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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

[No. 41.]

INDIAN TEMPLE.

SOME of the most costly and elaborate structures in the world are the temples the Hindus raise for the worship of their false gods. They are, as will be seen by our cut, of very fantastic architecture, and are most elaborately carved, generally with figures illustrating the mythological exploits of those false deities. The goddess Kali was a very cruel deity, and is well symbolized by the dragon-shaped beast in the foreground represented as devouring one of his devotees.

ANNA'S IDEA OF GIVING.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

The Junior League had just organized itself into a missionary society, and Jessie was the treasurer. Their president had talked with them about taking one of the famine orphans in India, paying for her board and clothing in an orphanage; and when she became a woman she would probably go out as a Bible-reader, or, like the girl for whom the young ladies' society had cared the last ten years, marry a native Christian and settle down in one of the villages a daily object-lesson for Christianity. The League had decided to raise the twenty dollars each year to do this work; had taken a girl, through the Branch secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and named her after their own president of the League.

The girls of the society were in the parlour at Jessie Gray's, and talking with perfect freedom, for they never thought that Jessie's mamma, who sat at her study table writing, was taking the least notice of their remarks.

"I'm getting awful tired of so much missionary talk," said Dolly Rowe. "It's nothing but beg, beg, all the time. My Aunt Sarah says that the Methodists never meet but they spend most of their time in praying their Church, and then they propose begging for some cause or other. She says she never goes to church but the contribution box is held before her, and she always has to put in more than she can afford because Mrs. Colonel Stalker sits right behind her. Then, as like as not, when she comes out of church there will be Mrs. Major Snodgrass or Mrs. Captain Clinker with a subscription paper to get a present for somebody, buy papers or books for the Sunday-school, get new shingles for the parsonage, or carpet for the church. Now we always give our nickel in church and in Sunday-school and Loyal Legion and at our mite socials. Come to add to all these this orphan in India, I say 'tis too much."

"My father feels just as your Aunt Sarah does," said Jennie Russ. "At least, I suppose he does, for only last Sunday afternoon, after they'd raised so many hundred dollars to pay off the big debt on the church, he said to mamma that he

guessed he'd have his salary paid right to the church, and then draw enough to pay the grocer and for fuel and clothes. I do think it's a shame to beg all our parents can give, and then beg of us children, too."

"That's just it," said Clara Leydon, whose father was a minister, and who would never have thought of saying anything against giving if she had not been in company with a lot of growlers. "That's just it. I've got a mite-box for home missions, an iron bank for foreign missions, my little 'beehive' for our Junior League, and every little while go out with a card and get pin-pricks and pennies on that for something or other. Just as true as I live and breathe I've heard so much about the poor heathen in India, the distressed in

after supper he went into the garden and smoked two cigars. I saw him! I asked father how much cigars cost, and he said, 'Decent ones, ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty five cents!' You know, girls, how much that man talked about 'self-denial.' All the grown up folks aren't saints yet, are they, Anna?"

Anna was Julia Crofton's older sister, who had been a member of the church longer, perhaps, than any of the other girls. She was not a member of the Junior League, for she was just old enough to go into the Epworth League; but she came, this afternoon, with her younger sister, for they were both on their way to take their music lesson. She was a girl that did her own thinking, and because any one said a thing was right or wrong it

years old, was afflicted by an easily curable form of paralysis. The mother had neither time nor money to attend to her child. At five the little cripple began to sew buttons on trousers. She is now thirteen—a year younger than I am—hopelessly crippled, but finishes every day twelve pairs of trousers and earns twenty cents. When we think about such people, can't we give up an orange to help the poor in cities? When we know about little children on the frontier going bare-foot when snow is on the ground, can't we put a nickel into our 'beehive'? When we think about the little girls in India, or China or Japan who never heard of Christ, is it too hard to deny ourselves a concert, a pair of kid gloves, or even an extra dress to help them? You know our mamas do give and love to give.

When we put our money, whether it is a penny or a dollar, into the box, if we gave it as though we put it right into the hand of the Lord Jesus, and asked him to look after it, I think we'd like to give."

"I never thought of it that way," said Jessie. "Nor I, nor I," said one voice after another.

"We can't see him, that's the reason we didn't think," said Clara. "But he can see us, and we ought to think," replied Anna.

"Out of the mouth of babes thou hast perfected praise," thought Jessie's mamma.

