

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1899.

No. 28.

What Live For.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communings
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

ANCIENT BELLS.

Bells were known to the Egyptians before the time of the Jewish exodus, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In the description of Aaron's sacerdotal robe mention is made of the fact that upon the hem of the garment there were bells of gold, alternating with pomegranates of blue, of purple and of scarlet: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe roundabout. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister; and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not."

Hand-bells were in common use all over the ancient world. The earliest use of bells in churches was for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits which were believed to infest earth and air, and the earliest curfew was rung at nightfall to rid the neighbourhood of the village or town and church of demons. Most old churches of Europe have a small door on the north side, and at certain points in the service this door was opened and a bell was rung to give notice to the devil, if he chanced to be present, that he might make his exit. By the command of Pope John the Ninth, church bells were rung as a protection against thunder and lightning.

The monument of Porsena, the Etrurian king, was decorated with pinnacles, each surmounted with a bell, which tinkled in the breeze. The army of Clothaire raised the siege of Sens on account of a panic occasioned among the men by a sudden chime from the bells of St Stephen's church. The largest bell in the world is in the Kremlin, at Moscow. Its weight is two hundred and fifty tons, and the value of the bell-metal alone, not counting the gold and silver ornaments which were thrown into the pots as votive offerings, is estimated at \$66,565, or about \$332,825.

A GREAT MAN'S VOW.

The one man to whom we owe the opening of the great continent of Africa to the world, in this nineteenth century, is David Livingstone, the dauntless missionary explorer. Here is his solemn vow of consecration to God's service, early in life:

I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything I have will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given, or kept, as

by giving or keeping it shall most promote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hopes both for time and eternity. May grace be given me to adhere to this."

TELLING THE TIME BY A SUN DIAL.

When clocks and watches were few, or quite unknown, people depended entirely upon the sun to tell them what the hour was. Country folk, who are much in the open air, can make a good guess at the time by looking at the place where the sun-shadows fall; some have reckoned it by noticing the way in which a shadow falls from a tall tree. We might call this a kind of natural sundial, the tree answering the purpose of the gnomon or style, by which a shadow

and those who were wealthy, sometimes had the sundials beautifully inlaid with gold and silver, or even set with gems. In gardens of large mansions, there were often a number of sundials of different sizes and styles put upon the walls, or along the terraced walks. Texts from the Bible, or quaint mottoes, were inscribed upon them, so that persons coming to know the hour, or looking at them from curiosity, might learn something. For instance, one old sundial has on it the words: "You may waste but you cannot stop me," and on another, "We shall di-al" (die all).

Sundials were now and then placed against the outside walls of churches. There is a singularly-contrived one upon the south wall of Milton, near Gravesend, and it has for a motto, "Trifle not, your time's but short."

the long tail for the kite. I am sure they will have lots of fun in flying it. They have new-fashioned kites nowadays that do not need tails, the box kites, of which we will give a description in another number.

A VICTORY.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

"You'll have to take the clothes up to Mrs. Bronson's this morning, Matt. I meant to go myself, so's to explain about that embroidered ruffle that got torn in the wringer. But little Janey's so hot an' worrying, I don't like to leave her. Please God, she mayn't get sick, with all the rest."

Mrs. Chandler, poor woman, spoke in a discouraged way. She washed and ironed for several families. The wringer was worn, from much service. Careful though she might be, it did sometimes tear the fine trimmings, yet there was no money to buy a new one.

"All right, mamsie!" Matt gave her a sounding kiss. "Don't be dismal."

Dismal! The word didn't agree with Matt's jolly face. He was a boy who was bound to see the bright side of life.

"I'll tell her a prettier story than you could about the wringer. True, too. Never you fear. I won't exaggerate—what you call it? one bit."

Off he went with the neatly packed clothes basket, leaving smiles on his mother's anxious face.

"Don't spill them," she called after him.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bronson, as she lifted the fresh linen carefully, piece by piece, and her eye caught the torn flounce.

"My nicest petticoat." Her face grew rather severe.

"Mother's so sorry," Matt began. "She said I should explain just how 'twas." He was grave now, and his eyes deep with earnestness. Even the commonplace story of a clothes-wringer was made dramatic, as he detailed its generally worn-out condition, its especially weak points, and his mother's inability to buy a new one.

Mrs. Bronson became interested. "Never mind about the petticoat, she said; I can get another."

"What a wonderful lady," Matt thought, "who can buy embroidery whenever she chooses."

"I'll be down to see your mother in a day or two. She's a good washer, and I don't like to give her up. Maybe a new wringer can be managed somehow."

Matt beamed.

"Here's an orange for you." Dismal? No, indeed! Matt showed pretty much all his teeth in smiles as he started for home, with the empty basket turned over his head like a great hood.

He began to peel the orange, turning back the golden cover with his fingers. Then a thought stopped him. Oranges didn't grow on trees, and drop into laps in their door-yard. They cost money—and there was Janey, feverish, crying for cool drinks.

A genuine battle to fight! It was self-love against love for another. Matt stopped still and braced himself. All the laugh went out of his face, it became troubled, then resolved. He looked down at the orange. The inner skin was not broken. Not a drop of the delicious juice had escaped. Carefully he turned the yellow cover back to its place, and shut his hand tight over it. Then he just ran for home.

"Mrs. Bronson's all right, mamsie. She's coming to see you, and I must know you're to have a new wringer. Here, Sis! here's an orange she gave me; but I'd rather you'd have it."

Poor, sick little Janey crowded with delight. Then the laugh came back into Matt's face. It was a victory!



KITE TIME.

is thrown upon the face of the metal dial.

By whom this was first made we do not know; it has been supposed that it was invented by the Chaldeans, who studied the law a great deal. We read of a dial which appears to have been well known at Jerusalem in the reign of King Ahaz (2 Kings 20. 11).

