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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896.

No. 39.

## LUTHER AND THE POPE'S INDULGENCES

To gain money for the erection of the mighty Church of St. Peter's, Pope Leo X. sent forth indulgence-sellers across the Alps to extort alike from prince and peasant, by the sale of licenses to sin, the gold required for his vainglorious purpose. One of the most shameless of these indulgence-sellers, the Dominican monk, John Tetzel, found his way to the quiet towns and cities of central Germany. In the pomp and state of an archbishop he traversed the country. Setting up his great red cross and pulpit in the market-places, he offered his wares with the effrontery of a mountebank and quack-silver, to which he added the most frightful blasphemies. "This cross," he would say, pointing to his standard, "has as much efficacy as the very cross of Christ. There is no sin so great that an indulgence cannot remit; only let the sinner pay well, and all will be forgiven him." Even the release of souls in purgatory could be purchased by money. And he sought to wring the souls of his hearers by appeals to their human affections:

"Priest! noble! merchant! wife! youth! maiden! do you not hear your parents and friends who are dead cry from the bottomless abyss. We are suffering horrible torments; a trifling alms will save us; you can give it; and you will not."

As the people shuddered at these words, the brazen impostor went on: "At the very instant that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory and flies to heaven." There was a graded price for the pardon of every sin, past or future, from the most venial to the most heinous—even those of nameless shame.

The honest soul of Luther was roused to indignation by these impudences. "If God permit, I will make a hole in Tetzel's drum," he said. He denied the efficacy of the Pope's indulgences, declaring, "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." But still the delusion spread. The traffic in licenses to sin thrived apace. The brave Reformer took his resolve. He would protest in the name of God against the flagrant iniquity. At noon on the day before the Feast of All Saints, when whose festival the Wittenberg church was promised a plenary pardon, he walked boldly up and nailed upon the door a paper containing the famous ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences. The first of these, which gives the keynote of the whole, reads thus: "When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ says 'Repent,' he means that the whole life of believers upon earth should be a constant and perpetual repentance." This 31st of October, 1517, was the epoch of the Reformation. The sounds of the hammer that nailed this bold protest to the church door echoed throughout Europe, and shook the papal throne. Thus was hurled down the gauntlet of defiance to the spiritual tyranny of Rome. The theses created a prodigious sensation.



LUTHER NAILING UP THE THESES.

## AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

It was a handsomely furnished sitting-room in a home on R— Street. "Between the portieres a glimpse of the breakfast table from which the family had just risen could be seen, a carefully appointed table with shining silver, delicately tinted china, and hot-house flowers.

In the room where the Rays were assembled an open coal fire danced. Costly pictures and rare bits of bric-a-brac gave an air of taste and refinement to the apartment, an air which the appearance of the family carried out. They were kneeling at family worship.

so much of her brother, although a devoted sister, as of another who was often at her side. Again she heard the low, caressing voice, again the blood leaped quickly through her veins as she met the gaze of the frank brown eyes. Even in her sheltered life she had heard of the temptations that come to young men, and Helen bowed her golden head lower and echoed, "Save the boys."

The other occupant of the room was Tom, the only son. Listening to his father's fervent words, and catching the gleam of his mother's tears, he recalled how, a week ago, he had seen his friend, Frank Sutton, carried unconscious from the room at a club supper. Tom wondered, both then and now, how Frank could so far forget to be a gentleman. As for himself, why, his head had ached the next day, that was all. But remembering his mother's tears, Tom repeated mechanically, thinking meantime of Frank, "Save the boys."

When prayers were over, they rose to go their separate ways until lunch time.

How did each one go about answering, with God's help, the prayer just offered?

Mr. Ray hurried down town through the invigorating winter air. First, there was a meeting with political friends. At its close this husband and father handed the chairman of the committee three crisp ten-dollar bills, and said: "Use this to control the saloon element in the Third Ward. A little judicious treating there, and we are sure of carrying the day."

Then he bowed out his visitors, and, donning cap and overcoat, set out to attend a meeting of the stockholders of a brewing company. He presided over the meeting, and succeeded in carrying a motion which provided for the increase of the working capacity of the company. Wine was served. As our friend leaned back in his luxurious chair and sipped the sparkling amber beverage, he said to himself, "A good morning's work done."

Meanwhile, the mother, after kissing her husband and children, went downstairs to confer with the cook.

"We shall have guests for dinner, Sarah," she said. "I am particularly anxious about the pudding, I will come down and make the brandy sauce myself. Where is Thomas?"

"In the pantry, ma'am." "Please send him to me. I want to be sure he understands about the wine for to-night."

Helen, after donning a pretty street suit, took a downtown car. She had embroidery silk and ribbon to match, and she must have new gloves for evening. As she walked briskly along she encountered a tall, fine-looking young man. The rose-red on Helen's cheek deepened as he turned to accompany her down the street.

