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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1895.

[No. 30.

Roses, Lilies and Violets—The Red, White and Blue.

BY JULIA M. HOOPER.

Keep thy heart so kind and loving
There's for selfishness no room,
So, about this bright earth glowing,
More red roses spring to bloom.

Keep thy heart all pure and stain
less,
From the tempting evil free ;
Then around the wide world bloom-
ing,
More white lilies there will be.

Love the truth, and be true always,
Let it rule thy actions o'er ;
Then among the fields and meadows
Violets will bloom the more.

TRUE BRAVERY.

BY A. L. H.

"You'd better not rock the boat quite so hard, Jack," said Bobby, "she might go over."

"I'm not afraid," said Jack, with an unpleasant meaning in his voice ; "I'm a little braver than that !" and then he swayed from side to side, rocking the boat far more violently, to show how brave he was.

"Maybe you'd sing another song if you fell overboard," called down Fred Howe, who was holding the painter ; "you can't either of you swim, you know."

"Pooh !" was all that Jack said in reply, but he "eased her up a little," as he would have expressed it, for he had not the slightest intention of falling overboard, being by no means as brave as he would have his companions imagine. It would, however, be great fun to give Bobby a little fright ; so he put his foot down toward the gunwale, and pressed his weight on it till the water came over, keeping his eyes on Bobby—who sat in the stern with his legs dangling over—to note the effect. So interested was he in seeing the frightened look come into Bobby's face, that he forgot to be careful, and the next instant his foot slipped, and as Fred cried : "Look out !" he pitched to one side, his foot caught in the rowlock, and into the water he plunged.

The current set very strong around the head of the pier and the tide was running out ; so when Jack finally came to the surface he was several feet away from the boat, and floating further every instant.

"Cast off the painter, Fred !" cried Bobby, who had twisted round in the boat the moment he heard Fred's cry ; "the boat will drift in this direction."

So Fred let the rope drop, and then, like a wise boy, ran off calling for help.

The boat, as Bobby had said, drifted toward the spot where for an instant Jack floated and then disappeared for the second time. Bobby ran to the bow, caught up the painter and tied it securely about his waist, and as Jack rose again Bobby sprang into the water to the full length of rope, and seized Jack by his sailor collar, just as he was going down. It would not have been a difficult matter to draw himself back to the boat, if Jack had been quiet, but, as drowning people almost always do, he began to struggle ; caught at Bobby and clasped his arms convulsively, and almost pulled him under. But the weight on the painter drew the boat toward them, and the instant

it was within reach Bobby caught it with one hand, slipped his arm under one of the seats, and held on to Jack with his other hand. He was only a little boy, and he could not have sustained the weight long, but help was at hand, for Fred's cries had been heard, and a boat put off after them immediately ; so that before very long the weary little fellow found himself being lifted into another boat, and with the words, "Is Jack all right?" he fainted away.

Of course it wasn't possible to keep the cause of the accident quiet ; on the contrary Fred was so indignant at what he called "Jack's smartness" that he was rather eager than otherwise to give a full account of how it had happened.

"And he bragged so of being brave !" he ended, contemptuously. "Very brave to tumble yourself overboard and let another fellow risk his life to save you from drowning ! It was a pity that he couldn't have seen how a really brave fellow acts."

That night Jack and his Uncle Ray—with whom he had come to the seashore—had a little talk, and by the time it was ended Jack understood that running

unnecessary risks, or putting one's self into needless danger was far from being brave, and was worthy only of contempt, while such conduct as Bobby's was true courage.

I am glad to be able to tell you that, after all, Jack showed the best kind of courage, for the next morning when he thanked Bobby for what he had done, he begged his pardon, like a man, and confessed that he was trying "to show off," and that that was the whole cause of the trouble.

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDOE, BALTIMORE.

It was a discouraged little face that looked up at Miss Wilton, as she spoke to a poorly dressed lad, on a back street, and inquired why he had been absent from his class on Sunday.

"Cause 'tain't no use for me trying to do right. I always break my resolutions 'fore the day's up. I've tried, and tried ; but I don't make no headway."



HINDU CARRIAGE.

This is a very queer sort of carriage. What clumsy-looking wheels and springs. Instead of horses the small cattle of the country are used. One would think that the drapery on the animals would be intolerably hot. I suppose it is used to keep off the flies.