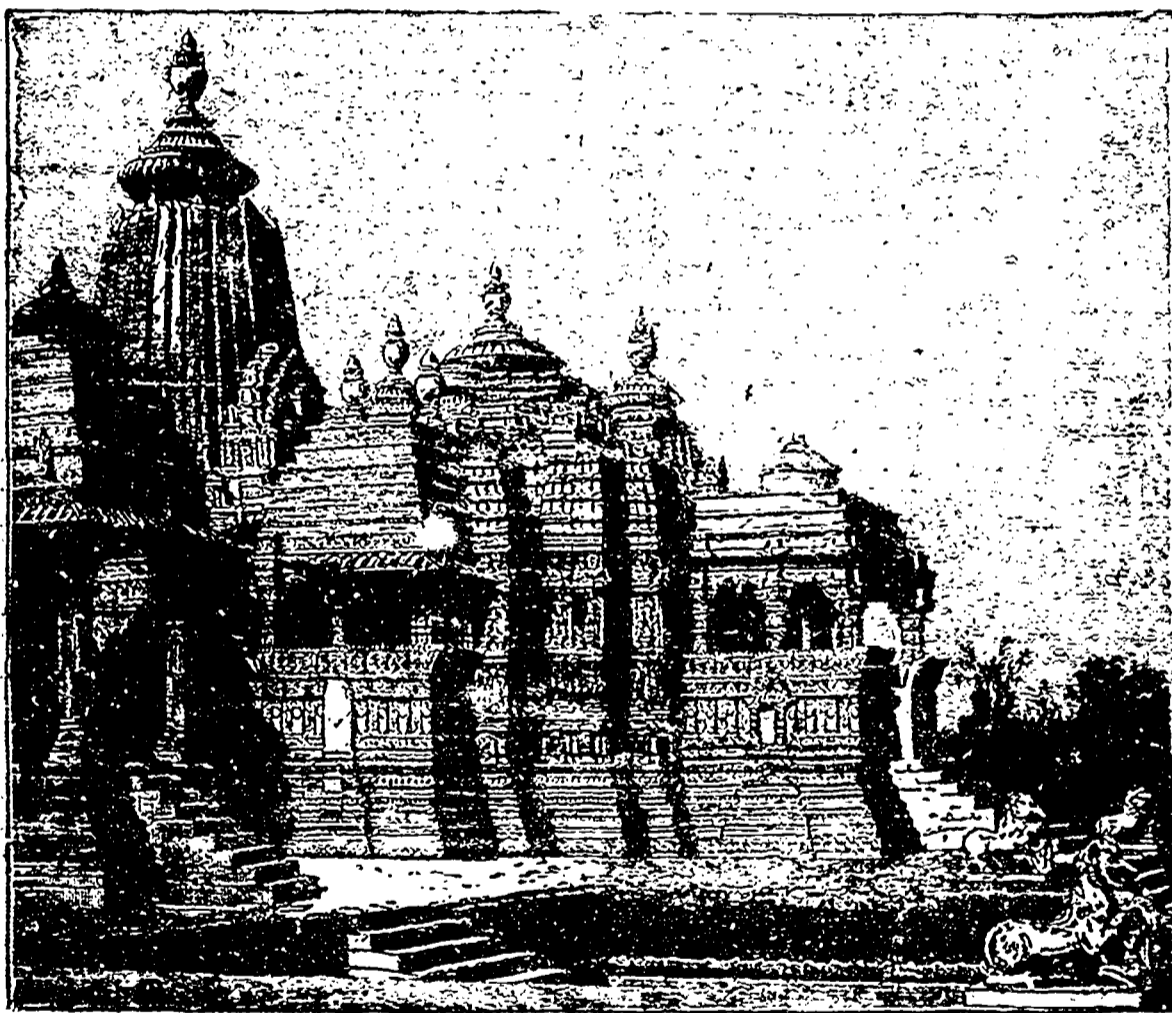
"DROP IT."

Do you want to know where a boy usually begins to be fast? With a cigarette. It is the lad's first step to bravado, resistance of sober morality, and a bold step in disobedience. Just now take the matter on the scientific side. Tobacco blights a boy's finest powers, wit, muscles, conscience. Nations are legislating against it. Germany, with all her smoke, says, "No tobacco in the schools." It ages their brains and makes them too small for soldiers. Knock at the great military institutions of France. "No tobacco," is the response.

Try West Point and Annapolis. "Drop that cigarette," is the word. Indeed smoking boys are not likely to get so far as that.

Major Huston, of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington navy barracks, says that one fifth of all the boys examined are rejected for heart disease, of which ninety-nine cases in one hundred come from cigarettes. His first question is, "Do you smoke?" "No, sir," is the invariable reply. But the record is stamped on the very body of the lad, and out he goes. Apply for a position in a bank. If you use beer, tobacco, or cards, the bank has no use for you. Business life demands a fine brain, steady nerve, firm conscience.

A little girl on being asked what dust was, replied that it was "mad in high spirits."



INDIAN TEMPLE.

our big cities, the awful hard times ministers have on the frontier, and I don't know who all and what all about practicing self-denial, that I haven't dared to buy an orange—and they are so cheap now—this longest while, and—"

"'Self-denial.' I think that is a pretty word for those men to use that come to us begging for so many things," said Julia Crofton, another girl who had been taught that it was a pleasure as well as a duty to give, but forgot all her teachings for a minute when she heard the discussion against giving. "Just look at those people. They ride around over the world in palace cars, and just live on the fat of the land. That man that came to our house when he was begging for poor children in—in some place, he just took two heaping, clear-away-up spoons of sugar in his coffee, he ate three slices of cake, and

did not convince Anna that they had sinned a fact. After waiting a moment she replied, saying,

"Because others do wrong I see no reason why we should. I think we ought to give because Jesus sends us to, and because we love him. I like to deny myself, because I am so happy afterward."

"But, Anna, do you think we ought to deny ourselves everything for the sake of giving?" asked Jennie Russ.

"Don't you remember, girls," Anna replied, "how Charlie Maynard read in Sunday-school that verse where the widow put two mites into the treasury, and Charlie went on with his reading, and instead of saying 'farthing,' said, 'Which make a fair thing'? Now, if we give a fair thing we will give all we have; that is what the widow did. I was reading to-day about a little child in Chicago who, when three

His Coming.