"I shall see you at Miss Noble's tomorrow evening?" she asked, expectantly.

"I—I think not. It is a card party, and you know I never play."

Helen shook her golden head. "I won't say a word about playing, but I shall be disappointed, for,"—she stopped abruptly as she realized how much she was saying.

Few love to hear the sins they love to do.

The manly face of Harold Bryce glowed. "Don't take it back," he pleaded. "I will be there. I would go anywhere for you, Helen."

A moment later they parted, she to muse over the joy her words had brought to her companion's face, and he to try to forget the promise made to a dying mother a year ago—a promise that he would never touch cards.

As for Tom, he spent a part of each forenoon at his father's office. On the way down he stopped for a box of cigarettes. Then he met a young friend, and they had a game of billiards, the loser paying for the beer.

That was five years ago. The prayer of the family is answered. The only son fills a drunkard's grave. This is not in answer to the prayer their lips fashioned unto God, but the result of the one their lives offered up to society.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896.

### THE CHILDREN AND MISSIONS.

The object of Sunday-school instruction is to educate the children not only in the knowledge of God's word, but to train them for usefulness in the church and the world. That is, therefore, a narrow and imperfect method of Sunday-school work that limits it to the lessons and a literary culture incident to a study of the Scripture text.

The children should be taught that they are being prepared for their future life-work, and that what they learn in the school has an intimate connection with the place they are to fill, and the work they are to do, when they become men and women. In this way the Sunday-school becomes a practical aid to the home-training, and fits the children to enter the church as active and useful members.

It is wise, therefore, to carry the benevolent enterprises of the church into the Sunday-school. The children should be trained to give to the poor, to missions, and to every worthy object. Our General Conference has recognized this principle, and provided for the organization of juvenile missionary societies in all our Sunday-schools. It is the duty of pastors, therefore, to see that such societies be formed wherever practicable, not merely as a means of increasing the missionary collections, but that the children may be trained in systematic methods of benevolence, and thus prepared for the great work which lies before them.

If the present adult generation had been properly educated in their duty to give to the cause of Christ, we should not now be so far behind in our home and foreign missionary work. But they were left without any systematic train-

ing, and without proper instruction as to their duty to the world. "Little was sown and little has been gathered."

All rational and permanent benevolence rests upon an intelligent appreciation of personal obligation, and this depends upon a knowledge of the condition and wants of those who are presented as objects of our charity. If we are ever moved to give, or do anything for the heathen we must be able to appreciate their wants. To give simply because we are asked to give, has nothing higher in it than a feeling of kindness, or the impulse of a generous disposition. It is not a moral action, except in a very low sense, much less a religious act. In order to discharge our duty in the sphere of benevolence, we must understand our personal obligation, and act in view of our personal ability.

We must furnish the children under our care with information in regard to their duty. It will not suffice to tell them that they ought to give to the missionary cause. We must give them the reasons upon which the duty rests. We must inform them as to the moral condition of the heathen world, and also as to what God has commanded us to do for them. Much information may be given incidentally on the subject in the course of regular teaching in the Sunday-school; but it is better to have juvenile missionary societies, where such information is made a specialty, and where it may be illustrated and emphasized as it cannot be in class instruction.

The time has come, we think, when the interests of our missionary work demand a more thorough and efficient organization of all our forces, and when our people must be better informed as to their duty to the heathen world. If the church does not do more abroad for the salvation of the world, it will do less at home. The measure of our prosperity at home depends upon what we do abroad. The church has reached a crisis on this subject, and unless we meet it in the spirit of the Gospel, decline is inevitable. Unless our light shine out upon the nations that sit in darkness, God will remove our "candlestick out of his place."—S. S. Magazine.

### EMPEROR WILLIAM AS A CHRISTIAN YOUNG MAN.

BY J. ALBERT SMITH, M.A.

Emperor William, grandfather of the present Emperor of Germany, achieved great victories in peace as well as in war. He was great as a man, as a soldier, as statesman and king; but, best of all, he was a devout Christian. His confident trust in God in hours of greatest peril; his humility in hours of triumph over his enemies; his fidelity to Christian truth and loyalty to God, are an example of true manhood that should be most carefully studied by all our young people.

At the age of eighteen he wrote and adopted his "Life Principles and Vows." These have in them so much that is conducive to genuine manhood, and give us such a view of the innermost depths of this man's character, that I have thought a translation might be a blessing to old and young. I have been led to do this, also, because I believe that, with a few changes, they embrace principles which every young man should adopt.

I have aimed to be as true as possible to the original, even at the risk of at times sacrificing smooth English:

"I with thankful heart acknowledge it as a great blessing that God has permitted me to be born in high station, since therein I possess greater advantages to cultivate (a splendid fortune) my heart and soul, in order that I may do good unto others. I rejoice in my station with humility, and am far from believing that God has in this intended to give me a superiority over others.

