

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

## QUITO.

QUITO is the highest city in the world—10,000 feet above the sea. Yet, as it is just on the equator, it is, though so high, pleasantly warm. It is much subject to earthquakes. It has a population of 70,000, a fine cathedral, as will be seen from the cut, and a library of 20,000 volumes. If much of the splendour and wealth lavished on the adorning of the church

beer are good for them—that it is smart to chew tobacco, to smoke cigars, to hang around saloons, and drink beer, but, oh, how woefully they are cheating themselves!

Would you like to smell like an old strong pipe? Would you like to be a man walking around with your beard smeared with filthy, stinking tobacco spittle? Would you like to be a loathsome, bleary-eyed, bloated, drunken old

## A PARABLE.

"O DRAR. I am so tired of Sunday!" So said Willie, a playful little boy who was longing for the Sabbath to be over that he might return to his amusements.

"Who wants to hear a story?" said a kind friend who was present.

"I, sir," "and I," "and I," said the children as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable. Our Saviour

fruit." So he held out his hand and received six of the apples. The owner had kept one for himself.

Do you think the poor man was grateful for his kindness? No, indeed. He wanted the seven pippins for himself, and at last he made up his mind that he would watch his opportunity, and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very in



CATHEDRAL OF QUITO.

were spent in the instruction of the people they would be more intelligent and better Christians.

## BOYS, DON'T BE CHEATED.

Boys, would you like to be cheated? No, you would not. Then be careful. Not only keep a sharp lookout that others do not cheat you; but be very careful lest you cheat yourselves. There are hundreds of boys who are trying to persuade themselves into the belief that tobacco and

beer-drinker? No, you would not. But there are great many such men in every city and town. Once they were nice, clean, bright, happy boys like you are. How did they become so degraded, loathsome and filthy? Why, when they were boys like you, they cheated themselves into the belief that it was a nice, smart, manly thing to chew, smoke, and drink beer, and now they are what they are.

Boys, resolve to be a little too smart to cheat yourselves like that. The most silly, senseless, stupid cheat is the boy who cheats himself in that way.

when he was on the earth often taught the people by parables.

The parable told the little boys was of a kind man who had some very rich apples hanging upon a tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner and he stopped to admire the beautiful apple tree. He counted these ripe, golden pippins—there were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away; and it gave him so much pleasure to make this poor man happy that he called him, and said:—

"My friend, I will give you part of my

dignant. "He ought to have been ashamed of himself, and I hope he got well punished for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in a week, Willie?" said his friend.

"Seven," said Willie, blushing deeply, for now he began to understand the parable and felt an uneasy sensation at his heart. Conscience began to whisper to him, "And ought not a boy to be ashamed of himself who is unwilling on the seventh day to lay aside his amusements? Ought he not to be punished, if he will not remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy?"

## The Song of the Leaves.

HAVE you ever caught the secret  
Which the leaves forever sing  
Through each balmy day of summer,  
While the birds are on the wing?  
Have you listened to their music  
And their laughter soft and sweet?  
Have you watched their shining glances  
Through the noon-day's glowing heat?

Oh, they make such merry music,  
Gaily dancing in the breeze!  
Every tiny leaf a trundle  
On the solemn old oak trees.  
That you know some happy secret  
Must have stirred each winsome elf  
To those bursts of fairy laughter,  
And you fairly laugh yourself.

Up and down they dance and quiver,  
Back and forth they swing in glee,  
While the whistling winds still louder  
Pipe their merry minstrelsy.  
All along the woodland borders  
Past the reapers and their sheaves,  
Still the rippling music greets you  
Of the laughter of the leaves.

—The Parody.

## OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	27 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Heaven Leaf, monthly, 10 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; 82c. per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COOPER,  
3 Henry Street,  
Montreal.S. F. HURST,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1892.

REV. E. A. STAFFORD ON THE  
DRINK TRAFFIC.

