

The Dirge of the Leaves.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

As the leaves are falling, falling,
On the meadow and the lawn,
Hear them in the twilight calling,
Hear them in the frosty dawn—
Farewell, summer, in whose morning
We put on our primal green,
Now in gold and crimson burning,
Quivering in the autumn sheen.

As the leaves are falling, falling,
Seem they pensive thus to say—
(While the tinted meadow palling),
Farewell, summer, for decay
Sends us to the earth to moulder
'Neath our dwelling on the bough;
Dinner are the suns, and colder
Is the breeze that fans us now.

As the leaves are falling, falling,
Cometh, too, a triumph tone,
As of stricken heroes calling
After final victory won.
Saith it: Mortal, can your story
Witness, at the closing strife,
On your shroud a brighter glory
Than the fairest hues of life?

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

THE THREE SHIP OWNERS.

THERE were, many years ago, three merchants in a seaport town, who owned ships which were to make a voyage—first to Egypt, then to a Russian port on the Baltic Sea, and thence home. When the vessels were loaded, the captains waited for a favourable wind. The harbour was so situated that there was no way for ships to get out except when the wind blew in a certain direction.

When Sunday morning came, the wind was fair, and the masters of the ships went to their respective owners for sailing orders. Two of them received their orders, and immediately put to sea; but the owner of the remaining vessel told his captain he must remain in port until the next day.

Before Monday came the wind had changed, and remained contrary until the next Sunday, when it again came round fair.

The captain went to the owner's house to procure the ship's papers, and to get his sailing orders. But the owner said, "No; you must not go. No ship of mine shall ever leave port on a Sabbath."

The captain tried to reason the point, but it was all in vain. The owner declared that his ship

should not put to sea on the Lord's-day, if it never sailed. He was willing to trust in Providence.

Some time during the following week, the ship at last got off—at least ten days behind the others. It arrived in Egypt just as the other ships were about to sail for the Baltic. In the meantime, the news had gone through the country that American vessels were in port, wishing to sell their cargoes, and to purchase rice. This brought so much rice in, that, by the time the third ship reached the port, the market was glutted, so that the captain bought his rice cheap, and sold his cargo at an advanced price, thus making a much better bargain than the others.

When the rice was all on board, the vessel started for the Baltic, where, by previous arrangement, all three ships were to sell their rice, and load with iron to bring home. By the time the third ship reached the Russian port, the two others had bought their iron, and were nearly loaded. By this time there was an abundance of iron for sale, so that the captain again had a chance to buy cheaper than the others.

The ships reached home about the same time, and when the accounts were all settled, it was found that the third ship had cleared as much as the two others together. So, in this case, nothing was lost by keeping the Sabbath.

DR. SUTHERLAND IN JAPAN.

My first public service in Japan was conducted in the Mission School building at Azabu, Tokyo, on Sunday morning, June 2nd. Pupils of both schools were present, and other members of Mr. Hiraiwa's congregation, in all, about 350 persons. As many of the people could not understand English, the service had to be translated—a very trying process to the preacher, who had to pause every few minutes while his words were repeated in Japanese; but I was fortunate in having Mr. Hiraiwa for an interpreter, and admirably did he perform the task. Our brethren and sisters of the Mission were greatly amused at the way I was introduced. Mr. Hiraiwa presented me to the congregation as "Hakasè Sutherland Kun," the latter word being pronounced "coon." The first word is equivalent to "Doctor," (not medical), and signifies broad—a broad man, i.e., a man of broad knowledge or culture. The same word is used in translating Matt. ii. 1 to designate the wise men who came from the east. "Kun" is a title of honour, signifying "prince," "master," or "lord," or a very honourable form of "Mister." Of course some one suggested that by the time I returned home the phrase would be shortened to "wise coon," and that, in turn, would be transformed to "old coon." Such is fame!

In the afternoon I went with Dr. Cochran, through a pouring rain, to Aoyama, where he preached an excellent sermon to the foreigners connected with the schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Our M. E. brethren have a splendid property here of about twenty-five acres, within the city limits, where the munificence of friends at home has enabled them to erect substantial buildings. In the evening I preached again at Azabu, and on this occasion went through without stopping. Mr. Hiraiwa took notes, and afterwards gave the substance of the sermon in Japanese.

On Wednesday there was no business engagement, so a small party was organized, and we paid a visit to Asakusa, a part of the city where there is a famous Buddhist temple. On the way to the entrance, we passed along a well-paved street, with a succession of shops, recently built, on either side. In the temple are the usual shrines, etc. In the

open space where worshippers and visitors gather, is a wooden image of the god of health. Here the people come in large numbers to rub against the image, to be cured of various diseases. By constant rubbing the features of the image have been completely worn away, and it is now but a shapeless block of wood, and very dirty at that. Sick people will come and rub their hands over the eyes, ears, throat or breast of the image, and then apply the hand to the corresponding part of their own bodies—an excellent way of spreading disease, one would think, but a very poor way of curing it. A constant stream of people passed through the temple, but most of them seemed to be sight-seers rather than worshippers. A considerable number followed our party, watching our movements, but showing no impoliteness. We next went through the grounds. Here mammon is invading the domain of religion, and there are numerous small shops for the sale of refreshments, curios, etc. Here is also a small zoological garden, with a limited number of animals and birds. On leaving the grounds we passed through another street of shops, and came to a recent structure somewhat resembling pictures one has seen of the Tower of Babel. By an easy ascent, which circles round and round, we reached the top, from which we had an extensive view of the city in all directions. Descending, we made our way to Ueno Park, a most delightful sylvan retreat, and got lunch at a restaurant where foreign food was served in good style. We then visited in succession the zoological gardens—not very extensive, but with some fine animals—the educational museum, and the general museum. In one part of the educational museum I was pleased to see photographs of many of our educational buildings in Toronto and other points in Ontario. This museum, as a whole, would do credit to any country. The general museum was also a surprise. In addition to curios, etc., it contains industrial sections showing the manufactures of Japan and of several other countries, and is a most interesting place. Our trip to-day must have aggregated some nine or ten miles, and was made almost wholly by street cars—a striking evidence of the extent to which western ways are intruding into this land of the Orient.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

IN the month of July an article appeared in this paper on meteoric stones. That article, after enumerating a number of remarkable meteorites, stated that one had recently fallen in Claysville, Pa., weighing 200 tons, the largest ever known to have been observed. An intelligent reader of this paper, doubting the accuracy of the statement, wrote to the post-mistress at Claysville, inquiring as to the truth of the statement, and received a reply that it was a hoax—that no such stone had fallen. While we deem it right to make this correction, we deem it also right to state that many large meteorites resembling those which were described in the article in this paper have, according to the best scientific authority, really fallen. The present writer has himself seen a meteorite in the British Museum weighing over five tons. Another in the Copenhagen Museum weighs ten tons, and one in the Royal Academy of Stockholm weighs over twenty-five tons.

ONE evening a little girl sat very still for a long time, listening to her grandpa's stories of old times. All at once she jumped up and began hopping around in a funny fashion. "Why, what's the matter?" asked grandpa. "O! O!" cried Nellie, "my foot feels 'zactly like a pincushion that's alive!"