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# DEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1893.

[No 31.]

Vol. XIII.]

## Babyhood.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger,  
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;  
Take this eager hand of mine, and lead me by the finger  
Back to the lotus lands of the far-away.

Turn back the leaves of life; don't read the glory—  
Let's find the pictures, and fancy all the rest;  
We can fill the written pages with a brighter story  
Than Old Time, the story-teller, can do at his best!

Turn to the brook, where the honey-suckle tipping  
O'er its vase of perfume, spills it on the breeze,  
And the bee and humming bird in ecstasy are sipping  
From the fairy flagons of the blooming locust trees.

Turn to the lane where we used to "teeter-totter,"  
Printing little foot-palms in the mellow mould;  
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading the water  
Where the ripples dimple round the butter-cups of gold;

Where the dusky turtle lies basking on the gravel  
Of the sunny sandbar in the middle-tide,  
And the ghostly dragon-fly pauses in his travel  
To rest like a blossom where the water-lily died.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger,  
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;  
Take this eager hand of mine, and lead me by the finger  
Back to the lotus lands of the far-away.

## GIANT CACTUS.

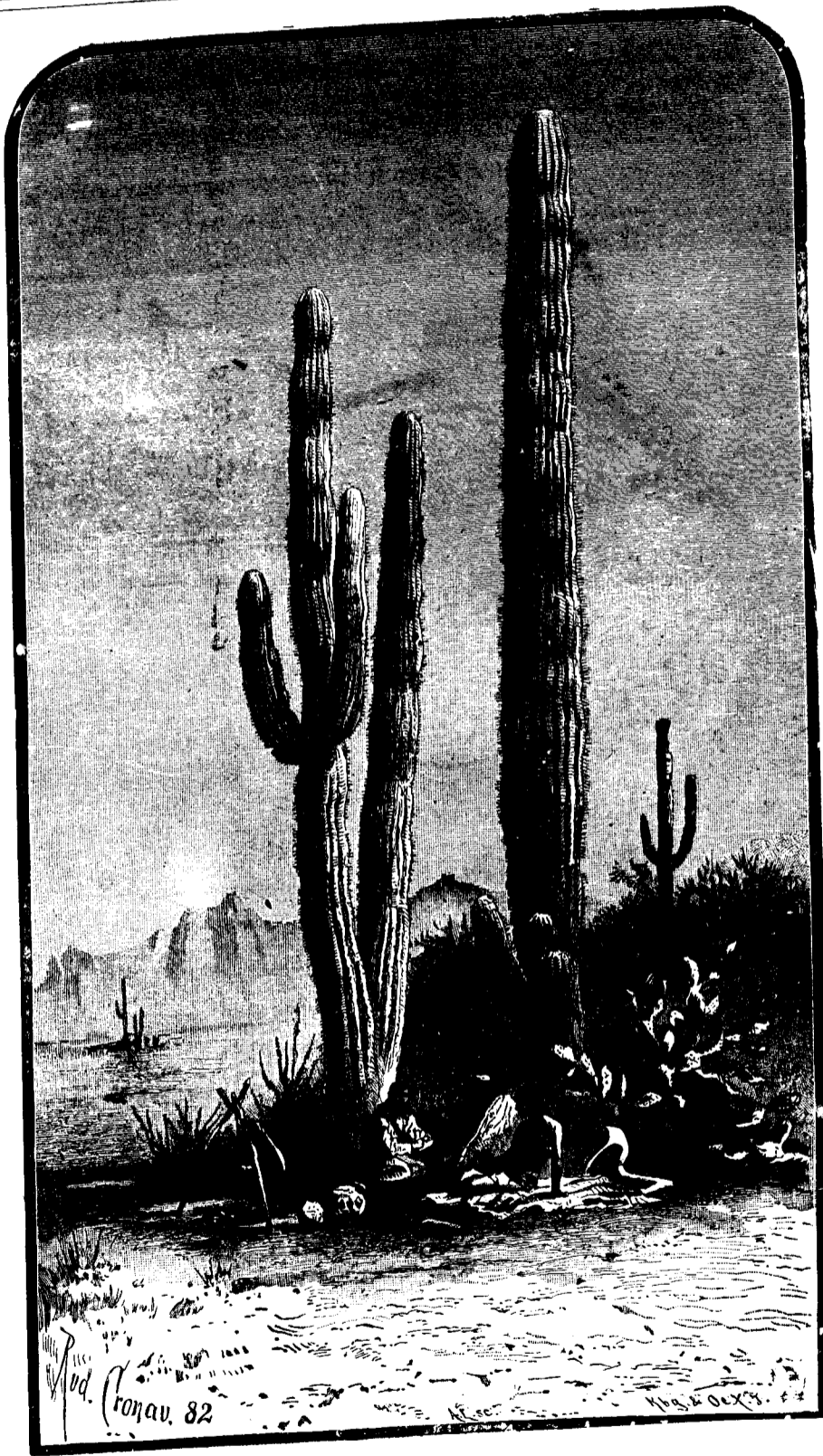
You have all seen a cactus, but how many of you have ever seen a Giant cactus like those shown in the picture?