"I will never forget that the prince is, nevertheless, also a man, and before God simply a man.

"All things which mankind holds sacred shall be held sacred by me.

"I will ever remain true to the Christian faith which I now profess. I will at all times honour it, and ever seek to possess a warm heart for it.

"I will constantly and immovably put

my trust in God. I will commit all things unto him, and seek to possess, by faith in his providence, a confident spirit.

"I will everywhere remember my God. I will betake myself unto him in all matters, and it shall be a delightful duty for me to bring my soul in accord with him by prayer. I know that without him I am nothing, and without him can do nothing.

"I will beware of all things by means of which I might degrade myself as a man, since as a prince I would far more degrade myself by them. Especially will I shun the sins of intemperance and sensuality, which sink human nature to deepest degradation.

"I will unceasingly labour to cultivate my heart and soul so that I, as man and as prince, may ever reach to higher attainment.

"I know how much I, as man and prince, am indebted to true honour. Never will I seek my honour in matters in which misconception alone can find it.

"My powers belong to the world—to the Fatherland. I will therefore remain unceasingly faithful in my appointed sphere, employ my time in the best manner, and accomplish as much good as is in my power.

"I will keep and nourish a genuine and hearty feeling of goodwill toward all mankind, even toward the humblest, for they are all my brethren.

"I will not, because of my princely dignity, act in an overbearing manner toward any one. I will oppress no one by means of my authority as a prince. And wherein I am obliged to demand anything of others, I will show myself condescending and friendly, and seek, as far as I am able, to make the fulfilment of their duty easy for them.

"To be loved is held by me in much higher esteem than to be feared, or simply to have the authority of a prince.

"I will encourage and reward merit, and especially will I bring to light that which is retired and hidden.

"I will perform official duties with great punctuality, and also hold my subalterns sternly to their obligations, yet treating them with friendship and kindness.

"I will labour unceasingly for the improvement of my heart and life.

"I will begin each day by a remembrance of God and my duty, and each evening I will carefully prove myself concerning the use made of the past day.

"Corrupt men and flatterers I will determinately shun. The best, the most upright and truest, shall be dearest to me. I will consider those my friends who tell me the truth at times when it might be displeasing to me.

"Every temptation to evil I will powerfully resist, and pray God to strengthen me."

Surely, after reading these principles and vows, no one need wonder at the greatness of Emperor William. His life was a fulfilment of the promise: "Them that honour me I will honour."

### FAMILY LIBRARIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

It is easy in our days for hungry readers to supply their wants from circulating or public libraries. It is easy, in general, to borrow books from accommodating neighbours. But books obtained in this way, read rapidly, and returned, cannot fill the place of a home library. This is a vital need in every family circle comprising eager and inquiring children. Wise parents study the wants of their children, sympathize with their tastes, and provide them with fascinating and instructive reading, that gives a daily charm to home life. A few shelves—called the children's book-case—filled with the best works of popular authors, have a magnetism whose power is never lost. They throw a glamour about one's early years, creating beautiful dreams, stirring noble thoughts and generous aims, and sowing precious seed, whose fruitage is abundant.

It is not surprising that so many farmers' sons and daughters desert the homestead as soon as they outgrow parental control, for the home-life has been too narrow and barren to satisfy them. No books, no paintings, no music, no pleasure, no amusements! Drudging toil

from Monday morning to Saturday night, relieved only by meals and sleep! What active mind would not grow weary of such monotony? A pleasant library, to feed restless minds in long evenings and on stormy days, would have thrown pleasant associations around farm life, and have kept the homes' end in the family for successive generations. It ought not to excite wonder that so many boys in town and city find their way to the streets at night, and fall easy victims to evil habits and corrupt associates. Their best safeguard was in a home full of sunshine, made attractive by pleasant books and cheerful conversation. Having no such home, acquiring no love for reading, and finding nothing to attract and satisfy in life within doors, their active natures drive them to the streets in search of amusement, and expose them to untold perils. But the responsibility for low tastes and vicious indulgences belongs in part, at least, to the parents, who failed to give a magnetism to home life.

A library in every English home should be one of our national mottoes—a library, the children may call their own, and in which they may feel a personal interest and pride. The material is abundant from which to draw to satisfy every disposition and taste. A library in every home! It will give food to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and cheerfulness to the desponding. It will carry sunshine to many gloomy households, fill empty minds with wholesome thoughts, form healthy tastes in children, and lead them to despise low indulgences, and shun evil associates.—Methodist S. S. Record.

### JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 4, 1896.

Christ and the children.—Mark 10, 14-16.

Mothers were desirous to bring their children to Christ, and in their attempt to do so, were discouraged instead of being encouraged, by the disciples. Persons who would deprive children of any favour must be strange specimens of humanity, and the disciples richly deserved the censure, or reprimand, which Christ gave them. Every child, whether young or old, male or female, can always rejoice that they have a friend in Jesus.

