

How the King Came Home.

BY FLORENCE TEELE.

"Oh why are you waiting, children, And why are you watching the way?" "We are watching because the folks have said.

"The King comes home to-day— The King on his prancing charger, In his shining golden crown, Oh, the bells will ring the glad birds' singing.

While the king comes back to the town."

"Run home to your mothers, children. In the land is pain and woe, And the King, beyond the forest, Fights with the Paynim foe." "But," said the little children, "The fight will soon be past we fain would wait, though the hour be late; He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited Till the coming of the day, Till their eyes were tired of gazing Along the dusty way; But there came no sound of music— No flashing golden crown; And they they shed as they crept to bed, When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight, While the weary children slept, Was heard within the city The voice of them that wept; Along the moonlit highway, They found the King, from the well fought field— "Was this the King come home— Chamber's Journal

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices and frequencies.

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE. WILLIAM LEITCH, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, C. W. Coates, S. F. Harris, 2170 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

HOW MOODY CONQUERED.

In Edinburgh, at a series of meetings, a man was pointed out to me one night as an infidel, one who had come to the meetings to do all he could to keep the people from surrendering to God. Approaching the man, I said, "My friend, are you a Christian?" The man replied with a sneer, saying there was no such thing as God. He accused me of humbugging the people, asking me if I did not know there was no God. He said he had heard that I was a great believer in prayer, and asked if I would like to try my hand with him. I determined then and there to pray him into the grace of God or pray him out of the meeting. The man left the meeting denouncing me as an impostor and laughing at the idea of the existence of a God. He came again the next night, and the next, but still held out against conversion. He followed me from one town to another, exciting himself to undo the good that was being accomplished. At a little town called Wyckie I was preaching to the fishermen one afternoon, telling them of the God they knew, when he came to the front of the crowd. At this meeting his former bravado and rebellious spirit were not as strongly in evidence, and the first indications of surrender were to be seen. Some months later, news

came to me that the man had been overtaken at last, and so complete was his conversion that in meekness and humility, but with loyal, steadfast faith, he had given his life to the service of the Master. Only where a lukewarm congregation is, and in a general way, is gold. Don't have faith in me; have it in God. Come on, whether you have faith or not, and he will attend to the rest."

BOB AND THE BEAR.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY D. KELLY.

Bob's father and mother had just driven out of the yard on their way to the settlement, ten miles distant. The old springless wagon could still be heard pounding over the rough side road as Bob stood in the doorway and watched it disappear into the surrounding woods, and thence to the concession road.

The old man was perched on the high seat, his hands held listlessly between his knees, while a look of gloom and sorrow in his discouraging manner. Beside him sat the mother, the strings of her faded bonnet fluttering in the wind. On her knees reposed the market basket. As they drove on, the old man signified and turned into the house. He had a heavy job upstairs in the garret. A formidable pile of Indian corn was heaped in one corner, and the boy was required to fill this before the return of his parents.

The mode of operation was crude and simple. A board, into the end of which an old table knife was driven, was placed across the axle, and a hook was used to receive the kernels as placed under the knife-end of the board. He then seated himself upon the board, seized a yellow ear, and drew it across the back of the knife, turning it in his hand until the ear was stripped.

He worked diligently for about an hour. At the expiration of that time he strolled to the window and looked out. The frost had touched the leaves, and the woods were aflame with colour. The squirrels, black and red, could be heard as they chattered, scampering up and down the trunks of the beeches. A jay screamed from the topmost branch of an oak, while dozens of other birds fluttered to and fro, all preparing for their long southern flight.

"It's no shame," said Bob, half aloud, "to be cooped up here this fine day. My! but the beech nuts are plentiful this fall. Shouldn't wonder if there are bears around here, after all." The boy whistled softly. Bob was eleven years of age, and an only child. He had been born and reared on the rough backwoods farm, and though young in years, he was sturdy, and fond of outdoor life.

"Well, dad, didn't say I was to stay indoors all day, so I'll get some nuts, and then work all the harder at this job."

