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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

RALPH SMITH &

VOL. XIII.] TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1893. [No 44.

MONEY.

To us in this year 1893 money suggests only coins of gold or silver or copper or nickel. Since the time of Abraham, when the first mention in history occurs of "current money with the merchant," the precious metals have been used as money. Abraham weighed to Ephron four hundred shekels of silver. If the shekels had been coined or stamped each with its value, he would have counted rather than weighed them. But this advance was not made until about 800 B.C., when, according to tradition, Pheidon, King of Argos, first struck coins in the Island of Ægina. The earliest coins extant are from Lydia, the home of Crœsus, and are of gold. There is copper coin of Sparta with the head of Lycurgus upon it, which must have been struck long after the era of that famous lawgiver who allowed Sparta only iron for money.

That word coin has a history, and carries us back to the time of the early Romans when *cunei*, wedges of gold and silver bullion, were used as currency. The Egyptians kept their gold and silver in the form of rings, as shown on Egyptian monuments, and gold rings found in Celtic countries are supposed to have had the same use. (The first gold ring of which history gives any account is that placed on the hand of Joseph by Pharaoh, not as money, but as a signet.)

The Greek system of coinage, with modifications, spread all over the civilized world. The Roman coins were on Greek models, and probably executed by Greek artists. Their main characteristic is faithful portraiture. Many historic events are recorded upon them. Many different articles have been and are used by uncivilized and partially civilized nations as money. In Rome and Germany in ancient times cattle were used as currency, whence our word pecuniary, from from *pecus*, cattle. Cubes of pressed tea form a medium of exchange in Tartary, cowrie shells on the coast of Africa and in the East Indies, pieces of silk among the Chinese, and wampum among the Indians. Tin was money with our British forefathers, and was also employed for that purpose in ancient Syracuse.

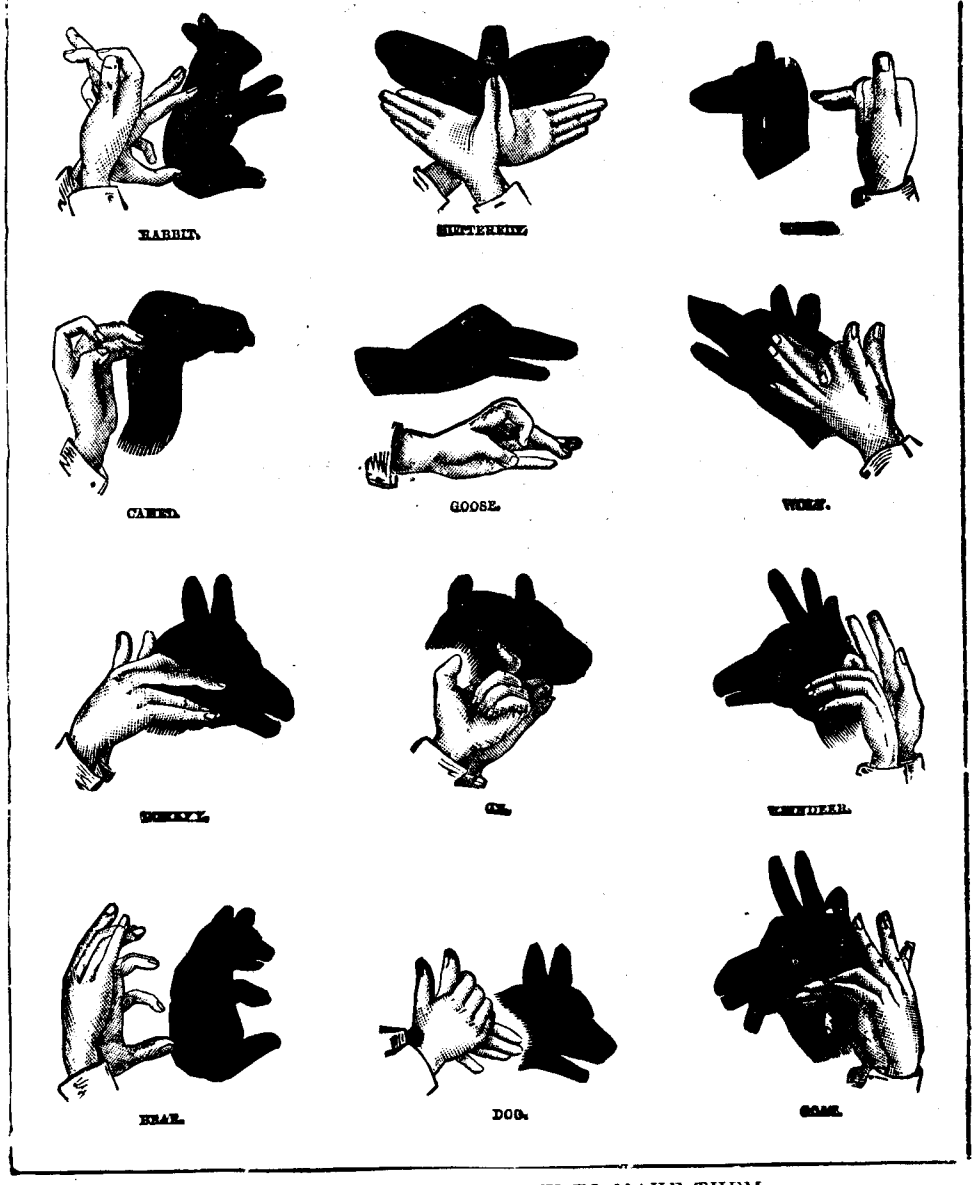
No ancient die exists in any museum, and hence it is supposed that the metal was first formed in roundish lumps and hammered into shape, then engraved. The materials for coining—the hammer, the anvil, and the tongs—are still to be seen on an ancient Roman coin.