CHRIST'S COMMAND.

Verse 14. He in effect says, "Let them come, help them all in your power, remove everything out of their way." This is what all good people are doing. The design of Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues is to bring children to Christ. Anything short of this is labour lost and time improperly spent. John was the youngest disciple, and none stood higher in Christ's estimation than he. There are more encouraging verses in the Bible for children and young people than there are for any other class.

HOW WE ARE TO RECEIVE CHRIST.

Like children. This means that we are to be humble, not proud or high-minded. Then, too, we must have faith. See how children believe all that their mothers tell them. They do not reason nor question the truth of what their parents say. Just so we must believe in Christ. We will become members of Christ. He will reign in us, his kingdom will be set up in our hearts. He will rule over us as the Lord God of every nation. We will not be our own, we will belong to Christ.

Hymnal—Hymn 98

Commit verses 1 and 2 to memory. The author of the hymn is Mrs. Jemima Luke.

"I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How he called little children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head.

That his arms had been thrown around me.

That I might have seen his kind look when he said,

Let the little ones come unto me."

## The Rona Lighthouse.

A woman stood at a cottage door—  
A crofter's cottage and mean and small;  
But her heart was rich, if her home was  
poor,  
For her sons were kindly and strong  
and tall,  
And her own good man was as brave and  
true  
And handsome as even a king could be,  
And she did not envy the queen; for who  
Could be better cared for and loved  
than she?

The wee green island was all their own  
(While they paid to the factor the  
laird's fair rent);  
Little it bore but a crop of stone,  
Yet the Rona people were well content.  
They had a sheep or two on the heights,  
And a few oats grew in a sheltered  
place;  
And they had at sunset such glorious  
lights,  
That it seemed heaven came to their  
little space.

They gathered at need, in their own  
Scotch right,  
The bountiful harvest that grew in the  
seas;  
And they worked in the day and rested  
at night,  
Thankful, contented, and quite at ease.  
So the woman stood at the door, with  
eyes  
That scanned the sea for the little boat;  
Since all that she had in the world to  
prize,  
Her brave, bonnie laddies, were there  
afloat.

The dark came rapidly down that night—  
A deep, thick darkness without a ray;  
There is almost always a gleam of light  
On the sea, but then it had passed  
away.

"They are very late," the woman said,  
"And in the mitch the water is rough;  
But they're in no danger"—she raised  
her head—  
"My men are trusty and safe enough."

She lighted no candle, for there, within,  
Was nothing to do, and naught to see;  
She steadied herself, and would not begin  
At first to yield to anxiety.  
And the hours went by as she waited  
there,  
But her heart grew heavy with dread  
at last,  
And she shivered with fear, as she cried  
in prayer,  
"O God, let the terrible night be past!"

The morning broke on the sullen sea,  
And over the cliffs the woman peered,  
And round the island in haste went she,  
Till at last she saw the thing that she  
feared;  
For there on the rugged rocks she found,  
Cold and lifeless, her dearest ones,  
Baffled by darkness, wrecked and  
drowned—  
Her noble husband, her bonnie sons!

And, oh, the pang of the vain regret,  
The deepest trouble, the worst to bear!  
She saw that they might have been living  
yet,  
If only a light had been burning there.  
They had sought in the dark for the  
landing-place,  
But no gleam had shone for their  
anxious gaze;  
Ah, weeping widow, with covered face,  
It is this that will haunt your nights  
and days!

But out of the sorrow one blessing arose;  
She would do for others, though stran-  
gers they,  
That which she ought to have done for  
those,  
Her best and dearest, passed away.  
So ever after when gloaming came,  
In her upper window there shone a  
light;  
And many a man's wife blessed the flame  
That feebly gleamed on the sea at  
night.

"I do my best, but the light is small;  
Oh, for a beacon that could not fail!"  
So the eager woman spoke to all,  
In the earnest tones that must prevail.  
Soon a great light shone o'er the western  
sea,  
Tended ever with loving care,

And the lighthouse-keeper was none but  
she  
Who had lived and loved and suffered  
there.

Alas, for the good that we might have  
done,  
For lamps unlighted, and helps forgot!  
Yet peace and pardon and hope are won  
If we lighten the gloom of another's  
lot.  
Let us throw some gleam on the troubled  
sea;  
Let us save our brothers some pang of  
pain;  
For if their journey may lighted be,  
We shall not have suffered and prayed  
in vain.