I THINK I would not care to be
Waiting in great expectancy
For my dear King,
For if I kept my eager eyes
Always uplifted to the skies,
Some little thing
Beneath my feet might dying be,
That needed tender care from me.

I would not dare be listening
With bated breath for echoing
Of angel song,
For I might lose the feeble cry
Of some lost child that only I
Could lead along.
Enough for me each setting sun
Brings nearer the Beloved One.

How sweet to labour some day long,
With busy hand and cheerful song,
And then to see
His presence turn the evening gloam
Into a golden pathway home
As he draws near.
Not by my merit, but his grace,
My King will find my lowly place.

—Angelus.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

THE MASTER'S LADDIE.

BY JOHN MACLEAN, PH.D.

There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes.—John 6:9.

It seems natural for girls to be good. Boys seem to be born for this world and to live a busy, romping, happy life. There are more girls than boys in attendance at church and Sunday-school, and they study their lessons better, and so people somehow have come to think that boys are hard to win for God and to become followers of Christ. Read your Bible and count the number of boys whom God has used, and you will learn that the Great Master does not think as some people do. There are stirring tales of brave lads who loved God, and were members of the Boys' Bible Brigade. Many of the finest stories have been told about these young heroes. Who has not read with delight about Moses in Egypt? Isaac nobly permitting his father to bind him on the altar. Joseph in the pit. David the shepherd laddie. Samuel hearing the voice of God, and Daniel with his companions refusing the wine and dainties of the king's table. God loves to encourage boys to be good, so he has placed these things in the Bible for them.

There was a wise man among the Apostles who had a strong brain, a keen eye and a boy's heart. He had the happy knack of finding people, and helping them to help themselves. Andrew was his name. He was a plain man with a noble name, which revealed his character.

ANDREW MEANS MANLY,

and so you have this Apostle who was a manly finder, because he was brave and loved

men. It was he who brought his brother Peter to Christ, saying, "We have found the Messiah." When the people followed Christ in crowds, some of them ran quickly to reach him. Christ was tired and he wanted his apostles to have a little rest, so he took them in a ship to a quiet place near Bethsaida, and when the people saw them going away, they ran along the shore of the lake, and overtook them. They all gathered on a mountain, and when it was getting dark, Jesus, always anxious to help people, said they must have something to eat before they went home. The apostles did not know what to do, and, none of them except Andrew seemed to have known about a laddie in the crowd, who had some bread. Andrew came to Christ and said, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes."

I wonder how this manly Apostle found out the laddie in the crowd, for there were at least five thousand people there. It would not have been surprising if he had discovered some great man in the crowd, but to discover a poor boy shows that he was a lover of boys.

I have said this laddie was poor, and so he was, for had he been rich, the son of a noble, he would have had nice sweet bread. He had nothing but barley bread, which was the bread of poor people in those days. This was the Master's laddie. When Christ wants a laddie to help him in his great work he does not choose one because he has a good education, or has fine clothes or lots of money, but he takes the boy who has what he needs. Christ wanted bread, and he chose the laddie who had bread. When he wanted a man to go to Africa he chose a poor weaver boy who had given him his heart and wished to save men, and he sent David Livingstone there. When he wanted a man for Fiji, he sent John Hunt, the Yorkshire ploughboy. When he wanted a man for India, he sent William Carey, the cobbler, there. These were poor boys who loved God and wished to bless men, and they were ready to do the Master's will and go anywhere for him.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN FOLLOW CHRIST.

The Master's laddie was in the crowd that followed Christ. We do not know what led him to join the company, but he was a follower, and he did what some grown-up people will not always do, he gave the bread to Christ when he wanted it. He gave not one loaf and one fish, but all he had to give. Now that is consecration. That is devotion as great as can be shown. Some people give God nothing, others give half and keep the rest for themselves, but Christ must have all we have and not a portion. When Christ takes all he sanctifies it. It increases in value and is multiplied. In all that crowd of five thousand people the most prominent persons, besides Christ, are Andrew and the Master's laddie.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN WORK FOR GOD.

This laddie did his best for Christ. His loaves and fishes in the Master's hands fed five thousand people. You can love God and set an example of godliness. You can cheerfully perform your duties at home helping father and mother, and thus honour God. You can lead your companions to Christ. You can practice self-denial and send what you save to help the heathen. You can collect money for missions. You can study your Bible and strive to be like Jesus every day.

God recognizes boys and girls and makes use of them. Very few in the crowd would know the Master's laddie, but it was sufficient for him if the Master recognized him. The recognition of God is good pay for any servant. Some people would pass this boy by, but Christ employed him in his work.

LITTLE THINGS IN GOD'S HANDS BECOME GREAT.

The laddie became the instrument in Christ's hands of feeding a multitude. A little Syrian maid became the bearer of good news of health to the great captain, Naaman. One small man named Athanasius was more than a match for multitudes of wicked men, because God was on his side. Martin Luther was victorious in his battle for truth against princes and potentates because God was with him. Five loaves and two small fishes in Christ's hands fed five thousand people, and each apostle took up a basket full of frag-

ments. There were twelve baskets left, one for each apostle. You may be small but God can make you great. You may be poor, but the Master can employ you in doing noble things for him.