Until the time of Charles II. English coins were made by first dividing the metal with shears, then shaping and stamping it with the hammer. Few pieces were exactly round, and the rims were not marked. To "clip the coin" was very easy, and paring a penny-worth of silver from a crown seemed a very venial fault to many people, though it was by law a capital offence.

When a mill worked by horses was set up in the Tower of London which produced coins perfectly circular, with their edges inscribed with a legend, clipping was not to be apprehended, and it was confidently expected that the good money would drive the bad out of the market. For otherwise. The good money was hoarded, and clipping went on worse than ever. It was all in vain that every month men were hanged and burned for clipping. The depreciation of the currency palsied trade and industry, and wrought more evils in one year than had been inflicted on the nation by twenty-five years of "bad kings, bad ministers, bad Parliaments, and bad judges."

At last Somers, Montague, Locke, and Newton devised a scheme, which was finally embodied in a law, by which the debased coin was withdrawn from circulation and replaced by good coin without seriously interrupting trade or working hardship to the masses of the people. This law took effect on March 25, 1696.

The subject is a very interesting one, but we have not room for further remark. We will simply refer our readers to various articles in the encyclopedias on coins, money, numismatics, shekel (in the Bible Dictionary), and to Macaulay's account of the clipping of the coins in the fifth volume of his History of England. In the Mint at Philadelphia is a very interesting collection of coins, and also one in the "Jewel Room" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.



SHADOW PICTURES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

THE BABY AND THE SOLDIERS.

For two days and nights the men had been crowded in the grimy, ill-ventilated cars, and when they were marched out to be ferried across the river the tan on their cheeks was streaked with dust, cinders clung in hair and beards, the weather-worn uniforms were creased from constant wear, and faces and attitudes told of unrefreshing sleep.

As they stood at rest, wearily awaiting the labouring little ferryboat, hot cups of strong and fragrant coffee were served by the patriotic women of the struggling river town.

Groups of children, clean-faced and freshly dressed, grasping their mother's skirts, or clinging around their necks, gazed open mouthed and half affrighted at the grim-looking faces and dust covered uniforms. But not all were afraid.

One little white-haired youngster, a few months old, held in his mother's arms, watched the scene with wide-open black eyes. A friendly smile from a near-by soldier caught his eye, and with a responding smile he went into the outstretched arms, his cuddled face hiding the tears that came unbidden to the soldier's eyes at the recollection of a far-off home and loved ones.

Then the others in the ranks, with brightening faces and glistening eyes, invited that blessed baby boy to come. And come he did from man to man, down the long and dusty line, with a smile and a kiss for each. Jests were forgotten, impatience curbed, and half uttered oaths hushed. Grim faces relaxed, and dusty cheeks were streaked at sight of the bright head and laughing eyes.

As he passed up and down the line, it seemed as if a breath of heaven had given new life to the weary and homesick "boys." Bent forms straightened, clouded faces cleared, and all forgot their weariness in watching that little white head passing over the upturned faces of the dusty host, or in listening to the gurgling laugh that came when one more venturesome than the rest tossed the chubby youngster in the air, as he was wont to do with his own baby when at home. They kissed him for himself, for wives and children, for mothers, for sweethearts and loved ones left behind.

It was but a brief rest and they were off, waving back a farewell to the crowing child. All faces were turned forward to duty and may be death, but all hearts were back at home with the loved ones.

A HINT TO YOUNG MEN.

Young man, do the other fellows make fun of you, now and then, because you blush easily and are, as they call it, a little green? And are you half inclined to be a trifle mad that what they say is true, and that you find it difficult to get seasoned and tough as they are? As well might August be ashamed that it preserved a handful of green on its parched bosom, or an apple be chagrined that it harbored no worm at its core, or a drop of rain be annoyed that it fell from heaven rather than from the gutter. Never be ashamed of being innocent and pure in a world where innocence and purity are too often served as fresh fallen snow is served that falls on a travelled highway. Be proud if you retain the ability to blush and to shrink from a hard story; to avoid the extenuation of dare-devil vice, and to turn from the allurement of so-called "fast-life;" while others no older than yourself have hardened in the process of living as clay bakes in a too-fervid sun. If I had a twenty-year-old boy who was bashful, and simple, and "green," as the world goes, I would rather call him my son than be the mother of a crowned prince shoe deep in diamonds with the ability to blush taken from him.—*Boy's Leader*

Stay thy Hand.

STAY—stay thy hand, lift not the cup
Of rosy, glittering wine;
Though clear its depth, there lurks beneath
A curse for thee and thine.
Ye say it gives a merry heart.
And drives away dull care,
It brings what else thou wouldst not know,
Unmixed and dark despair.

Ye say it has the power to drown
Thoughts of life's sternest ill—
To bring forgetfulness of woes,—
And conscience' voice to still;
Believe it not—Oh! never seek
Oblivion in the bowl,—
A draught will only deeper fix
Thy agony of soul.

Ye say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And bids it quicker flow;
Ye say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And bright its ruby glow.
Have ye not seen the flashing light
That from the wine cup came,
Lead on the tempted, trusting one,
To misery and shame?