## TWO PICTURES.

It was a warm summer morning, and  
Christy's window was open as usual, but  
her outlook was an inlook, for that was  
the view she liked best as she sat sewing  
day after day. She was so fortunate as  
to have a choice of views, which was a  
luxury unknown to most of the dwellers  
in the crowded old tenement, where no  
view at all—unless looking upon a solid  
brick wall could be called a view—was  
the rule. But the upper corner room,  
occupied by Christy and her sister  
Martha, had two windows; one looking  
out on a side street that led from a wide  
thoroughfare to the poorer parts of the  
city, the other opening on a narrow  
alley. This last was Christy's favourite;  
for though she seldom cared to look  
down into the narrow passage with its  
heaps of rubbish, she could look directly  
across it into a window of the great  
building which fronted on a handsome  
street—the window of a studio.

What a world of wonder and beauty  
that room was to Christy! It was so  
well lighted that she could see far into  
it and catch the gleam of white marbles  
and rich bronzes. She had glimpses,  
too, of pictures—pictures everywhere;  
and there were gorgeous bits of colouring  
in draperies and old costumes. She  
could occasionally see the visitors that  
came to look and admire, and, best of  
all, because nearest and clearest, she  
could see the artist at his work.

If he had ever looked over at the old  
building across the alley, which Christy  
thought very improbable, since he had  
so many delightful directions in which  
to look, he would only have seen a pale  
girl sitting at one of its highest windows,  
and stitching busily day after day. He  
would not even have seen the crutch be-  
side her chair, which told why Martha  
had to do all the going out, and why  
Christy was so often alone. He would  
never have guessed that his rooms made  
the chief pleasure of his unknown neigh-  
bour's life.

To-day there had come into it some-  
thing so new and absorbing that for  
once Christy's hands dropped idly in her  
lap. A young girl was posing for a  
picture, and she was placed where the  
little seamstress could see her plainly.  
A girl with fair, flowerlike face, she was,  
dressed in a quaint soft robe of white  
that clung about her slender figure, and  
bearing in her arms a weight of blossoms,  
as if she were but just returned from a  
ramble.

"As if she had been where such beau-  
tiful things grow. O, how lovely!" ex-  
claimed Christy. "And somebody is  
going to have a picture of her just that  
way to keep always."

Sights and sounds of a nearer world  
broke often upon Christy's fairyland.  
The wailing of Mrs. Murphy's twins came  
with painful clearness and frequency  
from a lower room, and the maternal  
tenderness with which Mrs. O'Connell  
assured her Patsy that he was the "tor-  
ment" of her life, and would "come to  
the galluses yet," was heard all over the  
tenement many times daily. Poor  
Martha, too, often came home weary and  
discouraged because of careless employ-  
ers who calmly asked her to "call  
again," instead of paying for finished  
work, or unreasonable ones who wanted  
marvels of stitching accomplished in  
impossible fragments of time. And  
there were sober councils when Martha,  
with forehead drawn into anxious lines,  
and Christy, with pale face paler than  
usual, tried to plan how their slender  
purse could be made to meet the de-  
mands of the landlord and the baker.

But Christy tried to be hopeful, and  
she was always helpful. She had com-  
forting words for Martha, and the table,  
however scant its provisions, was always  
neatly spread when the tired workwoman  
came home. In the safe shelter of that  
upper room the twins were left when  
their mother went to carry home wash-  
ings. Mrs. O'Connell came there with  
her lamentations, and even Patsy  
sought it as an asylum from merited  
wraith, while many of the other tenants  
knew it as a refuge or a resting-place  
from their various ills. Altogether, there  
was little time for dreaming in Christy's  
life, and her patient hands took up their  
work again after a few ecstatic minutes,  
but her eyes wandered constantly to the  
girl who lived in a world so different  
from her own.

"To have such beautiful things around  
her all the time; to live, really live in  
a house where she can see all the pic-  
tures and flowers she wants, what would  
it be like?" mused Christy. "But I  
believe that I'd care most of all about  
being made into a picture. How strange  
and lovely that would seem! to be made  
into a picture that would last and give  
pleasure to somebody always."

An uneven step was heard on the  
creaking stairs, a step that Christy knew  
only too well, for many a peaceful hour  
had it disturbed. Her face clouded a  
little at its coming just now, but this  
would be Granny Flannigan's last visit,  
and she must let her enjoy it.

"Yis, indade, child, an' we're off; for  
thim that has nothin' to move takes little  
time for the movin'," said the old wo-  
man disconsolately. "Tim says that  
we'll have a bether place nor this, but  
well I know the crayther don't be tellin'  
me the thruth. It's little good for him  
to be sayin' that things 'll all come  
straight whin his own steps is that crook-  
ed wid drink that he nades a whole  
street to walk in. I'm sorry to be  
lavin' ye, Christy. Many's the time  
ye've helped me wid yer soft ways an'  
kind heart—the salnts bless ye! An'  
wheriver we goes, I'll always be seein'  
ye here so nate and comfortable like, wid  
yer face smilin' for iverybody—that's  
how I'll be seein' ye always."

