

vacant. Once more his teacher found him and the second suit of clothes ragged and ruined.

The case seemed hopeless. She reported the matter to the superintendent, who asked her to try again, saying he could feel there was something good in Bob. He was promised a third suit of clothes if he would agree to attend Sunday-school regularly. Bob promised, received his third suit, and entered school once more, became interested, was converted, joined the church, became a teacher, and finally studied for the ministry.

That dirty, ragged, runaway Bob became Rev. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, giving the Gospel to the millions of that great empire.

The story encourages workers to be faithful in picking up the waifs and children of the slums, and persevering with the most unpromising child mortal.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

YOUNG INVENTORS.

Many cases are reported where mere children have made discoveries in their youthful diversions which have exerted a wonderful influence on important industries in their development. The children of a Dutch spectacle maker happened to be playing with some of their father's glasses in front of the shop door. Placing two of the glasses together they peeped through them and were exceedingly astonished to see the weather-cock of a neighbouring steeple brought, seemingly, within a short distance of their eyes. They were very naturally puzzled, and called their father to see the strange sight. He was no less surprised than the children had been. He conceived the idea that he might utilize this strange feature in the construction of a curious toy which would be productive of both wonder and amusement among his friends. He did so, and Galileo, hearing of this toy that was said to make distant things appear close at hand, saw at once what a help it would be to a study of the heavens. This was the first inception of his telescope.

When the poor Geneva mechanic, Argand, invented his burner, after securing an adequate and controllable flow of air to the interior, making what he termed a "double current" burner, long endeavoured to devise some means by which the current supplied to the outer circumference of the flame could be strengthened and regulated, and his efforts might have been longer delayed had it not been for the thoughtless juvenile experiments of his little brother. One day, while Argand was busy in his

workroom and sitting before the burning lamp, the boy was amusing himself by placing a bottomless glass flask over different articles. Suddenly he placed it over the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long, circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. Argand was not the man to let such a suggestive occurrence escape him. Thus the idea of the lamp chimney was born, and in a short time perfected and patented.

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING."

In visiting one of the large city hospitals, the writer asked the superintendent of nurses what was the most remarkable incident that she remembered in her long hospital experience. The lady thought for some time, and then, with a perplexed smile, said: "We are so used to suffering that I cannot recall any special incident, such as you desire." She stopped, while her face became grave. Then it lighted up. "I can tell you what was the most touching and impressive thing that I ever saw in my hospital experience. I don't need to think very long for that."

As the writer begged her to relate the story, she began: "It took place several years ago. There was a terrible accident in the city where I was then nursing, and two lads were brought in fatally mangled. One of them died immediately on entering the hospital; the other was still conscious. Both of his legs had been crushed. A brief examination showed the only hope for the boy's life was to have them taken off immediately, but it was probable he would die under the operation. 'Tell me,' he said bravely, 'am I to live or die?' The house surgeon answered as tenderly as he could: 'We must hope for the best, but it is extremely doubtful.' As the lad heard his doom, his eyes grew large and then filled with tears. His mouth quivered pitifully, and in spite of himself the tears forced themselves down the smoke-grimed cheeks. He was only seventeen, but he showed the courage of a man. As we stood about him, ready to remove him to the operating room, he summoned up his fast-failing strength, and said: 'If I must die, I have a request to make. I want to do it for the sake of my dead mother. I promised her that I would. I have kept putting it off all this while.' We listened, wondering what the poor lad meant. With an effort he went on: 'I want to make a public confession of my faith in Christ. I want a minister. I want to profess myself a Christian before I die.' We all looked at each other; it was a situation new to our experience. What should we do? A nurse was despatched at once for a clergyman who lived near by. In the meanwhile we moved the boy upstairs to the operating room. There we laid him on the table. By this time the minister had arrived, hatless. The boy welcomed him with a beautiful smile. The clergyman took his poor hand. I had been holding it, and it was already growing cold. The house surgeons, the nurses, and others, who came in to witness his confession, stood reverently by. The boy began: 'I believe—he faltered, for he could hardly speak above a whisper, he was so weak. I could not help crying. The surgeon did not behave much better. Not a soul in the room will ever forget the sight, nor the words when the boy said: 'I believe in Jesus Christ—his Son—our Lord—and Saviour'— He stopped because he had not strength to say another word. Then the clergyman, seeing that the end was near, hastily put a small piece of bread in the lad's mouth, and a few drops of hospital wine to his lips; thus formally administering the sacrament and receiving the lad—from the operating table—into the company of those who profess the name of Christ. Summoning up all his strength, while the minister was praying, the boy said distinctly: 'I believe'— With these blessed words upon his lips he passed away. The surgeon put aside his knife and bowed his head. The Great Physician had taken the poor boy's case into his own hands. That, sir, was the most touching and beautiful thing that I have seen in my hospital experience of almost twenty years."—Selected.

"IS JIMMIE HERE?"

BY W. C. HAPLEY.