Then taste not, touch not,—dare ye thus
Your glorious birthright stain;
Would ye—descendants of the free,
Clank the inebriate's chain?
No! by the memory of the brave.
Who sleep beneath the sod,—
Shake off the curse—and give your pledge
To virtue and to God.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

IF a boy is a lover of the Lord Christ, though he can't lead a prayer meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to be free from vulgarlty and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution and deceit. And, above all things, he ought, now and then, to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred thing, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

THAT LOST BOY.

BY REV. JOHN C. GODDARD.

FOUR years ago *The Courant* published an account of a boy lost on the mountains of Salisbury, but found after four days' search still alive. The story was copied all over the country. Requests for additional information, as well as for verification of the original statements, have been made. It is probable that Emil Bonhotel was more extensively advertised than ever a three-year-old before him, not excepting those other strays, "Little Breeches," and the "Babes in the Wood." The author of this article has had constant knowledge of little Emil ever since his extraordinary experience, and was called upon to baptize the lad two years ago, when his parents thought he was liable to die in the night. But Emil is preserved for some other fate than pneumonia or starvation, and is to day a robust little lad, still the object of much interest, and known to all as "The Lost Boy." . . .

To rehearse the main facts in the case, the boy wandered from his home on the morning of Memorial day, 1889, and was utterly lost sight of for four days. He was dressed in a single garment, and, during most of that interval, a chilling rain fell, such that strong men shivered in it while searching for him. One of the mysteries connected with the case, and there are several, is this: What ever kept a boy of tender age, clad in a simple blouse, from dying of exposure in that cold storm? Was it that he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, tempered it also to the thinly-clad child?

The last seen of Emil had been near the barn at ten o'clock in the morning. His brothers were away from the house in one direction, his parents in another, on their business of charcoal-making. Each party supposed the boy was with the other, so that alarm was not made until evening. The entire family spent the night with lanterns. Two miles from home a pool in the road had been crossed by a child's bare feet. There was a pathos about those little mud tracks that no language can describe. Men turned their eyes away, and saw all things as through a glass darkly. That was all there was of the boy's trail. Nobody had seen him, heard him, nor discovered any evidence of him. Early the next day, the village of Salisbury was aroused, and fifty men entered upon the search.

By the third day fully two hundred men were enlisted. The road was lined with waggons that had brought them from surrounding villages. Long lines of men, ten feet apart, were formed, and the entire mountain tract was diligently gone over. By this time the whole community was in an agony of suspense. No mother, who heard that fierce night wind, and fancied the terror of that wandering boy, objected to her husband's absence. The belief was general that the lad had been drowned, had stumbled, perhaps, into some of the mountain lakes in the darkness, and had closed his story among the pickerel and perch. None had any hope of finding the boy alive. Mr. Bonhotel sat long and immovably by the spot where the little tracks were eloquent. The mother walked the cabin floor in uncontrollable agitation, sleepless, tireless, empty-armed.

The morning of the fourth day broke upon an undiscouraged army. The feeling was strong that, with the sun upon the mountains for the first time, the boy, or the remains of the boy, would be discovered. On this day, Martin Harris, who has since died, and Samuel Rossiter, under the direction of the former, began an independent search in a new direction. Harris reasoned it out in the night that the searchers were astray, because of attaching too much importance to the footprints. He argued that the boy might have retraced his steps, or have done some side-tracking. Assuming that the searchers had demonstrated the absence of the boy from a given territory, he applied the principle of exclusion, and determined where the child must be, by virtue of where he was not. In the face, then, of the prevailing theories, he resolved to explore unsuspected territory. Harris was a woodsman, a charcoal buyer, and familiar with every foot of the mountain. With a light buck-board waggon, he and Rossiter began to examine carefully the wood roads on the east side of Bear Mountain. This mountain is the highest land in Connecticut, 2,354 feet, a rough cobble, surmounted by a monument of native rock. Harris drove, and Rossiter made the sidesallies on foot every few rods. The morning search was fruitless. About one o'clock, in a neck-breaking spot, the horse stopped, and Rossiter was directed to explore the bed of a stream. He was nearly crazed with excitement as he detected something moving through the brush ahead of him. Was it a fox's tail, a strayed calf, a mountain cat? With legs giving way beneath him, he followed the moving figure. It was the boy! I once asked Rossiter how he felt at that moment. He made two replies. One was, that all the feelings he had ever had seemed to sweep through him at once The other remark was to the effect that money could not have induced him to exchange places that moment with any living man.

The boy at last! His garment was torn and bedraggled. His little fingers were sucked to a point. His bare legs bore the print of thorns. What supported life during those dreary days and nights? Mrs. Bonhotel told me that she found traces of bark in his mouth. May-apples are not unknown, though uncommon there. The boy told the doctor (by signs, that is) that he ate leaves. Rossiter had difficulty in approaching the boy. Emil ran from him, and only on the assurance that he would be taken to his father, did the little man capitulate. Wrapping him in his own shirt, and laying him in an old charcoal-basket, Rossiter, with Harris, drove to the Bonhotel house.

The shout was raised *en route*, and from man to man, over miles of territory, the news was passed, "The boy is found!" It was an electric shock to the entire brigade. Men charged upon the road from all the two-and-thirty points of the compass. The man with a bullet in his leg was not the last to report. The eagerness to see the boy was tempered by an uncontrollable desire to see that mother's face. It was a face illumined. Holding her little son in her arms, she rocked him, kissed him, prayed over him. She is a devout woman; the family are from the Channel Islands, Guernsey, if I remember aright, and belong to the French Protestant class. Some months ago, in conducting the funeral of their infant child, I remarked how eagerly she hung upon the passages of the French Testament that were read. Unable to read herself, it is possible she may have remembered hearing a certain chapter in Luke, recounting the recovery of the lost sheep, the lost coin, the lost son.

