward side of Quebec, I beheld a mag-
nificent sunset over the beautiful valley
of the St. Charles. Everything spoke,
not of battle's stern array, but of the

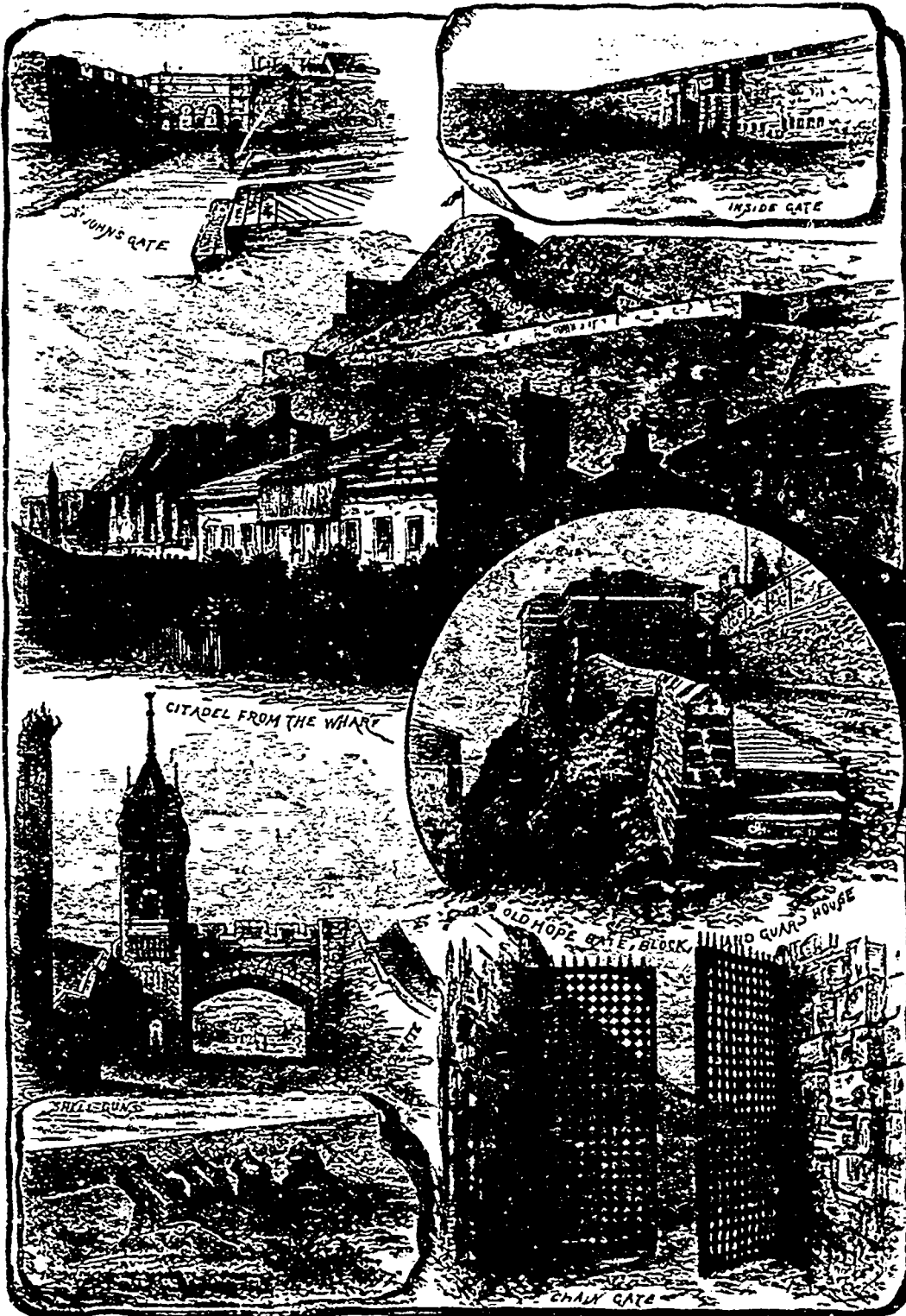
silence bowers of Paradise. Ravellins
and demilunes were crumbling into ruin.
Howitzer and culverin lay dismantled on
the ground, and had become the play-
things of gleeful children. Instead of
the rude alarms of war, strains of festive
music filled the air. Slowly sank the
sun to the serrated horizon, while a roll-
ing sea of mountains deepened from
pearl gray in the foreground to darkest
purple in the distance. The whole val-
ley was flooded with a golden radiance.
The winding river, at whose mouth
Jacques Cartier wintered his ships three
hundred and fifty years ago, beneath
the fading light, like the waters of the Nile
under the rod of Moses, seemed chang-
ing into blood. The crimson and golden
banners of the sky reflected the passing
glory. The soft ringing of the Angelus
floated in silvery tones upon the air, and
told that the day was dying. The red

On my way home to my lodgings
through the silent and moonlit city. I
sat down on the steps of the old Jesuit
college, long used as a barracks for the
British troops, and then in process of
demolition. As I sat in the moonlight
I endeavoured to people the dim cloisters
and deserted quadrangle with the ghosts
of their former inhabitants—the astute,
and wily, and withal heroic man who,
from these halls, so largely controlled
the religious and political destiny of the
continent. Here they collected the
wandering children of the forest whom
they induced to forsake paganism and to
become Christians. From hence they
started on their lonely pilgrimages to
carry the gospel of peace to the savage
tribes beyond Lakes Huron and Superior,
on the head-waters of the Mississippi
and in the frozen regions of Hudson's
Bay. It was long the rendez-
vous of the voyageur and
courier de bois, of the trapper
and trader, those pioneers of
civilization; the entrepot of the
Hudson's Bay Company, that
giant monopoly which asserted
its supremacy over a territory
nearly as large as the whole of
Europe.

