



## SEEKING A SAVIOUR.

BY TRESSA R. ARNOLD.

JAMES and Arthur had been friends all their lives. They went to school together and had always shared in each other's joys and sorrows. They had often talked together of their plans for the future, of what they meant to do when grown up. They had promised to help each other and if they were ever separated they were to remember each other forever. As they grew older and began to see the real of life they saw there would be many difficulties to overcome and that they could not accomplish what they desired without great effort. They saw they would need much courage and wisdom. About this time James attended a meeting held for young people, and heard many things which helped him to see the only way to real success. God's Spirit began to move his heart; to show him his need of a Saviour, a counsellor, and leader. As the true light continued to shine James yielded to its direction. He humbly prayed for forgiveness of sins and for a new heart. Very soon he received pardon and peace and was made very happy in a Saviour's love. Then it was he felt safe and ready for the conflicts of life. He knew that very soon it would be necessary for him to provide for himself so he consecrated his whole life to God, believing that he would be directed in the right way. As soon as James entered into his new life he felt very anxious for Arthur to enjoy the same, so he sought him in his home. Arthur, in the meantime had been reading the experience of some boys, who were remarkable for their piety, and who were successful in their undertakings because the Lord was their leader, and he had been praying for a number of days that he might become a Christian. On hearing this, James suggested that they go away and pray together. And like the boys in our picture they earnestly engaged in prayer. The result was Arthur found the Saviour and rejoiced in his new life. No one who gives his heart to God in youth will ever regret it. We will have peace and true happiness and all the good things the Lord gives his children. Oh, that every child would hasten to give his heart to Jesus and live for Him.

A GENTLEMAN, in speaking of the need of temperance literature being widely circulated, says: "I delivered a temperance lecture lately in a town in which, within a few years, forty-three young men have come to maturity. One is an abstainer, two drink moderately, and forty are drunkards."

## A NORTHERN BOY IN CALIFORNIA.

BY MISS A. FRESTON.

"WHAT do you want here, boy?" said the keeper of a disreputable saloon in San Francisco, to a bright-faced lad, with a bundle suspended upon a stick that was thrown across his sturdy young shoulders.

"Why do you come in here and stare about without asking for anything to drink?"

"I am not thirsty, sir. I came in to see if perchance my father might be here."

"He is not thirsty!" laughed one of the men. "As if people drank brandy only when they were thirsty. Ha! ha!"

"Who is your father, boy?"

"John Hopper, if you please, sir."

"Why did you think he was here?"

"Because he must be somewhere in California, sir; and I am looking every where for him. And," said the child, hesitatingly, "father never was a temperance man, even at home, so I thought I might find him in a saloon."

"Where is your home, boy?"

"In Massachusetts, if you please, sir, and mother is dead, now, and I have no home and no one left in the world but father, and mother said, almost the last thing, that I had better come to California and find father, and try to help him to be a good man, so that we all may meet in heaven. We have not been together much here on earth. Father went away, you see, when I was only two years old."

"How are you going to know him?" asked a queer-looking, weazened little man, sitting at the table, with a glass in his hand.

"I don't know, sir; only my mother has described him to me so often, and we have a picture of him, and I am praying so hard that I may find him, that I am sure I cannot make a mistake."

"Do you look like your father, child?" asked a man in a black suit, who sat upon a three-legged stool, leaning his elbows upon the table.

"No, sir. I am the picture of my mother."

"So you are my boy, so you are!" interrupted the man, springing to his feet. "Don't you see that I am your father! I know that you are my little Harry Steadman Hopper, and I have your picture and your mother's picture in my pocket." And the man produced them to prove his identity to his companions, who were all upon their feet protesting that the lad was honest, and that he should not be fooled by anybody.

"He is not fooling," said the boy; "he must be my father; there can be no doubt about it, and I am thankful." And dropping on his knees, he uttered a sobbing prayer of thanksgiving.

The men were all deeply touched, as they gravely shook hands with the father and son.

"It's a rich man that you are now," said the weakened Irishman.

"And the lad will help you to be a Christian," said the ranchman, removing his broad brimmed hat. "My mother was a Christian, but there has never been a chance for me."

"There is a chance for every one of you," said the boy, eagerly. "I know, because you all have so much kindness stowed away in your hearts, and were so quick to protect me when you thought I needed friends. If you let that kindness show toward every one, for Jesus' sake, you will be Christians all of you. Don't you see how easy it is?"

"I've heard heaps of sermons, but this is the best one I ever listened to. I am going to try to live up to it," said the ranchman.

"And so am I!" "And I!" echoed all the men.

"And Harry shall read the Bible for us and pray for us and teach us," said his father. So that was the way that one useful, successful missionary began his life work.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 46, 47 ] LESSON IX. [Nov. 27.

THE APOSTLES TURNING TO THE GENTILES.

Acts 13 44 52, 14 17.] [Mem. verses, 46 48.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles—Acts 13. 47.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Even while enemies oppose and slander, believers are full of courage and joy, grace and blessing.

## HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

*Blaspheming*—Speaking abusively, railing at the apostles. They told false stories about them. *Waxed*—Grew. *Bold*—It required great boldness to leave their friends, the Jews, and to teach the unpopular doctrine they did. *Judge yourselves unworthy*—Their actions declared it. God did not thrust them out of the kingdom, but they thrust themselves out. *The Lord commanded us*—The words following are found in Isa. 49. 16; so directly to Paul, Acts 9. 15; and to Peter, Acts 11. 16-18. *Coasts*—i.e., Borders. *Shook off*, etc.—See Matt. 10. 14. *Iconium*—Now Konieh, a city of Lycaonia, sixty miles south of Antioch of Pisidia. It now has twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants. *So spake*—With such zeal, truth, love, and power of the Holy Spirit. *Greeks*—Devout persons, who worshipped God with the Jews. *Gentiles*—The heathen. *Lord* . . . gave testimony—He bore witness that their teachings were divine, by doing wonders that only God could do. *An assault*—They attempted, but did not succeed. *Lystra*—A city forty miles south of Iconium. *Derbe*—Twenty miles from Lystra. Both in Lycaonia, of Asia Minor.

Find in this lesson—

1. For whom the Gospel was sent.
2. The two effects that followed.
3. The blessings that came upon those who believed.
4. The evil done by those who would not believe.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. How did many of the Jews treat the Gospel? "They rejected it, judging themselves unworthy of eternal life." 2. To whom did the apostles then turn? "To the Gentiles, for salvation was for all." 3. What did the Jews do? "They drove Paul and Barnabas out of the city." 4. What did the Gospel do for those who believed? "They were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." 5. Where did Paul go when driven from Antioch? "To Iconium, the chief city of Lycaonia." 6. How was he helped here? "By the opposition of men, and signs and wonders from God."

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

Repeat V., VI., and VII. of the Ten Commandments.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

## SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

In the memoirs of the veteran litterateur, S. C. Hall, recently published, the early chapters are devoted to sketches of the "good old times" in England as he knew them in his youth. The tinder box and the tallow candle were household gods; extinguishers for the use of the link-boys who lighted pedestrians home at night were fastened to the house railings; the oil lamps in the street only made the darkness visible, and such men as Scott were making public speeches against gas-lighting. The king's lieges travelled in mail-coaches, under the protection of armed guards, and a pace of four miles an hour was not considered slow. Envelopes were not. Postage cost anywhere from a shilling to half a

crown, but then every one begged frank or smuggled his letters by carriers and friends. Newspapers cost sevenpence each, but there was not much profit on them even at that price, since the tax on every paper was fourpence, with no deduction for copies unsold or returned, and the duty on advertisements was three shillings and sixpence each. The only use known for India rubber was the erasure of pencil marks; no one had yet been so visionary as to advertise for sale; elections were literally "fought out" by bands of hired roughs; slavery had but recently been abolished; prize-fighting was a national institution, and dog-fighting, cock-fighting and bull-baiting were not yet illegal pastimes. Passing Old Bailey in 1810 young Hall saw sixteen men and a woman hanging on the same gallows, and no wonder, for there were two hundred and twenty-three capital offences on the statute-book, and some ninety culprits were hanged annually, some in chains to feed the crows and fester slowly away. The pillory and the stocks were still in vogue; vagrant men and women were whipped "through the town" at the cart's tail, and the ducking stool for scolds had not gone out of fashion. Debtors rotted in prison, while criminals could buy every luxury except liberty. Men of all ranks swore, even in the presence of ladies, and intemperance was scarcely less prevalent than profanity. Smuggling was carried on on a gigantic scale, and gentlemen of rank and station thought it no degradation, much less a crime, to engage in it. The hatred of France was at its worst, and Mr. Hall's earliest lesson from his father was, "Be a good boy; love your mother and hate the French." Mr. Hall's brother was an officer in his father's regiment, wore the uniform and drew pay at eight, no discredit attaching to such an appointment, which was one of the colonel's perquisites, and the familiar story of the major "greetin' for his parritch in the nursery" is capped by one of a baby commissioned before its birth, and as it turned out a girl, given a boy's name to save the appointment. The press-gang roamed the streets at night, often under the command of boy midshipmen, to steal men for the navy, or even raided hamlets remote from the shore. Privateers swarmed the seas on enterprises not materially differing from piracy. Altogether, the civilization of the first quarter of the century left much to be desired.

## 175,000 Readers

of PLEASANT HOURS looking eagerly forward to Christmas, wondering what Santa Claus may bring to them, and thinking how they may contrive some gift to bring gladness to their friends.

## 175,000 Readers

of PLEASANT HOURS, if they but watch this corner of the paper, will find in each future issue lists of tempting Booklets, Christmas Cards, and Gift Books—just such as Santa Claus delights to carry.

## 175,000 Readers

of PLEASANT HOURS will straightway begin to save their pennies, and in due time send to us for their supplies of these beautiful Christmas gifts.

## LOOK OUT FOR THE LISTS

## WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.  
S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.