The father was four miles from home, when the shout of discovery reached him. The first waggon was put at his disposal, every team and runner on the road acknowledged his right of way. The crowd at the door parted before him, and the hungry arms were filled. With broken English and with broken voice he could only exclaim, "My leetle boy is found! My leetle boy is found!" "What do you think Bonhotel did to me?" said Mr. Harris once to the writer, with a curious and apologetic air. "He kissed me!"

The relief experienced by finding the boy was such that a public meeting was spontaneously held in the Salisbury town hall. The hall was packed. The *Te Deum* was sung, and prayer was offered, after which the experience of the searching party was given. The hero of the occasion was Samuel Rossiter, who was introduced as "the Stanley of Salisbury," and told in his own way the story of "How I found the living son." Rossiter was followed by others, who had varied experiences, some falling into the lake, others having been up to the waist in swamp, all fagged to the point of exhaustion. But the father, simple-hearted old man, dazed by the week's extremities, dazed again by the unaccustomed audience, charmed all by his unstudied, child-like, soul-moving replies to the questions of the chairman. A generous collection was taken for Emil, which is now in the savings bank, and amid cheers and tears the meeting dissolved.

Emil has a rare affection for his mother, and is restless when away from her side. It is needless to say that she feels toward her other children, compared with Emil, as the shepherd is said to feel toward the ninety and nine though they went not astray.

We sometimes philosophize in Salisbury over that sudden, generous, self-sacrificing, and intense interest developed spontaneously in an entire community over an unknown boy. Whatever the explanation, it was a revelation to us of unsuspected depths in human nature. For one moment we saw men upon a mountain top, and they were transfigured before us. And let me reverently add that none in all that company, who saw the restoration of the child to his home, could fail thereby of understanding better the nature of God; for in the heart of a divine Father there thrills upon occasion the same exquisite happiness: "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

THE SAFE LINE.

SUPPOSING there were two lines of ships sailing every week between this country and Europe, and that the ships of the one line always went safe, never lost a life, while the ships of the other lost passengers every trip; common sense would teach me that if I wanted to get to London, I could only have a good hope of getting there by taking a ship of the former line.

I knew two gentlemen who stood once on the steamboat wharf at New York, for one of them was taking his berth in a transatlantic ship to return home.

"Be advised by me," said the other, "do not go in that ship; the boats of that company are not so good, and they are often unfortunate; go by the C—— line."

"No," said the other, "I am anxious to save time, and this boat will take me nearer home."

He went in her; and that boat struck on a rock, and except one man, who afterwards died insane, every one on board perished. My friend reached a heavenly, but he never saw his earthly home.

Now there are two lines of boats that sail upon the sea of life. There is the total-abstinence boat, *i. e.*, where strong drink as a beverage is never used; there is the non-abstinence boat, or rather a whole fleet of various kinds of boats, *i. e.*, where drink is used, from the little drop in moderation to the drinking that ends in shame and misery and crime. The first boat never lost a life—that is to say, never one that went in it ran even the slightest risk of becoming a drunkard; but the second boat has carried hundreds and thousands every year to endless wreck and ruin. Best plan, therefore, for the removal of the terrible evil of drunkenness from our shores is the plan that is so safe—the plan of total abstinence. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the motto.

If I had a thousand boys and girls gathered together in a large hall, suppose I were to speak to them thus: "Never you mind these teetotallers, they are all silly old wives. When you grow up to be men and women, take your glass—in moderation, of course, but take your glass. Never take too much, but be men and women, not babies." And suppose that company of boys and girls when they grew older, followed that advice. What then? I could give a guarantee that out of that thousand there would be ten confirmed drunkards, at least. Ten drunken fathers or mothers, ten miserable homes. Ten, did I say? aye, there might be a hundred! But suppose there should be only one, and suppose that I could go in among that crowd of happy faces and single out one, and then say to all the rest, "This bright little fellow, or this pretty little girl will one day be a drunkard," would they not all shudder? and the little fellow or the little maiden would turn red in the face and angry, and say, "I will never be a drunkard!" But where do drunkards all come from? Just from such little boys and girls. And that is because they choose the boat in which the drink is. Now would it not be a grand thing for those thousand children to say, "We don't wish to have a hundred drunkards among us, we don't wish to have ten, we don't wish to run the risk of having even one, and so we will agree to put the drink away from us altogether? We will take our passages for life on board the ships of the Safe Line."

OLD Gentleman (putting a few questions)—"Now, boys—ah—can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?" Small Scholar (like a shot)—"Please, sir there worn't no commandments then, sir."

What Shall We Do?

WHAT shall we do to drive the curse
Of drunkenness away,
And keep mankind from acting worse
Than ravenous beasts of prey?

What shall we do mankind to stop
From raising grain to sell
For making dirty, pois'nous slop
Which kills and sends to hell?

What shall we do to stop the men
Who thus, for sinful gain,
Secure earth's choicest gifts and then
Destroy the precious grain?

What shall we do these fiends to stop
Murd'ring their fellow men,
Who daily to perdition drop
From their infernal den?

What shall we do to stop all those
Who madly go and take
This deadly poison from their foes
And drink for "friendship's sake"?

What shall we do to make men see
Their danger while they drink?
How shall we make and keep them free
Who stand on ruin's brink?

Thus scores of startling questions rise,
If we begin to think;
Oh, let us, then, not close our eyes
Against the ills of drink!

But let us strive as best we can
These evils to redress;
Use every means—try every plan
That promises success.