Many are the thrilling tradi-
tions of raids and forays against
the infant colony and mission,
of the massacres, captivities
and rescues of its inhabitants;
many are the weird, wild
legends, many the glorious, his-
torical souvenirs clustering
around the grand old city. It
has been the scene of some of
the most important events
which have occurred upon the
continent. In fancy I beheld
the ghosts of those who have
lived and acted here, stalk o'er
the scene. Jesuit and Recollet,
friars black and friars grey,
monks and nuns, gay plumed
cavaliers and sturdy bourgeois,
men of knightly name and red-
skinned warriors of the woods,
thronged, in phantom wise, the
ancient market square. The
deep thunder of the ten o'clock
gun from the fort rolled and
reverberated from shore to
shore. It broke the spell of
the past, and "cold reality be-
came again a presence."

DOMINION DAY.

Next Thursday will be the
thirtieth anniversary of the
Confederation of the Provinces
and the formation of the Do-
minion of Canada. The years
have brought a good many
changes, but we believe that
they have been largely for the
best. Confederation may not
have been a panacea for all the
ills of life, but it has given an
impetus to business, and we be-
lieve has been an important
factor in improvements and in-
crease in trade. We may also
assert that in other respects we
would have been far behind our
present position and our people
would have grown up with nar-
row views accustomed to isola-
tion, and with their horizon
bounded by the narrow limits
of the province. Now a Cana-
dian knows that he belongs to
a country which rests on both
great oceans. He knows that
he can traverse the continent
from Halifax to Victoria with-
out touching any other soil but
that of Canada, that he can re-
move from here to a point 3,000
miles distant and still remain a
Canadian and under the same
flag which floats over him here. All
these things lead to a higher national
life and to nobler aspirations than it is
possible to feel among a people who are
small and insignificant and without hope
of any increase of growth. Confedera-
tion we regard now as firmly established
as the union of the United States. It



QUEBEC AND ITS MEMORIES.

gentle reign of peace. Grim-visaged
war had smoothed his rugged front, and
instead of rallying throngs of armed
men, groups of gay holiday makers
sauntered to and fro. Instead of watch-
ful sentries uttering their stern chal-
lenge, youths and maidens softly re-
peated the olden story first told in the

sunset and the rich after-glow filled the
heavens. The long sweep of shore and the
shadowy hills faded away in the gather-
ing dusk. Lights gleamed in cottage
homes, on the ships swaying with the
tide, and in the sky above, and were re-
flected in the waves beneath, and the
silken night came down.

flag which floats over him here. All
these things lead to a higher national
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can never be broken up unless the people of Canada in some moment of madness conclude to change their allegiance and join that nation which has been the life-long enemy of Great Britain. But such a contingency is too remote and too improbable to be taken seriously into consideration. We firmly believe the present Confederation is but the prelude to a much greater one which will embrace the whole British Empire, and that fifty years hence, when Imperial Federation is accomplished and when the people are celebrating its anniversary, its enemies will be as thoroughly silenced and as contemptible as the enemies of the Canadian Confederation to-day.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1897.

CANADA.

Canada is not a great power, but we have solved problems in Church and State that great nations have failed to solve. Irish Catholics and Protestants live in almost unbroken peace in this country; but in Ireland at this moment, and under the very shadow of the throne, it appears they are preparing to butcher each other. Were it not for the selfish firebrands who wish to make money, or secure votes, or obtain popularity, or place, or power, by fanning the embers of traditional hate, Catholics and Protestants would live together as the best of neighbours in Ontario. We have solved the Indian problem in the Northwest. Our dusky wards are well cared for and many of them will soon be fairly well civilized. We solved the Church and State problem in Ontario. We had two established and endowed churches not long ago; now we have none, and nobody wants one. It may take a hundred years to bring about the same state of affairs in England. The Presbyterians of the Dominion solved the union problem eighteen years ago. It may take eighteen hundred years to unite the Presbyterians of Scotland. The fact is we have done some good work in Canada; and if our people would cultivate the national spirit and act with a reasonable degree of fairness in politics, we might do much more.—Canada Presbyterian.

BRITAIN'S SUPREMACY.

As the results of measures for reducing cost of importation, manufacture, and transportation, the British can now undersell any foreign competitor everywhere, except where the law discriminates in favour of the competitor; and the consequent immense increase in volume of production has caused so great demand for labour that the wages of British workers have been raised, their general condition has greatly improved, and manhood liberty has been promoted. And the trade of the United Kingdom has grown in volume, until the returns for importations in 1888 show, of raw cotton, 1,731,755,088 pounds; of wool, 839,267,975 pounds; and a total valuation for all articles imported of £387,635,743 sterling, equal in our currency to \$1,876,156,996; and of this total valuation about 93 per cent., or £359,859,849 sterling, was the estimated value of free

importations. Yet the balance of trade has been kept steadily favourable, until Great Britain, and only Great Britain, has attained to a degree of prosperity similar to that which was conditionally promised to the future of Israel: "Thou shalt lend unto many nations, but thou shalt not borrow."

