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TEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

F [No. 37.

What Rum Will Do.

Rum will scorch and sear the brain,
Rum will madden the heart with pain,
Rum will bloat the flesh with fire
And eternal thirst inspire.

Rum will clothe with rags your back,
Make your walk a crooked track,
Change your meat to naked bones
And to wrath your gentle tones.

Rum will rob the head of sense,
Rum will rob the purse of pence,
Rum will rob the mouth of food
And the soul of heavenly good.

Rum the jails with men will fill,
And the dungeon's gloomy cell;
It rouses passion's deadly hate,
And pours its curses o'er the state.

Rum the Christian's love will cool,
Make him break the golden rule,
Bind his soul to error's bands
And to evil turn his hands.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THE Professor was busy with his papers, while Mrs. Professor was flitting to and fro through the house as her varied duties called her, now to the kitchen, where the mysterious rite of jelly-making demanded her supervision, now to the nursery, where the children's call for "mamma" rang out frequently. Between times she was trying to look over the winter clothing and pack it away. Possibly it was the discovery of how rapidly little garments were outgrown that discouraged her. Certainly there was an embroidered dress and a small cloak over her arm as she dropped into a chair near the library table with the remark: "Modern housekeeping is exhausting; it's too complicated." "So I have often observed," said the Professor, calmly.

"But it isn't observation that is needed," declared the little woman, "it is remedy. Why don't you wise men plan out some simpler way of living that will yet meet all the requirements?" "Simpler? that is easy enough. But as for its meeting all the requirements"—the Professor shook his head doubtfully. Then his gaze wandered to one of the great volumes open on the table before him, and he questioned: "How would you like the Kirghiz style?" "Kirghiz?" repeated Mrs. Professor, inquiringly.



HOUSEKEEPING.

that a single camel can carry it when the family desires to move."

"What an easy way to take a summer trip," said Mrs. Professor.

"There are a good many summer trips, chiefly in pursuit of fresh pasturage for the animals. The interior of the tent is decorated with rugs, shawls, mattresses, strips of ribbon, clothes, almost anything; in short, very much like a modern room, I should judge." with a glance at the bescarfed and tidied furniture. "But the wardrobe does not occupy very much room or time. The men and women dress alike, in long, gown-like garments, except that the latter have the head and neck swathed in long folds of muslin to form a turban

and bib at the same time. The women spin and embroider very well, cook and do most of the work, indeed, for the men do not like to work."

"Do the women?" inquired Mrs. Professor, with a little nineteenth-century snap in her eyes.

"It is not probable that anybody asks them. That is one of the peculiarities of such primitive styles. When the lord of the camp decides to move, he moves, and his family are not consulted. When he decides to stop, his household must needs stop also, and his women-folk get their meals of roasted barley-flour—a sort of griddle-cake—and tea-broth, into which they put salt, flour, meat, or anything eat-

able that comes handy. They are Mohanmedans in religion—or in the want of it. They believe almost everything that is told them, though their own word is not to be relied upon. They are usually good-natured and peaceable, but the loss of horses or sheep is considered a sufficient reason for going on a plundering expedition against their neighbours to indemnify themselves."

"On the whole, I believe I prefer to have the orderings of my household just a trifle more complicated than that," said Mrs. Professor, thoughtfully. "You needn't plan pitching our tent elsewhere without consulting me. Poor women! how can they bear such a dreary existence?"

A minute later her voice floated down the stairway as she went on her rounds once more:

"For our womanhood uplifted,
For our name and place and kingdom,
For the sweetness of our home-life,
For the music at the hearthstone—
All we are, and all we hope for—
Star of Bethlehem, we praise thee."

MY LITTLE NIECE.

THE little incident about which I am going to write reminded me so forcibly, at the time it happened, of a lost sinner coming to Christ that I could not get over the impression to write about it.

I went out one afternoon to pick some thimble-berries for tea. It was a rough place, overgrown with shrubby and berry bushes. My brother was cutting wheat in the adjoining field. His little four-year-old daughter had followed him out to the field, and after playing about for some time she started to go home, but on the way something frightened her, and she came back crying. I believe her papa told her in low tones when I was, for I overheard her saying, "I didn't know she was there." She had faith to believe that I was there somewhere, though she couldn't see me, for she started at once to find me. And I stood waiting to answer the first call and to guide the little feet to where I was. After struggling through the bushes for some time, she stopped suddenly. I believe a sense of loneliness or fear swept over her, for just then came the most heart-rending cry I ever heard, "Aunt Maggie!" Her whole soul was in her voice, and it seemed to say, if you do not answer me I am lost forever. I shall never forget the expression on the dear, tear-stained face when she first caught sight of me. It was radiant with joy and happiness. She scrambled up to where I was and caught hold of my dress with both hands; she laughed, talked and sang alternately, and did not seem to mind how rough and hot the way was, so long as I was by her side. But after a while she let go her hold of me and began to pick and eat berries, then one object after another diverted her attention and she kept getting farther and farther away from me until finally she lost sight of me. Then came the call, "Aunt Maggie, you'll not go away and leave me, will you?" "No dear," "Nor forsake thee," came floating into my mind.