"Perhaps you haven't tried in the right way, Jamie. Now, suppose I saw you standing cold and hungry, outside my window, and I invited you to come into the warm, cheery dining room, and get a good, hot supper. But instead of thankfully accepting what I freely offered, you stayed outside in the rain, and kept on wondering whether I would receive you if you came ; or whether I should not be ashamed of your old clothes ; or send you back in the cold and darkness without doing anything to make you feel better ;—would you deserve to be warmed and fed by one whom you had refused to trust ? Of course, I should not go out, and drag you in by main force, and compel you against your own will, to accept the good things I offered you ; though I should feel very sorry to see a little boy so foolish as to remain cold and hungry, while I was offering to supply all his needs."

"Oh, dear lady, I could never act that way in return for your kindness ; and if I did, I should not deserve to have you pity or care for me any more."

"But, Jamie," said Miss Wilton, kindly, "you are serving the dear Saviour, who died for us all, just in the way you would be ashamed to treat your teacher, who has never done half so much for you as Jesus has. He offers to save you, 'without money and without price ;' to forgive all your sins, and wash them away in his own precious blood, if you will only believe on him. This is all he asks you to do. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' You will find in this dear Saviour all the help and wisdom and strength you need, if you will only yield yourself to him. As a dear child once said to another, 'Just believe that he can save you, that he wants to save you, and then just let Jesus have it all his own way.'"

"But, dear lady, I'm not good enough ; and I don't get any better by trying."

"And you never will, dear child. What do you think Jesus came into the world for ?"

"Why, to save sinners, of course," was the prompt reply.

"Well, are you not a sinner ?"

"Indeed I am, dear lady, and that is what troubles me."

"Then you are one of those whom Jesus died to save ; and after paying such a price for your salvation, he desires to save you. Will you not let him ?"

"But what must I do to please this dear Saviour ?"

"Believe what he says : 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' and the moment you do that, he becomes your Saviour, and he takes you for his child forever, so that 'neither life nor death, nor any other creature, is able to separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.'"

"How good he is ! But, dear teacher, I want to do something to show him how glad and grateful I am for what he has done for me."

"You can use the life he gives you for his glory by telling your boy friends of the dear Saviour you have found ; by living the religion you profess, being always honest and fair in your dealings ; forgiving

when you are injured by others, grateful for kindness received, and generous in sharing your good things with others who have fewer enjoyments. You can be patient and humble, and watchful against temptation. You can strive to grow daily more like Jesus—an earnest boy Christian now; and as you grow to man's estate, you can consecrate to his blessed service all the talents, influence, and possessions he may give you, using them as means to evince your gratitude for his wondrous love."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1895.

"MY BOY."

BY J. B. GOUGH.

WHEN addressing an audience in Connecticut, I related the following incident: Mrs. Falkener, who lives a little way out from here, gave me some interesting incidents with regard to her son.

"My boy," she said, "was a drunkard; but he signed the pledge, and said, 'Mother, I will go away from home, away from the midst of temptation; but I will keep the pledge.'

"By-and-bye, after he had been gone a little over two years, a letter came, saying, 'Mother, I am coming home to spend Thanksgiving with you.'

"And he came into the town by the stage, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parsons' tavern. It was just after dusk. Some young men were at the bar.

"'Halloa, Fred! and how are you? What will you have to drink?'"

"'Nothing.'"

"'Not on Thanksgiving? Come, take something.'"

"'No, I'd rather not. I've come home to see my mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark, and go in and surprise her.'"

"By-and-bye Solomon Parsons, who was leaning his elbow on the counter, looked at him and said, 'Fred Falkener, if I were six foot tall, and broad in proportion as you are, and yet was afraid of a paltry glass of ale, by George! I'd go to the woods and hang myself.'"

"But I am not afraid.'"

"Oh, yes you are. Ha! ha, ha! I say, boys, here's a big fellow afraid of a glass of liquor. I suppose he's afraid of his mother.'"

"'Well,' he said, 'I'm going to mother; and I may as well show you that I'm not afraid to drink it.'"

He drank it; then came another glass; and they plied him with more. Twelve o'clock that night he went into a barn and was found in the morning—dead! They brought him to his mother stretched on a plank, with a buffalo-robe thrown over his body.

She said to me, "Parsons came, and I said, 'You tempted my boy.'"

"Well, I didn't know he was your son."

"You did! You called him by name; you knew he was Frederick Falkener, the only son of his poor crippled mother; and you have killed him."

"Mrs. Falkener, I am not used to have such language applied to me."

"God forgive me if I have sinned," said the poor woman, "but I put my hand on the face of my dead boy, and I lifted up my fingers, and I cursed him. He went out with a face as white as chalk."

