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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1893.

[No. 22]

Vol. XIII.]

SANDSTORM IN THE DESERT.

"Light as air" and "gentle as a breeze."

We can conceive of nothing lighter or more gentle, yet in this delicate air is stored up forces of which we have little idea. To see a great ship driven before the tempest with her strong sails torn to ribbons, while the mountainous waves are lashed to fury, or to follow the track of a cyclone and see where fences have been thrown down, houses upturned and their roofs carried away by the force of the wind!

These scenes give us some idea of the fearful energy stored up in the light, impalpable air that surrounds us. But one of the strangest and most awe-inspiring sights is the great whirlwind.

We often see in our village streets on a summer day, small whirlwinds where the dust and leaves circle round and round as they rise from the ground, go whirling down the street and away as in a merry dance.

But the frightful sandstorm and whirlwind of the desert is another sight, and woe to the travellers who are caught upon its track.

Our picture shows several of these great whirlwinds racing across the desert, sucking the sand and everything in their tracks, even horses and riders who are vainly trying to escape. Frequently by noticing carefully the direction in which the whirlwinds are coming, for they generally sweep along in a curved track, the horsemen are all able to escape to one side and watch them as they pass.

At sea these whirlwinds suck up the water and form great water-spouts, often overwhelming ships in their tracks. A cannon-ball fired through the rising column will often break it, the lower part falling to the sea, the upper whirling harmless overhead.

IN THE NORTHLAND.

Rev. Egerton R. Young, of this city, whose missionary experiences in the Northwest were so varied and exciting, and he is at present engaged in giving a series of lectures in Ohio. Mr. Young went to the Hudson Bay territory in 1868, and was 400 miles away from a post-office, receiving news from the civilized world only twice a year. His experiences, therefore, have been something out of the common, and he has no difficulty in holding the attention of his hearers.

Mr. Young's missionary field was larger than the state of Ohio. During the summer he travelled through it by canoe. In winter his conveyance was the sled, drawn by four dogs tandem. By these sleds he could travel from seventy to ninety miles a

day. He once travelled 400 miles in four and a half days. In all these journeys he was accompanied by Indians on snowshoes, who ran the whole distance, and kept pace with the dogs.

These dogs were Newfoundlands and St. Bernards. Mr. Young did not approve of the native dogs. They had a fondness for chewing up the missionary's leather shirt instead of their own supplies. Accordingly he got rid of them and imported his own dogs.

One peculiarity of the dog team is that the dogs are shod. They wear a sort of

troleum oozes out of the ground and saturates the mosses round about. Some of these have taken fire and maintained a slow flame, that has smouldered, through summer and winter, longer than the oldest Indian can remember. Nor is this all. It is a rich mining land, with stores of untouched minerals.

At present, however, the chief industry is the fur trade. The powerful Hudson Bay company, that got its charter from Charles I., practically controls it still, although the Dominion of Canada has bought up the company's right of monopoly.

let us borrow a hammer, saw, and rake, and we will mend the fence and step, put new boards on the house, and clean up the yard."

"Yes, and I will work for Mr. Grant to pay for glass for the windows, and some seeds and flower roots. It is spring; let us make a garden for mother. We will get some vines and little trees from the wood lot."

"I say, Joe," said Sam, "we are stout, big boys. Let us work like men, and have things like other folks. We will earn all we can, and never waste a cent. We will not touch a bit of tobacco.

We will use no drop of strong drink. All we can earn we will use on our home."

"All right, boy. Let us mend up the little shed and fill it with wood for mother. And some day we'll paint the house and mend the chimney. Come on! What are you sitting still for? Run for that rake and hammer; let us work like heroes!"

When boys set out to do good work, they will find plenty of people ready to help them. The men near by gave the brothers a spade, rake, hoe, and other tools. They were not new, but they did very well.

Joe and Sam soon had a nice garden made. Then they put new soil all about the house to be green and cool, and give their mother a place to bleach and dry her clothes.

They gathered up from the lot all the old wood and stuff which would burn, and cut it up and put it in the woodshed. The other rubbish they carried away.

Next they mended the fence and planted some trees, bushes, and vines. Joe worked for the carpenter to pay him for putting up a little porch, the carpenter also mended the roof.

All vacation time, and before and after school hours in term-time these two boys worked hard, either about their home or for other people. They worked for the grocer for flour and other food, and at the dry-goods house and shoe store for shoes and clothes.

The second year of their work they painted and papered their house inside, and laid a gravel walk, and bought a hive of bees.

The next year they painted the house outside, and put on a new door, and made an arbour over the well. People began to say, "What a nice little home the Burt family are making!"

Mrs. Burt looked calm and happy now. She seemed to grow young and strong. On Sundays she and her big boys went to church and Sunday-school, and everyone noticed their neat dress and happy faces.