It grows in the hot dry desert of New Mexico and is commonly called there, the Torch Thistle. It is from fifty to sixty feet high, and has a diameter from one to two feet. Sometimes it has branches and sometimes not. The branches grow out at right angles from the main stem and then curve upwards and continue their growth parallel to it, making it look very much like our telegraph poles.

The fruit of this cactus, which are green oval buds, from two to three inches long, contain a crimson pulp, from which certain tribes of Indians make an excellent preserve. The ripe fruit is also gathered by means of a forked stick and used for food.

Do you notice the Indians in the picture sitting on the ground by the cactuses and the preserves cooking in the kettle over the fire? How small they look as they sit at the foot of this immense plant!

All kinds of cactuses are covered with sharp spikes or bristles and seldom have any leaves. In Florida these plants are as common as our Canadian thistle and it is even more uncomfortable to fall against a cactus plant than to come in contact with a thistle, for the spines pierce right into the flesh and leave it bleeding and sore.



GIANT CACTUS.

## A MOTHER AND HER BOY.

THE mother and boy were waiting for the train in the Albany station, when the dullness was broken by a funny figure of an old woman, in rusty gown, a catskin muff and tippet, and a black bonnet made of as many odds and ends as a magpie's nest, and her false front askew. She kept chewing on nothing, working her umbrella, and opening and shutting the other hand in its black glove in the aimless way of old people.

The high-school girls began to titter and to make jokes to each other, watching the old lady far too openly for good manners at all. The young lady in the smart tailor suit who gives readings at the Sunday-school concerts smiled back at them, and studied the old creature with a satiric eye. The boy began to laugh quietly with the rest. "Do look, mother. Isn't she funny? Did you ever see such a sight?"

The mother glanced delicately, and turned her eyes. "Poor lady," she said.

He was silent, considering. "If I hadn't you," she went on, "and had lost all my money and my friends, till my mind was touched, and I lived alone among queer people, I might look just like that woman. She must have been very good-looking when she was young."

The boy's mouth twitched as he turned his gaze from the "poverty piece," as some of the girls called her, to his pleasant mother; and as the old lady went prowling about looking for something, a light step was at her side, a cap was raised, and a kindly, boyish voice asked, "Can I do anything for you, madam?"

"I was looking for some place to buy some checkermints," said the old soul nodding carelessly and blinking with weak eyes. "I like checkermints if they're Boston bought; but I don't seem to see any. There used to be a boy with a basket come round in the Fitchburg depot, and I thought maybe I could find him here."

"Shall I get you some at the fruit stall?" said the boy, politely to her, but with a flashing glance at the giggling girls, which somehow did not make them feel proud of themselves.

Then the mother watched her boy lead the old woman to the candy stall and stand by her courteously, pointing out this and suggesting the other, till she made her fumbling purchases, and escort her across the herringy passage to her seat in the train, out of his own compassionate young heart.

"My dear boy!" was all she said as he came back to her; but it was breathed in a voice of music, and she looked most happy.

The boy stood close to his mother, thoughtfully, one hand just striving to caress her. Their train called, he picked up her parcels and marched protectingly by her.

"You have a boy, mother, who will take care of you," he said lifting his eyes to her at the gate.

## WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?

DEAR me? how thirsty my plants are! They drink up the water as if they hadn't had any for a week, but 'twas only yesterday I gave them a good drink. But then, plants are like folks, after all; they keep wanting. I had my breakfast yesterday, but I wanted some this morning just as bad. I dare say if I lived out in the sun like the flowers do, I'd be thirsty all the time. Miss Slocum said we must think of all the things water is good for. It is good for plants, for trees, for people, for cattle; it is good to make ice in the winter. That gives us fun, then, and gives us cool drinks in summer. Water is good for fishes to live in. I love to see them swim and dart about. Then I like to bathe in it; I like to sail on it too. I like to drink it. Oh, it's good for ever so many things; but Miss Slocum says it is so free to all, and there is so much of it, and we aren't thankful as we ought to be. Perhaps that's why she told us to think about it. I'll go in now and write out on a paper all I've thought, and ask my brother John to think up some more for me.

It would be a fine thing if men knew on some lines as much as horses. No horse will drink whiskey and make a fool of himself.

## Olden Times.

In the great, wide halls of memory,  
Rise up scenes of olden times:  
When the house, the fields, the garden,  
Rang with laughter's merry chimes!

Then, my brothers and my sisters,  
With myself, in childish glee,  
Played around our lowly dwelling,  
Beside that sweet-briar tree.

Now, as down the road I saunter,  
Gently wandering toward home,  
I gaze on those old log-buildings,  
Looking sombre, sad, and lone.

But, at once, imaginations  
Rise within my youthful mind,  
And I see the doors stand open,  
As they did in olden times.

Oh! I've wakened from my fancies—  
Fain I'd be to longer stay;  
But that golden scene has vanished,  
And along the road I stray.

That once cosy home is empty,  
To another house we moved;  
But I often long for childhood,  
And the dear old home I loved!

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1893.