Then I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkener to his ruin, is in this hall, and he sits right there; and this same Solomon Parsons keeps a grog-shop on the bridge of your city, licensed by the State of Connecticut! rout him out!" And before twenty-four hours had elapsed, bag and baggage, bottles and demijohns of liquors, furniture, licenses, and all were carried out of the city. They violated no law. They laid no hand upon him; but they made him go out himself. They helped him not to pack up a single article of his furniture; but they went to him in a body and declared that such a man should not be tolerated in the city, and he was obliged to leave.

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A BOY is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more it is used the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is not worth \$5 when in its natural state is worth \$12 made into horse-shoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to \$350. Made into penknife blades it would be worth \$1,000, and into springs for watches, \$250,000. Just think of that, boys: a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material!

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horse-shoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horse-shoe or watch-spring? It depends upon yourselves. You can become whatever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without any intervals of fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry for you to grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.

THE CAMEL.

BY MAY F. M'KEAN, PHILADELPHIA.

IF we turn to the Bible and read the history of the earliest times, we will see that the sheep is the very first animal that is mentioned by name, and after that the next one that is named is the camel; so we see that it was known to men from almost the beginning of the world. The sheep was offered as a sacrifice, but the camel was used to ride upon, or to carry heavy burdens.

It is very strong, and capable of very great endurance, so that it was very useful indeed in those early times when people wanted to go long distances, and there were no cities along the way at which they could stop and find hotels and pleasant resting-places.

The camel is still much used in the East. Sometimes it is called "The Ship of the Desert," because it can pass over vast desert tracts that no other animal could traverse. In those countries where deserts are frequent it is invaluable on this account. The speed of the camel is very great, but those who ride upon it when it is running rapidly are swayed from side to side with a motion that I am sure you and I would not

When a good many travellers travel together, they call it a "caravan," and when upon the road they come to a great square, low-built inn, with accommodations for the animals, they call it a "caravansary." Sometimes they have to travel a long way to find one of these.

Are you not glad that you live in a land and at a time when railroads and steamboats make travelling so much easier and pleasanter than the old way?

BOYS AND GIRLS IN COREA.

PERHAPS you would like to know how the boys and girls of Corea look, and what kind of clothes they wear. I am sure if a company of Corean boys were to visit your school some day your teacher would make a mistake and assign them seats on the girls' side of the room, instead of the boys' side. If they were very much dressed up, some of them would have on long pink coats, others would have robin's-egg blue, while the smaller ones would wear red. Underneath these coats you would see white, loose trousers which are fastened about the ankle with a band of some bright-coloured ribbon or cloth.

Early in the morning of the day when the boy is to become a man, the top of the head is shaven, then all the remaining hair is combed up over the bald spot and closely tied and twisted into a knot which stands up about four inches.

The dress of the Corean girl is not as pretty as the garments worn by her brother. They usually wear red cotton skirts; occasionally, however, they are so fortunate as to get a light-blue or a delicate green one. Their jackets, which are very short, only just long enough from the shoulder to form an armpit, are of various colours, but the colour they like the best is either green or yellow. Their hair is combed just like the boys', only they wear a plum-coloured ribbon instead of a black one.

When our little Corean reaches the age of nine or ten, her parents tell her she is now too old to be seen on the street any more. She can't even stand at the front door and look out, but is banished to the apartments of the women, which are in the back part of the house. Here the rooms are dingy and little. There is no pretty flower-garden to look out upon, no dolls to play with, and not much of anything which is bright or beautiful ever enters the rooms where our little Corean girl must spend her life.

Are you not glad you were not born in this land? Are you not sorry for those whose lot is so hard? We hope there will be better days for them sometime, but these days will not come until their fathers and mothers learn about Jesus, who said he came to this world "to preach deliverance to the captives."

HOW TO PRAY.

IF you would offer true and acceptable prayer, seek for the grace of the Holy Spirit to enlighten your mind and to move your heart as well as your lips. Let every petition be offered through Christ. We have boldness and access by faith in his blood who is the great High Priest, and the "one Mediator between God and men."

There must be an entire reliance on his merits, as the ground and reason why you should receive mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. There must be repentance and forsaking of sin, for "if you will not hear you."

You must draw nigh with a loving heart, for cold and languid prayers are of little worth. Hope in the divine compassion must be felt whilst you utter the cry of the penitent: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

And with all there must be a forgiving spirit: "for if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

READ YOUR BIBLE.

MR. HUGHES, in "Tom Brown," tells an anecdote showing how we may influence others without meaning it. A fragile boy came to Rugby, and was put under the care of "Tom Brown;" and

he, with a number of other boys, all slept in a large hall, and at night they all frolicked and played. Before the lights were out they were all ready for bed. All were very much surprised to see this boy kneel down by his bed to say his prayers. One hard-hearted boy thought he would put a stop to this, so he threw his shoe at him; and, in turn, "Tom Brown" threw his boot at him.