The British Isles would have made but a sorry farm homestead to feed, clothe, and maintain their present family of thirty-five millions upon the scant product of their own acres; but free trade and subsidized commerce have transformed Great Britain into a grandly capacious, well equipped, and profitable "World's Workshop" and centre of commerce.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 4, 1897.

A song of faith in troublous times.—Psalm 46. 1-11.

THE PSALMS.

This part of the Bible is the most experimental portion of the whole book. None can be too familiar with this precious psalter. Many Christian people read it through every month. The Protestant Episcopal Church assigns a certain number of Psalms for every day in the year. Mr. Wesley adopted the same method in his Sunday services. We strongly recommend the members of our Leagues, both seniors and juniors, to read one or more of the Psalms daily.

SUITABLE FOR TROUBLE.

All persons have their seasons of trouble. None have such sources of help as Christians have. Read verse 1. "Refuge" means safety, and the language implies either that safety will be provided for every season of trouble, or the trouble will be overruled to our good. "God is a very present help." Others might be disposed to help, but would not be able, but such can never be said of God. He is a very present help,—a help that is always on hand.

NOBLE RESOLUTION.

Verses 2 and 3. God being such a present help in time of trouble, makes the good man to fear no evil. He will not be afraid, no matter what calamities may befall him. If viewed aright this conduct was highly praiseworthy on the part of the Psalmist, and is such that every person should adopt. God is more than all who can be against us. There may be political commotions, commercial disasters, family afflictions, or personal sufferings; they will all be no cause of danger, as God is always on our side.

REASON ASSIGNED.

Verse 4. Rivers are of immense value. They sometimes serve as roads of travel. The vapour which ascends from them forms the clouds which return in showers, and water the earth. So God refreshes the spirits of his people as water from the river refreshes the earth and causes it to be fruitful and yield its produce for the good of mankind.

God is always present. He never leaves nor forsakes. Nothing can frustrate his designs nor prevent him rendering help as it may be needed.

PERSECUTIONS ANTICIPATED.

Verse 6. The Jews had endured many persecutions. The Psalmist calls them to recollection as a cause of encouragement rather than otherwise. We may do the same, and the more we do so the more we shall have cause to rejoice and say, "The Lord of hosts is with us," verse 7. A child will not be afraid when its parent is near, so the child of God may rejoice because God is always near.

AN INVITATION.

Verse 8. The Psalmist calls others to listen while he reviews God's marvellous goodness. The history of the church is full of epochs, on which we may always reflect with gratitude and delight. He has raised up empires and crushed the nations of the rebellious, and even made the wrath of man to praise him.

OUR DUTY.

Verse 10. Do not be uneasy. Repose confidence in God, and be assured all will be well. Nothing shall harm you while you are followers of that which is good. God is the universal conqueror. He is the Lord of hosts. He saved our fathers. He was the God of Jacob, and he is unchangeable, so that we need not fear what man can do to us.

Our Flag.

Flutter and flap to the winds of God.
Thou emblem of all that is proud and free;
Nowhere is footprint of man in the sod,
Where men do not tremble and bow to thee,
Thou foremost on citadel, mast-head, crag,
Banner of Britain!—our flag! our flag!

On sea the supremest, the nations dip
And in haste salute when thy colour's known;
The slave stands a moment on land or ship
Kissed by thy shadow and freedom's his own;
Wherever thou art there must fetters crack,
Banner of Britain—our Union Jack!

Fearful in war and in peace sublime,
Jealous to champion the rights of the world,
Symbol of freedom in every clime,
And millions under thy broad wing curled
Quiet their dreaming of blood and wrack,
And worship thy glory, our Union Jack.

Shall we rend thee, who love thee? It may not be!
We will widen thine empire—God's empire thou!
Flap on forever! Float far and free!—
To thy righteous rule let the nations bow!
Stream from the mast-head, the rampart, the crag—
Banner of Britain—our flag! our flag!

"Probable Sons."

CHAPTER VIII.

"HE AROSE AND CAME TO HIS FATHER."
Major Lovell stayed a week, and Sir Edward seemed the better for his company, as far as his bodily health was concerned. But at heart he was very wretched and his cousin's influence was not the sort to help him.

"Now, old chap, make haste and get well, and don't moon over yourself and your feelings. And come down to our place for Christmas, won't you? You're getting quite in the blues by being so much alone."

These were Major Lovell's parting words, and Sir Edward responded, "No, thanks; I prefer being at home this Christmas. Why, I doubt if I shall leave my room by that time, I am as weak as a baby."

The week before Christmas Sir Edward was in an easy chair in the library, and, though still an invalid, was now making rapid progress towards recovery. He was conning over an article he had just written, before a blazing fire, when there was a knock at the door. A frown came to his face as he turned to see who the intruder was, but disappeared at the sight of his little niece, rosy and breathless, in out-door garments, and hugging a large piece of holly in her arms.