Soon the boys began to buy furniture



SANDSTORM IN THE DESERT.

thumbless mitten, made out of very heavy English cloth. They get so accustomed to it that Mr. Young has known them to play strange antics in search of it. Sometimes they will crawl into their master's bed, pulling the covers about, while they lie on their backs, with paws waving in the air, whining for their shoes.

Mr. Young considers the Indians of the north a finer race than their kinsmen south of the border. The land which these men live in is an exceedingly interesting one. It has vast natural wealth. In it are the greatest wheatfields and coalfields in the world. One of the latter is 1,700 miles in length. United States Consul Taylor, at Winnipeg, says that the great wheatfield west of Manitoba is sufficient to support a population of 100,000,000. About the head-water of the Mackenzie river are mammoth springs of petroleum. These are so vast that beside them, as Mr. Young put it, the Pennsylvania fields would hardly make a respectable grease-spot. In places the pe-

Rev. Mr. Young is the author of two books which are of great interest. They are called, "By Canoe and Dogtrain," and "Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp Fires," which should be in every Sunday-school library.

MAKING A NEW HOME.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

JERRY BURT had been a bad and drunken man. After he was dead his two boys, Sam and Joe, began to wonder what they could do to help their mother.

"Let us be as good as we can, and work for poor mother," they said. "She has had such a hard, sad life."

"I wish," said Sam, "we could buy her a new house. See how many boards are off! See our broken windows and doorstep and fence! See our dirty yard!"

"We cannot buy a new house; let us do our best for this," said Joe. "Come on;

tor their house. They bought a rocking-chair and lounge and table. Then they bought a clock and some books. Sam made some book-shelves and a corner cupboard and a foot-stool.

"What a change is made here by these boys," said Parson Gray. "How much can be done by working together with a will. How a home is built up when people are sober, and earn money which they spend upon useful things."

The parson was correct. Suppose these boys had not been sober, but had followed their father's habits of drinking; would they have had this tidy home? No indeed.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1893.

TAKE AIM.

We attended service at a church not long ago where there was a Boy's Brigade connected with the Sunday-school. To the strains of the organ the bright-faced boys marched, two by two, into the audience-room, singing as they came the ever soul-inspiring hymn—

"Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war."

Those happy boys, care free, sheltered from the world, we wondered if they knew what marching as to war meant. That it was not all marching to music—but inevitably to battle, where fierce fighting must be done. To the Christian soldier what battle? The battle of life, most surely. Under the wise leadership of the church you are being drilled, disciplined for war. Your battle is to be with the world and with sin, and with forces opposing your progress. When the fight comes on and the enemy is met, what is the soldier's order? "Fire?" No. "Take aim! Fire!" If the soldier did not take aim the firing would be wild and useless.

Boys, your battle must be fought every day. Do not fire wildly. Take aim. Aim to be good, aim to be true, aim to make the most of yourselves for yourselves and for others. Let all you do aim at some great object you mean to reach in the future. Day by day work toward it. The most successful of men have taken their aim when very young, and never let sloth, or idleness, or the snares of sin hinder them from forging steadily ahead. Good aim and untiring effort will make you great and noble, and win for you success. In your Christian life aim at heaven. Keep your eye on spiritual things, and let your daily effort be to grow into the likeness of Jesus.

Dear Juniors—boys, girls—take heed early. The minutes in life's battle are your powder. Do not waste them. As Christian soldiers remember the order—"Take aim! Fire!"

AN OPEN LETTER TO BOYS.

BY META LANDER.

I.

How can I make you believe, dear boys, that what I am going to tell you is the truth? and that what your smoking companions say will surely put you on the wrong track?

Now be honest with yourselves. Did you not have a dreadful time of it when you began to smoke? Have you forgotten the nausea, the vomiting, the agonizing headache? That was Nature's earnest protest against poison. How did you treat her warnings? Well, I suppose your companions laughed at you for being a coward. They told you that it fared as hardly with them at first, but that they resolved to be men, and that they persevered till they got the victory.

To prove this they strut before you so grandly, their cigar in their mouth, their head tossed back with such an air of manliness that you gaze on them with admiration. You determine that, come what may, you will follow their examples. So you take a cigarette, and go into the barn or some hiding-place where the dear mother cannot see you, and there you wrestle again and again with that worse than seasickness, till at last honest Nature is silenced—may I not say gagged? Then you, too, can strut and throw back your head and puff away like any man of them all.

But, alas! and alackaday! dear Tom, or Harry, or whatever be your name, do you realize that you have delivered yourself over as a slave to a cold-blooded tyrant? Says one who understands whereof he speaks, "The tobacco slave little knows that a god more cunning than all the heathen divinities has bound him in his spell, and that he is in for a whole life of unspeakable abominations."