## A CHILDHOOD REMEMBRANCE.

THE mother of the Emperor of Germany, daughter of Queen Victoria of England, in her childhood was given a little Swiss cottage by her father. Her brothers and sisters shared it with her; and the children of royalty created for themselves a home of their own, and a little paradise of gardens and bowers. They were allowed to sow, reap, dig, and water to their hearts' content.

The cottage was filled with collections of flowers, and shells, and butterflies, and stones, so dear to the hearts of children. The little cottage possessed a real cooking stove, utensils, china closet, and small brooms and brushes to be "plied by busy housewives" when they were getting ready for visitors to come and see them. These little princesses, when they invited guests to lunch with them, prepared all the dishes with their own fingers.

Once they received a very learned man, a great chemist, who had come from a far-off land to visit their father, Prince Albert. Baron Liebig afterward told his friends how charmingly he was entertained by these children. His little hosts led him about, showing him their treasures. They baked a little cake for him, and prepared a luncheon for him out of doors among the flowers.

Those days of childhood were so pleasant to the daughter of Victoria that after she married the Crown Prince of Germany, and went to that country to live, she opened what is called the Pestalozzi Froebel House

at Berlin, in which poor children are taught how to wash their dollies' clothes, to bake and to sew, and to keep house for themselves. Connected with the house is a large garden, where the children raise flowers and potatoes and other vegetables. They have grass enough to make hay of; and in haying time the children turn the newly-cut grass with tiny rakes, and make it into tumblers for the little hayrack waggon, drawn by two ponies.

A visitor speaks of seeing the joy the children showed over a new cow, and saw the cream, and the cheese and the butter the little girls had been taught to make from the milk.

The young king's father and mother were such good people that we think his reign must be a blessing to the German people. The education of their children was the greatest concern of their lives. When the young prince's parents were away from home they wrote them: "We, your parents, are far away from our dear sons, from our home. You, our children, must be our representatives. Seek out the poor, the suffering, in the cottages around you, and give to them freely according to your means."

No children have had more opportunities or better ones of learning the great art of making other people happy than Emperor William and his brothers and sisters.

## FANNY'S SIN.

BY A. E. C. MASKELL.

FANNY AMBLER was a little girl who lived with her grandma because her mamma had died almost as soon as she was born. She was a child with many lovely traits of character. But for one fault she would have been almost perfect.

"Some time," grandma told her, "if she did not overcome her temper—bind it with chains away down in the bottom of her heart so that it could never break loose—something dreadful might happen to blight her life forever."

"What?" asked Fanny.

"Suppose you should become a murderer?"

"Nonsense," laughed Fanny.

"Anger and hatred lead to it. 'He who has hatred in his heart is a murderer in the sight of God,'" said grandma.

"I will try to be more careful," the little girl would say, gravely.

Once or twice she had overcome, to be all the more terrible on another occasion.

One day a beautiful lady came to grandma's, visiting, bringing a sweet child of five years.

Fanny was at school, and grandma sent little Rose into the play-room to amuse herself with Fanny's doll-house.

When Fanny returned she was told that there was company for her in the play-room, and, as she loved Rose dearly, she went in search of her with a smiling face.

She found her sitting on a footstool before the doll-house, turning over the articles within with eager fingers.

Now Fanny was a paragon of neatness, and she took in at a glance that one of her chairs was standing on three legs, one doll's arm was broken, and her stove, her bright pretty stove, of which she was so proud, lay on the floor cracked and disabled.

Fanny flew into a passion in an instant, and picking up the stove, hurled it with all her force at Rose.

The little one held up her hand appealingly, but the stove glided by and struck her on the head.

There were one or two gasps for breath, and then little Rose fell over, the blood staining her white face.

Fanny realized in an instant what she had done. Her eyes were big with horror as she turned them once on Rose's mamma and her grandma just coming into the room, then with a wild, piercing scream, she fled to the attic.

What had she done? She had killed little Rose. She was a murderer, just as her grandma feared she would become. Would she be hanged? What would she do? What would God do? Then she prayed:

"Dear, dear Jesus, don't let little Rose die. Save her, save her, and do help me to overcome my wicked temper."

It was dark when she was found on the attic floor, unconscious.

"Poor child, how she suffers from the fruits of her sin!" said grandma, pityingly.

Once she opened her eyes and shuddered, then her grandma said, "Rose is not dead. Her head is bandaged up, and the doctor says she will get well."

Fanny smiled a ghastly smile and went into unconsciousness again.

A brain fever followed, which lasted for weeks, the little girl continually believing herself to be a murderer, but when, at last, she was restored to health, it was found she had learned a lesson she would never forget. At the first provocation to anger she would flee to Jesus, and most earnestly ask him to help her to overcome, and he always did. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

## JOHNNIE AND HIS APPETITE.

JOHNNIE was always known to have a good appetite, and was ready for every meal. So hungry was he always, and such a quantity of his mother's dainties did he consume, that he was called the "champion eater" of the family. Not that he was a glutton, oh, no! only a healthy, growing boy, very fond of out-of-door sports, which help one's appetite amazingly. But about the time when the cholera scare began to be talked about and the papers were full of it, it was noticed that Johnnie seemed to be more hungry than ever. He was eager for every meal, and the many times he passed his plate at the table for refilling, was seemingly beyond all reason.