Granny's apron was thrown over her  
face as she took her departure, and  
Christy's eyes were moist with sympathy.  
But there was a light shining through  
the tears. "Why, I have made a pic-  
ture!" she said. "Granny Flannigan  
will carry one away with her. I believe  
that God is lettin' me make pictures all  
the time."

Ah, little Christy! That is what  
we all are doing day by day—making  
pictures of ourselves in other lives; to  
brighten or darken them, to help or to  
hinder. And a day is coming when all  
these hidden pictures shall be unveiled.  
—Kate W. Hamilton, in Forward.

## HEATHEN INDIANS.

The Rev. J. E. Betts tells the follow-  
ing pathetic story:

"Heathens Indians have a superstition  
that old people passing away of certain  
diseases do not really die, but only seem  
to; that they pass through some strange  
metamorphosis in which the heart be-  
comes ice, all human sympathy has gone  
forever, and that then they become  
demons, and will eat nothing but human  
flesh. The only preventive measures  
are to kill the person who is approaching  
such a direful state, and burn the body.

"Some eight or nine years before the  
time of my visit to Beren's River, and  
before that band of Indians had become  
Christianized, such an event had trans-  
pired on that same reserve. An old In-  
dian woman was approaching her end.  
She believed that she would become a  
demon, and told her sons so. The three  
boys—the youngest of whom was about  
twelve or fourteen years of age—held a  
consultation on the matter, and, acting  
on their convictions of right, resolved to  
kill their mother. It fell to the lot of  
the youngest boy to do the deed. He  
shot her, through a hole in the tent in  
which she was lying, and the three pro-  
ceeded to burn the body.

"Shortly after this, our missionaries  
visited this reserve, and the light of the  
Gospel shone upon their understandings  
and their hearts. The boy who fired  
the fatal shot, when he came to know

the more excellent way, literally died of  
grief; one of the others seemed almost  
hopelessly melancholy, and the third,  
who is suffering from consumption, stood  
before us in the social service on Sun-  
day, and, with big tears running down  
his face, told of his sure and certain  
hope of heaven when this life is over.  
The missionary told me that, a few Sab-  
baths before, in class meeting, this poor  
man referred to his deed, for which he  
seems unable ever to forgive himself,  
and, weeping aloud, he threw up his  
hands and looked towards heaven, and  
said: 'You all know that I am the big-  
gest sinner on this reserve, but I do be-  
lieve that God, for Christ's sake, has for-  
given my sins, and that I shall yet be  
saved in heaven.' Thank God for par-  
doning mercy!"

## BOOKS AND READING.

Whenever I see a boy or girl absorbed  
in reading, two pictures are recalled,  
making an afternoon call at a friend's  
house, and while seated in the drawing-  
room, the lady with whom I was in con-  
versation said to her daughter, a young  
lady of sixteen: "My daughter, will you  
please to put down that book; I have  
not been able to examine its contents  
yet." I noticed that the book was im-  
mediately laid aside without a question.  
It was a delightful family, the members  
of which have all turned out well.

It will take a little time and pains to  
advise and counsel in the matter of the  
reading of the young people of the house-  
hold, and it will take perhaps not a little  
self-surrender and patience to enable any  
young person with an ordinary amount  
of self-confidence and personal curiosity  
to accept the judgment of another as to  
personal reading.

My other recollection is not so pleas-  
ing. Being the guest for the night in a  
Christian family, I was quartered, be-  
cause of the unusual number of guests,  
in a room belonging to one of the boys.

I remember well the terrible disap-  
pointment, and the sudden shattering of  
my conception of the young fellow's  
character when I found, hidden under  
his pillow, one of the most abominable  
copies of an illustrated criminal weekly.  
Somehow or other I always dread to  
hear the name of the young man men-  
tioned, lest the harvest from that sowing  
should appear.

If a man is known by the company he  
keeps, surely it is equally true that he  
is known by the books he reads.

Read only the best books. Life is too  
short and time is too precious to read  
trashy books. There is so much worth  
reading that it is a sin to spend time in  
reading many of the paper-covered  
stories. This is one of the sins to be  
regretted and repented of in after life,  
although it may not seem a very serious  
matter now.—Sunday-school Classmate.

## A POST OFFICE IN 600 B.C.

The invention of the post office, says  
Harper's Young People, is ascribed to  
Cyrus, King of Persia, who lived about  
600 B.C.

Cyrus required all of his governors of  
provinces to write to him exact accounts  
of everything that occurred in their  
several districts and armies.

The Persian Empire was of vast ex-  
tent, and some means had to be provided  
to render that correspondence sure and  
expeditious. Cyprus therefore caused  
post offices to be built and messengers  
appointed in every province. He found  
how far a good horse, with an experi-  
enced rider, could travel in a day with-  
out being hurt, and then had stables  
built in proportion, at equal distances  
from each other. At each of these  
places he also appointed postmasters,  
whose duty it was to receive the letters  
from the couriers as they arrived and  
give them to others, and to give them  
fresh horses in exchange for those that  
had performed their part of the journey.  
Thus the post went continually, night  
and day, rain or snow, heat or cold; and  
Cyrus received speedy news of all oc-  
currences, and sent back whatever orders  
he considered necessary.