Now, boys, will you let me talk right out to you a little while? I have spent months and years in studying up this matter on purpose that I might help you. I have written more letters of inquiry to doctors and dentists and teachers and college and theological professors and all sorts of wise men and tobacco-users as well, than you could count off on your fingers in a long time. And I have gathered up all I could, and put it into a book which I call "The Tobacco Problem." I wish I could send everyone of you a copy, because I think it might be of service to you; I will tell you, however, some of the things I have learned.

If you look carefully at a tobacco leaf, you will see that its surface is dotted all over with tiny glands which contain an oil that is called nicotine, for Jean Nicot, who, in 1559, when he was the French envoy at Portugal, sent tobacco seeds to that wicked queen, Catherine de Medicis.

This nicotine is one of the strongest of poisons. In the *Popular Science Monthly* Mr. Axon says that "the nicotine in a single cigar, if extracted and administered in a pure state, would suffice to kill two men." Think of it, boys! Haven't you read how fatal were the arrow-wounds of the Indians? It was simply because these arrows were dipped in this same nicotine.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, the physician of Queen Victoria, wishing to test its power, applied it to the tongue of a mouse, a squirrel, and a dog. Death instantly followed. Put a drop on a cat's tongue, and in spite of its seven lives, it will quickly fall into convulsions and die. Hold white paper over the smoke of a cigar till it is burned up, then scrape off the condensed smoke and put a little of it on the tongue of a cat, or a mouse, or a dog, if you choose, and the poor creature will soon become paralyzed and draw its last breath.

But, you ask, is it not cruel to make such experiments? It would be if done in mere wantonness; but as you are worth a great many cats, if the lesson would only help you to take proper care of yourself, we would not hesitate for such a purpose to sacrifice creatures that have no soul.

Shall I give you any more examples of the effects of nicotine? An old wooden pipe was carefully washed and then given to a little boy to blow soap-bubbles with. He was taken sick and died in three days. You see, boys, the pipe had become so saturated with the poison that in blowing bubbles, he sucked in enough to kill him. Another child picked up from the floor a

quid which she mistook for a raisin, and, putting it in her mouth, died the same day.

Some people may say that it will do you good. A boy of fourteen who had a severe toothache, was told this; so he bought fifteen cents' worth of tobacco, and smoking it all, fell down senseless and died.

I could tell you of cases all day long if it were necessary. M. Orfila, President of the Paris Medical Academy, affirms that "tobacco is the most subtle poison known to the chemist, except the deadly Prussic acid."

How is it then, you ask, that men smoke every day, and yet are alive and apparently well? It is because our mother Nature is so tolerant. We know how tobacco affects a boy in the beginning, but he gradually accustoms himself to it, so that there is no immediate bad result. It is the same with arsenic, opium, and rum. But all the same, the mischief is going on, and by-and-bye the wrong-doer learns this to his cost. It is with the earnest desire to save you such a lesson that I write. For, however any may argue as to its safety for grown-up people, all are agreed as to its injurious effect on the minds as well as bodies of the young.

"The effect of tobacco on school-boys is so marked as not to be open for discussion." So wrote Professor McSherry, President of the Baltimore Academy of Medicine. Dr. Willard Parker asserts that "tobacco is ruinous in our schools and colleges, dwarfing body and mind."

Facts gathered from Europe as well as from our own country prove convincingly that, however good the standing of lads, as soon as they become tobacco-users, they fall below the school average. In Vermont a bright boy of fourteen fell strangely behind his class. His teachers could not account for this; but the incapacity increased till he sickened and died, when it was found that he was killed by tobacco, to which he was in the habit of helping himself secretly from his father's store.

The public schools in France have been thoroughly examined by medical and scientific men, and the results given in medical journals. These show that smokers, in their various examinations, are inferior in scholarship to others, and that, in the various ordeals of the year, their average rank has constantly fallen. In this connection Dr. Constan gives instances to prove that the depressing action of tobacco on the intellectual development is beyond question, clogging all the faculties and especially the memory. Do you think it strange that the Minister of Public Instruction was led to issue a circular to the teachers in all the schools of every grade, prohibiting tobacco as injurious to body and mind?

Dr. Decaisne, of Paris, found by investigation that "even the restricted use of tobacco by children leads often to a change in the blood, paleness of the face, emaciation, palpitation and intermission of the heart, diminution of the normal quantity of blood corpuscles, difficulty of digestion, and sluggishness of intellect."

COULDN'T AFFORD TO GIVE.

A MAN who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a necessary church out west relates his experience as follows:

"The first man I went to see was very sorry, but the fact was he was so involved in his business that he couldn't give anything. Very sorry, but a man in debt as he was, owed his first duty to his creditors.