Now all the while she was wandering

away from me I was watching over her, ready to answer the faintest little call, and go to her, should anything happen to her. Let us ever remember the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." We may wander away from God, grow cold and indifferent, but the fault is all our own. If we cling to him and fully trust him, he will bring us off more than conquerors.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

We are glad to see that Junior Leagues are being organized in large numbers throughout the country. We strongly urge the adoption of the constitution prepared by the Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent. We will be happy to make PLEASANT HOURS the organ of the Junior League, and invite correspondence on the subject. We will give as soon as practicable the Junior League topics in this paper. We desire above all things to win our boys and girls to the service of our Lord Jesus, to make them happy and useful on earth, and to prepare them for membership in Christ's church here, and for Christ's glorified church in Heaven. We ask our boys and girls to read carefully our editorial "Talk About Heaven," in this and the following number, and urge them to give their young hearts to the Saviour and to enlist in this Junior League to promote his work among their young companions and to help their own mental and spiritual welfare.

this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356.)

A TALK ABOUT HEAVEN.

I.

A YOUNG lady was once walking on the sea shore, and beheld, at a distance, a white figure standing motionless upon the sands. As she drew near, she saw that it was a poor idiot boy, gazing up into the sky. She asked him what he was looking at, and was greatly surprised to hear him answer that he was trying to see God. He had been told that God lived there, and that his grandmother, who had just died, had gone thither, and he wanted to see them.

Now, we have all gazed at the summer sky, and longed to pierce its blue depths, but we never saw the glories of Heaven. Yet, there have been those who were permitted to behold the secrets of that far-off land. Saint Stephen, you remember, the first martyr of our holy faith, in the hour of his death, as the stones of the persecutors fell fast upon his bruised and bleeding body, looked up steadfastly into Heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. About sixty years afterwards, John, the beloved disciple, in his old age, on the lonely isle of Patmos, saw a door opened in Heaven and beheld the wonderful vision of the throne of God, and the sea of glass, and the four and twenty elders, and the great multitude which no man could number, clothed with white robes and having palms in their hands; and heard the sound of the harpers harping with their harps, and the song of the redeemed, like the voice of many waters.

That glorious revelation has comforted the hearts of God's people through the ages from that day to this, and in every land beneath the sun. Amid persecutions and tribulations, and the fiery pangs of martyrdom, they have been cheered by the music of that song and the rapture of that blessed vision. We, too, amid the joys and sorrows of our present life, should comfort our hearts with the thought of the greater joys of Heaven, which shall end all the sorrows of time.

As we think of heaven we should remember that only the good are there. Within those gates of pearl there shall in no wise enter anything that is impure or unholy, or that loveth or maketh a lie. The inhabitants all have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb. By nature we are impure and unholy, and have defiled the garments of the soul. We, therefore, cannot go to heaven without a purifying to fit us for that happy place.

John saw a great multitude in Heaven. Just think what a countless company will be there! First, all who die in infancy or early childhood, in every age, and in every land, through the atoning work of Christ are the heirs of Heaven. Now, more than half the race have died thus, and, beyond a doubt, are so saved from the awful consequences of sin to gladden the many mansions of the skies. Then, think of the many millions who, since the first promise of the Saviour, have repented of their sins and have died trusting in his salvation. Then, we believe that in the latter days, when the glory of God shall cover the earth, and no man need say to his neighbour "know the Lord," for all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest, that the multitude of the saved shall be so vast, as compared with the number of the finally lost, as most amply to vindicate the goodness and mercy and love of God against the wicked reflections that have been cast upon them.

And what are this great multitude doing? They sing salvation to our God, and serve him day and night in his holy temple. We once heard about five thousand children singing together, and, as their voices rose and sank and swelled, they seemed to

bear up the soul on the billows of sweet sounds till it was lifted quite above the things of time. But how insignificant was that compared with "the seven-fold chorus and harping symphonies of Heaven"! And they serve God day and night—doubtless, in many ways which we cannot now conceive, but which shall be an ever-fresh delight to the soul.

THE CANADIAN BOY.

BY CLAREMONT.

II.

THE Canadian boy has a generous, happy temperament, and having greeted this earth with a laugh instead of a cry, he continues the role he has assumed through life. He laughs when his mother uses the shingle, at her feeble attempts to do a big thing. He laughs when the master wields the rawhide, to show his thorough appreciation of it. He laughs when his lady-love treats his proposal of marriage with disdain; to think that a merciful Providence has saved him from being the victim of a heartless vixen. He laughs when another accepts him; to think that he has been able to win such a perfect darling of a girl for his wife.

NOT A DUDE.