"Why, Johnnie," said his mother, "it seems to me you have an extra good appetite lately. If we had cool weather I should not wonder at it. What makes you so hungry these warm days?"

"Well, mother, I've always heard you say that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' and so I'm strengthening myself against cholera. I read in the papers the other day that it was mostly underfed people who took the cholera, and I don't mean to be one of that sort. We boys at school have decided to fill up."

This occasioned a loud laugh from every one around the table.

"There's no danger of underfeeding in your case, John," said his father; "you seem to be in a very healthy condition; able to cope with any disease. But food is not the only essential. Did you read what the paper said about the use of intoxicating drinks? The drinkers take the cholera more readily than teetotalers, and die in greater numbers. A man whose blood is poisoned with beer or brandy, is rarely able to fight this dread disease, and it has been proven in some places where the disease raged that almost every drunkard died, while only a very few total abstainers were sick at all."

"That speaks well for us teetotalers," said the mother. "John, you may feel quite safe, for you have never yet taken a drop of any alcoholic drink whatever."

"I'm jolly glad to know that, mother, and I promise you I never will," said the boy. "I'll tell that teetotal fact which father spoke of to all the fellows at school; and especially lay the law down to Bert Smith, because his folks have beer every day; and Bert drinks it, I know. I'm glad we are all temperance in this house."

## LIFE THROUGH CHRIST'S DEATH.

A PREACHER had gone down into a coal mine to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. Meeting the foreman on his way back to the shaft, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation. The man replied: "Oh, it is too cheap. I cannot believe in such a religion as that."

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"But do you not need to help raise yourself?" asked the preacher.

"Of course not," said the miner. "But what about the people who sunk the shaft? Was there much labour and expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes. The shaft was sunk at great labour and expense; but it is our only way out. Without it we should never get to the surface."

"Just so. And when God's word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap, too cheap,' forgetting that God's work to save you and others was accomplished at a vast cost, the price of our lives being the death of his own Son."

## A GIANT TREE.

AMONGST the greatest of the natural wonders of this continent, exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, is a section of a great redwood tree from California.

The section of the tree was taken from Mammoth Forest, in Tulare County, California. It was cut from a forest giant 312 feet in height, growing at an enormous altitude, and was severed from the trunk twenty-eight feet above the stump, at which point the tree measured sixty feet in circumference.

The tree was larger at the stump; but a section from the base could not be cut for the purpose of transportation, for the simple reason that a solid cut of twenty feet was taken diametrically, and nine feet in height, and that is the maximum of the railway freight limit on flat cars.

The entire piece of wood consists of sixteen sections as follows: The lower section is one foot in height by twenty feet in diameter, all in one solid cut, weighing 19,728 pounds. This will be arranged as a floor, placed on nine elegantly carved and enormous pedestals made of the wood of the same tree. The next cut is seven feet in height by twenty feet in diameter, which is hollowed out and will be placed on the floor cut. The last and final cut is one foot high, and similar in every respect to the floor cut. The whole of this remarkable curiosity will form a sort of hall, and will accommodate one hundred people, and will be entered by a swinging door made out of one of the portions of the second section. Two hundred and fifty incandescent lights will illuminate the section inside and out; and a number of wood carvers have been engaged to manufacture souvenirs for distribution among the visitors.

## A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A THANKSGIVING DAY.

AFTER Letitia went to live with Uncle Barum the friendship of the old man for his niece and her family increased; he often drove out to the cottage with Letitia to take tea, or spend part of a Saturday. He never failed to say something to indicate his settled animosity to Thomas Stanhope, but was all kindness toward Mercy and her children.

He gave them no presents; giving was not in Uncle Barum's line, and what he did for Letitia was a great straining of his natural disposition. Two forces were at work within him where Letitia was concerned.

He had become irritated against Sacy Terhune and her daughter Madge, because of certain exhibitions of insolence and greed. But in the days of his first wrath against Mercy, Sacy Terhune had been very attentive and sympathetic to him, and had known how to turn his anger against her cousin to the benefit of herself. She had secured the promise of the Titus farm for Philip, her son, and various pledges in her own behalf.

As for Philip, Uncle Barum heartily loved the lad, and did not repent that he was to heir the Titus farm. But Uncle Barum was growing weary of Sacy and her greed and little follies, and when Samuel's visit had drawn his attention to his niece and her family, he had begun to consider how he might outgeneral Sacy and benefit Mercy.

He planned about this with an obstinacy and secrecy of a crafty old man verging on his second childhood. He visited the High School and studied Letitia attentively; he talked with Friend Amos Lowell about her, and at last he had moved to the village, and she had come to live with him as a daughter.

Letitia was not the only cause of his coming to the village. Uncle Barum's health was failing; he had sudden attacks of acute pain, and he wanted to be near the physician who could relieve him; also, he was fond of Mr. Terhune, Sacy's husband, and liked to spend hours of busy idleness in the post-office with him.