It has been stated that there was in old Babylon a lofty stone staircase, open to the sky, and below it a stone semicircle; by these time was calculated, and the movements of the sun, moon, and stars observed. Remains of staircases or columns, probably made for this purpose, have been found in Egypt, India, and even in South America.

During the Middle Ages, the nobles

KITE TIME.

In the last number of Pleasant Hours we read how Tom Brown went to Albert College, and how he liked it there. But if Tom was a good student at school, he was good at play in the holidays. We wouldn't give much for the boy who wasn't. Tom was especially good at making kites. One day he made one nearly as tall as himself, and painted on it the most tremendous griffin, or dragon, or whatever you might call it. It was about as terrible as those monsters the Chinese used to paint on their shields to terrify the enemy.

We see Tom putting the finishing touches on this work of art. His little brother sits at his feet full of admiration, while his sister Etie is making

Shun the Cider.

BY NETTIE A. PERHAM.

I wouldn't touch the cider,
Oh, no, I'd let it be,
It is the safest way, boys,
As you will clearly see.
For if you stand for temperance,
And never taste the stuff,
It surely cannot harm you,
That fact is plain enough.

I wouldn't sip the cider,
Although it may be sweet,
Nor suck it through a straw, boys,
When with your mates you meet;
For soon, before you know it,
It may be sour instead;
There have been cider drunkards,
About them I have read.

And if you start with cider,
You'll soon be taking beer,
Then something even stronger,
Till friends for you will fear;
So better be abstainers,
The temperance pledge now sign,
And never, never dally
With cider, beer, and wine.

OUR PERIODICALS:

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

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly.....		\$1 09
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.....	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00	
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60	
5 copies and over.....	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 30	
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25	
Over 20 copies.....	0 21	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter).....	0 07	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly.....	0 65	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 65	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal. S. F. HUERTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1899.

JUBILEE VOLUME OF THE METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

The July number begins the fiftieth volume of our Connexional Monthly. It will have splendidly illustrated articles on two of Canada's great industries, Agriculture and Lumbering; also an article on the growth of Methodism in the Dominion. This volume will have several articles on the progress of Methodism and missions in Canada and throughout the world during this wonderful century, showing the ground for gratitude and obligation for thanksgiving and thanks-living as we enter the twentieth century with all its boundless possibilities.

The June number, containing the beginning of two stirring serials—one illustrated—of "John Wesley and his Times," will be given free with this Jubilee volume. You cannot afford to do without it. Please send your subscription of \$1.00 for seven numbers, and help this Magazine and Review to make another long stride forward. William Briggs, Publisher; W. H. Withrow, Editor.

THE REFINER.

A little bit of gold was once lying hid in the earth. It had lain hid so long that it thought it should never be used, and it said to itself:

"Why do I lie idle here? Why am I not picked up, that men may see me shine?"

One day a man dug it up, looked at it, and said:

"There is some gold in this lump; but I cannot use it as it is; I must take it to the refiner."

When the refiner got it he threw it into a melting-pot, and heated his fire to melt the gold. As soon as the little piece of gold felt the heat of the fire, it began to tremble, and cried:

"I wish that I had lain quiet in the earth."

But the fire grew hotter and hotter, and at last the gold melted, and left the earthy part of the lump by itself.

"Now," said the gold, "my troubles are over; now I shall shine."

But its troubles were not over yet. The man took it once more and began to hammer it into shape.

"Ah," said the gold, "what a trouble it is to be gold; if I had been dross or common earth, I should not have been put to all this pain."

"That is true," replied the man; "if you had been dross, you would not have had all this pain, but you would not have become what you are now—a beautiful gold ring."

The piece of gold is the human heart. The dross or common earth means its faults and weaknesses. God is the refiner who sends trials and troubles to make us good and strong and take away our defects.

Pain is one of the trials. If we bear it patiently, God will make us better by it. He will make us brave and gentle. Next time you have pain, say to yourself:

"My Father is taking away my faults; I must be patient."

THE BOY WITH A KODAK.

John and his sister Flora were sitting on the grass in the front yard, playing jackstones. It seemed impossible for

and stepping over the fence he walked quickly away.

"Queer chap, isn't he?" said John, looking after him uneasily.

A few days afterward, when they were playing in the yard, they saw the tall boy again crossing the street; but this time he had some cards in his hands.

"Here, sis," said he, holding one toward Flora. She took it curiously and gazed at it in blank amazement. Then her face flamed with shame and mortification.