"He was smoking an expensive cigar, and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who came in a pair of expensive Rocky Mountain cuff-buttons.

"The next man I went to was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he was owing for his board, was badly in debt, and did not see how he could give anything.

"That afternoon, as I went by the baseball grounds, I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the gate to go in, and saw him mount the grand stand where special seats were sold for a quarter of a dollar.

"The third man to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He also was sorry, but times were hard, his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load,

the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the town needed.

"A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into town with his entire family and go to the circus, afternoon and night at an expense of at least four dollars.

"The Bible says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' but it also says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' And I really could not help thinking that the devil could use that old excuse, 'In debt,' to splendid advantage, especially when he had a selfish man to help him."

Field Daisies.

BY ELIZABETH F. MERRILL.

Oh, the bonnie, bright field daisy, in her
kirtle white and gold!
Sifting snows like winter drifting over me—
dew, field, and wold;
Breezy uplands, hoar with blossoms—now the
starry bloom abounds—
Peeping shyly, creeping slyly, quite within
the garden's bounds.

Oh, the farmer scouts and flouts you, sees no
beauty in your face,
Only cons how he may rout you, tear, uproar
you from your place.
Banished from the pleasant meadows, where
the tall, lush grasses spring,
Patient still by dusty highways, brave, bright
blossoms nod and swing.

Naught care you, white-kirtled daisy, for the
farmer's hate and scorn,
Leading forth your laughing legions in the
dewy summer morn,
For the little children love you, love you
dearly as they stand,
With your hosts breast-high about them,
while they fill each tiny hand.
Loves you too, the merry maiden, adds your
beauty to her own.
Lays you on her breast, or gaily binds you in
her clasping zone.

So the weary sufferer greets you from his
couch with welcome smile,
For your starry bloom shall bring him sweet
successe from pain the while.
Ah, we hail you, honest daises, grow! the
farmer as he will!
Glad we are your lavish splendour falls on
meadow, field, and hill!

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRISONER AND THE PRISON.

IRON doors, pitiless as those which Dante beheld shutting in the regions of the Lost, closed upon Thomas Stanhope—prisoner. The sheriff delivered him to the guard and he was placed in a room to wait for the warden. Stone walls, stone floors; iron doors, iron bars over the windows, all spoke to Stanhope of punishment. The warden came. Stanhope's name, age, parentage, occupation, all were demanded. How he blushed to think that the clean name of Stanhope, of his honorable father, must now figure on the records of the penitentiary.

To the question "What occupation?" Thomas could only answer, "None." He had been life-long an idler. The warden looked up over his glasses—a man of shrewd face, grey eyes and grey hair.

"None? Nothing to do, and too much to drink, have brought here nearly all of the prisoners within these walls."
Then a careful personal description of Thomas was written in the warden's book. Thus he might be identified if he tried to escape, and at departure.

Next Thomas was sent into a bath-room where, having stripped and bathed, he was given the prison clothes—those wide stripes, the hideous livery of sin, shame, and sorrow. After this the prisoner's hair was cut close to his head, and a number was given him instead of a name, and that number was marked upon his clothing.

"Would you rather be in a cell with one man or three?" asked the deputy.

"If I have any liberty of choice, I would

ask for one man, as quiet as possible," said Thomas.

He was then led into the lower corridor of a vast stone building of four storeys and placed in a cell where there were two cot beds. The floor of this cell was remarkably white, and the walls were painted in all manner of arabesques and quaint designs. There were two or three mats on the stone floor; a looking-glass and some pictures graced the wall; a table with a lamp and some books—all these things surprised Stanhope, being very different from his idea of a prison cell. True, the place was all of stone, and the window, high and narrow, was strongly barred with iron; but cleanliness, even temperature, and these little comforts, softened the prison-look of the place.

"No. 763, who went out yesterday," said the guard, "was a master-hand at keeping his cell nice, and so is No. 837, the man who is in with you. 763 left all his traps for the man who should come after him. Did you bring anything with you?"

"Nothing," said Thomas. The rules of the prison were then handed him to read. His name and number were painted on a little piece of board and slipped into the iron bars of his cell door. The next question was as to work for the new prisoner.

"What trade do you know?"

"None."

"Ah, blessed was the Jewish rule, 'Teach thy son a trade and the law.' A Jew in a penitentiary is a rare exception."

"What trade do you prefer?"

"I don't know. I'd rather learn something that I could use when I am out."

The contractors were, it seemed, fully supplied with men. Thomas must then work for the state.

"Put him," said the deputy warden, "in the shoe-mending room."