That night "Brown" woke up with a heavy feeling, and thought how much ashamed he was when he came there to say his prayers; and he had promised his mother, before he left his home, that he would read his Bible every day, and had never read it since he came there, so he thought he would do better. And next morning when he got up he knelt down by his bed, and all was silent.

Before long all got into the habit of reading their Bibles, and kneeling every night and morning. All from the actions of this boy.

A Piece of News.

I HAVE something good to tell you,
Bend your heads a little, so!
Let me have your ears a moment,
While I whisper, sweet and low,

What my dream was like last evening,
Sitting by my cheerful fire,
Watching fairy forms and figures,
As the rosy flames mount higher.

Soon, against my cushion leaning,
I was lost to present things,
As I closed my eyes upon them,
And I dreamed of coming springs.

Snow and winds of March had vanished;
Ice and frost were nowhere found;
Crocus, hyacinth, and lily
Smiled up bravely through the ground.

Trees were budding in the forests,
Grass was springing in the lanes;
Birds returning from the South-land
Sweetly sung in nature's fanes.

April breezes on the hill-top,
April perfumes in the air;
April sunshine, April showers,
April gladness everywhere.

But the best of all, my children,
I have yet to tell to you;
For my winter dream of spring-time
Very soon is coming true.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

August 4, 1895.

SET APART.—Mark 16 15, 16.

This is the Divine Commission. It is for all mankind, here comprised in the term "all the world." None are excluded from the blessings of the Gospel but such as exclude themselves. The offer of salvation is to be made, after which those who make the proclamation are no longer responsible. How strange that any should dare limit the blessings of the Gospel with such a proclamation as Jesus Christ commands to be made.

All are to be baptized. Baptism is a Divine ordinance. The rite is essential, but the mode may not be so definitely set forth whether sprinkling, or pouring, or immersion. Some deny the rite to infants and children; but they were redeemed by Christ and are entitled to all the blessings of the new and better covenant. Their baptism is the initiatory rite into the Church, from which children should never be excluded unless they exclude themselves by wickedness.

The fearful consequences of not accepting the Gospel, or not believing,—such shall be damned or condemned. The mere baptism will not save any, faith must be exercised. A man will not accept that which he does not believe. The Gospel is not a cunningly devised fable. It is established on the clearest and most indubitable evidence, so that those who reject it are unbelievers at whose hardness of heart the intelligent universe stands aghast. Do our readers believe the Gospel? It is good news. How great a Saviour even children have. Can any be so hardened in sin as to deny the Lord who bought them.

The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,

BY

Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WRONG RIGHTED.

"I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is sometime, somewhere punished,
Though the hour be long delayed."
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

EVERYONE was much surprised the next morning to see Jack Harding walk into the school-room just as the nine-o'clock bell sounded. All but the teacher—he did not look so, for just a few moments before that, while Mary Stanton—one of the pupils of the senior form—had held a few moments' conversation with him.

Little Mary had always felt somewhat afraid of grave, stern-looking Mr. Seburn—the head teacher of the senior department—so it was with a fast-beating heart that she knocked at his door and asked for a few moments' conversation with him.

"What is it, Mary? Don't be afraid to tell me," as he saw her roll up her handkerchief in silent confusion, and his tone was so kind, his smile so pleasant that she recovered in a measure her self-possession, and lifting her eyes to his she earnestly said:

"It's about Jack Harding, Mr. Seburn; he did not cheat yesterday; he deserved that prize, and I can prove it, too," she said, with energy.

The teacher's face was all attention now, as he quickly replied:

"Can you, indeed? Well, I am very glad of that; tell me all about it."

Again the confused look crept into the child's face as she looked down at the floor and stammered—"But I—I was doing what you have strictly forbidden or I would not have known."

The teacher looked both grave and amused, and he lifted his eyebrows either in real or pretended surprise; she could not make out which; but his smile encouraged her to go on, so she told him the whole truth:

"Well," said the teacher, when she had told him all, "I cannot tell you how glad I am that the right of this matter has been found out! And, although I do not wish this little girl to continue to disobey orders about playing in the school-room, I am real glad she hid in there this once." And he smiled again so pleasantly that Mary wondered how she had ever thought him grave and stern.

"And now," said the teacher, "it will be quite necessary for you to come to the fifth form and tell the class what you have just told me. Will you come directly after prayers? I will speak to your teacher to send you."

"Yes," said Mary, gladly. "I was so afraid you would scold me, but you have been very kind," and she gave a grateful sigh of relief.