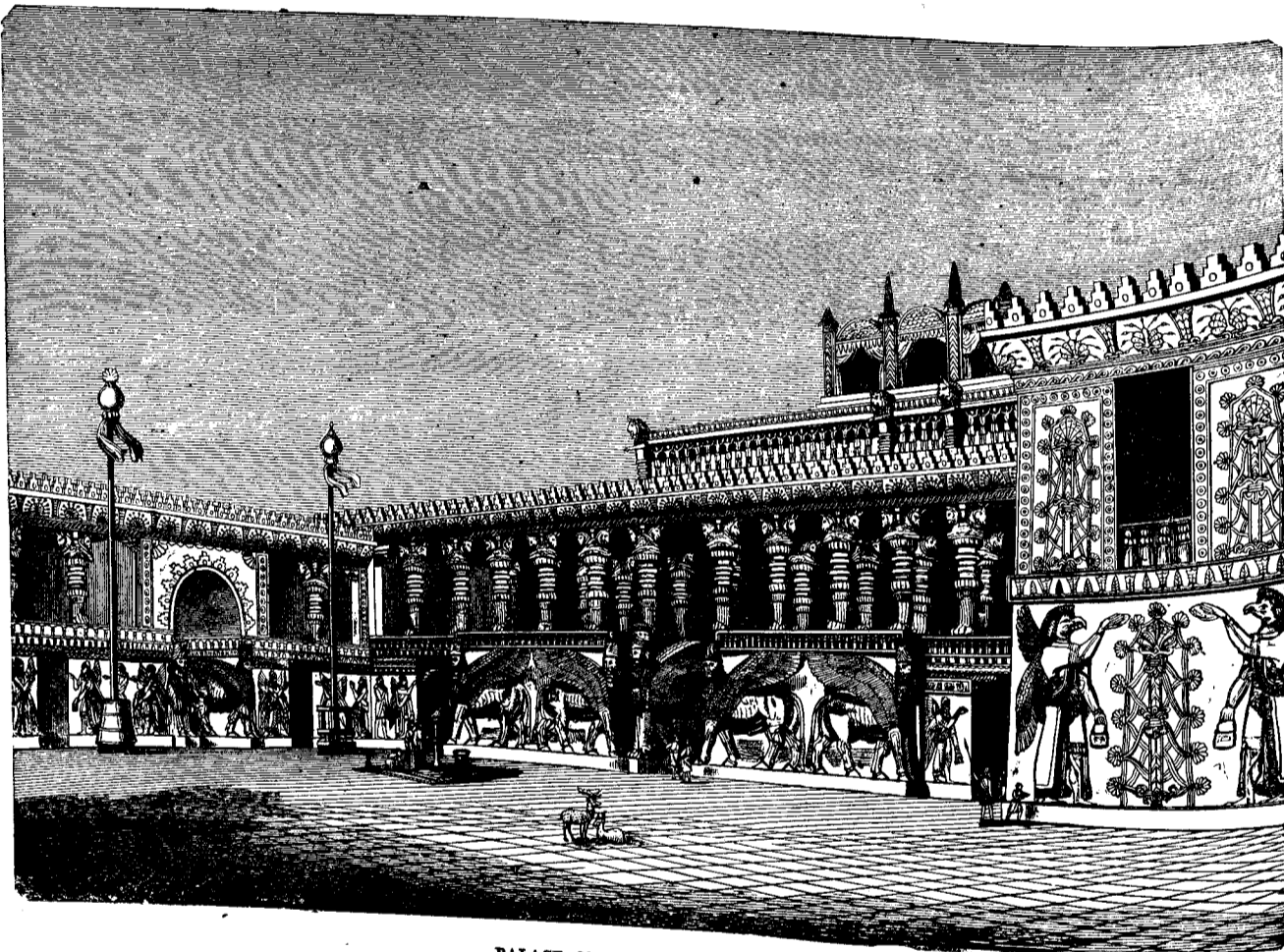
There she was, photographed, her clenched fist raised, and in the act of striking her brother, while on her face was a most unbecoming expression of rage and revenge. Never before had she seen herself in a passion. Her mirror always reflected her face when in a complacent mood, and at such times it was not uncomely. She had no idea it could become thus transformed.

John stood silently looking at it over her shoulder. The tall boy then handed the other card to John.

He would have laughed outright if it had not been a photograph of himself. The deep frown and the distorted features were anything but pleasant to look upon. He felt deeply chagrined and mortified, as he looked at the card.

"You see, I took you the other day when you were fighting," explained the boy, leaning against the fence.

"You fight a great deal, don't you? I have tried several times to take you from my window across the street, but



PALACE OF SARGON—RESTORED.

these two children to play together for any length of time without having what their big sister named their "difference." Across the street stood a large hotel, always well-filled during the summer months with city people who came to enjoy the sweet country air, and tan themselves on the lakes.

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his hand he carried a curious-looking box. He coolly stepped over the low iron fence that surrounded the yard, and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them. He did not seem inclined to talk, so the game went on as if he had not been there. Flora was tossing the jackstones when John exclaimed:

"There! That's a miss."
"Well, it wasn't but a little one," said Flora, holding it away from his outstretched hand.

"A miss is a miss, big or little," said John, getting very much in earnest. "Come, hand it over. It's my turn."

But Flora only shook her head defiantly, and put her hand behind her.

"You're a cheat—that's what you are!" exclaimed John, angrily.

At this Flora raised her hand and struck her brother on the arm. He resented it by making an ugly grimace at her.

Snap, snap, went the box in the stranger boy's hand. Both turned in surprise.

"What makes that thing do that? What is it, anyhow?" John demanded. "I'll tell you later," said the tall boy,

I did not succeed. Kodaks are getting to be quite common playthings nowadays. We shall have to tidy up our manners, for there's no knowing when we are going to be photographed. I have a stack of pictures of people who don't dream that I have photographed them in all their moods and tenses. It's a fine way to study human nature. You may keep those pictures," and, so saying, he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each other in shamefaced silence. One could not exult over the other. The defeat was for both of them.

"Say, Flora," said John, at length, "let's not fight any more."

"I won't if you won't," answered Flora.
Ever after that day, when they felt that they were getting angry, the remembrance of a picture which their sister had tacked up in each room caused them to change their tactics instantly.—Advance.

Berlin is said to be the most quiet city in Europe. Railway engines are not allowed to blow their whistles within the city limits. There is no loud bawling of hucksters, and a man whose wagon gearing is loose and rattling is subject to a fine. The courts have a large discretion as to fines for noise-making. Strangest of all, piano-playing is regulated in Berlin. Before a certain hour in the day and after a certain hour in the night, the piano must be silent in that musical city.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER V.

HE PUTS HIS SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

The potato-field, where it was Heman's fortune to plant potatoes on that March Saturday, lay next the road. Spring had set in very early. The field lay sloping a little to the south; a thick line of low-growing tamaracks sheltered it from the north winds, and the Sinnets always boasted of having the finest and earliest potatoes in the township. Heman considered himself an adept at potato planting. At the side of the field the basket stood with the cut slices.