Much has already been achieved,
But how much more remains!
Millions of souls to be relieved
From liquor's hellish chains!

Then let us work, and speak, and write,
And vote to be set free;
And if we firm maintain the right,
Rum's downfall we shall see!

J. L.

THE GAME OF KEEPS.

BY DORA HARRISON.

"EXCHANGE—that means to give something for something else. When I gave my money at the store I got back a ball. Yes, that was an exchange: something for something else," said Charlie Williams to himself as he held in his hand a slip of paper that his Uncle Ned had just given him.

"Now, what does it say again? 'A fair exchange'—an even or equal exchange, mamma said that meant—that is, one as much as the other. When I gave ten cents for a ball, I got a ten-cent ball back. It would not have been a fair exchange, if I had got only a five-cent ball back, and would have been robbery, for it says, 'A fair exchange is no robbery,' and so an unfair exchange must be robbery.

"Whew! I guess I know what that means, and now I have just to write it out, and then I will be all ready for the drive with Uncle Ned, for he said I could go if I would get this done first."

Seating himself, Charlie carefully wrote, "'A fair exchange is no robbery,' means that if you give just as much as you get back, it is no robbery; but if you give more than you get back, you are robbed." Here Charlie paused for a moment. "Yes, that is it too; and if you get back more than you give it is robbery too."

"I wish Uncle Ned would come now," he said, as he folded the paper and put it in his side pocket. "I wonder what he wanted me to write that out for? He doesn't ever *suppose that I would be so* mean as to do anything like that, I hope," and twelve-year-old Charlie got up and walked a little straighter than usual over to the window to look once more for Uncle Ned and his ponies.

They were nowhere to be seen, and, turning, he gets nearly to the table again before his eyes fall upon a bag of marbles on the sideboard, where he had put them upon coming from school.

"What a fine lot of marbles I got today," he said, taking them up and emptying them upon the table, stopping this one and then that from falling to the floor, and then when they were all still he surveyed them with loving eyes.

"It was the best luck I have had for weeks. These are dandies I got from Will Armstrong," and he picked up two or three large glass ones and laid them to one side; "and these I got from Tom Pearce, they are nice ones too," he said, holding them in his hand, "and the very last he had; but the great baby needn't have cried, even if they were," and Charlie smiled contemptuously at the thought of anyone crying over the loss of a few marbles, but the next instant the smile of superior strength faded from his lips, his mouth became grave and his brows puckered so that it was some moments before he could resume his soliloquy.

"That's queer," he said at length. "I never thought of it like that before, but here it is. I have all of Tom's marbles, and he has nothing for them, and maybe it was because he hadn't any money to buy some more that he cried. I 'most wish I hadn't taken them; but then they were mine, for I won them, and I didn't have to give anything back for them, for that is a part of the game, and all the boys do it."

But the puckers didn't leave his brow, and it was quite evident that his enjoyment with his marbles was all gone.

It was a puzzle. Tom had given five cents at the store for his marbles but the night before. Charlie had seen him buy them, and it was a fair exchange, money for marbles, but here now he hadn't a marble and nothing else either, and was it a fair exchange? Again and again Charlie went over the facts, but ended up always with—"But then, that was part of the game. He knew if he lost he wouldn't get anything, and I knew if I lost I would not get anything for mine, and so it must be all right, for we didn't cheat in playing." But every time he settled it thus the fair exchange crept in, and that, coupled with Tom's tears, made him go over the whole matter again, so that when Uncle Ned did come, there was more gravity in the greeting than that which usually hailed his approach.

It was not long before Uncle Ned was at the root of the trouble.

"And so you don't see any harm in your taking Tom Pearce's marbles when you have won them fairly and honestly in the play?"

"No," said Charlie, "and all the boys do it; even Arthur Wright, the minister's son."

"And yet it doesn't seem like a fair exchange, does it?" said Uncle Ned, paying no heed to the last excuse.

"No," admitted Charley again, "and that is just what I cannot understand, Uncle Ned. I wish you could tell me just how it is. You know, don't you?"

Ned Williams looked down into the clear, honest, trustful eyes of his little nephew before he answered, and felt himself very small indeed in comparison to the trust and confidence thus lavished upon him.

They had now turned upon one of the most aristocratic avenues in the city, and as Charlie's attention was being taken by other things, Uncle Ned thought it wise to put off his answer for a time.

The smooth stone pavement, the wide-spreading branches of the maples forming an archway overhead, the beautiful grounds and the stately mansions that showed through the trees every here and there, were very pleasant indeed, after the heat and dust through which they had just come.

Soon they left the main road, and passing through a large iron gate, entered a drive leading up to one of the most beautiful houses Charlie thought he had ever seen, and when his uncle had given him permission to go through the grounds, while he attended to some business that he had there, he thought himself the happiest of boys.

Surrounded on all ways by comfort, and even luxury, and visiting many beautiful places with his uncle, yet here Charlie found beauty that surpassed even his imaginations. Beautiful flowers of every colour mingled with the soft green of the grass and shrubs; several fountains were sending their cooling waters up into the air, and letting it fall again like gentle rain upon the earth beneath; beautiful works of art appeared in the most unexpected places; a fierce lion guarded either side of the massive porch, and trailing vines relieved the whole from any suspicion of coldness or *hauteur*.

In one corner Charlie found a swing, and close by a summer-house containing a horse, a waggon, some dolls' dishes and other toys, just as if some children had been playing there and had only now left them, but on looking closer he saw rust on the waggon, and the dolls' dresses were damp, so he concluded that they had been there for some time.