There are not many Canadian boys who develop into dudes. We generally import this article, and view it as a walking curiosity; a sort of fantastic clothes dummy, to which has been imparted vocal powers, in order that it may illustrate the emptiness of its brain-pan. While the dude species may be classified as to sex, it is more appropriately, on account of its inherent nothingness, designated by the pronoun *it*. These human phenomena act as a warning to Canadian youth; and by the supply being greatly in excess of the demand, close this avenue of questionable usefulness to our young people.

The Canadian boy is generally very reverential to lawful authority; but there is always a question in his mind as to where it lies. He exacts obedience from his younger brothers and sisters as a natural right. He fights for supremacy among his fellows. Every time a command is given he questions the pretensions of the one who issues it.

The Canadian boy has an intense dislike to be sent on errands, and never surprises you by doing it in a hurry; he makes it a matter of principle to go slowly.

The Canadian boy is born with the word "why," running through every ramification of his being. If you tell him to fill the woodbox, he at once inquires "why" Jimmy cannot do it. There is no statement you make upon any subject, scientific, political, metaphysical or religious, that you are not confronted with "Why"; you will soon learn to take no position that you are not prepared to defend.

The Canadian boy attends church on the Sabbath, because everybody goes. At the age of fifteen, he wants to leave the family pew and sit at the back of the church. At seventeen he comes out as a politician and retails the arguments he has heard on the other side; rousing his father to a blood heat at the breakfast-table with his bold hits at the party. He does not read the opposition press, he has no opportunity. His father applies himself more assiduously to the party organ on these same questions, and labours assiduously to overcome heresies; the outcome of which is that at the age of twenty-one, the Canadian boy walks to the polls with his father, and votes the same way. The Canadian boy usually accepts his father's religion. If he is a Methodist, he is one because he believes in a free salvation for all; because he finds greater spiritual energy among her membership, and because they are the most numerous body in the Dominion.

TRUE TO HOME.

The Canadian boy is true to the home. The best woman on earth is his mother, and her apple, mince, and pumpkin pies have a smack and flavour that he never finds in any other during the whole course of his natural life. His wife may become the best cook for everything else; but his mother's pies are a sacred thing. When restive under parental restraint; when his father's authoritative command would only serve to bring about open rebellion; his

mother's hand and gentle request has soothed opposing, contending forces, and won a quiet acquiescence that nothing but love could accomplish. He is jealous for his sisters, they are the best girls the world ever knew; more graceful, more intelligent, more ladylike, more spirited than other girls.

When the down begins to show itself, and he uses the razor on the sly, he suddenly becomes aware of another enchanting ideality, that makes his heart flutter with a strange sensation. She is not a girl in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but a pretty angel. She fills him with an indescribable yearning and a silent adoration; all the gallantry of his nature is in full play. His devotion and fondness are not the result of anything that his mother or sisters can see to warrant such a transport of sympathetic, rapturous, captivating witchery, as calls the bright sparkle to his eye, and the blush to his cheek. Oh! the enchanting, tender, precious experience of the Canadian boy's first love!

This is not generally the girl he marries. Do not chide him; let him have this one sweet experience to mature his finer sensibilities. It comes like teething and the mumps; it belongs to the earlier ecstatic, thrilling impressions and leaves the patient more gentle, tender, and humane than it found him. He is a more affectionate son to his mother; a more sympathetic brother to his sisters, and, when he does marry, a more devoted husband to his wife, because his best feelings have been stimulated and called into action.

The Canadian boy is the best boy in the world. He is better than the British boy, because more free and self-reliant. Better than the American boy, because more prudent and thoughtful. Better than the German boy, because more enterprising and brisk. Better than the French boy, because he has sounder moral principles underlying his education.

The grand Canadian boy! Honest, industrious, energetic, kindhearted, generous, true, intelligent, chaste, and just; benevolent, sympathetic, vigorous and manly; the pride of the home; the hope of the country; the embodiment in embryo of all that will yet ripen into future nobleness, and unparalleled greatness.

Let the people of Canada be strong in faith; for from our public schools of to-day, the boys will press forward and seize the helm of state; and woman's power shall be joined to man's to send to parliament men, good and true, who shall guard the home, and legislate in the direction of morality and prosperity for all.

Heaven bless our Canadian boys!

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WORTH OF AN OLD COAT.

SAMUEL hurried back to his patient. "So you have come," said the sick man. "I thought they would keep you. You told them?"

"Yes, of course. Mother was most awful scared, but Kill said it might as well go on, now it had begun, and he'd see to me. Kill said if I was going to catch it, likely I had, and it was no humanity leaving a sick one alone."

"What did—your father say?"

"Nothin'," replied Samuel calmly, "he wasn't at home."

The patient turned his face to the wall and groaned.

"Are you getting worse?" asked Samuel. "You'd better hurry up and tell me what to do with these things."