So Thomas was taken through the wide sunny court-yard of the prison, where gay flowers grew in long, well-kept beds, and squares of grass were green, into a long stone building, where hundreds of men in the odious stripes were at work, and into a room of benches, where sat over twenty silent cobblers, all mending prison shoes.

A foreman sat on a platform, slightly elevated, and watched the workers. They must continue their tasks diligently and not speak except to a prison official. No conversation was allowed between prisoners at any time, except in their cells or when, on a holiday, recreation was proclaimed.

By degrees, by observation or conversing with his cell-mate at night, Thomas learned something of the routine of the prison.

In the shops of the contractors, where whips, harness, shoes, clothing, and saddles were made, each man was kept at some special kind of work. The object of the contractors was to make as much money as possible, not to benefit the men or give them a means of livelihood when they left the prison. Much of the work was done by machinery. A man on entering the prison might be sent to the shop for making whips; there he might be assigned to the duty of cutting the slim strips of leather, for braiding into lashes; at this work, to which he was assigned, he was kept. Day after day, for perhaps a sentence of five or six years, he was endlesly busy, cutting long hides into thin waved strips for braiding; steadily, ceaselessly, and, after the trick of cutting was learned, brainlessly as a machine, he worked in a terrible monotony. Perhaps, instead, his work was to braid the leather strips. Two or three weeks sufficed to make him skilful, and then, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, year after year, intermitting only for Sundays or three general holidays, he braided, machine-like, the long leather thongs.

Thus it was with all the trade pursued; no man followed a piece of work to its completion; one cut out, another stitched, another stained, another polished, and so on. In the shoe room, one man with a machine flattened the hides, another cut out boot legs; a third, shoe tops; a fourth cut morocco facings; another sewed the facings on, another seamed up legs of boots, while his neighbour at another machine flattened the seams and shaped the boot leg. One man made the heels, another the soles; one ran the pegging machine, another the heading machine; it was the duty of some one else to blacken the edges

of the soles, and still another hand must run the machine that polished these edges.

Thus, forever working at boots, or indeed the workers ever made a boot, or indeed a boot made; for in the other end of the work-room were other mute workers who completed the process which some unseen hand had begun.

All mutiny, impertinence, idleness, or conversation would be reported by the guard to the deputy and punished by him as he saw fit. Practically the prisoners were all helpless in the hands of the deputy warden, to whom the warden committed the entire personal administration of the place. If the deputy said tie a man up, lock him in a "blind cell," flog him, it was done. If a prisoner came up often before the deputy he was apt to consider him a "hard case," and inquire very little into the right or wrong of the accusation against him. The foreman could be exceedingly unjust, tyrannical, and aggravatingly unkind, or help them toward what was better, guards and foremen alike generally scoffed at prison reform, and said that the only way to reform a convict was to knock him on the head.

Morally there was, in many cases, precious little difference between the foremen and the convicts, but on the one side was power and freedom, on the other felony with its concomitant woes. Stern self-restraint and a fixed desire to conform to all rules, and behave the best possible, would enable a convict to pass through his term without conflict, but such ability for self-repression is usually wanting in those who have so given rein to evil passions that they are landed in a prison. Convicts had before them certain incentives to good behaviour. After the piece work of the day, which was not exorbitant, was completed, a convict might do extra work and be paid for it, and this pay was placed to his credit with the warden, to be given to him when he left prison. A prisoner who kept all rules, and established a good character with his officers, was called "a trusty," and was put in charge of a corridor, or given some work of the kind about the prison. Good conduct also served to shorten sentence.

When no charges of disorderly conduct were laid against a man, some months were remitted from each year of sentence. These concessions served to keep hope alive, and admit a premium on self-control and honourable behaviour.

Thomas found, by observations rather than by conversation, that the prisoners counted their time by days, not by months, and each night checked off one day more from their long count. An almanac was from their long count. Some of the choicest possessions in each cell, of the men, when their term had passed its half, turned the stick with their name and number in the cell door, upside down, to show that their time was on its "down grade."

One characteristic of all the prisoners was their pallor, even when they were in good health. They were also nervous; there was not a steady hand or eye among them all; a constant quiver of the muscles about the lips and throat was also noticeable.

In each cell was a slate and a library catalogue. The prisoners wrote on the slate the numbers of books they desired, and the numbers of the trusty who attended to the books secured them of the chaplain. A good lamp was in each cell, and the prisoners could read or talk until ten o'clock "taps." Prisoners who could not read were allowed to pursue some little handicraft, as carving wood or bone, or making any little trinkets for which they could procure material. If they could paint they were allowed paint and brushes, and decorated their cells as they chose. Writing materials were freely afforded, and they could write and receive letters monthly. These letters were read by the chaplain or wardens.