GOD WANTS BOYS AND GIRLS IN HIS SERVICE.

He needs them and he employs them as his agents in blessing men. This laddie was on the mountain at the time Christ needed him. He was ready for the service of Christ. That is what you ought to be, ready always to serve God. It is wise to be punctual to God's time. The laddie might have been on the mountain with his bread and fish at some other time, which would not have been Christ's time. To be ready for Christ is wisdom. God may want you now to work for him. Are you ready? Follow the example of the Master's laddie and give what Christ wants. Do not refuse him. He wants your heart. Let him now have it. God is now calling young hearts to him, and you are among the number. Yield now to him your heart, and obey his call.

Port Arthur.

DAFFY'S DANDELIONS.

BY ANNIE M. L. HAWES.

THE Junior Society of the Bonnyborough church was a wide-awake, go-ahead, ready-for-work band of boys and girls who attended their weekly meetings with enthusiasm, and tried to bring in all their friends and persuade them—no, they did not have to persuade very much, for when the friends found how thoroughly delightful the meetings were, and how manly and womanly the members became, they were quite sure to ask the privilege of joining.

But one of the members had visited a junior society in an adjoining town where the singing was led by the music of a beautiful parlour organ, and his account so fired the hearts of our Bonnyborough young folks that they decided that an organ was the one thing lacking to perfect the usefulness and joyfulness of their meetings.

The Juniors felt that they could not wait for the regular business meeting, and Miss Lyons, their president, had a conviction that it would be well to strike while the iron was hot. Therefore a special meeting was called. The committees were all there, and as each member of the society was on a committee, the society was out in almost full force. Only one was missing—little Daffy Denison, who had recently joined them.

They were sure that dear Miss Lyons would think of some way to get an organ, and when they saw her face as she stepped upon the platform they knew that she had something "nice" on her mind.

"Well, children," said she, "I have the promise of an organ for just half-price—forty dollars—on one condition—that you earn it!"

Then some of the faces brightened and some fell according to the amount of courage their owners possessed; but they all brightened when Miss Lyons said resolutely: "I know you can do it. I have been to your parents, and they all think you can. You are twenty strong, and you have three months in which to earn it, and berry-time is coming and lots of ways to get money. All in favour of earning an organ, manifest it by rising."

Every Junior rose enthusiastically, and meeting was dismissed.

Daffy Denison was standing by the window when Lou and Alice Elwell came by.

"Why," they exclaimed, "Daffy Denison wasn't there! We must tell her."

Daffy listened wistfully. "It'll be lovely," she said, "but—but—we haven't been here long, so you didn't know that mamma's an invalid and can't walk, and her hands are all stiff. Papa is dead now. He was a soldier, and mamma has his pension, and that's enough to support us, but—there's never anything left. And—and mamma has bad spells, so I have to stay where she can call me. When I come to the meetings Auntie Gray sits with her, but she can't come very often, so I can't go berrying, or—"

The tender-hearted girls stopped her. "You shan't pay a cent. We can do it!"

Miss Lyons said the same, but Daffy was not satisfied. She longed to do her share, but how? It was the first of May, three

months were all before her, but what could she do when the dear mother needed her little daughter continually within call?

She had been thinking harder than ever one bright morning as she gathered dandelion greens on the sunny bank that sloped away from the back of the cottage.

"I think I'll go around the front way so as to see my hyacinths," she said to herself. As she opened the gate she stood face to face with a bright-eyed old lady.

"Them's master nice dandelion greens, little miss; they look bee-u-tiful!"

Daffy blushed and hesitated a moment between polite generosity and an aching back. Picking greens was not easy work. But generosity triumphed.

"Wouldn't you like 'em, ma'am?" she said smiling.

"Why, now, I would, reely. Thank'ee kindly!" And the little woman opened a big satchel that held them, every one.

Next morning a big market waggon stopped in front of the cottage, and a big, cheery voice shouted: "Hello, the house!"

Daffy ran to the door.

"Are you the little girl who gave an old lady some greens yesterday?"

Daffy blushed and nodded.

"Well, that's my mother. She's master chirk and fond o' takin' long walks. I keep a grocery and provision store in town, and I'll pay ye ten cents a basket; that size, for all ye pick for two weeks. I'll come around for 'em mornings. Haven't seen such dand'lion greens for years."

He drove away and Daffy rushed into the house.

"Oh, momsey," she cried, "I'll pick an' pick, an' let's put the money in my bank, and not open it till dandelion season is over!"

"I'm so glad!" said mamma.

And when at last the little bank was emptied, guess how much there was—\$3.10!

"That dandelion bank is a real gold mine," said Daffy.

But I think the real gold-mine was the generous, unselfish heart that made it all possible. Don't you?

A Little Sermon.

NEVER a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some ragged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer you when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings, at set of sun,
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

October 20, 1895.

THIS IS RIGHT.—Exodus 20: 12.

This command has reference to our duty towards our parents; and is the first commandment with promise. Jesus Christ set an example in this respect which is worthy of imitation. He was subject to his earthly parents until the time for him to enter upon his public ministry. The duty of parents is to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They are to care for their children by providing for their temporal wants and preparing them that they may become good citizens. Surely therefore children in return should "obey their parents in the Lord," for the "Good Book" tells us that this is right. Children should honour the opinions of their parents, and even when they attain to the age of maturity they should not act contrary to the wishes of their parents unless there is good reason for doing so. The writer knew a gentleman in England who was invited to become a candidate for parliamentary honours, but it was several weeks before he gave an answer to the memorialists. The reason for the delay was, his aged father would not give his consent sooner. Such a man was a noble son of a noble father. Let all our juniors for whom this lesson is specially prepared never forget their duty to their parents.