So he went, and abandoned for a time, and the boy swung himself out of the house, seizing his hat and a tin pail as he passed through the kitchen. He soon reached the desired spot, about a mile distant from the house, and was soon busily engaged in picking up the sharp pointed beech nuts. But it was slow work. The leaves were falling, and they covered the object of his search.

"I know what I'll do," he said to himself, "I'll go home and get a white sheet and spread it under the trees, then I can pound the tree with a club, so that the nuts will fall from the top. He then rising to his feet, he ran quickly to the house, procured the necessary sheet (though risking his mother's displeasure), and hastened towards the desired spot. He had not gone far when he suddenly paused. Something was roosting among the leaves, something that looked black and husky.

"It can't be St. Perkin's old black bear," he said to himself, "his hole is here." Suddenly the animal shuffled into a patch of light, where the sun shone through the leaves. For one brief moment Bob's hair bristled on his head, but he was the true backwoods spirit asserted itself.

"Cracky Loo!" he ejaculated, "it's a bear. I'll get dad's rifle. I believe I can shoot him!" Turning quickly, and stooping as much as possible, he lad made his way back to the house. The rifle hung over the fire-place, a long-barrelled piece, of antique pattern, but deadly accurate in its aim. He took it to the door, but he had never allowed him to take it out alone. He lifted it down now, seized the tin powder flask, and proceeded to load the weapon. His hands were trembling with excitement. Three

drachms of powder, shake the powder well into the nipple, a wad, and then the ball, he said to himself, remembering his father's manner of loading. He was so excited that when he stepped onto the kitchen floor. However, the loading was finished, and once more the boy started for the woods.

"I hope to goodness it's there yet," he said to himself. "It was there still, nosing among the leaves, and munching the beech mast like a hog."

"Two hundred yards, one hundred and fifty," he said, "if I can get closer." One hundred yards, and the bear had not seen him. But he had heard something, and the gaunt, frowny looking beast raised its head and pointed snout turning from side to side. It was a fatal move for him. From behind a sheltering bush a wreath of white smoke curled up, the crack of the rifle echoed through the woods, and the bear, pierced through and through, pitched headlong to the ground.

And when Bob was relating the whole story to his mother that night he suddenly remembered something, and said, "Oh, say, dad, I was so excited that I forgot all about the rest of the corn."

A BOY HELPED BY GOD'S SPIRIT.

Little Ben ran in from school smiling brightly.

"W. my dear, you look very happy."

"Well, mother, I've had a regular fight, and now that it is over I do feel happy and contented, though as the Head King, my boy? I'm sorry to hear you say that."

"Well, the other boys stopped on the way home to pick some of Farmer James' apples, and they got through as they were climbing over the fence something said to me, 'Don't do it.'"

"I looked round, but could see no one; the voice was so small it seemed like a little bird."

"Then I heard quite a loud voice say, 'Oh, go on it's he's plenty of apples.'"

"It is wrong," came the little voice again.

"Oh, other boys are hurting any one, and the other boys are going," the loud voice said.

"But the little voice said softly, 'It will hurt you, Ben. Don't do it.'"

"Then I smiled to myself, and I have not been hurt and do nothing but smile ever since."

When Little Ben jumped down from that fence Jesus smiled upon him. No wonder he smiled so.

Look out, children, for the little pleading voice—God's Holy Spirit. Obey that, and you will always have the smile of Jesus—Westminster Lessons.

JERRY'S STOLEN SUGAR.

Jerry McAuley was one of the wickedest men in New York City; but he had ears that could hear God's voice, and eyes that could see God's hand and take hold of it. Did you ever think that a man who was captain of a vessel, had people in the house without eyes or ears for God? After Jerry became a Christian he started a mission for other wicked men and women, that he might help them to know God. From one of his "Talks" we hear about the stolen sugar:

"I want to say to the young converts that they will be tried in many ways; and fearlessly, you will come out all right. I remember a short time after I was converted I was sitting in a mission down town reading, when in came a man who was captain of a vessel. He looked round till he saw me, and said to the man who kept the place, 'What are you doing with that rascal in here?'"