Meals were good and plentiful, but not a word must be spoken at the table. When the bell sounded for meals, sixteen hundred prisoners in the terrible uniform formed in line and marched in "lock-step," each man's right hand on the shoulder of the man before him, to the dining-room, and when the meal was over, marched out in the same fashion, a lamentable procession.

In writing home Thomas Stanhope could not bring himself to describe this life of

the prison; neither did he suggest its ameliorations of cell comforts and decorations or of shortened sentence. What right had he, who had destroyed all the beauty, peace, and comfort of his home, to speak of bringing comfort into a prison cell? Would it be any consolation to his family to think of his return before the completion of his sentence? Surely not. Those letters which must be read by strangers' eyes, would be small comfort. The inspection was evidently absolutely needful, but it made the letters less desirable. Thomas formed the habit of writing home once in four months.

For several months he worked in the shoe room, until he became a fairly good cobbler. Restrained from liquor, his natural intelligence, good manners, and general decency returned to him, and he soon became known to all the officials as a "good prisoner." As a boy he had been rather fond of reading, and this taste also revived within him. His cell-mate was a bank clerk, in for forgery, on a five years' sentence; a quiet fellow, given to reading and writing. The chaplain could be seen in the library on Wednesday afternoon, and there was a service each Sabbath morning. These services, and the talks with the chaplain, served to bring back to Thomas some of the religious atmosphere which had surrounded his youth.

After several months in the shoe-mending room, confinement and remorse told upon Thomas Stanhope, and he was taken to the hospital, he lay very ill. Removed to the hospital, he was able to walk about the ward and to take exercise in the pretty garden that belonged to the hospital department. The chaplain visited the hospital twice each week, and held a service for convalescents on Thursday afternoons. The convalescents and invalids were relieved from the law against conversation, and might visit each other in their cells, or converse in their corridors or garden.

As Thomas became stronger, he fell into a habit of aiding the nurses, and waiting upon the sick, and commended himself to the physician in charge, as a good nurse.

When he was about ready to be discharged from the hospital, one of the sick convicts died. That was a doleful funeral. The body, wrapped in a large piece of the hated stripes, was laid in a rough pine coffin, over which a pall of the stripes was thrown. The coffin was put in a prison waggon, and on it sat a guard. The waggon was driven by a convict in stripes, and behind it walked three other convicts in their tell-tale dress to aid in the burial. One of these attendants was Thomas Stanhope. Thus, dishonoured alike in life and death, the felon was carried outside of the town, to the "convicts' burial-ground." Prisoners who had friends were allowed to send for them when they were in mortal illness, and the dead or dying were also allowed to be removed by friends and given ordinary burial.

Searching thoughts filled the heart of Thomas Stanhope, that gray early morning as he followed the rattling cart which carried the dead felon to his burial. The soul of Thomas Stanhope had been brought into a dry and desert land and placed before Sinai, flaming and thundering with the wrath of God. The prayers of his fathers in many godly generations were come up for a memorial before God, and God was answering them in strange ways.

Of his soul exercises Thomas said little. Many prisoners professed loud repentance, in order to arouse sympathy or secure shortening of sentence. Overwhelmed with deep penitence as he was, Stanhope could not feel that his sentence was too long. How many "counts of wasted time, of abuse, riot, and drunkenness were against him in all his past life!"

Able to leave the hospital, but not strong enough to return to his work in the shoe-room, Thomas was sent to the kitchen department. There were men, sitting on rows of low benches, who passed the years of a sentence in peeling potatoes and turnips! By good luck the prison was also in need of brooms, and some of the men detailed to the kitchen department were set to making brooms. Fortunately Thomas was ordered to the broom-making. He took genuine interest in his brooms, and became the most expert broom-maker that had ever been in the prison. He made big brooms and little brooms and brush brooms. He

was set to making handsome brooms for presents to the prison officers, and a dozen of notable brooms to send to the Governor's lady. For eighteen months Thomas made brooms, and by that time he doubted if any one in the United States could produce a more admirable broom.

A peculiarity of prisoners is, that they have many curious hallucinations concerning their future in freedom. One and all, they fancy that as soon as they are free the gates of fortune will swing open before them. They plan the most extraordinary methods of making money, and the most dazzling successes. Thomas was not exempt from this dreaming; he, too, planned what he should do when he was free. He would open a broom factory; he would build up a large business for himself and his sons. It did occur to him sometimes that money was needed, even to set up a broom factory, but he was earning a little, now and then, by extra brooms, and somehow it seemed that in ten years he must make some large amount. He would leave prison with money, set up a broom factory, take Achilles and Samuel in with him, persuade Mercy to return to him, and a prosperous and happy home should bless and shelter his old age.

This was the prisoner's dream.