(Under the above heading a very pathetic story is copied from an exchange, illustrating the awful havoc made by gambling and strong drink. A man mortally wounded lay before the bar; some were drinking, others gambling. A physician had been called to administer to the dying man. Just then a little old woman, with white hair and thin shawl, called at the door of the saloon and asked, "Is Jimmie here?" "No! No! No!" said the bartender, "he is not here!" and urged her from the door. The physician followed her and saw her going into other dives. "Who is she?" he asked, "is she not in danger?" "No! No!" said a policeman, "they'll not hurt her; they've done their worst! She's the widow of a clergyman and had one son; three months ago he was killed in the very place where you've been, and brought home to his mother bloated with drink and covered with blood. She has known nothing since; she only remembers that he came to this house, and each day she calls and asks, 'Is Jimmie here?' They are afraid of her; they think she brings a curse. No! They'll not hurt her—they've done their worst!" said the policeman, nodding his head, as he moved off to watch another dive. I have penned off the little poem below, to impress more deeply the awful effects of gambling and strong drink. Let the girls and boys memorize it to recite in temperance work. It is a true story and will do good.)

Out on the streets 'mid the lamplights dim,

Peering deep down in the dives of sin;
Far from a home once bright with cheer,
She wanders and asks, "Is Jimmie here?"

You could see on her face, where smiles once played,

An untold grief its blight had laid,
And her locks—a mother's locks you know—

Are whiter than oven the driven snow.

Yes, grief had borne so down on her brain,

That she, alas, poor thing's insane!
And she wanders around where they sell beer,

And vacantly asks, "Is Jimmie here?"

But he who deals out death and rum,
When he hears that mother's voice is innum!

While the gamblers close their doors in fear,

To shut out these words, "Is Jimmie here?"

She cares not at all for the sleet or rain,
But wanders about these dives the same—

They dread her as some direful curse,
Too well they know they've done their worst!

Out on the hills was a happy home;
Sorrow to them had been unknown;

A wife, a husband, an only son,
In love, in peace, had all been one.

Each morning came with its sparkling dew;

The roses bloomed, and the lilies too;
And the birds flit on with golden wing,

But under them all was the serpent's sting!

Dear reader, wouldst thou have me tell
What horrors hang o'er each dark hell?

To picture off with brush or pain,
The curses caused by gambling men?

Alas! I could not paint it all!
Behold this coffin, shroud and pall!

Come see this blood! This murdered son!
Then, then, what these dens have done!

Go see the broken hearts to-night!
The ruined homes—their mildew-blight!

Go ask each young man cursed with rum
To tell you what these dens have done!

Out on the street 'mid the lamplights dim,

Peering deep down in the dives of sin;
Far from a home once bright with cheer,
She wanders and asks, "Is Jimmie here?"

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1896.

Jerusalem, where the Temple was built, and Christ was crucified.—1 Kings 6. 11-38; 8. 11; Luke 23. 33.

JERUSALEM.

The word means, "the habitation of peace." It was the metropolis of Palestine. It was at one time known by the name of Salem. When David became king, he made choice of Jerusalem, and named it the Royal City; hence, it was sometimes called "the city of David." It was, however, the most celebrated as being the place where the Temple was erected, and because of its magnificence and splendour, it became known as the Holy City.

THE TEMPLE.

This was the most magnificent place of worship which, up to this time, had ever been built for the worship of the God of heaven. David was desirous to build it, but having been "a man of war," and shed much blood, he was not permitted to build the Temple. David, however, made every preparation for the erection. He gave immense sums of money, and called upon all his officers to imitate his example, and thus set everything in order, so that Solomon, his son, might proceed with the erection as soon as he came to the throne. This act of David, in preparing for the building of the Temple, reflected the highest honour upon his character. He was not required to do all the preparatory work, which he thus took upon himself, but he thus showed his gratitude to God, for the mercies which he had received. David's example should inspire us with emulation. Do good at every opportunity. If you cannot, do all the good you would, do all that opportunity serves, and all that your means allow.

SOLOMON.

By divine authority, Solomon, the son of David, was permitted to build the Temple, hence it has been called Solomon's Temple. It occupied seven years in the erection. Everything was prepared at a distance, so that no sound of hammer was heard in connection with the building. The whole nation contributed towards the expense, and so liberal were they with their gifts that there was no need of any exhortation to induce them to contribute, so far from this, they had to be restrained from contributing. How those who have to raise funds for religious and benevolent purposes would rejoice if people were to contribute after this manner now.

WHERE CHRIST WAS CRUCIFIED.

This was the most important event in connection with Jerusalem. Who can describe its significance! For the most part, all other events connected with Jerusalem were local in their influence, or, at most, only typical in their nature, but this event takes in the whole world. "A world Christ suffered to redeem." Salvation was procured for all mankind. All the sacrifices that were presented in the Temple were typical of Jesus Christ, the great sacrifice. The victims slain were for the guilt of those who presented them, but they were not benefited thereby, only, as they looked forward through these to the victim who was to bleed on Calvary.

Every child of Adam may say,

"Behold for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are opened wide,
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified."

Jerusalem was a type of heaven, but our space is full.

"My dear sir," said the agent, "this is a remarkable clock. Not only is it beautifully finished, but it is a perfect timepiece. Why, this clock runs for eight days without winding." The German opened his eyes at this, and gazed with wonderment at the clock. "You say it run eight day vidout vinding?" he inquired of the agent. "Vell, dat is ein gut clock; but if it run eight day vidout vinding, den how long vill it run ven you do vind it?"