Hung by a strap about Heman's neck was a tin pail for the pieces to plant in two rows. Hoe in hand he marched down a furrow, planting at set distances and covering as he planted; then back in the same track, planting the ridge on the other side of the furrow, and so reached the basket for a new supply. We might imagine a scientific boy, a student boy, as cheering himself on in such work by considering the wonders of potato growth, how a potato is not a root, but a thick underground stem, a food storehouse for the plant, and by

diligent cultivation becoming much the more a food store-house for man; he might have considered how it grew from eyes, which are simply buds, capable of throwing out stalk and roots, or from the seeds of the pretty but despised flower; he might have thought how the medicinal tomato, the injurious tobacco, and the dangerous nightshade, are all first-cousins of the potato, and so on indefinitely. Heman thought nothing of the kind, yet did not lack for cheer; he liked to hear the call of the first robins, to mark the crafty manners of the crows, to see the fresh promise of the grass, and notice the rosettes of mullein growing along the fence corners.

When Heman looked down the earth kept him in good fellowship; there were snail-shells turned out by the recent ploughing; he wondered if he could find an arrow-head to present to the school-master, and he observed the quantities of angle-worms, and meditated when he could go a-fishing. If he looked upward there were broad blue skies to fill his heart with exultation; spring was in the air, and to-day low in the north-west lay a pile of black clouds like gigantic castles, clouds which D'rexy called wind-clouds, and "Rias" weather breeders.

Some schoolmates passed along the road and stopped to interview him.

"Say, Heman, come, go fishin'! Their lots of bull-pout in the creek now, an' perch! Timmy caught nine-teen shiners last night. Come on. It'll be warm 'nuff to wade, mebbey."

"Can't; don't you see I've got all these porters to plant?"

"Well, I call it awful mean to have to plant taters all day Sat'ay, after bein' in school at hard work all the week."

"I don't work very hard in school, sure," said Heman, slowly covering the two "hills" nearest the fence, and leaning on his hoe. True enough, he looked longingly at the poles and lines of domestic manufacture, and the palls suggesting dinner in the woods.

"Come on; don't drop taters all day."

"I notice I drop 'em into my mouth fast enough, when they're grown and cooked," said Heman with a jolly laugh.

"Where's your Uncle 'Rias, why don't he plant 'em?"

"He's out in the wood-lot, fellin' some big trees. Budd Hunt has his little saw-mill set up at Inlet-head, for a couple of weeks, an' Uncle 'Rias wants some boards sawed out."

"Come on, an' leave them taters for him to plant nex' week."

"That would be a pretty trick," said Heman, with scorn.

"Take you all day, won't it? An' you might be eatin' outdoors."

"Guess I'll do that any way, soon as Aunt D'rexy's gingerbread an' apple pie's done, guess I'll take dinner out to the wood-lot for Uncle 'Rias an' me."

There was some malevolence in this remark; these viands of Aunt D'rexy's making were famous, and Heman shrewdly suspected that a large part of the zeal for his company, fishing, was due to the thought of the good things he would bring to eat.

"Hum—m," said one boy, "fore I'd work like you do, an' they ain't your people neither."

"They are too, my people," said Heman. "Aunts an' uncles, they come next to fathers an' mothers, an' grandmothers, don't you know anything?" and he covered two more hills vigorously.

"Come on, jes' half a day, an' work at taters this afternoon."

"Can't—Joey goin'?"

"He never goes 'less you do—an' his room's makin' doughnuts."

Heman laughed. "Well, I've got to hurry up. Wouldn't be surprised if that pile of black clouds brought suthin'."

Away went the boys disappointed and commenting, and Heman hurried along the rows thinking about shiners and "pumpkin seed," and how nice a dozen of little fish would smell, frying in a pan for supper! Time flew as he went up one row and down another, and the store of cut potatoes in the big basket visibly lessened, for Heman was a diligent worker. He reflected that of late 'Rias had seemed less cheery than usual, and even more zealous than ever in crowding on work. He knew too, that Aunt D'rexy often looked earnestly at 'Rias as if anxious to read his thoughts. These were sober musings, but they fitted the darkening of the day, for before Heman was aware the clear sunshine had changed to a dull brassy light, and now and then a puff of wind came along with a shrill scream. One such whirled off Heman's hat and led him a chase. When he picked up the hat he saw that the big black clouds had massed and heaped until they looked like the picture of Mount Chimborazo, as seen in his atlas, drawn by an artist who delineated from imagination rather than observation. He heard Aunt D'rexy blowing loud and shrill on the dinner-horn. She wanted him; he turned to run toward the house. A queer world this, a panel or two of rail-fence rose up into the air and waltzed about; the potato basket turned over and went trundling along the field—there was a screaming, much more shrill than the dinner-horn, and Heman reflected that freshly-ploughed land did not taste well, and that he would be a queer looking boy if ever he stood up after being rubbed along for a while face downward in the moist furrow. He appeared to be sleepy, and forgot himself. Then, there he was, scrambling to his knees, shaking earth from his hair and spitting it from his mouth, wishing he had a towel; next he stood up, and his breath, which had been gone, it seemed, came back. The sun had come out, and the shrieking noises were stilled. Seaward, the torn cloud-mountain careened, hanging low, as if to meet the waves. Yonder, between him and the house, was Aunt D'rexy, running as he had never seen her, for D'rexy was squarely built and sedate of movement. Heman ran to meet her, and after she had laboriously climbed one fence reached her, and was clasped, mud and all, to the embrace of her clean calico gown. "Now the dear, kind Lord be praised, who has saved you, my boy!"

"What was it, Aunt D'rexy? I'm all right, but the potatoes are upset, and I'll have a great time getting them together."