"Well," said Mr. Seburn, "you see, if you had not told me all, Jack's name might never have been cleared, but you have been honourable enough to tell me for the sake of clearing him, so I have no scolding for you this time."

When Jack walked into the school-room and took his seat, Bob Pierce, who sat near, contemptuously whispered:

"He's come back to write some more essays with his book open."

Jack's eyes flashed, but he remained proudly silent, for his hour of triumph was coming.

After the opening exercises everybody—save Jack—wondered why the teacher did not, as usual, begin the work of the day. He sat gravely silent, and presently there was a timid knock at the door.

"This is Miss Mary Stanton, one of Miss Kean's pupils from the junior form," said the teacher, as he admitted her. "She has something to tell us which will be interesting to us all—particularly so to two of you."

No one but Jack Harding had the slightest idea what she was going to say, and breathlessly they all listened.

Mary felt nervous and confused for a moment to find so many looking at her—and most of them strangers—for in our large schools in towns and cities, scholars in different compartments do not all become acquainted—but presently her eyes rested on Jack Harding's face; and he gave her such a grateful look that she forgot her fears in remembering how much she was helping him, and in a clear, childish, but straightforward way she told her story.

When she ceased speaking all eyes were centred on Bob Pierce, and he looked so contrite and ashamed that I am certain a very small crack in the floor might have swallowed

him up at that moment. As one of the boys comically expressed it: "He looked as though he would like to crawl through a knot-hole, and pull the knot hole in after him."

To add to his mortification, no one spoke; the teacher sat motionless for a few moments and said nothing at all; breathless silence reigned. Then he turned to Mary and said:

"That will do, Mary; you have given your evidence very nicely, and I am truly grateful to you for your assistance in helping me to clear up this mystery."

"I, too, wish to express my thanks," said a manly voice, and Jack Harding stood up, and in well-chosen words expressed his gratitude.

Then the teacher handed him the prize, while he said:

"I, and we all, sincerely beg your pardon for suspecting you so wrongfully. I felt that you were telling me the truth even though everything looked against you; now I am glad that it has been proved."

"And now," continued the teacher, turning to Bob Pierce, who had slid farther and farther down into his seat until he was in danger of being lost sight of altogether, "if you have anything to say for yourself, any excuses to offer, we would like to hear them."

But his face grew still redder, and he said nothing at all.

"Then," said the teacher, "you are to pack up your books and go home; and do not come back again until you are ready to do what is right, and apologize to Jack here in the presence of the class."

And hurriedly gathering his books together he left the room.

Only Jack Harding heard his low muttered threat as he gathered up his books:

"I'll be even with you yet, Harding, see if I don't!"

(To be continued.)

JACK WILDER.

"HERE, Bub, hold my horse a minute, will you? I have a little business to transact and the impatient fellow will not stand hitched a minute."

Jack Wilder turned around at the sound of the pleasant voice, and with a courteous "Certainly, sir," stepped out in the snow where the high-spirited animal was prancing about in a reckless manner.

"Keep a firm hold on the reins, my boy, and if he begins to show his mettle, speak kindly to him and he will quiet down at once," remarked the gentleman, as he gave the horse a friendly tap.

"I'll take good care of him, sir," returned Jack, gently stroking the long black mane of the sensitive creature.

There was a striking contrast between the man, muffled to the ears in warm furs, and the boy, shivering in his thin jacket out in the storm, but they were both so much accustomed to the difference that neither of them gave the matter a serious thought. The stranger's minute lengthened into ten, twenty, half an hour before he returned, but though Jack's ears tingled with the sharp cold and he had to blow his fingers to keep them from growing numb, he kept his place in the face of the storm until the gentleman was ready to relieve him of his charge.

With a hasty apology for his delay the man leaped into the sleigh, took up the reins, and then, as if he had forgotten something, he took out his pocket-book and hurriedly selecting a coin tossed it to Jack, with a pleasant "Here is something for your trouble, my boy."

It fell in the snow at Jack's feet, and before he had succeeded in finding it the black horse and its driver were gone.

"Why this is a five-dollar gold piece!" gasped the astonished boy, as he rubbed the snow from the shining bit. "The man made a mistake, I am sure."

"What's the difference if he did?" said a man who had witnessed the little scene. "Put it in your pocket. He gave it to you and it will come in good place, I am sure," with a glance at Jack's well-worn shoes.

"I did not earn it, and it would be wrong for me to take advantage of a mistake," replied Jack, as he started in pursuit of the stranger. Several times he caught a glimpse of the light-running sleigh as it wound in and out among the throng of vehicles that crowded the wide street, but in spite of his increased speed it gained steadily upon him until it was lost in the distance altogether. As night was fast coming on he determined to go

home and begin the search anew in the morning.