Thomas roused himself, and directed Samuel how to prepare the cream of tartar, and to warm up the gruel which Mercy had made. Then, under his directions, Samuel hung all Thomas's clothing upon the bushes behind the house, fumigated them with burning tar, and left them there, exposed to wind, sun, and dew.

Thomas ripped open his money-belt, and put the coins in an old tin can filled with water well tinctured with carbolic acid.

REMEMBER
THE
S. S. AID COLLECTION
ON
REVIEW SUNDAY,
SEPTEMBER 24TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in

"That will disinfect them by the time I'm well," he said.

"I'm glad you've such a lot of money," said Samuel cordially. "I hate to have folks poor. It feels dreadful; I know, for once we were very poor. Now we are rich."

"How are you fixed downstairs?" "First-rate. I brought a quilt and a pillow for my hammock, and mother gave me plenty to eat. By the sun, it is most noon. Kill told me to take a bath in the brook every day. I'm going now to do it, and then I'll pick a lot of berries, and heat some gruel for my dinner."

"That's right. Mix some of that cream of tartar, and take a big swallow of it three times a day. Leave my part here by my bed, and that bottle of oil, so I can rub myself. I feel pretty sick, but I'm not having this hard at all. I don't want you to come up here unless I call you, but if you can sit on the ladder and talk to me or read to me, I'd like it very much."

Without a particle of fear of the disease which most people so greatly dread, rather enjoying his independence and the free picnic-like life he was leading in glorious summer weather, Samuel passed pleasant days at the cabin. He did not notice how his patient drew him on to speak of himself and his family. He told all about Patty, and his and Patty's work and play. He described Letitia and her beauty, and her wonderful learning.

"Why, she was a school-teacher; but some day," said Samuel shrewdly, "Tishia will be married; no one has told me, but I know it. She will marry Philip Terhune, and go live on the Titus farm, where my mother was brought up. Philip is real nice; he owns that farm, and raises stock. Once Philip said, 'would I like to go live with him,' but I said 'No.' Kill needs me. I ought to be helping Kill this minute stump that field, we're going to put it in corn next spring. Besides, I'm going on to school, and after the High School I mean to go to college. I want to be a minister. It will take a long time, and I'll have to send myself through mostly; earn my way, you know; but Kill says that won't hurt me, and Kill says it isn't well to start to preach too young, I won't know enough; he says preachers ought to have a lot of sense. I s'pose they ought. I'm fourteen; by seventeen I'll be through the High School, then I'll teach a year. Then I reckon, by I'm twenty-six, I can be made into a preacher. Twenty-six isn't so very old. Once I thought it was, but Kill will be that in less than five years."

This prattle comforted Thomas, and also cut him to the heart. O beautiful family life in which he could have no part; but what joy to think that his children were doing well and coming to honour and happiness in spite of his shameful fall, his ten years' sentence!

Amid all this he noticed that Samuel never mentioned a father. What was the man like? He had a morbid, growing anxiety to hear about him. Finally when Samuel had been about ten days living as nurse at the cabin, the boy said:

"When you get well, and we are sure I'm not going to catch it, you will come to our house, and stay three or four days, before you go—wherever you are going, Mr. Clarke; mother said you must. You will like it; our house is nice, and so is mother, and Kill is splendid, and Letitia makes the best cookies! You'll come?"

"I—think not—I must hurry along as soon as I know that you are all right, and I think you will be," said "Mr. Clarke," who quietly accepted this title, knowing how Samuel came to bestow it upon him. But the boy was dissatisfied.

"You must come. Did you ever see our house?"

"I passed it—the night—I came here." "Did you see the garden, and the porch, and the bay-window? Kill did all that. Of course we helped him; but if it hadn't been for Kill, I guess we wouldn't have got on. Kill has just worked like everything, for more than eight years. Why, our house was the worst-looking old place! No garden, broken old fence, no paint, no porch, just nothing! Kill set out all these trees and bushes, and built that fence, and did all the painting, and mended, and earned money. Kill has had our barn all built over, and fences made, and he's bought ten acres more, and got good fences. Why, I've built fence and stone wall, till I had awful back-aches many a time. Kill

has kept me working like sixty, since I was less than seven years old. But Kill says that don't hurt a boy, if he gets plenty of sleep, and good grub. It hasn't hurt me, and I've been to school right along. Mother worked, too. She has nursed some, and taken in she has sewed for tailors, and taken in quilts and dresses. Our Tishia lived out for two years. She earned the plants, and most of our pigs and chickens, and our cow when it was little, and so on. But after two years Tishia went through the High School, and now she's a teacher, she gets thirty dollars a month. Kill worked out too, but now he has more land, and the horses and waggon, he works for himself. Uncle Barum gave Kill one horse when it was a colt, and Kill earned another, and raised 'em. Uncle Barum left mother forty dollars."

"Only forty dollars!" ejaculated Thomas; "wasn't he rich?"