"Pears like it was a piece of a cyclone, from what I've heard. It didn't hit our buildings, but it took down your dove-house, and cut the top off the popple tree down the road. I wish I knew about 'Rias. 'Peared like the wind didn't go long our wood-lot way through. Went toward the school-'us."

"Well, as soon as I'm clean enough to see straight, I'll go look for Uncle 'Rias, an' ask him to come home for early dinner."

Heman made haste to wash and change his clothes, his shoes were full of stony earth. Uncle 'Rias had the two horses at the wood-lot ready to haul out his logs. "He may want me to stay and go with him to the saw-mill," said Heman; "if I don't come back soon you know it's all right, Aunt D'rexy."

Heman went up the road at a rapid pace, not that he was alarmed about Uncle 'Rias, but he was thinking what fun it would be to tell him of the antics of the fence-rails and the potato basket, and how he himself had tried ploughing up the ground with his nose! Then if Uncle 'Rias should elect to go at once to the Inlet-head, there would be no end of a fine chance to watch the anchored boats, to see what new cat-boats were being built, perhaps to have a row, and finally he and Uncle 'Rias could sit on a log at the saw-mill, and eat a "snack" of cheese and hard tack bought at the "ship's groceries" store. Better far all this than going a-fishing. As he surmounted the low hill that looked down upon the wood-lot he saw in an unfenced stump-filled field on the south of the road one of Uncle 'Rias' big grey horses, tearing around as if insane with fright, a portion of harness flying like ribbons about his back. On the north side of the road the path opening into the wood lot was strangely changed. If, as Aunt D'rexy said, the main part of the wind-storm had swept straight seaward, some of its scouting parties had done dire damage here, a tree lay partly across the road, there was a wide opening where tree tops had been reaped off like ripe heads of wheat, and spaces where some big pine falling had carried down all beneath it. Heman set out to run in good earnest. A few rods brought him to the scene of desolation. Bandy, the other grey horse, lay dead, his head crushed, and beyond him, on and under a heap of debris, of rotten wood and dry branches, fallen backward, his head very low, was Uncle 'Rias, motionless, ghastly. The quick eyes of the boy took not a minute to discern that the right leg of his uncle was crushed under the fallen body of the partly decayed tree, the wreck of whose top afforded the debris that covered him. To free his head and shoulders from wreckage and to put his head in a better position was Heman's first work; and in doing so he found that his uncle's heart still beat. Around Heman's neck hung, like a boatswain's whistle by its cord, one of those shrill sirens in which he and Joey delighted. He blew as he worked, the loudest blast he could. To his great joy a second blast obtained an answer; Joey then was somewhere on the road. Heman blew the signals of "trouble" and "hurry," and soon a plunging sound, and Joey's voice encouraging a horse, came near. Then Joey's chestnut "Ranger" reared and refused to come on; he was terrified by Bandy's dead body. Joey turned him about, tied him, and hurried forward.

"A tree's fallen on Uncle 'Rias!" shouted Heman.

(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IV.—JULY 23.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Dan. 5. 17-31. Memory verses, 24-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is the Judge.—Psalm 75. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Crime, v. 17-23.
2. The Sentence, v. 24-29.
3. The Execution, v. 30, 31.

Time.—538 B.C.

Place.—Babylon.

LESSON HELPS.

17. What precedes should be read with care so as to understand this lesson. "Let thy gifts be to thyself"—For (1) Daniel was unselfish, and (2) gifts could be of little use, for in a few hours the city was taken and pillaged. "Thy rewards"—Or fees. A present was sometimes really wages for work done.

"I will read"—Make known, through divine help.

18. "Thy father"—Grandfather, as some say. The chronology may puzzle, but the plain truth of the narrative ought to puzzle no one. Search for the vital, permanent truth in the narrative and poetry of the Bible. "The most high God"—The language of reverence. Earthly beings should see the heavenly King, should honour and obey him.

19. Nebuchadnezzar was a powerful king, rich in wealth, armies, and a spreading kingdom. "Whom he would he slew"—The king's will was law. His frown was death to a subject and his smile was pardon. He was almost irresponsible. The old oriental king is the type of a despot.

20. "Lifted up . . . hardened"—Figurative expressions. Much of our prose is poetical in form but not noticed by us except we study etym. . . . He was deposed because insane. It was a necessity to take from him the reins of government. Pride, impiety, and lack of moral restraint made him crazy.

21. "Till he knew"—He was wiser than some other men who in affliction never come to know the most high God.

22. "And thou his son"—The son was like his father in pride, but, unlike him, did not repent. His father's experience taught him nothing.

23. "The vessels of his house"—This filled the soul of Daniel the Jew with horror. To profane the sacred vessels of the Lord's house was indeed a great sin, rebellion against the King of kings. "In whose hand thy breath is" it is for God to say to us, "Live," and for him to pronounce the word "Die." "In him we live move, and have our being" "Hast thou not glorified" In thine heart, by thy life. A king should be to all his people an example of piety.

25. And this is the writing"—The words were not in the Chaldean character which we now call Hebrew they were probably in the true Hebrew character. Each word has a sentence of thought. The words mean (1) numeration, (2) weighing (3) divisor.

HOME READINGS.