True Beauty.

Which are the eyes most beautiful? Are they blue, or black, or gray? Are they drooping and pensive, and just a bit sad? Are they sparkling and bright and gay? Are they lighted with kindness, and quick to see the sorrows of others, and ready to fill the cup for the weak and the helpless, the aged and ill.

versation in order to see Jo's face light up again. "Becus I've done it. Haven't I, Tam?" "Ay," replied the boy addressed; "ye mind when ye bluided my nose?" "But why do you fight?" Mr. Fraser asked. "Oh, I dinna ken. Sometimes the big yins sets us on, an' we wad be ca'ed 'cooardy'; if we didna fecht, an' then we hev to ken wha's we didna fecht. I'm first the noo—un—first cock o' the class. I think he's no' less Flannel beats me; but I think he's no' game. He's never offered to tak' me up, though he's bigger nor me. There's the bell again. If I kent wha was tormentin' ye!" "If ye please," said Alice, entering, "there's a letter, an' the laddie says he's to wait an' see if there's an answer."

Mr. Fraser opened the letter, and smiled as he read— FOUNTAINBRIDGE SCHOOL. DEAR SIR,—I should esteem it a favour if you would kindly refrain from encouraging my boys to play truant. About a third of the fourth class is absent, and I am informed that they are with you.—Yours respectfully, JAMES GOURLAY, headmaster.

Mr. Fraser in reply briefly explained the circumstances, and arranged to have the few remaining sittings on Saturdays, so that Jo and his companions would not be kept from school.

During the sittings Mrs. Fraser occasionally sat in the studio to hear Jo's quaint, old-fashioned remarks, and hear him sing from a wonderfully extensive repertoire; for in this, as well as his conversation, he showed a natural freedom as far removed from forwardness as it was from awkward bashfulness; he never lost sight of the respect due, and sang never asked while the model was having a rest. "Do you ever get palmies?" said Mrs. Fraser on one of these occasions. "Ay, sometimes; I got thum twice this week, yince for haein' dirty hands." "Can you not keep your hands out of sight when they're dirty?" Mrs. Fraser asked jocularly. "Na," replied Jo in a serious tone: "he's aye on the lookout when ye hand up yer slate."

"And what was the other occasion?" "I was awa' frae the school an' I hadna a line"; and Jo blushed and looked so sad, Mrs. Fraser saw there was some unhappy circumstance he did not wish to tell, and changed the subject, at the same time determining to call on his mother and see if she could do anything for one who occupied so much of his thoughts. Alice had told her that every time he had dinner he pretended he wasn't hungry, in order to take part of it home.

Jo's mother was a pale-faced, quiet woman, with a careworn expression beyond her years, and she was in a flutter of excitement when Mrs. Fraser called and explained who she was. "I'm ashamed to ask ye in, mum; but, ye see, I've to tak' in washing an' work hard to mak' things meet."

"Have you not a husband? Jo talks a great deal about you, but never mentions his father." "Ay, he's a guid laddie, Jo, an' I dinna ken what I wad dae without 'um; he's a great comfort and help to me. Yes, mum, I have a husband, but Jo maybe winna care to speak about 'um, for he spends maist o' his wages in the public-house, an' disna seem to think I need any siller; an' that's no' the worst o't, for when he is in the hoose he hardly ever speaks to me, and never wi' kindness. It's an awfu' thing, mum, to live wihin' for a kind word an' never get it: I wad forgie him a' the misery he's caused me if he wad just speak kindly to me yince, as he used to dae when we were married. Na, Jo's ashamed to speak about him. There was just the other mornin', he wasna able to gang to the his wark wi' drink, an' Jo gaed doon to the stables an' telt the men. They yokit the horses for 'um an' filled the cairts along wi' their ain, an' Jo drave a' the day, an' if they hadna gien 'um a bit o' their piece he wad have had nae meat; an' the maister never kent, or my man wad have lost his situation. An' then puir Jo, when he gaed next day to the school, an' the maister asked him whaur he had been, he wadna telt, an' got his licks; but he said to me, 'Mother, I wad have had my hands blistered wi' palmies afore I wad let them ken my faither was drunk.' Ay, let them ken my faither was drunk. I wad mony a time I wadna ken what to dae if it wasna for Jo, an' the way he cheers me; an' I'm often sorry to see him keepin' Maggie when ither laddies are oot playin'. Ay, there never was such a thoughtful laddie, although I say't; he never gangs to your hoose without bringin' me a bit o' the danner you're sae kind as gie 'um, an' I'm sure we're mair obleeged to you than I can telt."

The poor woman was on her weak side when talking of Jo, and as her voice was trembling, Mrs. Fraser with womanly tact changed the subject by arranging to give her work which would pay her better than washing, and at

the same time allow her more leisure, and left with a shower of blessings, which would be heard if earnestness could carry them.

CHAPTER II.