"Uncle Edward, he has come!"

"Who has come?"

"Tommy—he eally and truly has. Ford told me just as I came in with nurse. He heard it from Harris, and Harris heard it from Maxwell himself. He said, 'My lad has come, tell little missy,' and Ford says Harris said, 'He looked as if he could dance a jig for joy!' Oh, Uncle Edward, may I go to them? Nurse says it's too late, but I do want to be there. There's such a lot to be done now he has really come; and, Uncle Edward, may they kill one of the cows in the farm that are being fattened up? There's no calf, I'm afraid. May they? And may I go and tell them so? You will let me go, won't you?"

"Most certainly not; it is much too late in the afternoon for you to be going down there, it is getting quite dark, and as to one of my cattle being disposed of in that way, I should not dream of allowing it for one moment."

Milly's eyes filled with tears, which she vainly tried to restrain; when her uncle spoke to her in that tone she knew it was useless to remonstrate.

"They'll be having the feast without me, she said, with a little sob in her voice. "Mrs. Maxwell promised me I should be there when they had it, and I'm longing to see Tommy."

"Then if Mrs. Maxwell promised you that, she will put off her feast till tomorrow," said Sir Edward, in a softer tone. "And now be a sensible little woman, and wait patiently till the time comes. You may be sure his parents will like to have him to themselves the first night. Run away, now, I don't want to be disturbed."

Poor little Milly crept out of the room, feeling very crestfallen, and a short time

after was lying on the hearth-rug before the nursery fire, her arms wound round Fritz's neck, confiding to him the whole story, and comforting herself by conjecturing how and where the meeting had taken place. Her little mind was so full of the subject that it was long before nurse could get her to sleep that night. Her last words before she dropped off were,—

"I wonder who will do the music and dancing!"

The next morning, the instant her breakfast was over, Milly obtained nurse's permission to go down to the keeper's cottage under charge of Sarah, the nursery maid. She was away the whole morning, and about one o'clock a message came from Mrs. Maxwell to ask if she might stay to dinner with them. So that it was not till nearly four in the afternoon that she was brought up to the house, and then, flushed and excited, she poured into her nurse's ear a long account of all that she had been hearing and doing.

"Now, come, my dear, you mustn't talk for ever," was nurse's remonstrance at last; "Sir Edward told me I could send you to him for a little when you came in, and I must make you tidy first."

It was quite dusk when Milly entered the library, but the bright firelight showed her the figure of her uncle leaning back in his easy chair, and indulging in a reverie.

"Well," he said, looking round, "where have you been all day? Down at Maxwell's, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Milly sedately, "and I'll tell you all about it if you like. May I make myself comfortable first?"

And after a minute's hesitation she climbed into the high armchair on the opposite side of the fire-place, making a pretty picture, as she leant her curly head back on the cushion and gazed earnestly into her uncle's face.

"We will have a crack together, uncle. That's what Maxwell calls it, when Mrs. Maxwell and I talk over the fire. May I tell you all about Tommy now?"

"You may," was the amused reply.

"Well, you know, I ran as fast as I could down 's, the wood this morning, and Sarah ran after me, and Mrs. Maxwell saw me coming and she ran to the door. I was rather out of breath, you see, so she just smoothed me down a little, and we kissed each other, and she cried a tiny bit, for I felt her tears on my face. Then she took me in to see Tommy—Maxwell was out, and Tommy was in the kitchen in one of Maxwell's great-coats, and he was eating some bacon at the table for his breakfast. He got up when he saw me—he's a nice big man, uncle, but I think his hair wants cutting. We shook hands, and I told him I'd been expecting him ever so long; he looked rather shy, but after he had quite finished his breakfast, we had a very nice talk, and Mrs. Maxwell went bustling about getting dinner ready. Tommy told me all about himself from the very beginning, but I really quite forgot some of it. He never kept any pigs at all, but he kept some sheep instead—he went out to America and did it—and then he was a railway man, and then he had a fever, and then he got into bad company, and at last he came to London, and he was an omnibus man there, and then a cabman, and then he drank too much beer, and his money all went away, and he was ashamed of himself, and so he wouldn't write home, and then he smashed his cab against a lamp-post, and then he drank too much again."

"I don't think you need tell me any more of his misdoings," said Sir Edward drily.

"But, you see, he had to get very bad before he got good, because he was a prodigal son. And he is sorry now. He said he never, never would have come home until he was a good man, only one day he listened to a man preaching a sermon in the middle of a street on a Sunday night, and he felt uncomfortable, and then he was spoken to after by—Now guess, uncle, who do you think?"

Sir Edward could not guess, so Milly went on triumphantly: "Why, it was my Jack, and he began to talk to him, and told him he was like him once, and he said he was looking out for a Tommy Maxwell. Now, wasn't that wonderful, when it was Tommy himself he spoke to! Well, Tommy said he hadn't the face to go home till he was better, but Jack told him not to wait a day longer, for his father and mother were waiting for him; but the strange thing was that even then Tommy waited a whole two weeks before he made up his mind to come. Now, don't you think he was foolish, uncle?"

"Very foolish."

"I couldn't quite understand it, but nurse says there are lots of people like that, waiting to make themselves better, instead of running home just as they

ara. She says some of God's prodigal sons do that; do you think many do, uncle?"