THE late Rev. E. A. Stafford, a few years ago, preached a series of sermons on "Civic Responsibilities," at the Metropolitan Church. He took for his text Romans 19: 22: "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

This was true of every individual and equally true of any class of society working together for common interests. Take it of the city and its liquor licenses. Was the licensing the sale of intoxicating drinks a doubtful thing—a thing which the best sense of the community condemned? He thought it was. This drink wastes great resources without any goal. Five years ago it was at its climax in Canada. Then it took 2,225,000 bushels of grain. That represents the food of a vast multitude. It was computed by a present Minister of the Crown that in 1883 it cost Canada \$30,750,000. That was ten millions more than Canada paid for bread, and nearly as much more than its meat cost. In fact, our nation gives for this drink money enough to provide clothing, except boots and hats, for all its people, and half enough to provide food for the same great company. Since Confederation we have paid enough to pay our present national debt more than three times. Add to this waste the loss of industry and life through drink. A careful compiler says a half million drunkards in Canada every year. Say the number is 2,000. An old saying states that the average loss in a drunkard's life is

twenty-four years. Suppose I say ten years. That, with 2,000 drunkards dying every year, makes a loss equal to the labour of 20,000 for a year, which, at \$300 each per annum, would be \$6,000,000 through the drink. What do we get in return for this? Why, a portion of the people can vindicate their liberty to drink. They run the terrible risk of becoming drunkards. Ontario has about a million people under license and a million under prohibition, and the first million committed 5,983 more crimes than the last million.

## WHAT SAVED HIS HAND?

THE time may come to us when the question of life or death will depend on our sobriety and general healthfulness. There are many palsy, potty, robust-looking men, so full of disease that the pick of a pin may kill them, and there are other men so clean and healthful, that you might almost run them through a threshing machine, and the fragments when put together would knit and heal.

A young labouring man was brought to a certain hospital with a badly lacerated hand. It had fallen upon an old cotton-hook, and it had gone entirely through the palm of his hand, carrying with it rust and dirt. The wound was kept open so it would suppurate freely, and he readily cleansed. As time passed on, the hand became very much swollen, turned black, and the surgeons watched carefully for signs of blood-poisoning, fearing that the entire hand would have to be amputated to save the life of its possessor. These signs not appearing, it then became a question whether more of the hand could be saved than the thumb and first two fingers. As the hand became no worse, the surgeon delayed operating on it, and after a time it began to mend, and finally healed entirely, equally to the surprise and delight of the surgeon.

"Young man," said he to the patient, as the danger was passing away, "do you use alcohol in any form?"

"No, sir."

"Do you use tobacco?"

"No, sir."

With a wave of his hand, a nod of his head, the surgeon murmured:

"That is what saved your hand."

Tissues degenerated by stimulants cannot resist the attack of accident and disease as can tissues that are formed only of wholesome and nutritious food.

## A MAN WHO LIVED IN A BOX.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

MOTHER—What was the subject for your Mission Band to-day?

Hetty—India; and Miss Hope told us a funny story about a priest who lived in a box.

MOTHER—That was a strange place to live. What did he do there?

Hetty—Well, he wanted to get rid of sin and find God, and he first went to live in a dry well, where he stayed twenty years.

MOTHER—How did he get food?

Hetty—The people brought him bread and water.

MOTHER—Did he get any better?

Hetty—No, the load of sin was as heavy as ever, and he could find no peace.

MOTHER—He did not seek it in the right way, or he would have found it long before.

Hetty—But he did not give up seeking. He thought if he could float up and down on the river Ganges, he would find God; so he made a box six feet square, put it in a boat, and went to live in the box on the sacred river.

MOTHER—I suppose he did not find peace there any more than he did in the well.

Hetty—No; he was just as unhappy as ever. But one day a native Christian was passing along the river, and he saw him in the box. He spoke to him, and when he found out why he was there, he took out the box and read to him about Jesus. He promised to ask God to take away his sins for Jesus' sake.

MOTHER—So he found the true way at last. Did he then leave the box?

Hetty—Not then. Three years after, the same native Christian was passing that way, and there he saw the old priest still

sitting in his box. He asked if he had been helped any by what he had told him. He said he had, but there was no one to teach him, and he could not learn any more. He told him to leave his box and come with him, and he would teach him about Christ.

MOTHER—Was he willing to leave his box?

Hetty—Oh, yes; he found it did not help him, so he was ready to give it up. His friend took him to the English missionary, who taught him about Jesus, and soon the joy and peace which he had been seeking so long, filled his heart.