On the Saturday after Joe had driven the cart, he was surprised when his father gave him a sixpence, and though he only said "Here," both Joe and his mother knew what it was for, and the latter felt that he did not say because he was ashamed that he did not say more, and she was also delighted in more than a pecuniary sense at receiving more than she had been in the habit of getting, hoping that he was beginning to mend, as no doubt he intended doing. But with one like him there is no half-way; he trusted in himself to be more moderate, and in two nights was as bad as ever.

What faults he had were caused by drink. It made him thoughtlessly selfish towards his wife, but among his companions he was well liked; he was good-natured and jocular, and sang a good song, and it was partly owing to the latter qualification that he was in demand at the public-house at night. When they were married, his wife and he were the smartest couple in the neighbourhood, and his nights were principally spent at home, playing his fiddle. He was considered a temperate man, and felt that he could trust himself not to go to excess; at first he took a little for company's sake, but now he took it for the love of the drink.

They had no books at home, and many a night he had gone out with the idea of having a smoke and a talk with his companions, or perhaps to have one glass, and found himself sitting in the public-house till the hour for closing. This was some years ago, but now he had got past making resolutions, and went as a matter of course.

Sometimes when a thought of reform had come into his head, he felt he would be ashamed to tell his companions he was going to "pull up," but he never got that length; and often his wife, thinking of his cheery disposition in their earlier days and the qualities which made him agreeable in company, wondered if Jo would inherit his father's bad as well as his good qualities, but she trusted in his affectionate nature and good sense keeping him from drink, and she knew from their his father's nature, while his father was out, "cracks" at night, while his father was out, that Jo felt keenly the misery brought to them by drink.

Jo called occasionally at Mr. Fraser's after the picture was finished to see if he was required for any other work, and sometimes with work his mother had done. On Halloween, however, Alice was frightened on opening the front door to see three little boys in a strange get-up starting to sing, "Please to help the guisars," and was about to close the door on them when one said, "It me, Alice, Puddin', ye ken."

Alice astonished the guests in the dining-room by announcing in her usual abrupt way, "That's Puddin' an' twa ither laddies, wi' their faces a' black." And she was "more than surprised," she said to a neighbour next day, "when Mrs. Fraser laughed an' telt me to bring them in, dirtyin' a' my lobby wi' their feet. The maister gie'd them some-thing, an' Mrs. Fraser filled their pouches wi' apples an' oranges, an' the laddies an' gentlemen laughed like anything at the droll songs 'um wad sing. He's a funny laddie, an' I like dirty boots."

With the summer, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser went to the country for several months, and it was nearly a year before they saw anything of Jo. She was crossing the lobby, when she heard Alice saying in an angry tone, "We dinna want you; an' ye're no' to come back here wi' yer dirty feet. Look at the mess ye've made o' my steps. It's that laddie an' retiring to the kitchen, leaving her to deal with him."

He was disappearing, crestfallen, when Mrs. Fraser called him back. "I'm awfu' sorry for dirtyin' the steps," he began, "but I couldna help it, the roads is that dirty. I've started in business, an' that is my partner," turning to a boy much taller than himself, who was looking in at the gate; "an' I've just come to see if ye wad tak' something frae us, for when young folk starts in business, o' encouragement helps to mak' them persevere."

"But what are you doing?" said Mrs. Fraser, smiling at the idea of a boy of twelve starting in business. "I'm sellin' briquettes. Wull ye tak' some, to encourage us?" Jo was delighted with the order he had on which nearly cleared out the stock he had on a barrow. His hands and face were about as black as a sweep's, and when the order was completed, and Mrs. Fraser gave the two a piece of bread each, even Jo seemed struck by the blackness of his hands, shown by contrast

with the white bread, and said apologetically, and at the same time with an evident pride in being able to use the word "business." "Excuse my hands, mum, but when folk's in business they canna be aye washin' theirs!" Jo asked and obtained permission to call back to see if more were required; and Mrs. Fraser was surprised when a few weeks had elapsed that she had not heard of him, and the solution was only arrived at when one morning Alice went to her mistress in tears, and on being asked what was wrong, said, sobbing, "It's that laddie Puddin'."

"What has he been doing?" "He hasna been daein' naething—it's me; an' I didna mean to be ill to 'um, either, if he wadna dirty my door, but I gaed along the noo to the dairy, an' he was just gaun in afore me, an' when he saw me he turned about an' hurried awa', an' the look he gie'd me gaed to my very heart, an' I couldna gang into the shop. I wish he would come back the noo, an' he could dirty my doorstep if he liked."

Alice was consoled when Mrs. Fraser said she would call at Jo's home and arrange for him to come in the mornings before the steps were washed; and Jo and Alice again became the best of friends now that the only object of enmity between them was removed, and knowing that a boy working in the open air is always hungry she invariably had a tasty bit for him.

(To be continued.)

Worth While.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant When life flows along like a song, But the man worth while is the one who will smile When everything goes dead wrong; For the test of the heart is trouble, And it always comes with the years, And the smile that is worth the praises of earth, Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent When nothing tempts you to stray; When without or within no voice of sin Is luring your soul away; But it's only a negative virtue Until it is tried with fire, And the life that is worth the honour of earth, Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen, Who had no strength for the strife The world's highway is cumbered to-day; They make up the item of life. But the virtue that conquers passion, And the sorrow that hides in a smile, It is these that are worth the homage of earth For we find them both once in a while.