"Well, sorter rich. But he got mad at mother once. They made up—only forgiving wasn't forgetting, and Uncle Barum left his money to the Terhunes. He gave mother his furniture and Tish his old coat, and me the things in my room and the horse and buggy. Then mother, she gave Kill her forty dollars to help on the land, buying it, and I lent him my ninety dollars till I go to college, and Tish gave fifty that she saved up last year, and that was one hundred and eighty, so Kill is only in debt on the land and the waggon about sixty dollars."

Thomas made up his mind that he would send Kill the sixty dollars, and go forth in the world again, with fifteen dollars as his fortune. He must have some part in building up the fortunes of his family. But Samuel went on:

"Tish says she'll give Kill that sixty dollars, out of what she earns next year. I think we're getting on first-rate. You see we never waste a penny, and we are all of us earning a little all the time. Even Patty has earned two sheep and a turkey-cock, and two turkey hens, taking care of babies, and so on. Kill says if you can't make much, then be willing to make little, make something."

"What is your father's name?" asked Thomas desperately.

"Thomas Stanhope," replied Samuel.

"I mean—your—other father."

"Haven't only one."

"Your mother's husband—your step-father."

"Why, what are you talking about?" cried Samuel angrily. "My mother hasn't only one husband. You don't count she'd get married, do you, when my father is living?"

"Isn't—your mother—married again?" faltered Thomas.

"No, she isn't," shouted Samuel. "I guess you are going out of your head, Mr. Clarke, to talk like that."

"Well—you—said your father was away."

"So he is, but some time he is coming back."

"And when I passed the house the other night—I saw a man in there, reading a paper—and I thought it was your father."

Samuel began to laugh. "Why, land! Mr. Clarke, I guess that was Kill! A pretty father Kill would be for me! But he's big enough—he is as big as any man in the township, and Kill knows lots too."

But Thomas had rolled over on his face, and his frame was shaken with sobs. What! Mercy not married? Was it all a lie that she had received a divorce? Was he expected home some time? Did Mercy claim the name of Stanhope still?

Samuel heard the convulsive sounds. He was sitting on the ladder as usual, with his head just below the level of the floor. He raised himself a step higher, and brought his curly head and his big eyes into the attic.

"What's the matter, Mr. Clarke? are you sick? are you worse?" and he clambered into the room.

"I'm all right. I—never felt better—I'm well—but I think I am nervous—I'll come round in a minute. Get me a drink, Samuel, a good drink from the spring."

From that minute new life came to Thomas. Life was once more worth living. He tried to lead Samuel to speak of his father, but here was a subject on which the loquacious boy had learned to be reticent; he always changed the conversation.

So one evening after Samuel, sitting in

the dusk on the ladder, had recited a number of hymns and texts, Thomas Stanhope said, "Samuel, you said that with your Uncle Barum, forgiving was not forgetting. But God forgives and forgets. He casts our sins behind his back, and remembers them no more. Could you do like that?"

"Yes," said Samuel, "I think it is mean to forgive, and then be always remembering and casting it up."

"Could you forgive your father?"

"What do you know about my father?" said Samuel bluffly.

"If he came back ashamed and penitent, fall of love for you all, a sinner forgiven for Christ's sake, anxious to try and do you all some good, would he be forgiven?"

"What are you talking like that for? Do you know my father?"

"Yes; I know him well. As well—as yourself. Samuel, will you forgive me and try and like me? I am your father."

"No, no, Mr. Clarke, you can't be!" cried Samuel coming near.

"But I am. I am not Mr. Clarke. You called me that, but that is our chaplain's name in the Bible. Has it never seemed to you as if you remembered me?"

Samuel had come up into the attic now.

"No—you are not—as I remember father; he was stouter, and his face and eyes were red, I think—but I can't remember. It is eight years and a half since I saw him. But father was not to get out for ten years!"

"Come here and take my hand, my boy. The noisy, red-faced father you remember was a rum-demon. God has taken from me that dreadful thirst. I will tell you."

Then, until the night was late, Thomas Stanhope told his son the story of his life. He told of his careless youth, his drifting into evil habits, his wicked years, his crime committed in a drunken frenzy, when he had, lured by a professional thief, broken into the express-office, and fired on the night clerk, happily only slightly wounding him. He told how repentance had come to him when he found himself a felon in a cell. He described his prison life, told of the letters that had ceased to come, of the strange letter of Uncle Barum, of his shortened sentence, of his saving the deputy's life and receiving his freedom. It was a long story, heard by Samuel with breathless interest.

"Oh, won't mother be glad!" he cried.

"Mother and I have talked about you, and prayed for you, too. Dear me, how she will wonder to hear I have been taking care of my own father! Suppose we had had you sent off to some pest-house—only, as Kill said, there isn't any round here."

What pure joy filled the soul of Thomas as he listened to his son! The boy's artless kindness came as balm to his aching heart.

Samuel, though voluble, was prudent; he had learned that at times silence is golden. He refrained from saying one word about what he knew to be the feelings of Achilles toward his prodigal father.