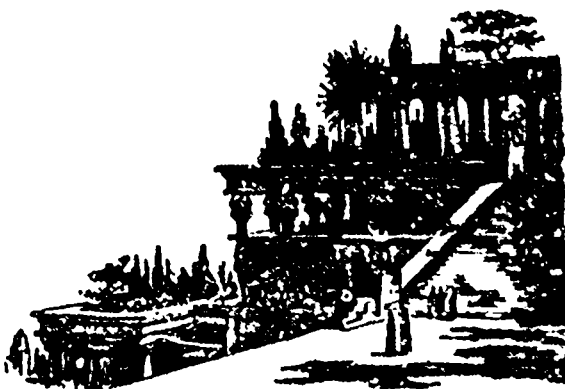
- M. Belshazzar's feast.—Dan. 5. 1-9.
 Th. Daniel called.—Dan. 5. 10-16.
 W. The handwriting on the wall.—Dan. 5. 17-31.
 Th. The temple vessels.—Jer. 52. 12-19.
 F. Prophecy against Babylon.—Jer. 51. 47-58.
 S. Herod's punishment.—Acts 12. 18-23.
 Su. Found wanting.—Luke 12. 13-21.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Crime, v. 17-23.
 Who was king of Babylon at this time?
 In what pleasure was he indulging?
 What had happened to bring Daniel to the banquet?
 Whose successor was Belshazzar?
 Of what sin had Nebuchadnezzar been guilty? Verse 20.
 What penalty had come to Nebuchadnezzar as the result? Verse 21.
 How ought this to have affected Belshazzar?
2. The Sentence, v. 24-29.
 Who sent the hand that had written on the wall?
 What were the words written?
 What did the word Mene mean?
 What meant the word Tekel?
 What did the words Upharsin and Peres mean?
 Wherein had Belshazzar been found wanting?
 What was declared to be the fate of his kingdom?
 What did the king command concerning Daniel?
3. The Execution, v. 30, 31.
 How soon was God's sentence against Belshazzar executed?
 What was his fate?
 What is said in Gal. 6. 7?
 Who took possession of his throne?
 How did he treat Daniel? Dan. 6. 1, 2.

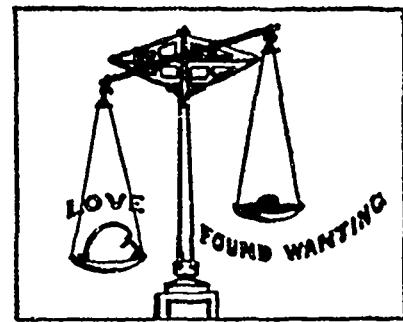
How do you know when you have the true weight? Suppose you want a pound of something; what must the grocer put in the other scale? A pound weight, to be sure. Then if the two balance, if they are just even, you know you have a pound; but if not, something is wanting.

Queen Victoria has a regiment of soldiers, called the Queen's Guard, that is made up of men of exactly the same height. If a man is wanting in five inches of this height, or one inch, he



THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

cannot belong to it. He is measured to see if he is just tall enough, and not too tall. But there is something invaluable of us that cannot be measured by a footrule or yardstick, nor weighed in scales that we can see; yet it is very important to know that there is nothing



wanting. God does the measuring and weighing. Suppose our hearts are put in one scale and love in the other, or obedience in the other, or truth, or any of the things God wants us to have to make up one of his children, how will our hearts weigh? Will we be wanting in any of these things?

Readable Books.

The Miracle at Markham.

How Twelve Churches Became One. By Charles M. Sheldon. With numerous illustrations. Paper, 30c.; cloth, 50c. A new story by Sheldon will interest a world of readers. The success of his books is without a parallel. Fifteen London publishers are competing for the market. Already 4,000,000 copies are read as sold. "The Miracle at Markham" is said to be Mr. Sheldon's best.

Yesterday Framed in To-day.

A Story of the Christ and How To-day Received Him. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden). Cloth illustrated, 70c. This is one of the most remarkable books Pansy has yet written. Her book is unlike anything else in print. Into the to-day of railroads and telegraphs, phonographs and electric lights, the author brings a central figure Jesus the Christ. It is an appropriate sequel to her beautiful life of Christ, which appeared last season.

The Cross Triumphant.

By Florence M. Kingsley, author of "Titus," "Stephen" and "Paul." Paper, 60c.; cloth, \$1.00. The extraordinary popularity of "Titus," which enjoyed a sale of nearly a million copies within a year, made Mrs. Kingsley's a household name in all America. The new story is well worthy of the excellent series to which it forms a complement.

A Double Thread.

By Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25. Miss Fowler's "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" was one of the most successful books of the past year. The London Speaker remarked of it: "The novel of the season" will probably be the verdict upon this amazingly witty and brilliant story. The book positively radiates humour.

I, Thou and the Other One.

By Amelia E. Barr, Author of "Jan Velder's Wife," "A Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc., etc. Illustrated. Paper, 60c.; cloth, \$1.00. Mrs. Barr well maintains the popularity won with her earliest stories. This new one is said to be the best she has written since "A Bow of Orange Ribbon" appeared.

We pay postage. Send orders to
WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,
 Toronto.
 C. W. Coates, Montreal. S. F. Eastis, Halifax.

The Fall of Babylon.

(Daniel 5. 1-30.)

BY GEORGE CROLY.

On the rushing, mighty river,
On the wide, night-covered plain,
Sounds the rattling of the quiver,
Sounds the trump, then dies again.
There, in numbers without number,
Persia's hordes are pouring on.
Thou hast slept thy final slumber,
God-defying Babylon!

On the city's thousand towers,
Blaze a thousand festal fires!
Squandering his hour of hours,
Guilty son of guilty sires,
There Belshazzar, with his lords,
To the timbrel's silvery chime,
Shoutings wild, and clash of swords,
Holds high feast to Baalim.

Tyrant, thou art in thy glory,
Asia's treasures round thee blaze,
Princes proud, and sages hoary,
Like a god upon thee gaze:
Harmonies around thee

winging;
Beauty in her brightest
bloom,
To thy golden footstool
clinging,
Yet that throne shall
be thy tomb!

Hark! What sudden burst
of thunder
Shakes the hall, and
heaves the ground!
All are hushed in fear
and wonder;
There is judgment in
the sound!
Conscience-struck, the
crowned blasphemer,
Wild and wilder quaffs
the wine:
"Shall I turn a coward
dreamer,
When the living world
is mine!