His uncle had told him that no one lived there, and he had not minded the silence and loneliness, till now, when he found indications of child-life, he began to wonder who and where they were. The closely barred windows and doors, the silent halls, the strangeness of it all began to oppress him, and, although not superstitious, he felt it would not be strange if suddenly should appear some fierce young knight and demand a reason for his trespassing on another's property.

He soon made his way back to the ponies and found Uncle Ned there before him, in earnest conversation with a stranger.

"How long before the new owner takes possession?" his uncle was asking as Charlie came up.

"About four weeks, I think," replied the stranger. "It is a sad affair all through," he continued; "I can't but feel sorry for Dawson too, although it is his family who really deserve the pity. To think of leaving such a home as this for the miserable hovel they are in now."

"And can there be no help for it?" asked Uncle Ned.

"None that I can see. You see it was a fair game—at least they didn't cheat in playing. Dawson had been losing heavily of late, and staked everything that night, and lost, of course. Matthews was a heartless, unscrupulous scamp, so no mercy was expected and none was received. You see, when you keep such company you must accept the consequences."

"But," said Uncle Ned, "could he really force his claim? Would the law uphold him in it?"

"There is not much use of talking of law in this connection, Williams; when it legalizes houses on purpose for such unfair exchanges to take place, it can do no more than wink at them when they do actually take place."

"How does Dawson feel about it?"

"Oh, he is nearly wild, of course. They are afraid that he will lose his reason, and then the whole burden of the family will fall upon his wife."

"But Matthews, does he expect to keep the position he has won? Will not he be branded in the eyes of the people worse even than Dawson?"

"In the eyes of all right-minded people he will," replied the stranger, "but there is a saying that 'stolen fruit is sweet.' His selfish nature may enjoy it for a while, but, mark my words, some day or other he will be rewarded."

"We will hope so, at least," said Uncle Ned as they drove away.

They had only reached the road again when Uncle Ned was accosted by another man.

"Ah! Williams, I thought I would find you here about this time. Have you heard the news yet?"

"No, I have heard nothing. What news?" replied Uncle Ned.

"Why, Matthews is settled for good this time."

"Settled! How?"

"Why, it seems, several years ago, while very much excited one night over a game of cards he killed a man, and has succeeded in escaping detection until to-day, when a man recognized him in the hotel and told a policeman, who immediately took him in charge, and he is now safely locked up."

"Uncle," said Charlie as they drove on, "What does it all mean. I couldn't understand."

Then his uncle explained, as best he could, how the once owner of that place used to go, night after tight, to play with money, and he either gained or *lost until* he lost all he had, even to that beautiful place.

"What made him play such a game when he saw he was losing?" asked Charlie.

"Oh, because he liked it, and there was always a chance, he thought, of winning it all back, and maybe more too, until now he has nothing to play with."

Ah! what made Charlie just then think of Tom Pearce and his marbles and his tears?

For a long while he sat silent, until finally he said: "Uncle Ned, I think I understand it now. It is the playing on purpose to make those 'unfair exchanges' that is wrong and makes all the trouble. If Tom hadn't played he would have had his marbles now, and if that Matthews hadn't played he wouldn't have killed that man, and if Dawson hadn't played he would have that place yet; so I am never, never, going to play again, and will give all the marbles back I didn't buy or have given to me—an honest give, I mean."

And then Uncle Ned told him of the sorrow and misery that was in the world through these unfair exchanges. How that whole nations were corrupted, families broken up, lives lost, blood shed, women and children deprived of food and shelter, and when "great oaks do from acorns grow," it is necessary to avoid it even in so small a matter as playing marbles.

A GREAT LOAD.

A YOUNG lad whom you know quite well once thought he must do what he saw men do, so far as he could. He saw men smoke and chew, and he could do that at a small cost, he thought. He did that, and it grew to be a great life-long load.

He did not know it was a load, for it was out of sight, but he could find it out in this way. He could save up all the spent quids, and all the ends not burnt, and all the old pipes. And when he went to look at them he could say, "I have put the worst part of each quid and end in to hurt my blood, and brains, and heart, and eyes, to stunt my growth, to tire me out, to make me vile, and to use up my cash. I would call these odds and ends a sad load to bear. How much worse then is the load I feel but do not see!"

Now this is queer talk, but it is still more queer that men and boys should take up such loads as these and bear them all their lives. The load of odds and ends you would cast in the fire at once. Why not cast out the worst load, and be a pure, clean man once more, just as God meant you should be?