MOTHER—I am sure he did not stop there.

Hetty—No; he took his Bible and went out to teach his people, and when he was a hundred years old he was still preaching.

MOTHER—Christ says, "Seek and ye shall find;" but many poor heathen may be groping about in the dark unable to find because they do not know how to seek. They need some one to teach them how to find Jesus, and the peace and joy which he gives.

Hetty—Don't the missionaries teach them?

MOTHER—There are a great many good men and women who are giving their whole time to teaching them, but there are not near enough to teach the millions of heathen who know nothing about Christ, and can never know unless they are taught.

SOME CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT  
HONEY-BEES.

BY O. W. DEMAREZ.

I HAVE seen a single bee cling to a smoothly-dressed board with its front feet, and supporting a living chain of twenty-five bees, thus supporting twenty-five times her own weight, for an indefinite time. There was a time when I was puzzled to know how the bee could hold on to the smooth board and sustain such a weight. But the magnifying glass reveals a finely curved claw at the extremity of each of the front pair of legs, and these enable the bee to cling to the wood in any position. But how does the bee manage to run up a pane of glass or a facet of polished metal? Her sharp claws will not serve her in this case. Well, nature has provided for that in a wonderful way. I once had a theory to account for this wonderful feat. But when I commenced to study the anatomy of the bee under the magnifying glass my theory was found to be wide of the mark. The glass shows an infinitesimal gland in the soles of the feet, which secretes a mucilaginous substance of sufficient tenacity to enable the bee to cling to the smoothest surface that it is likely to come in contact with.

The mandibles (jaws) of the honey-bee, when seen under the glass, are a real curiosity. They not only open and shut, like the jaws of any other animal, but they have a backward and forward movement, and each of the pair is independent of the other in its movements. The old class of naturalists believed that the honey-bee, as an artist and a builder, was a "mason." But this has been found to be a mistake. The honey-bee is a "smith." She draws out her work, using her mandibles in the place of the smith's hammer. It would be a simple impossibility to build a wall as thin as that of the honey comb, by any other process. Bees-wax is the result of digested honey, just as tallow results from the digestion of the food of the ox. But the bees-wax, instead of adhering to the flesh, as in the case of fat animals, passes out of the body of the bee, through one of the six false pockets on the under side of the abdomen, in the form of thin scales or pellets, and while they are warm and pliable the bees seize them with their mandibles and weld them to the rims of the cells, and continue to draw out the combs until the proper depth of the cells is reached. The cell walls are as thin as the finest tissue paper known to the art of paper-making, and would not have sufficient strength to support the tiny weight of a tiny bee were they not strengthened by an exquisitely formed rim around them, supporting their frail walls below, precisely as does the wired rim round the top of a tin vessel. That these thin walls are drawn out and not built on to, is proved by the fact that the rim round the cell is as well defined when the work is first begun as it is when the comb is finished, and is present through the whole process of construction.

## WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

SEVEN years ago, Miss Beilby, a young English woman who had studied medicine to fit herself for usefulness as a missionary at Lucknow, India, was sent for by the wife of the native prince of Punnah, who was ill. Punnah was a long distance from Lucknow, and the journey was a dangerous one. If Miss Beilby went she would be separated by more than a hundred miles from any white man.

Her friends urged her to refuse. The English woman was young and timid; but she knew her duty. She went, remained two months and cured the patient. When she was about to return the rance sent for her, and begged her to go in person to Queen Victoria, with the message that Indian women not being allowed the attendance of men physicians, die in great numbers every year for want of care. The rance brought paper, pen, and ink, and with tears besought Miss Beilby to write her petition to the queen to send them women doctors.

"Write it small, Sahiba," she begged; "for I shall put it in a locket and hang it about your neck; and you must wear it until you put it into the hands of the great rance herself."

Miss Beilby returned to England the next year, obtained an interview with Queen Victoria, and placed the locket with the message in her hands. The Queen was deeply touched, and empowered Lady Dufferin, the wife of the Viceroy of India, to form an association for sending out female medical aid to the women of India.

Many women doctors have been sent out by the association; and Indian women are now being educated as physicians and nurses. An estate of fifty acres, with large buildings, has been given by a native prince as a hospital for Hindoo female patients.