"I daresay."
"And Tommy said, though he wanted to see his home again dreadfully, he had a great fight with himself to come at all. I didn't know prodigal sons found it so difficult—the one in the Bible didn't, not when he once made up his mind. Well, and so Tommy got out at the station—I'm sorry he came by train, but Jack's uncle paid for his ticket—I would rather he had run the whole way."

"Why would you?" asked Sir Edward, with a smile.

"I think it would have been more proper if he had," said the child slowly, her head a little on one side, as she gazed thoughtfully into the fire. "I always run or walk the whole way when I play the prodigal son. I begin rather slowly, because it looks a long way off, but when I come near I hurry. I'm wanting to be there when I see my home. The prodigal son didn't have a train in the Bible, and I think Tommy might have tried to do without it!"

The tone of reproach at the end of her speech was too much for her uncle's gravity, and he laughed aloud. "I am afraid Tommy has sadly disappointed you. Did he take a cab from the station?"

"No, he didn't do that. He got home in the afternoon, and Maxwell was he saw a shadow, and he looked up and cleaning his gun on the door-step when there he was! Oh! I should like to have been there, but I'm sorry to say Maxwell didn't fall on his neck and kiss him. I asked Tommy very carefully about it, and he said he took hold of both of his hands and squeezed them tight, and he gave a shout, and Mrs. Maxwell was doing her washing in the back-yard, and she heard it, and she shook all over so that she could hardly walk. She cried so much when she saw Tommy that Maxwell had to pat her on the back and give her a glass of water; and Tommy he sat down on the little seat inside the porch, and he said—these were his very words, uncle—I ain't fit to come home, father. I'm a disgrace to your name," and Mrs. Maxwell—Tommy told me—she just took his head between her two hands, and drew it to rest on her shoulder, and then she bent down and kissed him all over, and she said,—

"My boy, who should you come to when you are in disgrace and trouble but your own father and mother?"

"Tommy said, when he told me this, 'It fair broke my heart, miss,' and then he gave a great sob, and I began to cry, and then Mrs. Maxwell came up, and her hands were all floury, for she was making an apple pudding, and she cried too, and then we all cried together—at least, Tommy turned his head away, and pretended he didn't, but I saw he did."

Milly paused for breath, and her eyes looked wistfully into the glowing coals before her.

"I didn't know prodigal sons were sad when they came back, but Tommy seemed so sad that he made me sad too, Why do you think Tommy cried, uncle?"

Sir Edward did not reply; he was gazing dreamily into the fire, and something of the wistfulness in his little niece's face seemed to be reflected in his. He gave a start after a moment's silence.

"Eh, child? What are you saying? Have you finished your story?"

"Why, no, uncle, not nearly. Are you tired? Nurse said I must not tire you too much."

Sir Edward laughed, but it was not a happy laugh.

"Oh, finish your story by all means, little woman," he said, and Milly continued,—

"We all cheered up when Mrs. Maxwell asked me if I'd like to stay to dinner. I asked if it was the feast, and she laughed and said, 'Yes.' She had a roast leg of pork in the oven, with some stuffing and apple sauce, and, uncle, it was lovely! Maxwell came in just in time, and he looked so happy, and then we all sat down to dinner, but I asked Maxwell to say first before we began: 'Let us eat, and be merry, for this my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost, and is found.' He folded his hands and said it like grace, and Mrs. Maxwell said 'Amen' when he had finished, and wiped her eyes with her apron. I told them we must all be very merry, but Tommy wasn't, I'm afraid. He kept looking first at Mrs. Maxwell and then all round the kitchen, and then at Maxwell, and then he sighed very big sighs. He said he couldn't believe he was at home, but he told me, when I asked him quietly afterwards, that he was really very happy, he only sighed and looked sad because he thought how foolish he had been to stay away so long. I was very sorry for one thing about him, uncle. He wasn't in

his best clothes, they were all too small for him, and the slippers wouldn't fit him, but Maxwell says he will buy him some new ones to-morrow. And Tommy told me he wouldn't wear a ring if he had one. He asked me why he should, so I told him about the prodigal son in the Bible—he seemed to like hearing about it, and he said he thought he was very like him. And then I asked about the music and dancing. I wanted to have that, but we couldn't manage it. Mrs. Maxwell said we had music in our hearts; how can we have that, uncle? I didn't hear any in mine, for I kept quite silent and listened for it."

"I expect she meant you were so happy that you did not want any music to make you happier."

"I was very happy. Oh, Uncle Edward, why won't all the prodigal sons go home? I can't think why they like staying away. It is so lovely to think of Tommy now! And every one would be just as happy, wouldn't they?"

"I don't think all young men have such fond parents as your friend Tommy has," said Sir Edward gravely.

"Haven't they? Well, God's prodigal sons couldn't have a nicer father. I lie and think of them when I'm in bed sometimes, and I talk to God about them. I was so glad when Jack went back to him. I think it is worst of all to stay a long way off from God, because he does love them so. I wonder if it is that they don't know whether God will take them back. Tommy seemed half afraid till he came, that his father would be angry with him. I should like to see a prodigal son running back into God's arms so much! But I suppose he does it very quietly, and only the angels look down and see it!"

"And what is this young scapegrace going to do now? Live on his father and mother, or is he going to try and do some honest work?"