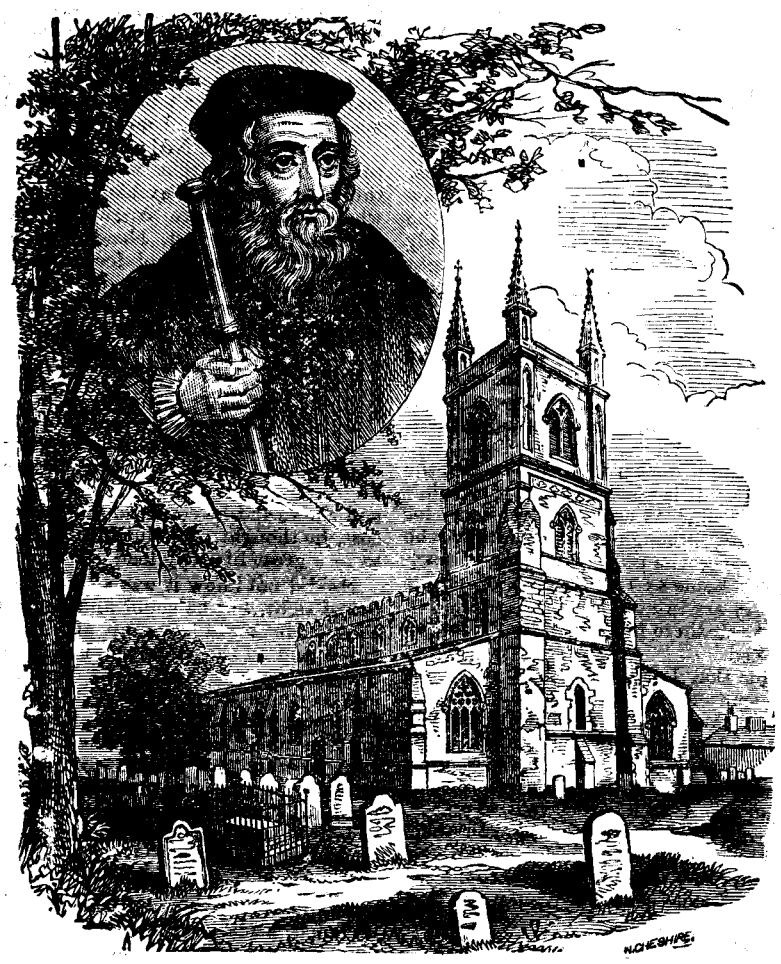
If boys knew how it would hurt them, and stunt their growth, and dwarf their minds, and waste their time, I am sure they would not use the vile weed. They would spend their spare cash for good books, which would help them to be good and wise men in the world.

THINGS THAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW.

THE things that every woman will need to have done for her, every girl should learn how to do for herself, says that true friend of working women, Miss Grace Dodge, in a recent number of the *Ladies' Home Journal:*

One summer a lady had two hundred and sixty girls from offices, stores and factories to board during two weeks' vacation. At the end of the summer she found that but nine of the number knew how to make a bed, and many of them made it a boast that they had "never had made a bed in their lives." Some did not even know whether a sheet or blanket should be put on first. And these were not destitute girls, but such as represent our self-respecting wage-earners—girls who were boarders, paying a fair price, and yet who were expected to make their own beds. Mothers had not trained them. There are hundreds of intelligent girls of fifteen, sixteen, eighteen and even older, who have never sewed, and do not know whether a thimble should go on their thumb or forefinger. What kind of wives and mothers are they to make? Mothers ought to realize that daughters need to be trained for their probable career of housewife and mother, as well as that sons must be apprenticed for a trade; only in your girls' case, mother, it is your duty to act as trainer.

Many girls who are now well supported and cared for by father and mother will, by-and-bye, be thrown on their own resources, and it cannot be known now who these girls are to be. All girls, therefore, should be taught to think and reason. Also, it is necessary that they should learn something, at least, that may bring them an income if needful. One art thoroughly mastered is better than dozens of so-called accomplishments each half learned. Many a girl has supported herself and been saved because she knew how to cook well, and when the trial came could turn her hand to making cake, or even biscuit.



WYCLIFFE AND LUTTERWORTH CHURCH.

JOHN DE WYCLIFFE.

BY EVALENA I. FRYER.

THE kind, patient woman who rocked a cradle in the little village of Wycliffe, in Yorkshire, England, about the year 1324, could not know that the sleeping occupant of the swinging cradle would grow up to become one of the foremost men of his times, and so she rocked and nursed and crooned lullabys, and the baby slept and ate and grew, just like all other babies.

The next time we see this baby he has grown to be a man and is among the students in the scholastic Oxford. While there Wycliffe was a faithful pupil, for besides studying the writings of the famous Greek philosopher Aristotle and the writings of the Church fathers, like Augustine and Basil and Jerome, he studied civil law and canon law, and he even went to the Bible for knowledge, which was a *very* unfashionable thing to do in those days, the biblical teachers being called "the bullocks of Abraham." Wycliffe was nicknamed "The Gospel Doctor."

When our knight was about thirty-two years old he entered on a long struggle with the various orders of friars. These friars pretended to be very poor, and with wallets on their backs went about begging with piteous air, while at the same time they lived in palaces and dressed in costly garments. They used to kidnap children and shut them up in monasteries. When the orders were first organized their idea was to become a body of self-denying and consecrated men, who would go about arousing the people to a better life. At first their influence was very good, but when they became very popular and very powerful, they became also very degenerate.

But there was one man who was not afraid to tell them what he thought of them, and he did his duty so thoroughly and so fearlessly that Rome became alarmed, and at last summoned the Gospel Doctor to appear at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the nineteenth of February, 1377, and answer to the charge of heresy.

The cathedral was crowded and yet a very little thing scattered the crowd. Lord Percy, who attended Wycliffe, desired him to be seated. But the Bishop of London declared that Wycliffe "should not sit, and that according to law an accused person should stand during the time of his answer." A controversy soon followed, and in the tumult the whole assembly was broken up and the next day was succeeded by a riot. As for Wycliffe, he was dismissed with the injunction to be more careful about his preaching in the future. But public opinion declared in his favour.

"If he is guilty," the people said, "why is he not punished? If he is innocent, why is he ordered to be silent?"

In 1379, Wycliffe was seriously ill. The mendicant friars thought that their opportunity had now come. They went in much state to see him and solemnly tried to make him recant. He ordered his servant to raise him on the pillows, and to the great astonishment of the friars, the apparently dying man, fixing his eyes on his enemies, said: "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars."