Had the timid missionary refused to undertake the perilous duty to one woman, these great blessings—which are but the beginning of help and hope for the women of India—probably never would have come to them. Sow the seed, however small it may be; of good deeds. Only God knows what the fruit may be.

## BOOKS MADE OF CLAY.

FAR away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian empire stood. The spade, first of the Frenchman, then of the Englishman, has cleared all the earth away and laid bare all the remains of the old streets and palaces where the princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshipped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious of all the curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh.

The chief library of Nineveh was contained in the palace of Konyunjik. The clay books which it contains are composed of sets of tablets covered with very small writing. The tablets are oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing on the tablets was of cuneiform, done when the clay was soft, and then it was baked to harden it. Then each tablet or book was numbered, and assigned to a place in the library with a corresponding number, so that the librarians could readily find it, just as our librarians of to-day number the books we read.

Among these books are to be found collections of hymns (to the gods), descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as history, travels, etc. Perhaps those little Ninevite children of long ago took the same delight that the young folk of to-day do in stories of the birds, beasts, and insects of Assyria.

The Assyrians and Babylonians were great students of astronomy. The method of telling time by the sun, and of marking it by the instrument called a sundial, was invented by the latter nation. None of our modern clocks and watches can be compared to the sundial for accuracy. Indeed we have to regulate our modern inventions by the old Babylonian one.

"Little Brown Hands."

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Gip through the shady lane,  
While the quail whistles loud in the wheat-  
field,  
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,  
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;  
They gather the earliest snowdrops,  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,  
They gather the elder blooms white;  
They and where the dusky grapes purple,  
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's waxes;  
They know where the fruit is the thickest  
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—  
Fairy barques that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,  
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;  
And at night-time are folded in slumber,  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And from those brown-handed children  
May grow rulers of church and of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,  
The noble and wise of our land—  
Chisel, palette, and God's Holy Word,  
Shall be hold in the little brown hands.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER X.  
IS IT TRUE?

SANDY was off again by daybreak, before Mrs. Shafto could get down. But he had promised John the night before to return every evening until Gip was found. He had done his utmost to describe her to him, though he had not been very successful; except in giving him to understand that she had black eyes and black hair, curling all over her head. But the vague idea he had gained of another person, who knew Gip as well as he did, and who was looking for her, had lifted the heaviest part of the burden for him. He had listened eagerly to all John Shafto and his mother had been able to tell him about the Lord Jesus Christ, who had lived a sorrowful life, and died a painful death for the sake of a lost world; and though there was very much that he could not understand, he began to feel that he was not left alone. The true and tender friend, whom John Shafto knew to be always near him, would surely take a little notice of the poor boy John Shafto was befriending!

It was rather earlier than it had been the night before when Sandy turned out of the street into the quiet grave-yard that evening. It was quite light enough for him to see at the first glance the tall lanky figure of Mr. Shafto loitering along the smooth path of gravestones, in slipshod shoes trodden down at the heels. He called to Sandy, and pointed out to him an old smoke-stained tablet fixed against the wall of the chapel.

"Can you read, boy?" he inquired.  
"No, sir, never a word," replied Sandy, putting his head on one side, and staring at the blackened stone, as if he could by staring make out the inscription upon it.  
"That," said Mr. Shafto, "is my grandfather's tombstone. John Shafto, minister of this chapel. He was a very learned man; and large numbers of people flocked to hear him preach—rich people and grand people: He ought to have been rich himself; but he left nothing more to his children than yonder poor tumble-down hovel. He never thought that his great-grandson would make a friend of a boy out of the streets."

"I'm very sorry, sir," remarked Sandy, as Mr. Shafto paused in his speech; "I s'pose, sir, you took to buryin' folks because it were so handy being near the buryin' ground?"  
"There was nothing else to take to,"

said Mr. Shafto, in a slow, dreamy manner, as if he forgot he was speaking to Sandy. "I had the hatchment on hand, and every one told me I had such a solemn manner at a funeral. But the city grave-yards were closed immediately after, and now the family vaults even are not opened. Nothing has come of it. But, boy," he continued in a voice less languid, "I don't consider you a fit companion for my son; and I can't allow it. You must not get in the habit of coming here every night, as if it was your home."