"If Kill's got anything hard to say, let him say it himself. I shan't help him out with it," he said.

Finally Thomas bade him go to his hammock. "In a day or two I shall be able to go down below and step out of doors," he said. "Pretty soon I may take stronger food. These pocks are nearly gone. I think, Samuel, you will not take it, all."

Samuel went to his hammock and considered what he should do. He wisely concluded that it was safest not to do anything. Achilles had laid it down to him as a cardinal doctrine "not to stir things up."

If he told his mother who this sick man was, it would surely "stir things up" in a lively fashion. Mercy might want at once to come and see him—and then, perhaps, there was still danger of infection. No, he would complete the month which Achilles had ordained as proper quarantine. If by that time he and his patient were both entirely well, their clothing well fumigated and cleansed, ample disinfecting baths taken, Achilles had said that they might venture to the cottage. This opinion was guaranteed by Thomas out of his long experience as a nurse.

Those days that went by until the month was out were happy days. Thomas came down the ladder, sat in the door-way, walked about the cabin, went to the spring. In the evenings Samuel built a big fire of pine cones and pine needles and branches in the chimney-place, and he and his father sat before it and talked of the past and laid plans for the future. Mercy now sent

more substantial food than gruel, and Samuel made toast and boiled eggs, and baked potatoes, and roasted sweet corn, and found rich combs of bumble-bee honey, and brought them in to eat with the corn. When Achilles was at dinner for an hour, and after he left the field for the evening, or when he was away to help a neighbour, Samuel hastened to the field, and picked up stones, and built wall, and worked like a little hero.

Finally the month of probation was ended, and Samuel announced one morning that that evening he should bring his patient to the house.

Mercy had provided Samuel with a fresh suit, telling him to leave his other changes of garments spread out on the grass near the cabin. Samuel had raided his chest in the barn and brought to his father shirt, socks, kerchiefs, shoes, necktie, that had been Uncle Barum's best.

Then finally, at sunset, the prodigal father and his faithful little son set off for the house; Thomas still thin, pale and weak, and finding himself tremulous from excitement. He leaned on Samuel's shoulder, and they went slowly along. From the vine-shaded porch Achilles and Mercy watched them coming along the road. Something in that tall, broad-shouldered figure, with the slow step and bowed head, startled Mercy and sent the blood from her cheeks. Achilles the strong, his head erect, stood on the porch waiting for his guest. Samuel pushed open the gate crying "Mother! mother! this isn't Mr. Clarke at all. It is my father!"

But Thomas stopped at the gate—without the gate, his face raised now, his eyes fixed on the eyes of his first-born. And then great Nature—no, rather Nature's God, the Heart-moulder, spoke to Achilles. With one bound he was at the gate; he had seized both hands of his penitent, father.

"Come in, come in, come home, here now, you are all right at last," and he led him to Mercy.

Unnoticed by the group on the porch where Letitia and Patty had run at Samuel's call, a phaeton passed along the road, and in it sat a gray-haired man. He saw this tender scene, and smiled, and glanced toward the wood-pile, where he and Achilles had sat one day, when Achilles had declined to be reckoned a Christian lest he might be expected to receive home his father!

"Our hearts are in his hands," said the minister, "and like rivers of water, he turneth them withersoever he will." He had all along known this Achilles better than he knew himself.

And so Thomas Stanhope was back after his long sentence, and his hard but effectual schooling. He settled into the family life as if he had never been derelict to all duty. After he had told his story once, the past was dropped. He made Achilles take the sixty dollars and complete the payment on the land and waggon. There was a question of what he could do, for two men were not needed to till that little farm. Achilles the strong, and the rigorously trained Samuel were enough. The field of Achilles answered the question of employment for Thomas.

"I can make brooms," said Thomas; "I can make the best brooms that ever went to market. If I have a shop-room, I could turn all that broom-corn of yours, Achilles, into brooms, and I could buy up all the broom-corn raised around here and send brooms to the city. I could build up a business."

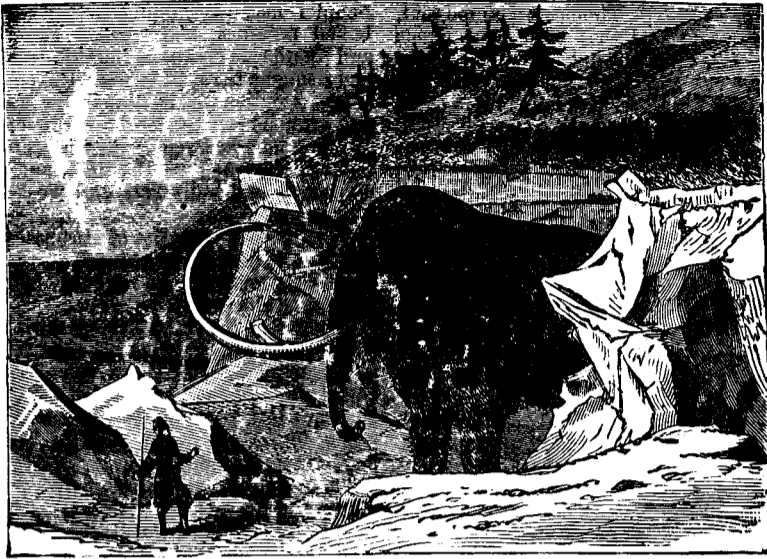
And now had come Mercy's hour of supreme joy. She revealed her great secret. "I can build you a shop-room beside the barn and buy your tools. I have some money laid up with Friend Amos Lowell."