His enemies left him and the great reformer did live. He was yet to put the finishing touches to his greatest work—the translating and scattering of the Word of God, that the people might read it in their own tongue. For ten or fifteen years he worked steadily at this task, and at last, in 1380, it was completed. This was a great event in the religious history of England. To us to-day it sounds like odd English. The first verse of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians reads like this:—

"If I speke with tungis of men and of aungels, and I have not charite, I am maad as bras sownynge or a cymbal tynklynge."

The work met with a wonderful reception. Citizens, soldiers, the rich and the poor welcomed it with delight. Even Anne, the wife of Richard II, began to read the Gospels. John de Wycliffe had indeed become The Gospel Doctor. It cost a large sum to own a Testament—estimated to equal one hundred and fifty dollars of our times.

To carry the Bible into the remotest hamlets was the sole idea of The Gospel Doctor, and for this purpose he sent forth preachers, bidding them,—

"Go and preach; it is the sublimest work; but imitate not the priests whom we see after the sermon sitting in alehouses or at the gaming table. After your sermon is done, do you visit the sick, the aged, the poor, the blind, the lame."

These "poor priests," as they were called, went about barefoot, staff in hand, and dressed in coarse robes; they lived on alms and were satisfied with the plainest food. Their theme was Christ and they preached with wonderful eloquence.

Wycliffe continued in his glorious work for many years, until one day, as he stood in the midst of his little flock in the Lutterworth Church, administering the communion, he was stricken with paralysis and was carried home to die in two days at the ripe age of sixty years. He was buried beneath the chancel of Lutterworth Church, but thirty years after, Rome directed that his body should be disinterred and thrown far away from church walls. They took up the body, burned it, and cast the ashes into an adjacent brook.

"The brook," says Fuller, "did carry his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." If Luther and Calvin are the fathers of the Reformation, Wycliffe is its grandfather.—*The Well Spring.*

Epworth League.

W. H. WITHROW, *Secretary for Canada.*

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

NOVEMBER 12, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

GIVING WITH PRAYER AND LOVE.—Acts 20. 35; 1 John 3. 17; Matt. 10. 8; 2 Cor. 9. 7; 2 Chron. 29. 27; Matt. 25. 34-40; 10. 42.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

HOW DOES CHRIST MAKE US RICH?—1 Tim. 6. 17-19; 2 Cor. 8. 9. (A missionary topic.)

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A.D. 57.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 12.

THE GRACE OF LIBERALITY.

2 Cor. 8. 1-12.] [Memory verses, 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8, 9.

OUTLINE.

1. An Example, v. 1-5.
2. An Exhortation, v. 6-12.

PLACE.—Macedonia.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Paul left Ephesus about Pentecost, 57 A.D., for Troas. He stayed there some little time, hoping to meet Titus and to hear something concerning his first Epistle to the Corinthians. Failing to meet him there, he went to Macedonia, where he learned the mind of the Macedonians, and made a collection for the poor saints.

EXPLANATIONS.

"We do you to wit"—We make known unto you. "The grace of God bestowed on the Churches" Paul means the charitable contribution made by these churches, to which they were excited by the grace of God. "The churches of Macedonia"—These were Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, etc. The persecution of these Christians had been unusually severe—"a great trial of affliction"—and these persecutions had, by the grace of God, resulted in two things: first, superabounding joy; second, almost famishing poverty. And these two things working together led to "riches of liberality." Not so much riches of contributions as a richness of single-mindedness, in which they had their eyes of love fixed exclusively upon their brothers' need. "Praying us with much entreaty"—The very embodiment of wholehearted liberality. "Abound in this grace also"—If a man has not the love that freely gives dollars and comfort to others, his love is not of much value to God or man. "Forwardness"—Promptitude. "Be forward a year ago"—The Corinthians had begun well a year before this; now let them consistently carry out what they then began.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where does this lesson show—

1. That self-denying liberality is a godly grace?
2. That all other godly graces, without this, will not avail.
3. That good resolutions, without good performances, will not avail?
4. That God never expects the impossible?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For whom was Paul collecting money? "For the poor saints of Jerusalem." 2. Out of what two things had come the rich liberality of the persecuted Christians of Macedonia? "Abundance of joy and deep poverty." 3. What does the apostle say of our Lord? "He became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." 4. What is needful besides faith, and knowledge, and diligence, and love? "Abundance of liberality." 5. What is God's measure of liberality if there be a willing mind? "According to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The love of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What was the humiliation of Christ?

He was made man, and lived a life of poverty, suffering, and neglect.

A SCHOOLBOY'S COMPOSITION ON BONE.

BONES are the framework of the body. If I had no bones in me I should not have as much shape as I have now. If I had no bones in me I should not have as much motion, and grandmother would be glad, but I like to have motion. Bones give me motion because they are something hard for motion to cling to. If I had no bones, my brains, lungs, heart and blood-vessels would be lying around in me and might get hurted, but now the bones get hit. If I was soaked in a acid I would get limber. Teacher showed us a bone that had been soaked. I could bend it easily. Some of my bones do not grow close to my body, snug, like the branches of a tree, and I am glad they don't, for if they did I could not play leap-frog and other nice games I know. The reason why they don't grow that way is because they have joints. Joints is good things to have in bones. They are two kinds. The ball and socket, like the shoulder, is the best. All my bones put together in their right places make a skeleton. If I leave any out, or put any in their wrong places, it ain't no skeleton. Cripples and deformed people don't have no skeletons. Some animals have their skeletons on their outside. I am glad I ain't them animals; for my skeleton, like it is on the chart, would not look well on my outside.—*Exchange.*