Darius, the last king of the ancient  
Persians, was superintendent of the  
postal service before he came to the  
throne.

## Gone Before.

BY IDA SHAFER.

A gleam of sunshine in our home,  
That brought us joy the long day through,  
More dear to every kindred heart,  
Hour by hour our darling grew.

We watched his infant mind unfold,  
To gather fund of baby lore,  
We dreamed of great things he would do,  
In years time held for him in store.

We planned his future, He who gave  
The tender lamb unto our fold,  
Deemed best his treasure to recall,  
We mourned as Rachel mourned of old.

We mourned, but resignation came,  
Replaced the pain our hearts that filled;  
We know him safe for evermore,  
And all our murmuring is stilled.

We thought of heaven as that fair land,  
That lies beyond life's fleeting years;  
Now nearer, dearer, to our hearts  
That land of lasting joy appears.

And now our thoughts do often rest  
Upon our baby's home so fair;  
And now our chaste'd hearts have learnt  
To lay up all their treasure there.

And leaning now in calm content  
Upon our gentle Saviour's breast,  
We wait the hour that calls us hence  
To enter in our darling's rest.  
Stonewall, Man.

## A GIRL WITH TWO FACES.

I heard a strange thing the other day.  
It was of a little girl who had two faces!  
When she is dressed up  
in her best clothes, when  
some friends are expect-  
ed to come to tea, or  
when she is going out  
with her mother to call  
on some neighbours, she  
looks so bright and sweet  
and good that you would  
like to kiss her. With  
a nice white dress on,  
and perhaps a blue sash  
and pretty little shoes,  
she expects her mother's  
friends will say, "What  
a little darling!" or,  
"What a sweet face, let  
me kiss it!" And so  
she always has a smile  
on her face, and when  
she is spoken to she  
says, "Yes, ma'am," "No,  
ma'am," when she ought,  
and "Thank you," very  
sweetly when anything  
is given her. But, do  
you know, when she is  
alone with her mother,  
and no company is ex-  
pected, she does not  
look at all like the same  
little girl. If she can-  
not have what she would  
like, or do just what she  
wishes, she will pout and  
scream and cry, and no  
one would ever think of  
kissing her then.

So you see this little  
girl has two faces; one  
she uses in company, and puts it on just  
like her best dress, and the other she  
wears when she is at home alone with  
her mother.

I also know a little girl who has only  
one face, which is always as sweet as a  
peach, and never sweeter than when she  
is at home, and her mother wants her  
to be as useful as she can and help her.  
I think that I need scarcely ask you  
which of these little girls you like best,  
or which of them you would most like to  
resemble.—Clive Plants.

## SOMETHING ABOUT NEEDLES.

BY MRS. W. P. SHEPARD.

The common sewing-needle is made  
of fine steel about the thickness of an  
ordinary bristle. Many operations are  
necessary before the perfect needle is  
formed from the wire.

In the first place, the wire is wound  
in large coils, sixteen feet in circumfer-  
ence. These coils are cut in two, ex-  
actly in the middle, and the wire is so

arranged that there are one hundred  
pieces in each half. These halves are  
then cut in lengths sufficient for two  
needles, straightened, and taken to the  
grinder, who holds about twenty-five  
wires in his hand, and, with great skill,  
presses them against a grindstone, turn-  
ing them until each wire is sharpened  
at one end. The other ends of the wires  
are treated in the same manner.

They are then placed in a machine,  
which, with a heavy weight, flattens  
them precisely in the middle. Two holes  
are punched in the flattened portion of  
each, and the wire broken in two, form-  
ing two unfinished needles. Several of  
these are strung on a wire and placed  
in a vise, while a workman files the top  
and sides of the heads.

The needles are then rendered brittle  
by heating them, coating with oil, and  
then burning the oil off. After this,  
they are placed on a square of canvas,  
in lots of five hundred thousand, emery  
powder and sand mixed with them, and  
all tied securely in the canvas, and placed  
in a machine which works the needle,  
sand, etc., together for several hours.  
This is done to give the needles a  
polished appearance.

After being taken out and mixed with  
putty-powder and oil, they are again  
placed in the polishing-machine for four  
hours longer, then taken out, and washed  
with soft-soap and water, dried, and  
sorted. Now comes the last important  
operation, which consists of drilling and  
polishing the oval holes, or "eyes" of  
the needles, rendering them perfectly  
smooth.