Mr. Shafto had come to this conclusion during the day, and had resolved to put a stop to the thing. A boy picked up out of the seam of the street to be the chosen friend of John Shafto! That could not be. Sandy listened in dismay, but he had no idea of rebelling against Mr. Shafto's orders. He knew how unfit for such a place, and such a role; and he was not in the least surprised to hear that he must not think of it as his home. There were disappointment and regret in his heart, but no bitterness, as he heard Mr. Shafto's speech. But here was a chance of asking a question or two that had puzzled him during the day, whenever he thought of what John and his mother had tried to teach him. He drew a little nearer to Mr. Shafto, and spoke in a low, mysterious voice.

"You don't b'lieve the same as them others?" he said, pointing over his shoulder to the house.

"Believe what?" asked Mr. Shafto.  
"As he's everywhere, hearkenin' to us, and watchin' of us," whispered Sandy: "God, you know? I didn't think as it were true, only Mr. Johnny were so sure of it."

"Of course it's true," answered Mr. Shafto; "I believe as sure as my son does."

"I didn't think as you did," pursued Sandy; "if I believed of it, it 'ud make a difference to me, it would. I couldn't go on doin' as I'm used to do. I don't see how folks can believe in it; they goes on doin' just the same as if I weren't true. Does God know as you don't like me to have a bite of bread, and sleepin' on your floor?"

Mr. Shafto was not ready with an answer. He looked at his grandfather's tablet, and from that to Sandy's brown, weather-beaten face, alive with earnest feeling; but neither of them helped him to any words.

"You don't think, do you," went on Sandy, "as Lord Jesus Christ 'ud do all they say he'll do for a poor boy in the streets, without shoes to his feet or a cap to his head? Or as he'll look for a ragged little gal like Gip, and take care on her for me? Oh no! You don't b'lieve that; and maybe it's not true. You know lots more than they do; I heard Mr. Johnny's mother say so."

Still Mr. Shafto was tongue-tied. Sandy spoke earnestly and sadly, with no look or tone as if he intended to give him any offence, he was only putting into words the difficulties that had come to his mind during the day. A strange, new sense of shame smote the conscience of Mr. Shafto. All his life long he had professed to believe that God was everywhere, taking note of all that was said and done by every human being. He had professed also to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ had died for all, making no difference between rich and poor, learned and ignorant. Yet now, when this poor, untaught boy stood before his face, demanding of him if he really believed these things, he dared not say that he did.

"If it ain't true," continued Sandy, very sorrowfully, "there's nobody taking care of little Gip. I could get along somehow for myself, but I don't see what's to become of her. I were beginnin' to be glad again, I were; but now, if it's not true, Gip's lost, and mother's lost, and there's nobody to care a straw about it. I wish I'd never heard tell of such a thing!"

No answer yet from Mr. Shafto. If it was true that God was beside him, what a miserable fool he had been all his life! If God had been hearing, day after day, his fretful murmurings and his conceited boasting about his grandfather; if he had been watching all his idleness and selfishness, what a wretched, sinful man he had been! If Jesus Christ, the Saviour, who had laid down his life for him, knew how he had spent his own life, wasting it, and casting

away all the golden opportunities of being good and doing good, why, then he was as much lost as poor little Gip or Sandy's drunken mother. There was as much need of the Lord to come seeking him, in long suffering patience, as ever there had been for him of old to seek and save the publican and sinner.

As for Sandy, his heart was very heavy again. The strange good news told to him by John and Mrs. Shafto had all turned out untrue. Nobody else believed these things. Even Mr. Shafto, living in the same house, and coming out to see, did not believe it. It was very plain. Yet to turn away from this new hope and the new love, just dawning in his heart, and make the old life he had led for a hundred-fold darker and more than it had seemed before. There was no man in Friend seeking him and his mother's home for them to go to after death. The grave was the end of all; and even those who were rich or learned had nothing left to them when they died, but grave-stones, growing black with time and the smoke of the busy city.