Sir Edward's tone was rather impatient. Milly looked up surprised.

"Do you mean Tommy, uncle? Are you angry with him? He told me he was going to look for work directly, and Maxwell is coming up to speak to you about him to-morrow."

"Ah! I daresay—wants him to take the place of under-keeper, I suppose," and Sir Edward gave a little grunt of dissatisfaction at the thought.

(To be continued.)

Canada.

Canada! mapland, land of great mountains,
Lakeland and riverland, land 'twixt the seas—
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze.

Grant us thy fear, that we walk in humility,
Fear that is reverent, not fear that is base;
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace, if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us thy love, and the love of our country,
Grant us thy strength, for our strength's in thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father, from shame.

Last born of nations. The offspring of freedom,
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold—
God grant us wisdom to value our birth-right,
Courage to guard what we hold."

THE PIANO.

Would it be a comfort when practicing scales before breakfast on a cold morning to reflect that, during the past hundred and fifty years, there is no musical instrument which has so advanced from the original idea as the piano?

In its infancy the piano was but a harp with two or three strings. Not much scope for scales there! From time to time more strings were added, until the Cithera, in the shape of the letter P, and owning ten strings, was formed. Somewhere about the year 1200 an inventive genius conceived the idea of stretching these strings across an open box, and so the Dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers. For another hundred years these hammers were handled by the player, but about the year 1300 somebody invented a keyboard, by means of which the hammers could be moved. Our piano having developed thus far is known as Clavicytherium, or keyed cithera. Quite a grown-up name!

In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a Virginal, next a Spinnet, on account of the hammers being covered with spines or quills to catch the wires. Known as the Harpsichord from 1700 to 1800, it was much enlarged and improved. In 1710, Bartolomeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a keyboard such as we have now, causing hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developing the Pianoforte, commonly shortened into the one word, piano.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON I.—JULY 4.

FIRST CONVERTS IN EUROPE.

Acts 16. 6-15. Memory verses, 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The entrance of thy words giveth light.—Psalm 119. 130.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A New Field, v. 6-8.
- 2. A New Call, v. 9-12.
- 3. A New Convert, v. 13-15.

Time.—A.D. 51 and 52.
Places.—Various points in Asia Minor; Macedonia in Europe.

Paul was now about fifty years of age, and had been a Christian for sixteen years.

HOME READINGS.

- M. First converts in Europe.—Acts 16. 6-15.
- Tu. The journey referred to.—2 Cor. 2. 12-17.
- W. Letter to Philippi.—Phil. 1. 1-11.
- Th. Fellow-labourers.—Phil. 4. 1-9.
- F. Desire for worship.—Psalm 84.
- S. Jesus at the well.—John 4. 5-15.
- Su. A heart opened.—Luke 19. 1-10.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. A New Field, v. 6-8.
Through what provinces had Paul journeyed?
Why did he not tarry in Asia?
Who hindered his going into Bithynia?
Where then did he go?
2. A New Call, v. 9-12.
To whom did the vision appear?
What did Paul see in the vision?
What did the man say to him?
What did Paul think the vision meant?
What did he at once try to do?
To what place did Paul first sail?
Where the next day?
Where did he go from Neapolis?
What shows that Philippi was a place of importance?
3. A New Convert, v. 13-15.
Where did Paul go on the Sabbath?
To whom did he preach?
What woman heard the message favourably?
What did the Lord do for Lydia?
What shows that she became a Christian?
What kindness did she show to Paul?
What says Peter about the grace of hospitality? 1 Peter 4. 9.
What is our Golden Text?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That God guides those who trust him?
2. That God blesses those who worship him?
3. That God honours those who work for him?

THE DANGERS OF MEDDLING.

The following woeful tale will suggest a moral to more minds than one. It is not more dangerous to fool with a caged lion in a menagerie than it is with some things outside of one. Let the boys beware of lions:

The man sitting on a salt barrel had a right hand on which only two fingers were left, and sizing him up for a veteran of the war, I asked him if he hadn't been wounded by an exploding shell.

"No, not as I remembers of," he replied, as he held up his hand and turned it over and over.

"I thought that might have been the case, but you probably got it caught in some sort of machinery?"

"No, not exactly machinery, sir."
"Gun explode in your hands?"
"No, no gun didn't explode."

I gave up at last, but after a few minutes the man looked up and said:

"Stranger, you've seen a lion, I reckon?"
"Oh, yes!"

"Seen 'em caged and lookin' as harmless as cats?"
"Yes; they generally look that way."

"That's the way I sized one up in a cage in a show. He lay there, looking so sleepy and good-natured and harmless that I thought it was a swindle on the public and I'd try to rouse him a bit."

"And so you poked him?" I queried.

"No, sir, no pokin'. I jest calculated to gin his tail about three twists and make him feel that life wasn't all beef and bones and sunshine. I waited for my chance, and then reached my hand in. How far is it from a lion's mouth to the middle of his tail?"

"Several feet, at least."

"I thought it was about a rod, but I know better now. I hadn't more'n got hold of his tail when he got hold of me and was gulpin' down them misse'n' fingers. He wanted the hull hand and arm, but they beat him off. I thought at first I wouldn't explain matters, but then I thought I would. I look a good deal like a fool, don't I?"