One day, as the autumn grew chilly, Thomas Stanhope went into town with a load of brooms to sell to Friend Amos.

When he came home he said: "It is growing cold, and as I had no overcoat I bought one. I went to that second-hand store, and found one that is faded and old-fashioned, but heavy and strong. I paid two dollars and a quarter for it."

"Why, let me look! How strange!" cried Letitia, "why, father, you have bought Uncle Barum's old coat! The one he left to me. Well, I think there is a good deal of wear in it, and you will find it worth your two dollars and a quarter."

(To be continued.)



THE MAMMOTH.

THE MAMMOTH.

Nearly one hundred years ago a fisherman searching for ivory on the Siberian coast of the Arctic Ocean, when near the mouth of the Lena River, saw frozen inside a solid cake of clear ice an immense dark object. It was left to be freed from its chilly prison by time and the sun's rays. After four years the ice was nearly melted, exposing to view this huge prehistoric mammoth, so like the elephant of to-day, and yet not the same either in size or covering. The fisherman removed the tusks and sold them to an ivory merchant. Two years later the carcass was found greatly disfigured. The flesh, so perfectly preserved during its long ages of imprisonment in the ice, had been fed to dogs. What they left had been devoured by wolves and other wild animals. The skeleton, except one foreleg, was perfect. One ear was found; also part of the skin, which was covered with a reddish-brown wool interspersed with hairs and long bristles. These, with the repurchased tusks, were taken to the Royal Museum at St. Petersburg. The missing foreleg was supplied, the tusks were adjusted, and to-day in the great Russian museum stands this monster of past ages.

It ought to cover the years between the days of childhood and the years of youth, with its training of heart and hand, head and feet to "look up and lift up for Christ and the Church."

WHO SHOULD BELONG.

All boys and girls who are too young for the Senior League or Society, but are old enough to give themselves to Christ and be trained in his service, should belong to the Junior.

The age limit will in some cases, perhaps, offer a difficulty, and the line will have to be drawn largely by the necessities of the case. As a rule, however, children under seven years of age should not be enrolled, but permitted to attend the meetings. To retain those over ten years of age contentedly, it may be well to divide the Active and Associate Members, each into sections—the older ones in section A and the younger ones in section B, or into first and second divisions. The devotional exercise and practical work could be carried on in concert, but special instruction might be given adapted to each portion, and thus the older ones would be made a help to the younger, and retained as assistants to the Superintendents even until sixteen years of age. In large societies it might be still better to divide the membership into two Leagues—Intermediate and Juvenile—in accordance with the graded system in our public schools. Let the Intermediates be from twelve to sixteen years of age, inclusive; and the Juveniles eleven and under. When juveniles reach the age of twelve they should be promoted to the Intermediate by some appropriate recognition, and at sixteen graduated into the Seniors by a special reception service.



W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

THE WORD OF GOD.—Psa. 119. 105; John 4. 41; Acts 2. 41; 1 John 2. 14; 1 Peter 1. 23; Eph. 6. 17; Heb. 4. 12.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

HOW CAN BOYS AND GIRLS BE OF USE.—John 6. 5-13.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

I.

WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT WORKS.

MR. WESLEY invented the expression, "The Sunday-school is the nursery of the Church," and provided for the organization of classes for the religious instruction of the children of Methodist parents, the first Disciplines providing that, wherever such could be formed, the preacher should "meet them at least once every week." The object of these classes was for the promotion of personal piety among the children, with a view to their being kept in the Church and graduated into senior classes. "The children's class," owing to many causes, has not been universally adopted and utilized as a *connective agency*, but the inauguration of the Young People's movement in the form of Epworth Leagues and Christian Endeavour Societies has developed a junior department well adapted to do the work of "the catechumen classes."

The Junior is a preparatory training-school for an auxiliary to the Senior League or Society, and an entering porch to the Church.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So, then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.—Rom 10. 17.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

Lesson I.

PAUL CALLED TO EUROPE.—How was Paul called to go to Europe? How soon after the call did he start? What European convert received him with Christian hospitality? Repeat the Golden Text.

Lesson II.

PAUL AT PHILIPPI.—Where were Paul and Silas confined because of a false accusation? What came at midnight? Who was led to a knowledge of Christ by the apostle's teaching? Repeat the Golden Text.