The longer Letitia lived with Uncle Barum the better he liked her; she had good executive abilities, was economical and neat, and a most excellent little house-keeper; pretty and pleasing in appearance and manners, very saving in her expenditures, but always guided by good taste in colour and in style of her dress; cheerful and sympathetic, Letitia soon became, even more than her mother had been, the apple of the old man's eye; she was the treasure of his age. When he was gloomy she talked cheerfully, when he was ill she made him comfortable and invented little treats to encourage his appetite. She persuaded him to indulge in the great luxuries of a wadded wrapper, a warm, bright afghan, a pair of quilted slippers. She read his paper to him; and when she came in from school or from doing an errand, she told him all the little incidents of the day: what she had seen, what such and such people had said and done, the bits of news floating about the little town.

The ability thus to bring home to an invalid or elderly person the life that ebbs and flows beyond them is a great gift which young people should cultivate. Some pride themselves on going out and observing and gathering into themselves all that is of interest, and then coming home silent, uncommunicative, sharing nothing, while there may be near them those who could be put in helpful touch with outer life by graphic recital and generous information.

There is a little quoted text which might be made well to apply to many people and many circumstances: "Israel is an empty vine; he bringeth forth fruit unto himself." Here we note that Israel is empty; not because he has no fruit, but because his is selfish fruit. That rich man of the parable who had such a large "my" in all his planning, was another of these selfish capitalists.

Letitia, keeping Uncle Barum's house, going to school, comforting the old man's age, and daily becoming dearer to him, found her life full and happy, and was constantly planning some little present or surprise for the family at the cottage. Sacy Terhune and Madge, won by her even disposition and firm, steadfast kindness, soon tolerated her, and were pleasant enough to her when they came over to see Uncle Barum.

Sacy, it is true, never suffered the old man to forget Letitia's paternity.

"Too bad such a nice sort of girl is burdened with a father in the penitentiary." "Never can be anybody, of course, with such a father behind her." "I knew long ago how Thomas Stanhope would turn out, and I warned Mercy, but Mercy was always stubborn." "If Stanhope gets out of prison, I reckon he will come hanging around you on account of Letitia, Cousin Titus." "Of course Mercy will take him back, and things will go to the dogs just as they did before. Mercy is just so foolish."

Sacy Terhune was careful to say these pleasant things out of Letitia's hearing. Uncle Barum never resented them; he would nod his old gray head with a little chuckle. He was thinking how he should outgeneral Cousin Sacy.

After November set in, Cousin Sacy came over one day and said:

"Cousin Titus, I want you should come and take dinner with us on Thanksgiving. We'll have a tip-top dinner."

"And what will Letitia do?" asked Uncle Barum.

"Oh, Letitia!" said Cousin Sacy, taken rather aback, for Madge had strenuously objected even to Uncle Barum himself.

"He will come in his old-fashioned clothes, with that bottle-green faded overcoat, and we are to have village company," Madge had said. How would Madge put up with the added burden of the convict's daughter?

"Letitia! why of course she can come if you want to bring her; but I thought Letitia would prefer to go out home for Thanksgiving."

"So she does; yes, yes, so she does. Cousin Sacy, and I'm going with her," said the old man; "yes, yes."

"And you won't come to us, then? You

are getting very much taken up with Thomas Stanhope's family, seems to me."

"It is Mercy's family, Thomas counts out now," said Uncle Barum crossly; "but it is true I'm fond of Mercy and her children—nice children; still I shan't forget all I promised you, Sacy, so don't fret."

This consoled Cousin Sacy, and after all it was a relief to have Cousin Titus go somewhere else for his Thanksgiving. Madge thought Uncle Barum nodded and chuckled some time after Sacy went away.

In the very midst of his joyful meditations Achilles came in. Achilles was hauling corn to the station for Mr. Canfield; he had stopped for a minute or two. The day was frosty, and he sat down by Uncle Barum's little open fire. The room was sunny, and Letitia had some thrifty plants in the window.

"You look real comfortable here, Uncle Barum," said Achilles.

"Yes, yes; Letitia is a good girl and keeps us very nice. Achilles, we are coming out to spend Thanksgiving with you."

"Why so," cried Achilles, "that is just what I stopped in to talk about. Mother sent me to ask you to come. We have been thinking about it all summer. Patty will contribute the turkey; she found a little half-downed turkey chick in a rain last spring, and brought it to life, and Mrs. Gardiner gave it to her. She has raised it with care, and it is a fine, fat bird; she is going to have that for our dinner. And Samuel has a store of maple sugar of his own cooking, and pop-corn of his own raising, and nuts of his own picking, and dried berries for sauce, which he picked also. Our garden has given us plenty of potatoes, squash, onions, and cabbage; so you see, Uncle Barum, we can invite you to quite a feast. You'll enjoy seeing our poultry and our pigs, and Patty's new sheep."

Uncle Barum observed Achilles closely; he liked the youth's hardy independence, and bluff honesty of bearing; he had not the genial graciousness of Philip Terhune. Achilles had had the world to fight, and with heavy odds against him; there was a spice of defiant self-assertion in the keen glance of his gray eyes, the alertness of his demeanour, the set of his broad shoulders. Evidently he was one able to make a way for himself; steadfast, strong, his aim fixed, the future ever before him, despising all the hardness and roughness of the present for the better days that should be.