"Look here, mother," he said, displaying the gold piece, as he entered the little bare room he called home. "A gentleman gave it to me for holding his horse, but I am sure he made a mistake."

"He certainly did," answered his mother, taking the bright coin in her hand to examine it more closely. "No doubt he thought it was a quarter, which it resembles in size and weight."

"If it were mine you should have an easy chair to rest upon and a good warm supper to cheer you up quicker than you could say 'Jack Robinson,'" returned Jack, with a foud look at the weary woman, who, after her hard day's work, was shivering over the handful of embers that served the double purpose of lighting and heating the dingy apartment.

"Money would buy us many comforts, Jack, but that does not belong to us, and we ought to be very thankful that we have no wish to appropriate other people's property," answered Mrs. Wilder. "We are very poor, but, thank God, we have been taught to be honest. You must put a notice in the morning paper about it."

"That is just the thing exactly, mother," said Jack. "I'll be up by daylight to get it to the office in time. I wonder I did not think of that plan sooner."

He kept his word, and long before dark the next day the owner of the black horse called at the widow's humble door to inquire what the boy who had held his horse the day before knew that would be of interest to him.

Jack was up to the elbows in the wash-tub when the stranger knocked, but it did not take him long to dry his hands and bring the gold piece from its place of safety.

"It was a mistake," said the young man, slipping the bright coin into his pocket. "Why didn't you put it into your purse and keep your mouth shut? Nobody would ever have found it out."

"I would have known it, sir, and I have too much respect for myself to be found in such company," Jack retorted, indignantly.

The stranger smiled and went away, but that was not the last of him, for a few days later the postman left a letter addressed to "Jack Wilder" at the door; and when he opened it he read: "The boy who has too much respect for himself to do a dishonest thing will hear something to his advantage by calling at No. 36 La Salle Street. John Rao."

In John Rao, Jack found the owner of the black horse, and the something to his advantage proved to be work—honest work—in his office. Brighter days had come for the mother at home, and it is needless to say that Jack performed his now duties well and faithfully.

BURNING HIS COSTON LIGHT.

THAT is surfman No. 4 who has now left two miles the beach fringing the white, roaring surf. It is midnight. The surfman who has become a patrolman carries a beach-lantern in his hand. He has also two or three Coston lights, or red hand-lights. Through the winter cold, over the sand and the slippery rocks, or across the ice banks high up the beach, he struggles bravely, continually on the watch for vessels in danger.

Ah! there is a dark object not far from the shore waves. It is a vessel, and the captain has ignerantly permitted it to run too near the breakers. It must be warned off. The patrolman halts. He burns his Coston light, and the red flame throws out its sharp, sudden warning.

To-morrow night it may be stormy. The wind drives in the patrolman's face. The rain pelts him. The huge waves roar at him. He pushes ahead. He eagerly searches the night for any sign of disaster. Look! A sharp line of fire springing from the sea curves its red arch in the air, and then vanishes. "A wreck, a wreck!" cries the surfman. He stops, pulls out his Coston light, burns it. He burns another as a response of hope to those on that wave-swept wreck, and then dashes away to the Life Saving Station to arouse its crew to a rescue by the surf-boat or a rope shot to the imperiled crew.

Do you know that, though young, you

are a patrolman? God has given you your beat, where you may walk and watch and warn and save. Some companions may have ventured among evil associates. He may be neglecting God's house. He may have contracted habits of profanity. He may have fallen into the trap of a bad book. Now, burn your Coston light. Say kindly, tenderly, in great love, a word of warning. Not only warn, but rescue. Not only signal, but save. There is a life-saving power to which you can go. As you look up every night, the windows of God's house of refuge in the sky are all ablaze with light. Let the rescuer's cry go up to God. Pray for souls. Don't live to yourself. Live for others. Burn your light.

A True Hero.

BY IDA SMAYRE.

You ask for a tale, dear readers,
A tale of some deed sublime,
A page from the life of a hero
Whose fame has outlived his time,
Fain would you list to a story
That, touching each youthful heart,
Would awaken your emulation,
Each nobly to bear his part.

And a tale I have to tell you;
I know you will understand
Why I give to my humble hero,
A place 'mid the great and grand;
And know that I hold, dear readers,
The story not told in vain,
If it teach there are heroes of feeling,
As well as of might and brain.

The dawn had scarce been for an hour,
Yet the depot was all alive,
And the many voices mingled,
Seemed like to a humming hive.
The morning-air through the windows
Brought the puffing engine's smoke,
And the faint, distant hum of the city
To the day's toil just awoke.