Sandy stole away silently, and without speaking again to Mr. Shafto, whose head had dropped down, and whose eyes had closed, not now in sheer lassness, but in something like shame and repentance. The boy was at no loss for a shelter to-night; for one of his comrades had urged him to share an empty sugar-cask he knew of, where, lying close together, they might keep one another tolerably warm. It was not that he cared about; but it was the thought of little Gip, with no one to care for her, except himself, and the loss of his new friend, John Shafto.

When Mr. Shafto roused himself from his reverie, and found that Sandy had disappeared, his first feeling was one of relief. The boy's question had stung him so keenly for him not to be almost glad to be rid of him. But as the evening passed away, and he did not return to the house, and John Shafto wondered what had prevented his keeping his promise, Mr. Shafto began to listen eagerly for a low tap at the door, and was ready to fetch the boy in and make him welcome to his fireside. But no Sandy came, and at a late hour the shop door was locked, and John went upstairs to his little room with a sad face and a sadder heart.

(To be continued.)

PROHIBITION.

"FULLY nine-tenths of the drinking and drunkenness prevalent in Kansas eight years ago have been abolished, and I affirm with earnestness and emphasis that this State to-day is the most temperate, orderly, sober community of people in this civilized world. The abolition of the saloon has not only promoted the personal happiness and general prosperity of our citizens, but it has enormously diminished crime, has filled thousands of homes, where vice and war and wretchedness once prevailed, with peace and joy and contentment, and has generally increased the trade and business of those engaged in the sale of useful and wholesome articles of merchandise. Notwithstanding the fact that the population of the State is increasing, the number of criminals confined in our penitentiary is steadily decreasing. Many of our jails are empty, and all show a marked falling off in the number of prisoners confined. The dockets of our courts are no longer burdened with long lists of criminal cases."

Our duty as Christians is very plain. Work with might and main for prohibition. Choose your own method, but work. Be in sympathy. Let this be our motto. "For the individual, total abstinence, for the Church, uncompromising, aggressive opposition to the liquor traffic; for the State, prohibition." "It surely becomes every professor of religion to ask whether it is not incumbent upon him to abstain," said the sainted John Angell James. It surely becomes every Christian to ask whether it is not incumbent upon him to work for prohibition as well as to abstain. John Wesley said to his followers, "Touch no dram; it is liquid fire. It is a slow but sure poison." Were he living to-day he would probably also say, "Vote for no saloon. It is a house of death. Away

with it." The people will all feel so by and by. We are divided now, but we will soon be united. The truth brings victory in sight, if not near. We are bound to win.

"I'm not beaten back in many a fray,  
Yet teething strong, I've beat 'em out,  
And when the eagle guards to say  
The rest of 'em, I'll be a hawk."

SOMETHING GOOD IN THE WORST.

BY W. D. M.

At the end of the shady roads of Central Park, the little girl sat on the grass, and looked at her watch. Her father was not at home. She had been waiting for him for an hour, but he had not come. She had been so busy with her work, she had not had time to go to the office. She had been so busy with her work, she had not had time to go to the office. She had been so busy with her work, she had not had time to go to the office.

At the summit of the incline, the only other witness of the scene, stood a nut-girl, screaming with fright.

The runaway carriage contained two little babies, who sat upright, laughing and waving their arms in delight. A horse went mad and the flying carriage would be among the hoofs and wheels.

Faint with horror the girl covered her face.

For a few seconds she heard the rattle of the little carriage. Then came a sudden stop—a startled cry—and the heavy coaches went rumbling on.

Scarce daring to breathe, the girl uncovered her eyes.

Half upset, the baby carriage stood at the side of the path, still holding one of its tiny inmates. The other lay kicking and crowing on the grass.

As the girl, pale and trembling, hurried to the spot, a man crept from the adjoining bushes, where he had been hurled by a blow from a horse's hoofs.

With an effort he struggled to his feet, and pressed his hand painfully against an ugly bruise on the side of his forehead.

"Well it was a close call for de kids, miss," he said. "I didn't have no time to spare—but dey's all right, see?" And, stooping, he lifted the little child that lay on the ground.

The baby gave him a look of startled surprise, then laughed and clatched mischievously at his grizzled beard, while one little foot slipped down into his ragged, tobacco-stained pocket. Several carriages had now stopped, and people were hurrying anxiously to the spot.