"Bring the golden cups!"
he cries,
"Purchased by my
father's sword.
High to Baal fill the
prize,
Spite of Israel and his
Lord!"
Still, with mortal an-
guish saddening,
Pledged he round his
nobles all.
Ha! but are his senses
maddening?
Clouds have filled the
mighty hall!

Tyrant! Now is run
thy sand!
Tyrant! now is wove
thy shroud!
Sees he now a giant
hand,
Darting from a fiery
cloud;
Through the midnight,
murky air,
Flashing ghastly on the
throne,
Like a comet's blasting
glare,
Mene, Tekel, Peres,
shone.

Now is heard his cry of
terror:
"Bring the priest, and
bring the seer!"
Crowding came, with
magic mirror,
CIPHERED scroll, and
mystic sphere,
All the sons of sorcery!
With the idol in their van;
Dark Egyptian, wild Chaldee,
Rushing on with shout and ban.

"Let the foul imposters die!"
Swell the roar from prince to slave.
But before their startled eye,
Like a vision from the grave,
Comes the man of Israel.
Still the fetters round him cling,
Yet his words like arrows fell—
Woe to people, woe to king!

"Number, number, weight and measure!
Thou art numbered, weighed, undone.
Life and empire, blood and treasure,
All are lost, and all are won."
Instant on the dazzling wall
Stooped the cloud's supernal gloom,
Instant on the mighty hall
Sat the darkness of the tomb!

Then the thunder pealed again,
But came, mingled with its roar,
Clang of cymbals, shouts of men.
From Euphrates' hollow shore
Comes the rushing charioteer;
Showers the torch on shrine and throne.
Dark Belshazzar, lie thou there!
Persia tramples Babylon.

THE EXTRA LESSON.

BY PRESCOTT BAILEY BULL.

Recitations were finished early in Miss Whitney's room, and she told the children that they would have twenty minutes of "don'ts and do's."

"You know, children," she began, "the school-room is our little world and we are all citizens. Tell me, Mary, one thing that good citizens don't do."

Mary spoke with feeling as she replied: "Miss Whitney, they don't rub the girls' faces with snow."

"And," put in Harriet, "they don't rush to the dressing-room so fast after school that they push down smaller children."

Jeanette's hand was up, and she added: "They don't snatch the first rubbers or mittens they see, no matter to whom they belong."

"I know," said Ernestine, "that polite children don't take the biggest piece if they are invited to share some one's luncheon at recess."

"Very good," said Miss Whitney. "I

teacher is here to help you and not as a police-officer; and for the sake of your school be sure to tell the exact truth about anything that is done in the school-room or on the playground."

When the children were dismissed, Edward said: "Oh! Miss Whitney, nobody said, 'Don't chew gum.'"

"No," said Miss Whitney, quickly, "that, like eating with the knife, is not necessary to mention to well-bred children."

Arthur Emerson told his father all about the "extra lesson."

"That's sensible!" exclaimed Mr. Emerson. "Live up to that lesson and it will do you more good than a week's arithmetic."—Youth's Companion.

OPIUM.

All over the southern slopes of the Himalayas and across the northern plain of India there are acres and acres brilliant with poppy blossoms. It is one of the most beautiful sights in the

oil can be made after the opium crop has been collected.

A BIG REWARD.

Stephen Sparks is too old for any long fishing trips now. But there is nothing we boys like so well as to hear his sea yarns. You can't get him to talk by asking for a story. But we all get around him on the beach, and beat about one subject and another, until he catches up some thread and begins.

"There's a big reward offered in the papers for a lost boy," said Fenner Lee one day. "He was kidnapped, or something, and they have put up ten thousand dollars for him."

"Not much for a life, boy," said the old fisherman. "What is a pile of money like that to a life that came from God Almighty? I saved a life once, myself; but I wouldn't 'a' done it for any siller like that."

"How much did you get, Steve?" said Phil Shanks, gaping with surprise.

"Well, it was a smart while ago," said the old man. "My missus and me was young then, and we had two babies in our cabin on shore. I set a heap of store by them little fellows, and I stayed at home when skies were black; at least, in general I did.

"But one rough night there came a sound of guns over the water—boom! boom! boom! It was a ship in distress. We could see her, when the wind blew the cloud from off the moon's face. She was water-logged, and driving before the wind.

"Three boats put off for her, and I offered along with the rest. 'No, Steve,' says the big, tender-hearted fellows, 'what calls yer to risk all the father them babies hev got? So I stayed behind.

"The boats managed to get to the wreck, as we could see by our glasses, for the moon was now shining bright in the west. But a queer thing happened then, the like o' which I had heard of, but never chanced on before.

"While the western sky was silver bright with the moon, a thick black welt sprang right up out of the east, and sheets of flame broke out of it, followed up by a roar like a thousand cannons. The waves rose up white and hissing, and then the whole sky blackened over, the wind rushed around to the north, and for two hours we saw nothing more than if we had been looking into a stone wall.

"The storm left on a sudden, like it had come, and there was the wreck, still on top of water, tossing up and down, but lower than she had been. She was slow at sinking; and there, clinging to her, was the figure of a man—just one man.

"We come to know later on that our gallant boys had made off for a lower and safer coast with the rest, and this one had somehow been missed."

"Well, lads," said old Steve, getting up in the most provoking way, and cutting his story off short, "I ain't one to brag o' my own doin's, but I fetched that chap off single-handed, I did; and right proud I was o' the job. Good-day to ye."