"Hardly that."

"Well, you do, and that's why I explained. I was fool 'nuff to want to twist a lion's tail, and you may be fool 'nuff to want to poke one in the eye, and so my advice is—don't!"

Canada.

Our Queen reigns over a sixth of the earth,

And half of that sixth is here,
Owning the sign of the Maple Leaf,
And holding the old flag dear.
With room for a mightier Britain
Than the Britain we know to-day,
With ample plenty to keep them all,
In the most luxurious way.

A thousand leagues from east to west,
Nearly as many from lakes to pole,
The sunny as well as the frigid zone,
'Round which three oceans roll,
Of course we have abundance of snow,
But we have something beside;
A climate that breeds the sort of men
That build up nations strong and wide.

Mountains and streams on a grander scale,
Than those of the Mother Land;
Rugged and stern as those that guard
The homes of Scotia's strand,
Millions of acres as rich as those
That 'round the homes of England smile,
A million meadows greener far
Than those of the Emerald Isle.

Forests grand, unmeasured as yet,
Because of their broad expanse,
Where flowers bloom as bright and fair
As in the vales of France,
And everywhere in this wide domain
Are mines of wealth untold,
The miner is sure of a rich reward
In iron and silver and gold.

Mrs. Keith Hamilton, M.B.

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The Land of Used-To-Be.

BY JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries,
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of memory,
There lies a land long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted, such as swung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sang
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody,
O, such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
A world that sows all sounds with such sweet
words
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me.
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all
the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

O, land of love and dreamy thoughts
And shining fields and shady spots,
Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,
And all the blooms that cunningly
Lift their faces up to me
Out of the past, I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-be!

I love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
My blessings like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies,
Sweeter than any song to me,
Sweeter than any melody
Or its sweet echo, yea, all three—
My dreams of Used-to-be!

CANADIAN PRAIRIES.

"If the horse could stand it," said S. A. Rowbotham, a well-known resident of Winnipeg, Manitoba, "a man could leave Winnipeg and ride 1,000 miles west and north-west over a level prairie before he would be obstructed by the mountains. This gives an idea of the vast territory lying west of Winnipeg, which, to the Eastern man, seems away out of the world. The soil of this prairie produces the finest spring wheat grown anywhere, and this enormous plain I've just mentioned will in a few years be the great granary of the world. Eastern people have a misty idea of our expansive territory. We are just commencing to grow wheat compared to a decade hence, though our crop two years ago was 30,000,000 bushels.

"We have but little snow, and in the many years I resided in Manitoba I never saw the tops of the bright prairie grass covered. Cattle fairly roll in fat, and we are becoming a great cattle country. While most of our settlers are from across the water, yet the number from the Western States is yearly increasing. We have no Wild West frontier scenes. There are no settlers killed over disputed claims, as has been an every-day story in the West for years. Our homestead laws require a three years' residence of six months each. Land may be pre-empted, too. Gold has been discovered in wonderfully rich quartz deposits a few miles east of Winnipeg, and paving mills have just been erected by Minneapolis capitalists. I predict a 'rush' to the Lake of the Woods district next year. Winnipeg has 35,000 inhabitants and is a thriving city. Our winters are cold, but we do not mind them. The atmosphere is dry and the days are clear, fresh and sunny, murky weather being almost unknown."



THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

The beautiful cut of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, on this page, gives a very excellent idea of the noble group of buildings which crown Parliament Hill, where the laws of Canada are enacted and the departmental public business is performed. It is to our mind one of the most beautiful groups of buildings we have seen in the world. The position is one that sets them off to incomparable advantage. There is a beautiful path, about one-third down the hill, beneath the quivering foliage of the aspens and maples. To the left of the picture is seen the picturesque locks of the Rideau canal. The octagonal building in the centre is the magnificent Parliament library. In the distance to

the right is seen part of Ottawa, and still farther on are the famous Chaudiere Falls.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

BY REV. DR. SUTHERLAND

"As I pen these lines I stand again in fancy where a few months ago I stood in fact, on the summit of a lofty foothill of the Rocky Mountains. Behind me rose the mountain range, beyond which the sun was sinking toward the western sea, and I thought of the vast treasures embedded in these rocky fastnesses which the hand of human enterprise would one day bring to light; of the towering forests on the western slopes, vast enough to supply the markets of the world, of the teeming fisheries with food

supply for a continent, and fertile valleys where millions would yet find a home. Before me stretched the rolling foothills, and beyond these the distant plain, but imagination passed swiftly onward to where the Atlantic surf breaks on our eastern coast, and I thought of the splendid harbours and rich fisheries and mineral wealth of Nova Scotia, the fertile acres of Prince Edward Island, the pine forests of New Brunswick, the commerce of Quebec, the agricultural wealth and growing manufactures of Ontario; of our mighty lakes, those highways of commerce that link together the east and the west, and then again my eye rested upon the varied panorama of hill and vale and distant plain spread out at my feet. Far as the eye could reach there was no sign of human habitation, and no sound of human activities broke the stillness, but as thought took in the possibilities of the future I stood intently listening like one who

"Heard from far the muffled tread
Of millions yet to be—
The first low dash of waves
where yet
Shall roll the human sea."