"That's de kid," he said. "Her comes a top. He's g'ing up the ch'ck, the man pulled his hand out, and an' further, and slunk off into the crowd."

About eleven o'clock that night a drunken bedraggled creature was hauled up by the police station and taken before the sergeant in charge.

"Found him in the gutter," said the policeman. "Had to carry him most of the way here."

The sergeant scowled.  
"Sneaky Ben again, isn't it?"  
"Yes."

"The third time this month. It will cost him thirty days, sure. Lock him up for the night."

The prisoner was dragged roughly away.  
"You'd better throw yourself in the river when yer time is up, Ben; you're no good here, and you'd do society a service to get off the earth," said the policeman, giving his prisoner a rough shove.

The man lurched forward into the dark room, and fell heavily on the floor. As he did so a small object dropped from the folds of his coat.

The policeman picked it up, and held it towards the light.

It was a baby's tiny worsted sock.

Cardinal Manning's Pledge.

A PROMISE TO GOD.

I PROMISE thee, sweet Lord,  
That I will never - loathe the light  
Which shines from thee within my soul,  
And make - my reason bright,  
Nor ever will I lose the power  
To serve thee by my will,  
Which thou hast set within my heart  
Thy precepts to fulfil.

O let me drink as Adam drank,  
Before from thee he fell;  
O let me drink as thou, dear Lord,  
When faint by Sycchar's well  
That from my childhood, pure from sin  
Of drink and drunken strife,  
By the clear fountain I may rest,  
Of everlasting life.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A. D. 30-33.] LESSON VII. [Aug 14.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

Acts 5. 1-11. Memory verses, 9-11

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The hope of the hypocrites shall perish.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

After the release of Peter the Church prospered. The Christians lived together as brethren—preached, taught, helped the poor, rejoiced in the Lord. Many sold their property to give aid to the poor. Among this number was Barnabas, who afterwards became the companion of Paul. In contrast with him, and with the holy life of the Church, an instance of hypocrisy is given in the case of Ananias.

HINTS OVER HARD PLACES.

Ananias—Grace of God. Nothing is known of him but what is related here. Sapphira—A sapphire, or beauty. Sold—Ostensibly to give to the poor. Kept back part—While pretending to give it all. (Verse 8.) His wife also being privy to it—Mentioned to show that the sin was deliberately committed. Laid it at the apostles' feet—In public, at a meeting, thus seeking to gain notoriety as a generous man and a saint. Lie to the Holy Ghost—Because the offering was made to God rather than to man. While it remained—Undedicated to God. No one compelled him to give away his money. Gave up the Ghost—His spirit—life. Peter did not kill him. It was the direct act of God. Buried him—The Jews usually buried their dead the same day they died. His wife—Peter gave her an opportunity of confession. But he did not wait for her to know how her husband had died, for then her confession would have been insincere. Great fear—Or awe. All the Church—They feared to do wrong and to be hypocrites. As many as heard—Others feared on account of their sins. And they feared to join the disciples unless they were real Christians.

Find in this lesson—

- An acted lie.
- A spoken lie.
- The punishment of lying.
- How much God hates lying.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What trouble now arose in the Church? "Some hypocrites joined them." 2. What did Ananias and Sapphira do? "They brought some money, pretending it was all, while they kept back a part." 3. What was their object? "That they might seem better than they were." 4. How were they punished? "They fell down dead." 5. What was the effect? "Great fear upon all, so that the Church was purified and grew, and many others repented of their sins."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. What does the Spirit perform for the Church?  
He calls and qualifies men, from time to time, to preach the word and administer the sacraments; makes their preaching effectual to the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers; and is present as the representative of the Lord Jesus in all the ordinances of public worship.

Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you bishops.—Acts 20. 28.

IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ONE of the most impressive sights at sea is a full-rigged vessel riding the billows. Sometimes she is heaved up high and then apparently swallowed up by the waves. Sometimes it seems as though she would never come into view again, so long does she remain concealed behind some huge, intervening wave.



ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

A WOODCOCK CARRYING HER YOUNG.

A PECULIAR habit of the woodcock is that of taking her young to the food, instead of bringing the food to the nestlings, as most birds do. She takes them tenderly between her long claws, and carries them safely to the feeding ground, and then back again to the shelter of the woods.