In hard labour Achilles had now reached manly size and strength, brown and brawny, looking as if his next birthday might rather be his twenty-fourth, than his nineteenth.

"You've pushed yourselves on pretty well since you got rid of your father, Achilles," said Uncle Barum.

Achilles frowned. He did not like these references to his parent, although he often said to himself that he had no toleration at all for his father. He replied roughly:

"Father had only one fault; let him alone."

"It was such a big fault that it swallowed all his virtues up, and brought in all other faults along with it. I tell you, Achilles, that drunkenness is a fault which makes all other faults seem little alongside of it."

"It's queer to me, then," said Achilles, "that folks that think that way of drinking, don't do all they can against it. I've heard you don't vote for prohibition, or even for local option."

"I don't believe in coercing people. You can't make people right unless they want to be right. The Lord looks on the heart."

"But it is the outward act that does the mischief to their families and neighbours," said Achilles, "and though you can't make them right, you can take away the chance of their being wrong. A man may want to burn my house over me, but if he is shut up so close he can't do it, my roof's safe over my head. In this country it is often only a prison or a lunatic asylum, that can be safe for unlucky men who are born with a craze for strong drink."

"I see," said Uncle Barum, "you're all like your mother, willing to let Thomas Stanhope come back and ruin you all."

"Here's one that isn't," said Achilles.

"Well, I'll tell mother that you and Tish will come early on Thanksgiving and stay all day?"

That was a pleasant Thanksgiving at the

cottage on the mountain. Uncle Barum opened his heart and sent out a barrel of flour and half a barrel of sugar as a present to Mercy. Letitia had made a white apron for Patience, and one for her mother, and a necktie each for Achilles and Samuel. Letitia had very little pocket-money; it scarcely ever occurred to Uncle Barum that his niece might like a few pennies for her own. Once in a while he gave her a quarter "for a pocket-piece." It was as much as Letitia could do to find a nickel for the contribution plate. But Letitia had taken a leaf out of her mother's book; she devoted from nine to ten each evening to knitting or crochet-work for Miss Henry's little fancy-goods shop, and so, a dime at a time, she had her small store to give presents to her family. Samuel should not be without his book at Christmas.

Ever since Thomas Stanhope had been in prison he had sent his wife a letter to reach her on Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Gardiner always went for the mail, and saw that Mercy had her letter. Poor Mercy! she knew that only violent hatred for Thomas filled Uncle Barum's soul, and Achilles asserted only suspicion and antagonism. They would have no confidence in Thomas' kind words, repentant moans, promises of future well-doing, assertions of the great goodness the Lord had shown to his soul. But Letitia could sympathize, and she and Mercy went into the little bedroom and read the letter and cried over it, and then comforted each other, and said how much better it was to be penitent, God-fearing, and safe in a prison, than sinning and using liberty only as an injury to one's self and others.

Samuel also came to hear the letter. As for Patty, she had forgotten all about her father. He had passed away with the discomforts and terrors of her sickly infancy, and now the robust, rosy child never gave him a thought. She sat on Uncle Barum's knee and entertained him with accounts of what they did in school and what they played at recess.

It was Samuel who brought a note of discord into the family peace that day. They were having after dinner that final course of nuts, maple sugar, and pop-corn, provided by Samuel's industry, when that nimble-tongued child remarked:

"Thanksgiving is the day when I like to eat my dinner, and don't feel that sort of mean and bad when I have anything good; because, you see, on Thanksgiving they let father have a right good dinner. They give him turkey and potatoes and gravy, and pies."

"They always give him a long sight better than he deserves," said Uncle Barum angrily. "I don't know what the world is coming to, the way they pamper prisoners and paupers. It is just putting a premium on idleness and rascality, and that is all there is about it. If people are too loafing and shiftless to support themselves, they are sent to the almshouse; and the almshouse must be a splendid cut-stone palace, with an army of officers, bath-rooms, fine grounds, where the lazy louts can live in splendour. If a man robs and burns and assaults his neighbours, breaks into their stores or houses at dead of night, fires on 'em with intent to kill, he is sent to a penitentiary where things can't be good enough for him. He must have his swell dinners on Christmas, and Thanksgiving. He must have his library, and his flowers from the flower-mission, and as many fol-de-rols as if he was a saint or a martyr. I don't believe in that. Honest people are taxed to pamper idiots and paupers and criminals. Then they tell how penitent they are, and they behave well because they can't get a chance to behave ill; and people tell how they are reformed, and they are made much of, and are pardoned out—to turn blacklegs as soon as they get out. That is the way with you, Mercy; you are well rid of Thomas Stanhope; if he came back he would riot away all you have scraped together, he would abuse and wreck you all; but you don't consider that. You cry over him, you want to see him. I never saw such a pack of idiots as you all are! What good did he ever do one of you? Not one bit of good. Bah! I don't believe in spoiled prisoners. I think that they should all be kept on bread and water, and hard work eighteen hours in the day, and the sooner it killed them the safer their families and neighbours would be."

Uncle Barum became very much excited

as he spoke. He shook his fist, was red in the face, and frightened Patty so that she burst into tears and crouched down under the table. This incident stopped the tide of Uncle Barum's eloquence.