The captain was told I was converted and living as a Christian. He said, 'Yes, a Christian? said the captain, 'yes, a pretty Christian he is! He stole a hundred dollars' worth of sugar from me, once, and if he had got his deserts he would have been hanged for it. He was walking up to me, he said, 'If you are converted, and pretend to be an honest man, pay me for that sugar you stole from me.' My friends, that was a trying trial for me, and you will remember my home with me I will pay you for it. I had got steady work, and had saved a hundred dollars, and had put it away—the first hundred dollars I had ever saved in my life. He said, 'I will pay you for it, we needed this so bad; but the

Lord helped me, and I said: 'Come on walk right home with me, and I will pay you for that sugar.' 'Yes,' said he, 'you look like paying a hundred dollars for it. Now, Jerry, you don't mean to say me that money. You can't spare it.' I said, 'Yes, I can. The Lord will help me to spare it.' 'Jerry,' said he, 'now, hold on; you have got to wait a while. Now, hold on; I ain't going to take that money. It is diamond cut diamond. I stole that sugar and you stole it from me. Suppose we call it even. Well, he would have said, 'I have got my hundred dollars.' If I had tried to shirk the matter and run away from that man, I would have lost my own enjoyment, and lost the chance of showing the captain of the vessel the grace of God in the heart makes a man honest. Oh, my friends, if you only get honest with God and honest with yourself, you can defy the world!"—Everybody's Magazine.

A FAMOUS FLOATING BRIDGE.

The greatest and most famous of all floating bridges was built in a hall at the Roman Emperor Caligula in A.D. 39. An immense number of boats were anchored in the bays of Balaia and Putcoli in two lines, in the form of a crescent, and the boats were fastened together by planks, was laid upon them and covered with earth. Houses were built upon it, and fresh water was conveyed to them by pipes from the shore. When all was ready, the emperor, attended by his courtiers and a throng of spectators, rode in solemn procession from one end of the bridge to the other. He was clothed in costly robes and adorned with gold and precious stones, and wore a breast-plate and a civic crown. At evening the whole bridge was illuminated with torches and lanterns, and Caligula boasted that he had turned the night into day, as well as the sea into land. "The whole court slept that night in the houses on the bridge. Next day there was another procession in which Caligula rode in a triumphal chariot. The insane Emperor then made an oration in praise of his work, and wound up the festivities by ordering a large number of the spectators to be thrown into the sea.—Good Words.

HEROISM AT SEA.

Two hundred and four delegates set out from Boston on the Catalina, bound for the World's Sunday-school Convention in London. When about five hundred miles from Queenstown, at ten o'clock, at a late hour, a dense fog gathered so small as to obscure. Investigation showed a little smoke issuing from one of the ventilator-pipes extending from the hold. At once the fire-alarm was sounded. The passengers were warned. The iron compartment doors were closed. Hatches were flung open, and out poured a black volume of smoke. Then came a terrific explosion, and the engine, as well as the boiler, was blown to pieces. The ship was in danger of sinking. It was a struggle of hours to burrow down to the fire. At last it was reached, the smouldering bales removed, the water pumped out, and the passengers, at three o'clock in the morning, were told that all was safe. To have part in such a fight is as noble as to have served in Cuba.—Christian Endeavour World.

Many teachers and school children whom Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller has interested with her "Talks About Birds," and others not so fortunate, will be glad to learn that the book is now available in a new form, entitled, "The First Book of Birds," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., at the low price of \$1.00. The aim of the author has been to interest the reader in the living bird, not as a mere producer of eggs, but as a fellow-creature. Mrs. Miller, in her Preface, mentions an incident which came to her notice of a small boy who had listened to her talks, who afterwards gave up his school to go to the woods to give up taking eggs and killing birds, and watch them instead. Numerous full-page illustrations, eight of which are coloured, and a number of smaller ones, which should be placed in every school-room.