A SPOTTED CAT.

THE number of animals that belong to the Felidae, or cat family, is quite surprising, yet there is no danger of mistaking one for another. Many of them are beautifully marked, as we see in the common cat; the tiger is ringed, the jaguar covered with black rosettes, and the leopard is spotted.

The spotted cat, which is almost if not quite the same as the panther, is a graceful animal with a slender form, an unusually long tail, and a very cat-like head and face. It is generally of a tawny or yellowish colour, like the tiger, and the spots are arranged in close rows along the sides. These spots are in rings of four or five small spots; and the under part of the

body is much lighter than the upper part.

It is found in most countries where the lion and tiger abound; and it is so much lighter than these animals that it can perform feats of which they are quite incapable. Its leaps are much higher, and unfortunately for those of whom it is in pursuit, it can climb trees very rapidly. "It haunts wooden places, and is seldom to be found in open regions of long grass, like the tiger. When pursued, it takes refuge if possible in a

tree, and if hard pressed, springs down on its assailants. It is cunning, and adopts devices similar to those of the fox for carrying on its depredations and concealing the place of its retreat."

For food, the leopard is especially fond of deer and antelopes, but it will also carry off pigs and poultry from the outskirts of a village. It seldom attacks people unless in self-defence; and although large enough and strong enough to be very dangerous, it seems to prefer getting away when it can. It is easily tamed by kindness, and becomes very playful and mischievous.

An officer living in India had a tame leopard, that was very fond of gazing out of the window. But the children liked it, too, and they would try to drag "Said" down from his seat. He made himself as heavy as he could, and would not budge an inch until they all rolled over on the floor together. Then sometimes one party got the seat, and sometimes the other.

"Said" liked practical jokes, and once frightened a poor woman dreadfully, who came to the house to do some extra work, while she was down on her knees scrubbing a floor, by springing suddenly on her back. She did not hear his cat-like tread,



A WOODCOCK CARRYING HER YOUNG.

and not having seen a pot leopard before, she gave herself up for lost. The naughty "Said" was properly reproved; but he looked as if he had enjoyed it very much.

DID YOU EVER THINK, MY DEAR,

THAT a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?

That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it?

That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness shown once a year?

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only lady-like, but more refined than having "company manners"?

That to learn to talk pleasantly about nothing in particular is a great art, and prevents you saying things you may regret?

That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar?

That to talk, and talk, and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome to the people who listen?

That to be witty (?) at the expense of somebody else is positive cruelty many times?

That personalities are not always interesting, and very often offensive?

That the ability to keep a friend is very much greater than that required to gain one?

That if women would allow their friends to enjoy themselves in their own way there would be fewer stumbling-blocks in life?

That if the girls all over the world were to form societies of one, each being her own president and house committee and entertainment committee and secretary and treasurer, and make kind words the currency, considerate actions the social functions, and love the great aim, the whole world would be sweeter and purer for it? Just form one society where you are, and see what a great success it will be.

SOME OF OUR

NEW REWARD CARDS

(Marcus Ward & Co.)

PER PACKET, 10 CENTS.

- | Number of<br>packet.   | Cards<br>per<br>packet. |
|--|-------------------------|
| 320. Something for Jesus. Floral cards with Scripture texts...   |                         |
| 321. The Great Physician. Flowers and views, with Gospel texts and verses.....                             |                         |
| 322. Children of the King. Flowers and views, with Scripture texts.....                                    |                         |
| 323. What Must I do to be Saved? With replies in verse. Floral cards.....                                  |                         |
| 324. Within the Fold. Views with Scripture verses.....   |                         |
| 325. The Day of Salvation. With persuasive texts on decorated cards.....                                   |                         |
| 326. Seeking for Jesus. Appropriate texts on picture cards, with verses by F. R. Havergal.....             |                         |
| 327. All for Jesus. Floral cards with consecration texts and verses by F. R. Havergal.....                 |                         |
| 328. Whosoever Will. Gospel calls on decorated cards.....  |                         |
| 329. Thine Forever. Consecration text cards for mission services, etc., with verses by F. R. Havergal..... |                         |

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Methodist Book and Publishing House  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.  
S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.