The family were silent. Uncle Barum was aged, Mercy had ill-treated him once. He had been good to her in the old times, and to all of them of late. Samuel presently spoke up, out of the depths of his eleven-year-old scholarship.

"Uncle Barum, you are like the man named Draco, that I read about in my teacher's history book. He thought that everybody ought to have their head cut off that did anything."

This lame remark was accepted by Uncle Barum with enthusiasm. "So they ought; so they ought; yes, yes, serve 'em right."

But the profound silence about the table did not suit the irate old man. He pushed back his chair and glared at the Stanhope family.

"What would you do? I say what would you do, Mercy, if that Thomas of yours was let loose? Would you let him go to the dogs alone, as fast as he could, as you ought, or would you go to the dogs with him?"

"I should try to keep him from going to the dogs, uncle."

"You tried when you were first married, didn't you? Much you made by it! Try it again, would you? Say, would you?"

"I think I should give him a chance, uncle, to bring forth fruits meet for the repentance which he professes to feel," said Mercy.

"Letitia, what do you say to such nonsense?"

"I think my mother is right, Uncle Barum."

"Samuel, you speak your mind, are you as idiotic?"

"I'd be just as good to him as ever I knew how," cried Samuel. "I ask God every night to bless him, and what sense is in that, if I wouldn't try to bless him myself?"

Patience being still under the table weeping, was not called on for a vote in this family conclave. Uncle Barum turned to Achilles, seated at the head of the table, his brow bowed, his face dark.

"Well, Achilles, you are the head of the house, let us hear from you," said the inquisitor.

"The time has not come for to do anything," said Achilles looking up, "and I don't see the sense in worrying my mother by talking of what may never happen. But I say one thing; mother has had all the beggary, and misery, and misuse that is ever going to come into her life. Forgiving is not forgetting, and if mother is too kind-hearted to protect herself and the children, I'll do it for her. Our home shall not be made a den any more. No drunkard shall cross that door-sill ever again." He straightened himself and held out his arm, manly and muscular, in his suit of gray homespun. "Thank God, I'm a man now, and a strong one, and God has set me to protect this family from themselves and every one else, and so I will!"

He pushed back his chair from the table and went out to the barn. Mercy went to her bedroom to finish her cry, Letitia pulled Patty from under the table, and told her to begin to wash the dishes.

"Samuel," she said, "do your chores and learn not to talk so much."

The Thanksgiving dinner was over. Uncle Barum went out to Achilles. The boy's spirit pleased him. "Achilles," he said, "I see you do not mean to allow your father back here."

"No, I don't. I must protect my mother and the kids, and I have no faith in father's penitence. He can't behave."

"I'll tie to you any day," said the admiring uncle. "You have good horse sense. I say, Achilles, I mean to give you a colt that I have on my farm. You shall have it in the spring."

(To be continued.)

THERE is not a gift so small that it is not wanted to make the work of the Church complete; there is not one so small but that its hiding away leaves some life unblest; there is not one so insignificant that it may not start a wave of influence which shall roll on over the sea of human life until it breaks on the shore of eternity.



**The Message of the Flowers.**

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.  
 Stars, they are, wherein we read our history,  
 As astrologers and seers of old;  
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
 Like the burning stars which they behold.  
 Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
 God hath written in those stars above.  
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
 Stands the revelation of his love.  
 Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
 Written all over this great world of ours;  
 Making evident our own creation,  
 In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.  
 And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
 Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
 Of the self-same, universal being,  
 Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.  
 Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
 Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
 Buds that open only to decay:  
 Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
 Flaunting gaily in the golden light;  
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
 Tender wishes blossoming at night!  
 These in flowers and men are more than seeming,  
 Workings are they of the self-same powers  
 Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,  
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.  
 Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
 Some like stars, to tell us spring is born;  
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.  
 Not alone in spring's armorial bearing,  
 And in summer's green emblazoned field,

But in arms of brave old autumn's wearing,  
 In the centre of his brazen shield;  
 Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
 Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;  
 Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
 But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;  
 In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling  
 towers,  
 Speaking of the past unto the present,  
 Tell us of the ancient games of flowers;  
 In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like  
 wings,  
 Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,  
 How akin they are to human things.  
 And with childlike, credulous affection,  
 We behold their tender buds expand;  
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

**LESSON NOTES.**

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A.D. 58.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 13.  
 PAUL AT JERUSALEM.  
 Acts 21. 27-39.] [Memory verses, 30, 31.  
 GOLDEN TEXT.  
 For unto you it is given in the behalf of  
 Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to  
 suffer for his sake.—Phil. 1. 29.  
 OUTLINE.  
 1. In the Temple, v. 27-29.  
 2. In the Street, v. 30-34.  
 3. In the Castle, v. 35-39.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**  
 Paul journeyed from Mile-  
 tus to Jerusalem, stopping for  
 rest at Tyre, Ptolemais, and  
 Caesarea. He was received  
 cordially by "the brethren"  
 at Jerusalem. But they told  
 him of slanderous reports  
 which had prejudiced the  
 Christians of Jerusalem against  
 him. As Paul had made a  
 vow they recommended that,  
 together with four Christian  
 Jews who had also made a  
 vow, he should publicly enter  
 the temple and discharge his  
 vow according to the Hebrew  
 ritual. This would restore  
 the confidence of those Chris-  
 tians who were stricter ob-  
 servers of the law, and had  
 been told that Paul had de-  
 serted "the ways of Moses."