PRAYER HINTS.

HAVE something special to pray for each day.

Pray as though you meant to have an answer, no matter what may happen. Think before you pray, what you mean to ask for. You would not ask a favour of any one until you thought beforehand what you needed. So study first your needs; then pray God to supply them.

You may pass a day comfortably without prayer, but a day begun with prayer will prove a far better one. God will make up to you in the same way before the day ends the time spent in prayer at the beginning.

Prayer in the morning fastens the whole day to God. To start a day without prayer is to begin it without God. In doing that you take upon yourself a most fearful responsibility.—Sunday-School Visitor.

A CHRISTIAN Hindu was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology, but he waved his hand as much as to say, "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest, and he said, "If you will only recite the Numtra, it will deliver you from pain." He waved his hand as much as to say, "I don't want to hear that." Then they said, "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head as much as to say, "I can't do that." Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said, "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of that god. He shook his head again, as much as to say, "No, no, no." Then they bent down to his pillow, and they said, "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere as he cried out, rallying all his energies, "Jesus!"

PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story.

BY F. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

His mother saw that if she did not accept his gift she would deprive him of a pleasure, but made him feel of considerable importance by saying, "Ye've made mair than me the day, laddie."

As the picture advanced, Jo was asked to bring, one by one, the boys who had been playing at marbles, in order to finish the group; and the news spread through the school of the wonderful house where they could get their "pictur's tae an' a shillin' for standin'," and Jo got alarmed when several of the boys said they would go too; and when, in the middle of the sitting, the bell rang, Mr. Fraser was astonished at Jo exclaiming, "That's Wugsy Broon an' Flannel Harrison an' a lot o' thum."

Mr. Fraser laughed at the names, and asked Jo what he meant.

"It's a lot o' the laddies to see if ye want them to stand; but ye'll no' hae thum, wulln't ye no', Mr. Fraser?"

"No, I don't require any more."

"That's rare. Wull I gang oot an' welt them?"

"Wulln't you be afraid, if there are so many?"

"No," said Jo, in a tone of the greatest contempt; "there's na' yin o' them wad stand excep' it was Flannel. I've never tried him yet. But then," he added, by way of explanation, "he's only been a week at oor school."

"If ye please, sir," said the girl, coming into the studio, "there's a lot o' laddies at the door asking if ye want them to stand."

"I telt ye," said Jo excitedly. "Wull I gang oot to thum?"

"No, no. Alice, just send them away; say I have got as many as I require."

Alice, or Alice, as she was generally called, was a type of a Scotch girl, honest in the extreme, brusque in her expressions, and with a constant anxiety to have her house—as she termed it—spotless; and as she was not in the best of tempers at the dirty foot-marks made by the boys on her doorsteps, it was not necessary for Jo to disperse them; Alice made short work with them.

THE BOYS OF COULTON.

BY EMMA WILMOT

COULTON was a new town of the West, and, like most Western towns, was full of business enterprise. The boys had caught the spirit, and made odd pennies, and even dollars now and then. Nat Walton had a goat cart, and on Saturdays he hauled produce for the different stores. Even the goat seemed to move faster than goats in the East. It was not a case of all work and no play, however, for Nat's voice often rung out with the rest as they played ball or leap-frog in the school-yard. Everybody in Coulton was getting along. There was the vegetable-patch back of each dwelling, and the blackberry and raspberry bushes, which never grow wild there, showed tall in the background.

But one day a strange thing happened. The noon train from Kansas City set down at the little station a woman dressed in heavy mourning and a little boy whose well-worn clothes told a tale of need. Soon a small cottage back of Main Street was rented, and a dress-maker's sign tacked up beside the front door. "A bad move," said those who noticed the sign. "Our women make their own dresses."

The pale, delicate-looking boy was entered at the public school, and his playmates all liked him, though they saw he could not stand it "rough and tumble" as they did. Cold weather set in, the winds blew keen across the prairies, and he still wore the same clothes. One day he fainted in the school-room, and Nat, with a comrade, was sent to carry him home. After they had seen him put to bed, they left, stopping outside the door to look at each other in dismay.

"I wouldn't have believed it!" said Nat.

"Nor I," replied his comrade. "I—I say," with a quick breath of horror, "Nat, they're starving to death! Something has to be done right off."

"I know," said Nat, "we'll ask help from the 'A'."

So at recess they told their plan to a few of the boys, and spent the dinner hour in going from store to store, stating the case.

When school was out that afternoon they called with Nat's wagon, and received the donations. Such a pile as they had!

"Did you call on Mr. Ford?" asked one of the boys.

"Call on old Ford? I guess we didn't. He's the stingiest man in the town."

But just then Mr. Ford came to the door, a queer expression on his wrinkled face. "You're not through, are you, youngsters?" he said. Suppose you fill up the cart with flour for the widow. There are the bags; help yourselves."

For a moment the boys looked at each other in astonishment, and then went to work. The goat had never before pulled so heavy a load, and refused to move; but one of the boys pushed the rear of the cart, one tied a rope around the bags and helped pull, while Nat coaxed the goat on with a cap full of pop-corn; and at length away they went, Mr. Ford in the doorway watching them. Somehow his gift meant more to them than all the rest, it was so unexpected.