Through the waiting groups passed a collier,
With mild and expressive gaze,
Eliciting notice from many
By his kind and engaging ways.
The children roused with him gaily,
The ladies patted his head,
And the negro alone in his corner
Parted his breakfast of bread.

While this bustle went on in the station
A siding held cars apart.
And a woman washing the windows,
Was singing in gladness of heart;
Her boy, a three-year-old baby,
Was playing just at her back,
But seeing the car door open,
Jumped on a neighbouring track.

Up the self-same track came thundering
From the east the through express;
All saw, and hush of horror,
Then a sob of deep distress
Broke from the hearts of the people
As there, with bated breath,
Stood hundreds, and not a mortal
To save the baby from death.

Ah God! will none come to rescue?
Quick as the turn of an eye
The collier sprang out at the baby,
Who started back with a cry;
And by the train came thundering
With noise that almost drowned
One faint little cry of agony,
Though men grew sick at the sound.

All stand with faces averted;
When again they turn their face
They see the baby come smiling,
And there in the very place
A moment ago he had stood,
With death rushing on behind,
A shapeless, crushed mass lay Collier,
His life yielded up for our kind.

"Passengers, Pittsburgh! Chicago!
Passengers for Western train!
Passengers going East!" the cry went.
All part—ne'er to meet again;
But the faces of many were pallid,
And their eyes were full of tears,
For they saw and felt in those moments
What memory holds for years.

They were rich and poor who parted,
Old age and frolicsome youth,
That carried away from that station,
Thoughts stirred that may in truth
Ennobles the whole of their future,
And none may know but God,
What lives helped upward, onward,
The heroic death of a day
Winnipeg, Man.



CORAL.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Of the numerous animals and insects which are at work a great portion of the time for our benefit, none are more remarkable than the coral zoophytes. Fathoms deep under the sea they toil patiently year after year, building great masses of reefs, or coral islands, of which human beings take possession, while often their finer work is torn away from its sea-bed and the little workers are destroyed.

For a long time coral was supposed to be a plant, and a famous naturalist declared that he had found the flowers of the coral. The pictures which illustrated his book certainly looked like flowers, and on examining a branch of coral it is seen to be full of small holes. Through these holes appear little live blossoms in the shape of milk white rosettes which belong to the same family as the sea-anemones. Another naturalist, who discovered this, said, "I put the flower of the coral in vases full of sea-water, and I saw that what had been taken for a flower of this pretended plant was, in truth, only an animal like a sea-nettle or polyp. I had the pleasure of seeing the feet of the creature move about, and, having put the vase full of water which contained the coral in a gentle heat over the fire, all the small animals seemed to expand. The polyp extended his feet and showed what we had taken for the petals of a flower. The calyx of this pretended flower, in short, was the animal, which advanced and issued out of its shell."

The little coral polyp has eight arms around its mouth, which is really a very convenient place for them, as they are bordered with fine fringes constantly in motion, which agitate the water about them and bring into their mouths their necessary food. Sometimes these arms roll themselves up very much after the fashion of fern-leaves in bud, and they are seldom altogether quiet.

The queer little workers produce various kinds of coral, some of which is much more valuable than others; but it is for the "jeweller's coral," as it is called, with its beautiful tints of red and pink, that men go down into the sea in ships. Next to pearls, this species of coral is the most valuable product found in the sea. White coral is far more common, and in some places large branches of black coral have been discovered.

DISCOVERIES BY ACCIDENT.

VALUABLE discoveries have been made and valuable inventions suggested by the veriest accident. An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain. The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church-spire. The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of a pendulum. The art of lithography was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink, and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins he noticed that his poorer neighbours were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a peculiar name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him. The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugarhouse. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that white clay came to be used in refining sugar. The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1490.] LESSON V. [Aug. 4.

THE REPORT OF THE SPIES.

Num. 13. 17-20, 23-33. Memory verse, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is with us? fear them not.—Num. 14. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. Sent, v. 17-20.
2. Searching, v. 23-25.
3. Returning, v. 26-33.

TIME.—July or August, B.C. 1490.

PLACE.—Kadesh barnea, in the wilderness of Paran, identified beyond reasonable doubt with Ain Gadi.

HOME READING.