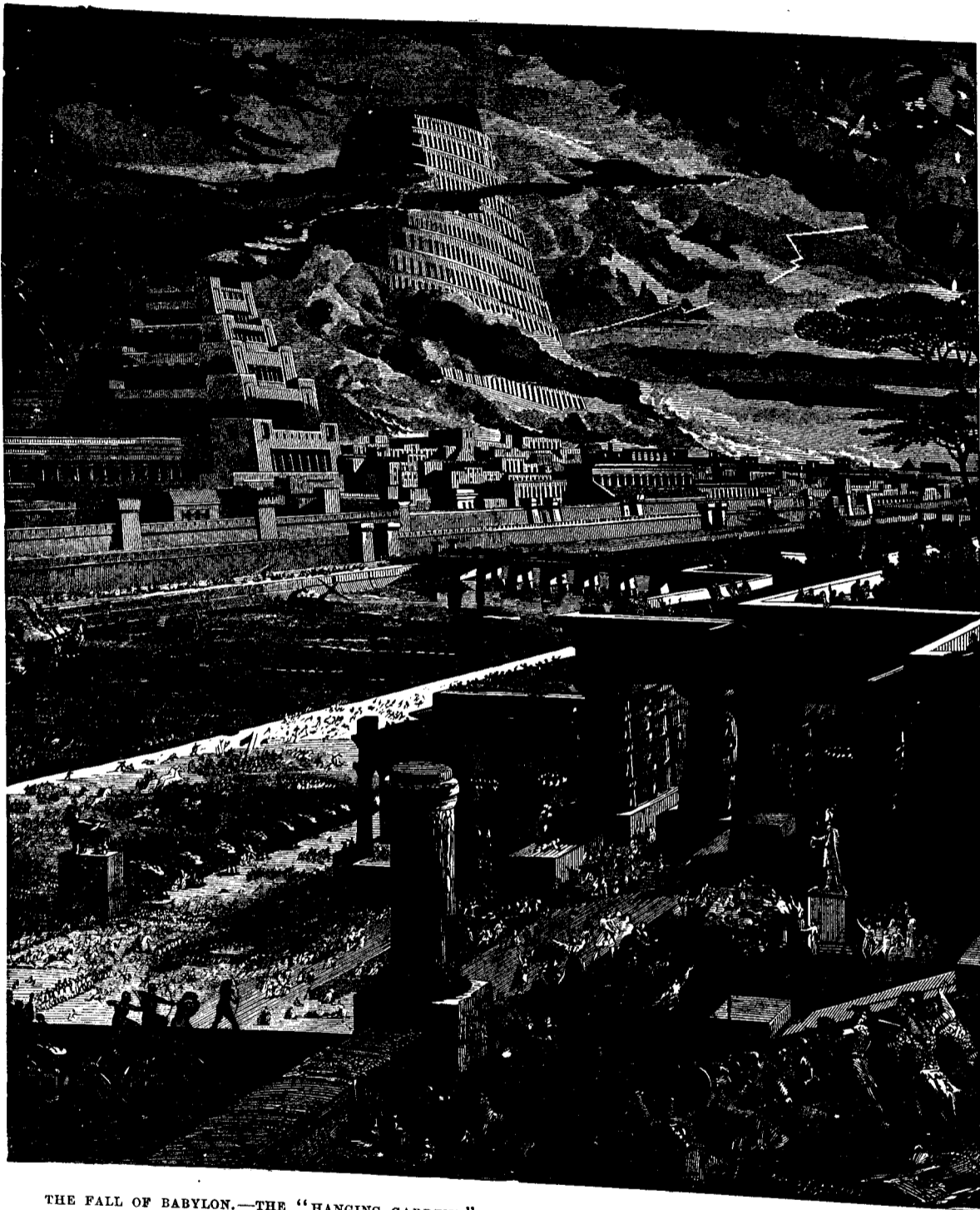
"But, Steve, Steve!" we screamed after him, "what was your reward? Did you get ten thousand dollars?"

The old fisherman stopped, and looked back at us in scorn. "Dollars!" he said. "Do you think I would take money for such a job as that? Reward? Yes; I got a reward that shiploads of money couldn't equal. I got a fellow-creature's life!"

We hung our heads, and went back to the sands with a new thought about rewards, and what a life was worth.

Little Tommy—"Why does the leader of the orchestra wave his stick about in that manner, mommer?"

His Mamma—"To keep the flies off the music, I suppose."



THE FALL OF BABYLON.—THE "HANGING GARDENS" TO RIGHT; THE TOWER OF BABEL IN THE BACKGROUND.

would like to add that loyal scholars don't stay on the playgrounds till the last minute; they come in and hang up their wraps as soon as the first bell rings. And certainly kind children, in school and out, don't make fun of any peculiarity about another child, or criticize any dress not as good as their own. Now for the do's!"

Fred spoke up: "If there are visitors we place chairs for them and we do try never to pass in front of them; if absolutely necessary, we say, 'Please excuse me.'"

"I think," put in Arthur, "that good school citizens keep their books clean and their desks free from marks."

Morris had a "do" ready. "They behave just as well when the teacher is out of the room as when she is with them, that's honour."

Miss Whitney now remarked: "I hoped that some one would say that our model citizen stands straight when he recites, instead of leaning against the desk; and he does not put his hands into his pockets."

She finished with one of her sweet smiles: "Please remember that the

world, and one can hardly believe that all that brilliant beauty is but the first step in the preparation of deadly opium.

It is so, however, and several times a day two long lines of natives will be seen slowly traversing the poppy field. The first man carries a sharp knife, called a natshur, and where a pod has filled out sufficiently, he makes several cuts along the sides. By the time the man who follows him comes up, a little drop, creamy-white, has run out from each slit, and he carefully scrapes it off into a cup which he carries. It grows darker as it dries and becomes crude opium.

It seems a very slow way of collecting it, drop by drop, yet such vast amounts are collected, in the end, that the tax upon opium exported from India has been more than fifty million dollars a year.

Although all our supplies of opium are imported, it has been successfully produced in the United States. Some people think the opium poppy could be cultivated in this country on a large scale, both for the sake of the opium as well as for the poppy seed, from which a fine