A special meeting of the town board was called on the next night, while the boys, unconscious of what they had done, slept as only boys can; and Mr. Ford, rising in his place, said: "Gentlemen, you have all seen what the boys of Coulton have done for the Widow Moore. In framing our constitution we neglected making any provision for the poor, not dreaming that there would be any occasion for it. We might have known better, for we are distinctly told that 'the poor you have always with you!' The boys, gentlemen, have taught us our duty. A poor-house is a reflection on the town that supports it. Churches and poor-houses do not harmonize. Nevertheless, I put the motion before you that a poor-house be erected in our midst."

Then he sat down. There was a stirring time in the council that night, but they voted down the motion for a poor-house,

and instead established a poor fund, which some of them, in an attempt at wit, called "The Lord's Account," and so framed the constitution that no poor house could ever be erected in the town. So the boys taught them how to care for their destitute.

By the way, young people, Christmas will soon be here. Are there any poor people about you whom you ought to help? You will not be so selfish as to forget them, will you?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

LESSON III. [Oct. 20.]

RUTH'S CHOICE.

Ruth 1. 14-20. Memory verses, 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1. 16.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Ruth, v. 14-18.
- 2. Naomi, v. 19-22.



THE BOYS OF COULTON.

TIME.—This incident occurred in "the time of the judges," two centuries or so before the establishment of the Hebrew monarchy. Possibly Gideon was judge, but the dates are exceedingly uncertain.

PLACE.—The land of Moab, east of the Dead Sea; and Bethlehem, in the tribe of Judah.

INTRODUCTORY.

Ruth was a Moabitess, a descendant, therefore, of Lot, and probably a worshipper of idols till her friendship with a godly woman brought her to a knowledge of the true God.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Ruth's choice.—Ruth 1. 14-22.
- Tu. Preceding events.—Ruth 1. 1-10.
- W. Finding favour.—Ruth 2. 1-12.
- Th. Kindness of Boaz.—Ruth 2. 13-23.
- F. Christ's friends.—John 15. 12-19.
- S. The greatest love.—Eph. 3. 14-21.
- Su. Inseparable love.—Rom. 8. 33-39.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Ruth, v. 14-18.
 - To what nation did Ruth belong. Verse 4.
 - Of what people was her mother-in-law? Verse 2.
 - Where had the women started to go? Verse 7.
 - What had Naomi urged her daughters to do? Verse 8.
 - What did they each do?
 - What did Naomi urge Ruth to do?
 - What was Ruth's reply?
 - What supreme choice did Ruth make? (Golden Text.)
 - What people did she thus choose?
 - Who was the God whom she chose?
- 2. Naomi, v. 19-22.
 - To what place did the women come?
 - How long had Naomi been away from Bethlehem? Verse 4.

What effect had their coming on the people?

- What did Naomi say about her name?
- How had she gone out and how returned?
- What is God's design in affliction? 2 Cor. 4. 17.

At what time of the year was this return?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson do we find—
- 1. True love illustrated?
- 2. True devotion shown?
- 3. True faith declared?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

Whose story is told by the Book of Ruth? The story of Ruth, Naomi, and Boaz. 2. Who was Ruth? A heathen girl of Moab. 3. What was her destiny in Jewish history? To be an ancestress of Christ. 4. What was the moving principle of her life? Fidelity to her loved ones. 5. In what words did she express her loving purpose? Golden Text: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The true catholic Church.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How may we best use the Word of God for private benefit?
By using all the helps that may enable us to

could never wear the beautiful dress of Christlike charity, which makes her so lovely, if she did not love him. There she wears the jewels which he bids her. He said, 'Be courteous.' So this beautiful jewel fastens her lovely dress. Is it any wonder that every one loves her? See how Peter's injunction about a woman's adorning: 'Let it not be that outward adorning . . . but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.—*Epworth Herald.*

Better Things.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

BETTER to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart than beauty's favour proud;
Better the rose a living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness than to bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way:

Better be fed by a mother's hand than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God than say: "My goods my store-house fill."

Better be a little wise than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great;
Better to sit at a master's feet than thrill a listening state;

Better to walk the road unseen than watch the hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn than the noon-day burning bright.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a hill in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

THINK OF IT!!!

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understand it, with prayer that the Holy Spirit may show us its meaning, and apply it to our hearts.

John 5. 39.

What is the public use of God's Word?
For teaching and preaching in public.

SADIE'S BEAUTIFUL DRESS.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

"WHAT a pity it is that Sadie is such a flirt!" said Nellie Porter.

"Sadie a flirt?" replied Mary Brown. "Why, she is my ideal of a lovely young Christian."

"Nevertheless I shall not take back my words. Do you not see that she is the centre wherever she is. Everybody listens for her words as if they were pearls, and the young men seem just fascinated. Yet she is not so beautiful."

"I never thought of that, Nellie. When she enters a room I've noticed that all evil speaking is hushed, and only kind words are spoken. She is a real bit of sunshine."

"Shall I tell you the secret, dears?" said grandma, who had been listening. "Sadie's face is no prettier than yours. Her beautiful dress makes all the difference."

"Oh! oh! grandma! Her dress! And this from you, who say that what we are is so much more important than what we wear?"

The young girls' faces were filled with amazement and perplexity. Grandma laughed.

"Yes, dears," she said, "and what we are determines what we wear. Sadie