But the broom-making came to an end. Thomas, being a man of some general ability, did not keep in one routine of work as long as many of the other prisoners; he was noticed as a man to be relied upon, and so received a change. From the kitchen and the brooms he was called to the hospital department to be a nurse. A very good nurse was going out, and the surgeon remembered Thomas, and sent for him to fill the vacant place. For three years Thomas was nurse. The place was comfortable and easy, and in it he was freed from the most onerous restraints of prison life. In the hospital department he became the right hand of the doctor and the chaplain, and here Thomas Stanhope developed and maintained an upright, Christian character.

As he found his ministrations acceptable to the sick, he gradually changed his plans for his future. Perhaps his boys would have found out ways through the world for themselves by the time his sentence had expired; then, together, they would try and restore that cottage home on the mountains and make it a happy abode for Mercy and the girls, and Thomas would go out as a nurse in Ladbury; he felt sure that he could make a reputation as a valuable nurse, and so gain a comfortable support. Sometimes he wondered if he might not be tempted back to drink by physicians who would order him to use liquor freely for his patients. Would his thirst awaken and again destroy him? But now that thirst seemed dead.

Four years Thomas maintained his place as nurse in the hospital department, and he had now been six years and a half in the penitentiary when the deputy warden ordered him to take charge of a corridor of cells as a trusty. In addition to this, he was detailed as an evening instructor, for classes of such convicts as desired to learn to read, write, and cipher. This was another good change for Thomas; it aided him in the recovery of self-respect, and it helped to apparently shorten time by new occupations.

This was the life of Thomas Stanhope during his ten years' sentence; having sketched it briefly, we return to the fortunes of his family.

(To be continued.)

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

It is related of a man who stands very high in this country that once when he was young and poor, seeking a situation in order to make a living, he went into a rich man's office and inquired if he wanted to hire a boy. The rich man, who was sitting at his desk, leaned back, looked at the weakly little child before him, and quizzically asked: "Why, what can a little fellow like you do?"

"I can do what I am bid," was the reply given, promptly and respectfully, yet decisively.

He was so pleased with the boy's answer and manner that he hired him at once. The little fellow was diligent, honest, faithful and successful, and is now respected by all.



THE THRUSH.

The Thrush.

"THRUSH, thrush, have mercy on thy little bill."

"I play to please myself, albeit ill;
And yet, but how it comes I cannot tell,
My singing pleases all the world as well."

—Montgomery.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough.

Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carols clears his furrowed brow.

—Robert Burns.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 977.] LESSON XI. [June 11.]

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED.
Eccles. 12. 1-7, 13, 14.] [Mem. verses, 13, 14.]

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccles. 12. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Duty of Youth, v. 1, 2
2. The Trials of Age, v. 3-7.
3. The Certainty of Judgment, v. 13, 14.

Time.—About B.C. 977.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Remember"—Keep God in mind. "Evil days"—After a life of sin, old age is an evil. "No pleasure"—A life without God is a life without happiness. "Be not darkened"—The brightness of youth is compared with the darkness of age. "Clouds return"—When troubles come in quick succession. "In the day"—Verses 3-6 are a partial description of old age as a ruined house or mill. "Keepers of the house"—The hands trembling in old age. "Strong men"—The bowing knees. "Grinders"—The teeth. "Those that look"—The eyes. "Doors shall be shut"—The

lips and ears by which man communicates with the outer world. "Rise up"—The old are apt to awake at the slightest sound. "Silver cord"—This verse is a picture of death. "Spirit shall return"—The spirit is with God to await the judgment. "Fear God"—After all his seeking after pleasure, this is the conclusion. "Into judgment"—At the day when Christ shall come.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What is here taught—

1. Concerning the privileges of youth?
2. Concerning the results of study?
3. Concerning the duty of man?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When are we admonished to remember our Creator? "In the days of our youth."
2. When the body has ceased action, where will the spirit go? "Unto God, who gave it."
3. What is the whole duty of man? "To fear God and keep his commandments."
4. What shall be brought into judgment? "Every work, whether good or evil."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The final judgment.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Are there more gods than one?
There is one God only—the living and true God.

Deut. 6. 4.—Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord.

How many persons are there in the Godhead?

In the Godhead there are three Persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God.

PHILIP, seven years old, is proud of his standing at school. "Well," said his uncle, who had heard the boy speak rather delightedly about his school triumphs "what is your relative rank in your class?" "I—I don't know what you mean, uncle." "Why, I mean where do you stand in your classes?" "O! In the reading class I stand on the crack just in front of the big desk, and in the 'rithmetic class I don't stand at all, 'cos we just sit on the recitation bench."

Old Priest Pine.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE pine-tree is a grim old priest
Wrapped in his sombre cloak,
He preaches sermons every day
For all the forest folk:
The thrushes help him celebrate
Sweet evensong when day is late.