The wire from which the needles are  
made is so thin that five and one-half  
pounds will make seventy-four thousand  
needles.

fire. And the residue thereof he maketh  
a god, even his graven image; he falleth  
down unto it, and worshippeth it, and  
prae,eth unto it, and saith, Deliver me,  
for thou art my god."—Is. 44. 13-17.

Yet the Japanese do the very same  
thing to-day.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

## LESSON I.—OCTOBER 4.

## SOLOMON ANOINTED KING.

1 Kings 1. 28-39. Memory verses, 28-30.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep the charge of the Lord thy God,  
to walk in his ways.—1 Kings 2. 3.

Time.—B.C. 1015.

Place.—Jerusalem.

## CONNECTING LINKS.

The numbering of the people and re-  
bellion of Adonijah.

## DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read a mother's request (1  
Kings 1. 15-27). Learn Time, Place, and  
Connecting Links.

Tuesday.—Read the Lesson for next  
Sunday (1 Kings 1. 28-39). Learn the  
Golden Text.

Wednesday.—Read how David's plan  
succeeded (1 Kings 1. 41-49). Learn the  
Memory Verses.



JAPANESE IDOL-MAKERS.

## JAPANESE IDOL-MAKERS.

This picture reminds us of the account  
of idol-making given by Isaiah, 2,600  
years ago:

"The carpenter stretcheth out his rule;  
he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth  
it with planes, and he marketh it out  
with the compass, and maketh it after  
the figure of a man; that it may remain in  
the house. He heweth him down  
cedars, and taketh the cypress and the  
oak, which he strengtheneth for himself  
among the trees of the forest: he plant-  
eth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it.  
Then shall it be for a man to burn: for  
he will take thereof, and warm himself;  
yea, he kindleth it, and baketh bread;  
yea, he maketh a god; and worshippeth  
it; he maketh a graven image, and  
falleth down thereto. He burneth part  
thereof in the fire; with part thereof he  
eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is  
satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and  
saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the

Thursday.—Read a prayer offered for  
Solomon (Psalm 72).

Friday.—Read the story of Solomon's  
prosperity (1 Chron. 29. 20-30). Answer  
the Questions.

Saturday.—Read Isaiah's description of  
the Prince of Peace (Isa. 11. 1-12). Tell  
the story of the Lesson in your own  
words.

Sunday.—Read Daniel's account of an  
everlasting kingdom (Dan. 7. 9-14).  
Study Teachings of the Lesson.

## QUESTIONS.

I. The Old King, verses 28-35.  
28. Who was sent for by David? 29.  
What was the usual form of a Hebrew  
oath? What had God done for David?  
31. Why was Bathshoba thankful? 32.  
What three orders were to unite in  
crowning Solomon? 33. Who else was  
to accompany them? Of what was  
Solomon's riding upon the king's mule a  
sign? When was the coronation to  
take place? 34. When were Kings an-  
ointed? For what were trumpets used?

35. Is it usual for a new king to take  
office during the lifetime of his pre-  
decessor?

II. The Young King, verses 36-39.

36. Was David's choice accepted? 37.  
Was the prayer that Solomon should be  
greater than David answered? 39. Out  
of what tabernacle was the oil brought?  
What did the people's joy indicate?  
Name three parties who united in giving  
the throne to Solomon.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

We should own God's goodness in  
bringing us through difficulties. Solemn  
promises should not be lightly broken.  
Plans are best when they meet with  
God's approval. God will qualify us  
for the office to which he calls us.  
Hindrances which stand in the way of  
our reaching the place for which we are  
fitted will be set aside.

## LOVE'S GIFT.

BY JENNIE HARBOTTLE.

George was only ten years old. His  
father did not know nor love Jesus. At  
Sunday-school George heard of Jesus,  
and how much he loves us—so much that  
he left his home above to come to this  
earth to live, suffer, and die for our sins.  
George thought, if he loves me so much,  
why should I not love him? Next day  
he went to his teacher, and asked her  
to tell him more about Jesus. She did  
so. He accepted Jesus as his, and was  
happy in his love.

Many a time he was tempted to do  
wrong, sometimes almost yielding, but  
he looked to Jesus to help him. He  
found Jesus true to his word, for he has  
promised to sustain us in every time of  
need.

One day George and some other boys  
went to the river to swim. He got out  
too far. The boys tried to save him,  
but could not.

Gloom spread over the school when  
his death was announced, for he had  
many friends. People volunteered to  
help find his body, and help in other  
ways. Two or three days passed, and  
his body was not found. On the fourth  
day, the scholars brought lots of elder-  
berry flowers to school, and asked the  
teacher to make a wreath for his coffin,  
if possible. His body was found that  
afternoon. The wreath was made and  
placed on his grave.

The parents felt sad over the sudden  
death, but were somewhat comforted by  
friends and the knowledge that he was  
ready. Since his death, the father has  
come to Jesus, and is trying to use his  
time and talents for the Master.

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