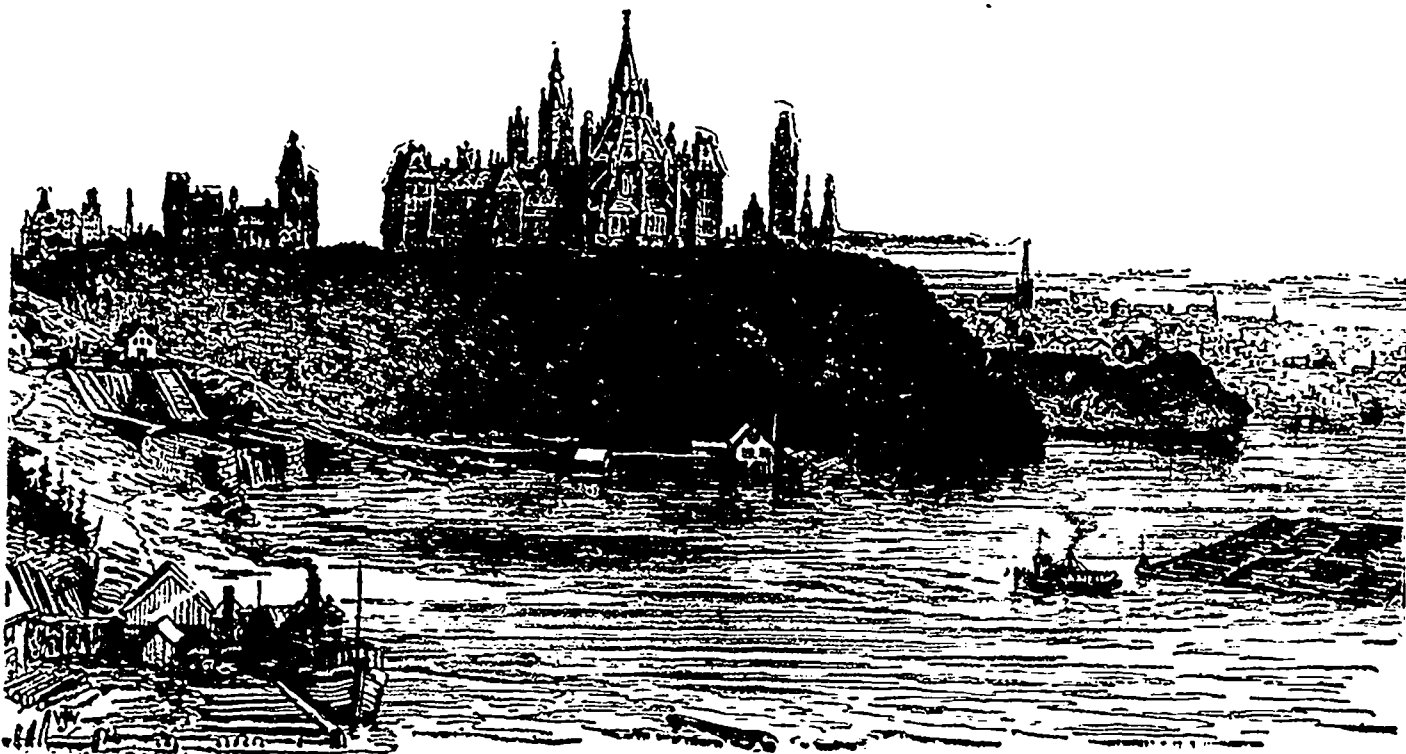
"In fancy's ear I hear the lowing of cattle from the hillsides, the hum of industry from a hundred towns and villages, the merry shout of children returning from school, and in the distance the thundering tread of the iron horse as he speeds swiftly across the plain. As I looked again the whole scene was transfigured. Everywhere quiet homesteads dotted the plains and nestled among the hills, the smoke of factories rose thickly on the air, a hundred village spires glittered in the rays of the setting sun, while golden fields of ripening grain filled up the interspaces and waved in the passing breeze; and I said in my heart: 'Lo, here is a Dominion stretching from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth, with the garnered experience of the centuries behind it, with no fetters of past abuses to cramp its energies or hinder its development, with no outside jealousies ready to take advantage of its weakness, or avaricious neighbour covetous of its wealth. Starting thus in the career of empire, with unfettered limbs and a hearty 'Godspeed' from the great sisterhood of nations, surely nothing short of persistent folly or deliberate wickedness can mar the future of its hopes.'"—A Summer in Prairie Land.

MONKEYS AS MINERS.

According to the Revue Scientifique, a French mine owner in the Transvaal has some monkeys infected with the auriferous fumes. It has happened in this way. The mine owner had originally two little monkeys, which were in the habit of accompanying their master in his visit to the mines. They saw the workmen gathering the ore, and soon learned to imitate them and to distinguish traces of the precious metal. Thus they became of use to their employer, who procured twenty-four others,

which, having been initiated into the mysteries of mining by the first pioneers, soon became so expert as to fill the places of five or six men. The monkeys are extremely honest, says the veracious correspondent of the Revue, for they have not yet been perverted by their human fellow-workers, and never try to purloin nuggets.

In some parts of the world monkeys are used as waiters, and are very successful, except that they cannot be prevented from "sampling the articles that they carry from the kitchen to the table."



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.