Lesson III.

PAUL AT ATHENS.—What did Paul go to Athens for? What inscription did he see on an altar? What did he say about our ideal of Godhead? Golden Text.

Lesson IV.

PAUL AT CORINTH.—What man and wife received Paul in Corinth? Why did Paul leave the Jews and go to the Gentiles? What did God say to Paul in a vision in the night? Golden Text.

Lesson V.

PAUL AT EPHESUS.—What did Paul ask of

the Ephesian disciples? What blessing came upon them when he preached and laid his hands upon them? What wonderful miracles were there performed? Golden Text.

Lesson VI.

PAUL AT MILETUS.—To what church officers did Paul say these words? Why did he not count his life dear to himself? Of what did he exhort them to take heed? What did he say he knew about the future? Golden Text.

Lesson VII.

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.—Why did the Jews in Jerusalem seek to kill Paul? Who captured Paul from their hands? What did Paul tell the chief captain, and what did he request? Golden Text.

Lesson VIII.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.—Of what did Paul say he had a "hope toward God?" Wherein did he say he exercised himself? What did Felix do as Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come? Golden Text.

Lesson IX.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.—What did Festus call out to Paul, and how did Paul respond? What did Agrippa say to Paul, and how did Paul respond? Why was Paul sent to Rome? Golden Text.

Lesson X.

PAUL SHIPWRECKED.—What were the shipmen about to do? What did Paul exhort? What did the soldiers counsel? What was the result? Golden Text.

Lesson XI.

PAUL AT ROME.—What did the Jews say to Paul? What did he respond and testify? What was Paul's final word? Golden Text.

Lesson XII.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.—In what does the kingdom of God not exist, and what is it? What does Paul say about what is pure and what is evil? What is our duty toward our brethren? Golden Text.

Recall the following places, and be ready to tell a story about each: Miletus, Rome, Athens, Malta, Jerusalem, Troas, Corinth, Philippi, Ephesus, and Caesarea.

A CUSTOMER SECURED.

A YOUNG man in a dry-goods store in Boston was endeavouring to sell a customer some goods. He had a quantity on hand which he much desired to dispose of, as they were not of the freshest style, and the man seemed inclined to take them, says an exchange.

When the goods had been examined, and the bargain was about to be concluded, the customer inquired:

"Are these goods the latest style?"

The young man hesitated. He wanted so sell the goods, and it appeared evident that if he said they were the latest style the man would take them. But he could not tell a lie, and he replied:

"They are not the latest style of goods, but they are a very good style."

The man looked at him, examined some other goods of later styles, and said:

"I will take those of the older style, and some of the new also. Your honesty in stating the facts will fasten me to this place."

The man not only sold his goods and kept a good conscience, but he also retained a customer whom he might never have seen again if he had not spoken to him the exact truth. There is no permanent gain in falsehood and deception. Righteousness and truth are a sure foundation.

THE ROMAN SLAVE.

BLANDINA was a Roman slave girl; one of a despised, down-trodden race, for whom life held little of love and less of pleasure. What marvel then when to her was made known the story of Jesus' love, that it filled her heart to overflowing with gratitude. Was it possible the incarnate God himself loved her? that he had stooped to a slave's death to redeem and bless the slave? Matchless grace? To her heart the name of Christ became very precious; but her fidelity was to be sorely tried. A fierce persecution of the Christians was then raging in Rome. Blandina was arrested.



THE BIRDS' HARVEST.

The delicate girl of sixteen was racked, scourged, and her flesh torn with iron hooks to induce her to deny her Redeemer. In vain. All the torture could wring from her was the repeated declaration: "I am a Christian! I am a Christian!" words which seemed to support her wonderfully. When exposed at last to be torn by wild beasts, a calm, sweet smile rested upon her face, and with the name of Christ upon her lips the poor slave passed home to the glory land.

Dear young reader, the Bible speaks of all who are not yet God's children as being slaves to sin. What a dreadful fact! But the Lord Jesus died a slave's death to redeem the slave. Has he redeemed you? Are you one of the redeemed? Is his name precious to you as it was to this poor child, who could rejoice amid the bitterest suffering that she was "counted worthy to suffer shame for his name?" Are you ashamed of Jesus, or have you courage to confess his name by living a holy life to his honour and glory?

A NEW PANSY BOOK.

Stephen Mitchell's Journey

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(Mrs. G. R. Alden.)

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From Pansy's productive pen we have another interesting story, which we have brought out in our well-known copyright edition of Pansy's works.

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The following of her stories have appeared in our copyright edition.

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| 2 Judge Burnham's Daughters. | 6 Her Associate Members. |
| 3 Aunt Hannah, Martha and John. | 7 John Remington, Martyr. |
| 4 Miss Dee Dunmore Bryant. | 8 Twenty Minutes Late. |
| 9 Stephen Mitchell's Journey. | |

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