**EXPLANATIONS.**  
 "Seven days"—Probably  
 the time required for the  
 presentation of offerings.  
 "Men of Israel"—A popular  
 patriotic cry. "Of Asia"—  
 Jews from Ephesus and other  
 cities. "Teacheth all"—  
 They charged Paul with  
 treason against Moses because  
 he insisted upon the superi-  
 ority of Jesus. "Polluted . .  
 holy place"—Gentiles were  
 not allowed to pass from the  
 "Court of the Gentiles"  
 through the *chel* (the middle  
 wall of partition) into the  
 sacred inclosure, as their pre-  
 sence was considered a pro-  
 fanation. "Doors were shut"  
 —The folds of the "Beautiful  
 Gate," opening from the  
 Women's Court to the Court  
 of the Gentiles. "To kill  
 him"—Seeking a place where  
 bloodshed was permissible.  
 "Castle"—The military bar-  
 racks of the fortress Antonia.  
 "Borne of the soldiers"—  
 Carried by them to rescue  
 him from the populace.  
 "Speak Greek"—Paul ad-  
 dressed the captain in Greek,  
 which surprised the latter as  
 he supposed him to be an  
 Egyptian. "That Egyptian"  
 —A false prophet, who, in  
 the time of Nero, wished to  
 destroy the Roman govern-  
 ment, and having been de-  
 feated at the Mount of Olives  
 had taken to flight.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**  
 How does this lesson show—  
 1. That enemies of the truth are willing to  
 believe evil of a good man?  
 2. That pretended zeal for God's cause is  
 sometimes a cloak for crime?  
 3. That a Christian may be calm in the  
 midst of danger?  
**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**  
 1. What did the Jews which were in Asia  
 do when they saw Paul in the temple at  
 Jerusalem? "They laid hands on him." 2.  
 What did the people intend to do with Paul  
 when they drew him out of the temple?  
 "They went about to kill him." 3. Who  
 rescued Paul from the people? "The chief  
 captain." 4. What did Paul ask of the chief  
 captain? "Suffer me to speak unto the peo-  
 ple." 5. What did Paul teach Christians  
 concerning persecution? "For unto you it is  
 given," &c.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The wickedness  
 of the unregenerate heart. Verse 36.  
**CATECHISM QUESTION.**  
 How did all things come into being?  
 By the will of God, who created all things  
 and brought all into their present order.

**CHARLIE'S BOOK.**  
 "MOTHER," said little Charlie, "Will  
 Hardin says his mother writes books."  
 "Does she?" said mother, and then she  
 went on sewing and forgot Charlie, who  
 was trying to stand on his head.  
 "Mother," said Charlie, presently, "is  
 it very hard to write a book?"  
 "I don't know, I'm sure," said mother.  
 "I'm going to write a book," said this  
 small man in petticoats. Just then the  
 door bell rang and Charlie's mother went  
 to see a caller. When she came back her  
 little boy was sitting on her footstool busily  
 writing in a handsome book, but as he

wrote with a slate-pencil, it didn't do the  
 book any harm.  
 "Now, mother," said her little boy,  
 "I'm done my book."  
 "No," said his mother, thinking a little  
 while, "you are not near done. God has  
 given you a book to write. I hope it is a  
 big, long one, full of beautiful stories."  
 "What's the name of my book?" he  
 asked, coming close to her.  
 "Its name is, 'Charlie's Life;' you can  
 only write one page a day, and you must  
 be very careful not to make any black  
 marks in it by doing ugly things. When  
 you pout and cry, that smears your page,  
 but when you help mother and keep a  
 bright face and don't quarrel with Teddy,  
 that makes a nice fair page, and pretty  
 pictures on it."  
 "And when will I be done writing that  
 book?" asked Charlie.  
 "When God sees that your book is long  
 enough," answered mother, "He will send  
 an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp  
 on it until the great day when all our life-  
 books shall be opened and read."  
 Charlie sat very quiet awhile, and then  
 said, softly, "Dear little Lucy finished  
 writing her book when they put her in  
 the white casket and laid the white roses  
 over her."  
 "Yes," said his mother, "her life-book  
 was just a little hymn of praise to God; its  
 pages were clean and white, no stains on  
 them."  
 Charlie looked up and saw two tear-  
 drops fall on mother's work, but they  
 were bright tears, and a bright smile came  
 with them.

**NOT ASHAMED OF HIS PATCH.**  
 A roon boy was attending school with a  
 large patch on his knee. One of his school-  
 mates nicknamed him "Old Patch."  
 "Why don't you fight him?" cried the  
 boys. "I'd give it to him."  
 "Oh!" answered the boy, "you don't  
 suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you?  
 For my part I'm thankful for a good mother  
 to keep me out of rags. I honour my patch  
 for her sake, and you can't make me  
 ashamed of it."

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