The winter winds confess to him
The wicked deeds they rue,
The primrose kneels at his rough feet,
And counts her beads of dew;
His voice is solemn as the seas,
All night he chants soft litanies.

Young spring laughs in his dark old face,
And trims his shaggy hair
With fresh green knots, and tries to make
Him see that she is fair:
But still unmoved he will not break
His meditations for her sake.

In sun or storm, in heat or frost,
Beneath dawn's rosy light,
Or when the silver evening star
Points the dark way to night.
"Be strong," he says, "be strong and true,
Then nothing ill shall conquer you."

I heard him preach on Christmas morn
Before the bells awoke,
And full of solemn joy he seemed,
And in deep tones he spoke,
And sent the frosty winds away
With messages of holy day.

"Be true, be true," he swayed his head
To keep time to his words,
And on his dusky shoulder sat
A choir of Christmas birds.
"Be strong, be strong, be strong and true,
Then Christmas joy shall bide with you!"

ON TORONTO BAY—A TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH GORDON.

THE shortest sermon I ever heard was preached by the shortest preacher I ever saw; and it was not on Sunday nor in a church, but on Monday, in a small steamer plying between Toronto and the Island.

Ever since the boat left Church Street wharf I had been amused by hearing a high-set voice asking questions, one after another, as fast as the little tongue could go. Nothing could be seen from our point of view but a great hat of fine brown straw, which covered it like a tent, underneath which an edge of white skirt showed, and from it peeped a pair of tiny slippers.

Some of the questions asked by the voice were so original that I thought I would move round and see what was to be seen on the other side of the big hat; so I sat down on the other side of the lady, and looked on one of the loveliest child faces I had ever seen. But, O, such a delicate-looking mite! features perfect, eyes of softest hazel, and rings of silky brown hair curling all around the blue-veined forehead.

I was wondering how long the fragile little body would stand the wear and tear of that voice, when the boat touched at the Wiman Baths, and a big policeman came on board and walked towards a vacant seat beside the child. The little one looked around, then turned to the lady, and put a little hand in hers.

"You need not be afraid of the policeman, darling. You are a good boy. It is only bad boys who are afraid of policemen."

"O!" said the child with a bright smile. And when the big policeman sat down beside him he turned up the beautiful face to him and asked:

"Are you a policeman?"

"Yes," answered the man, looking down at him kindly.

"Why are you a policeman?" was the next question.

The policeman gave a puzzled laugh, but did not seem to have an answer ready. So the child helped him by asking:

"Is it 'cause you like to be a policeman?"

"Yes," said the man. Then, as if afraid of any more questions, he took out the key of the patrol box and a pair of handcuffs, and began to explain that they were to put on bad boys when he took them away.

"You won't take me away," said the little fellow, bravely, looking him straight in the face, "I am a good boy."

"No, my boy, I won't take you. Where

do you belong to?" asked the big man, still smiling at the mite.

"I belong to Jesus," said the child. The big policeman got very red in the face, and rising hurriedly, jumped on the wharf at Island Park.

So you see, dear children, that the sermon was only four words. Could any of you preach it?

PETRIFIED FORESTS OF ARIZONA.

BY CHARLES S. LUMMIS.

THE nearest point to the petrified forest is the little station of Billings, where there is only the scantiest accommodation for the traveller. Only a mile south of the track, one may see a low, dark ridge marked by a single cotton-wood tree. Walking thither (over a valley so alive with jack-rabbits that there is some excuse for the cow-boy declaration that you can walk clear across on their backs) one soon reaches the northern edge of the forest, which covers hundreds of square miles. Unless you are more hardened to wonderful sights than I am, you almost fancy yourself in some enchanted spot. You seem to stand on the glass of a gigantic kaleidoscope, over whose sparkling surface the sun breaks in infinite rainbows. You are ankle-deep in such chips as I'll warrant you never saw from any other wood-pile. What do you think of tree chips that are red moss-agate, and amethyst, and smoky topaz, and agate of every hue? Such are the marvellous splinters that cover the ground for miles here, around the huge prostrate trunks—some of them five feet through—from which Time's patient axe has hewn them.

I broke a specimen from the heart of a tree there, years ago, which had around the stone pith a remarkable array of large and exquisite crystals; on one side of the specimen—which is not so large as my hand—is a beautiful mass of crystals of royal purple amethyst and on the other, an equally beautiful array of smoky topaz crystals. One can also get magnificent cross sections of a whole trunk, so thin as to be portable, and showing every vein and "year ring," and even the bark. There is not a chip in all those miles that is not worthy a place, just as it is, in the proudest cabinet; and when polished I know no other rock so splendid. It is one of the hardest stones in the world, and takes and keeps an incomparable polish.

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