- M.* Report of the spies.—Num. 13. 17-25.
Tu. Report of the spies.—Num. 13. 26-33.
W. Mistrust.—Num. 14. 1-12.
Th. The punishment.—Num. 14. 13-25.
F. Judgment on the rebellious.—Num. 14. 26-39.
S. Remembrance of the fact.—Num. 32. 6-15.
Su. Without fear.—Psalm 46.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Sent*, v. 17-20.
 Who sent out the spies?
 How many were sent, and how selected?
 Verse 2.
 What directions did Moses give them for their journey?
 What were they to learn about the people?
 What about the cities?
 What about the land and fruits?
 What was the season of the year?
2. *Searching*, v. 23-25.
 To what valley did the spies come?
 What fruit did they take thence?
 Why did they call the place Eshcol?
 How long were they engaged in the search?
3. *Returning*, v. 26-33.
 Where were the Israelites encamped?
 To whom did the spies make their report?
 What did they say about the land?
 What about the people and cities?
 What tribes did they name and locate?
 What was Caleb's advice?
 What said the other spies?
 What was their report as to the land?
 What then did they say about the people?
 What were they themselves in comparison?
 To what good council did Caleb and Joshua adhere? (Golden Text.)

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That prudence is wisdom?
2. That faith gives courage?
3. That unbelief magnifies difficulties?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why did Moses send forth twelve spies? To learn concerning the land.
2. How far did they travel? Through the whole land.
3. What did they find? A very fertile land.
4. What was the effect upon ten of the spies? They were filled with fear.
5. How did they express their fear and faithlessness? "They are stronger than we."
6. What was the voice of courage and faith? "Let us go up at once, and possess it."
7. What is the Golden Text? "The Lord is," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sin of unbelief.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the relation of the sacraments to the new covenant?

They are signs and seals of the covenant of grace established in Christ; which is a covenant with promise on the part of God, and with conditions on the part of man.

GIVE ME JESUS.

A poor woman came to a missionary in the Indian Territory. She placed her hand upon her heart, and said: "I am so hungry in here. What is it I want?"

The missionary said: "It is Jesus that you want."

"Then," said she pleadingly, "give me Jesus."

And, dear little workers, that is just what they are saying to us to-day, all these people in these dark heathen lands where Christ is not known. They say to us: "O give me Christ!" And we must; we must give him to them. He is our Saviour; but he is theirs too. We have had him so long and he is so precious to us. Ought we not to want them to have him too? Our missionaries go to carry Jesus. Let us send them to as many of these poor heathen people as we can.

WINDMILLS IN HOLLAND.

You scarcely can stand anywhere in Holland without seeing from one to twenty windmills. Many of them are built in the form of a two-story tower, the second story being smaller than the first, with a balcony at its base from which it tapers upward until the cap-like top is reached. High up, near the roof, the great axis juts from the wall; and to this are fastened two prodigious arms, formed somewhat

like ladders, bearing great sheets of canvas, whose business it is to catch the mischief maker and set him at work. These mills stand like huge giants guarding the country. Their bodies are generally of a dark red; and their heads, or roofs, are made to turn this way and that, according to the direction of the wind. Their round eye-window is always staring. Altogether, they seem to be keeping a vigilant watch in every direction. Sometimes they stand clustered together; sometimes alone, like silent sentinels; sometimes in long rows like ranks of soldiers. You see them rising from the midst of factory buildings, by the cottages, on the polders (the polders are lakes pumped dry and turned into farms), on the wharves, by the rivers, along the canals, on the dikes, in the cities—everywhere! Holland wouldn't be Holland without its windmills, any more than it could be Holland without its dikes and its Dutchmen.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Summer Breeze.

A PLAYFUL thing was that summer breeze:
 It frolicked across the ocean,
 It teased into fun the idle waves
 And set them all in motion.
 And then it passed to the sleepy earth,
 And merrily touching and glancing,
 It hurried the blades of corn into strife,
 And set the green leaves dancing.

A tender thing was that summer breeze;
 It stole into darkened places,
 And it gave its kisses to heated brows
 And pale and wistful faces.
 Into the room of the sad it came,
 The weary hours beguiling,
 And whispered softly such pleasant words
 That it left the sorrowful smiling.

A healing thing was that summer breeze
 As it came by the hill and river;
 It brought a gift of new life with it,
 And of health was the generous giver.
 It gave a hope instead of a fear
 To some who were full of regretting;
 It stole some thoughts that were hard to keep,
 And taught the art of forgetting.

A happy thing was that summer breeze,
 For it found its welcome duly;
 And the old men laughed as it greeted them,
 And the children loved it truly.
 And if only we could as useful be
 As the breeze in its summer sweetness,
 We might be happy the whole day long
 With joy that is full of completeness.

A learned thing was that summer breeze
 To the world in its faintness given,
 For it told to many things good to hear,
 Of our Father who is in heaven.
 His love, so sure and so strong and kind,
 All beautiful things are showing;
 And the people more trustful and loving grew
 When the summer breeze was blowing.

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