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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

[No. 20.

TURKISH BOY AND GIRL.

Our picture gives us interesting glimpses of child-life among a people far less favoured than boys and girls in Canada. They have schools, it is true, but the teaching is very imperfect, consisting chiefly in learning by rote passages from the Koran, or sacred book of the Turks. In the upper corner one little fellow is shown carefully transcribing, probably from the Koran, to tablets on his knee. We should think that the swinging hammock would be a far more comfortable bed for the baby than the rather clumsy looking cradle in the other upper picture.



of this country a species of glow worm. This is the female of the beetle called the photuris or light tail.

The most brilliant of light-giving insects are found in the West Indies, in Mexico, and in South America. They are the real fire-flies, and are very closely related to the lightning-bug, which so many of our little friends in the country have probably seen. One of the most brilliant of these fire flies is known to men of science by a long name in Greek and Latin, which means "night-shining fire bearer." It gives light enough to enable

Indian Islands, when they were discovered, were in the habit of using these living lamps in the place of candles. In travelling by night they would fasten one to each toe, and in fishing or hunting they needed no other light. They made great pets of them, and did all they could to get them into their sleeping rooms, in order to drive away or destroy the mosquitoes.

The Creole women use these fire-flies as jewels. After being caught they are shut up in cages of very fine wire, and fed on pieces of sugar-cane. When the ladies wish to adorn themselves with these living diamonds, they place them in little bags of lace, which they arrange tastefully on the skirts of their dress. They also have a way of fastening them to their hair without hurting them. Sometimes they imprison them in gauze, which they twist around their necks like necklaces or roll about their waists in a girdle of fire. They go to the ball, says one writer, under a diadem of living topazes, of animated emeralds, and this diadem blazes or pales according as the insect is fresh or fatigued. When the ladies return home, they give the little insects a bath, which refreshes them, and put them back again into their cage.

Recently the *Scientific American* printed the facsimile of a photograph which was taken by the aid of the light of a large beetle mentioned above. It is difficult to conjecture what science may yet bring forth in the art of photography.

NOW IS THE TIME.

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball; "when I grow older then I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper then I shall have more time than now."

And so he went on, saying, "Not yet"—putting off to some future time that which should have been first in his thoughts—until he was a gray-haired old man. He lived without God and died without any hope whatever.

You can prove your pedigree by your parents; but your good qualities will be recognized without any such evidence.

NIGHT-GIVING INSECTS.

I HARDLY need to tell my little readers that there are insects which have the power of giving out light. They all, I do not doubt, have seen in the cool, damp evenings of June the bright flashes of the "lightning-bugs" as they darted here and there through the air, looking like tiny flying stars. Many of my little boy readers, I fear, have even been so thoughtless as to catch and hurt these harmless insects. I hope, however, none of them have thought how cruel they were in doing this. I also hope that they will remember that these lightning-bugs are great friends of the farmer and the fruit-grower. They feed on the young of many kinds of harmful insects, and are especially useful in helping to keep down the curculio beetles, the terrible little destroyers of our plums, and peaches, and apples, and cherries.

Very much like our "lightning-bugs" are the glow-worms of Europe. The female of the glow-worm, however, has no wings. Nor is the light of the male so bright as that of the female. The male glow-worms are long, flat, soft, worm-like creatures, shining with a pale, steady, greenish light. At times this light gets brighter and brighter, till it glows like iron heated to white heat. In Italy there is a sort of glow-worm in which both the males and females have wings. Like our lightning bugs, they appear in great numbers, and the lawns are covered with them. The young of the glow-worm feed on small snails, hidden in the shell after eating up its owner. The glow-worm always puts out her light between seven and twelve o'clock, shining no more for the rest of the night. We have in the Middle States



TURKISH CRADLE.

TURKISH BOY AND GIRL.

persons to read quite fine print. It is quite common in Brazil, in Cuba, and in Mexico. It is about two inches long, and of a brown colour. It has two large eye-like shining spots on the sides of the breast. There are two bright patches hidden under the wings, which one does not see unless the insect is flying, when it appears adorned with four brilliant gems of the most beautiful golden-blue lustre. In fact, the whole body is full of light. We are told that the people living in the West

True Victory.

He stood with a foot on the threshold
And a cloud on his boyish face,
While his city comrade urged him
To enter the gorgeous place.

"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!
It isn't a lion's den;
Here waits you a royal welcome
From lips of the bravest men."

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter
That sought in the old, old way,
To lure with a lying promise
The innocent feet astray.

"You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet
To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there's nought to harm you—
It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a shudder—
It's only a game and a drink!
And his lips made bold to answer:
"But what would my mother think?"

The name that his heart held dearest
Had started a secret spring,
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a hunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Are shut from his sense and vision,
The shadows of night within.

Away! till his feet have bounded
O'er fields where his childhood trod;
Away! in the name of virtue,
And the strength of his mother's God!

What though he was branded "coward!"
In the blazoned halls of vice,
And banished by his baffled tempter,
Who sullenly tossed the dice.

On the page where the angel keepeth
The records of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the starlight—
All guiltless of sword and shield—
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field!

"FOR CONSCIENCE" SAKE.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

"There is a matter that lies heavy on my conscience, dear wife," said John Evershed, as they sat at tea after the duties of the day were done. "I have pondered it long and anxiously, and thought to speak to you about it, but have hesitated through fear of causing you anxiety, but am driven to the point at last."

John Evershed was an engineer, and ran an express passenger upon a trunk-line road. Steady and reliable as the sun; always at his post, with his hand upon the throttle and his eyes upon the track; with the steam at a higher or lower pressure, as the road wound up or down a grade; the shriek of the steam-whistle ringing out for down brakes never a moment too late and never a moment too soon; he had gone out with his train daily for the past ten years. Those who knew him best relied the most implicitly upon his prudence and sagacity, and committed their lives and property the more readily to his care and foresight. He had run upon the same engine all the time he had been in the company's employ, and regarded it almost with the affection he would have done if it had been a sentient being. Often, when the day's run was over, he would drop into the engine-house to look after the "rooming of his iron steed, and see that it had, not good oats and hay, but good oil for its supple joints and iron sinews, and clean boxes and tubes for its water and fire.

And now, this bearded and stalwart man, grim

and grimy when upon his engine, but clean and well-kempt at the tea-table with his own family, "had a matter lying heavy on his conscience."

"What is it, my dear?" rejoined the wife. "Perhaps, if you confide in me, the matter can be more readily disposed of than if you carried it alone."

"It is this matter of running a Sunday train. While you and the children are at the church and Sabbath-school, I am driving over the road with a shriek and a roar that breaks in upon the quiet of the day, and banishes from the mind all devotional thought. Since we stood up together in the broad aisle of the dear old church, and together consecrated ourselves to God, this thought has troubled me more and more. Suppose, dear wife, from some Sunday catastrophe I should be brought home dead. Would not the thought that it occurred on such a day render the calamity all the more bitter for you to bear?"

"God spare us!" exclaimed the wife.

"Amen!" responded the husband; "but such a thing might be."

"Ask our pastor what he thinks about it."

"I have done that already, and laid the case fully before him; but after a long conference, he answered:

"I must refer it back to you. Solve the problem for yourself, with prayer to God for light and guidance with his holy will. He will give you no supernatural revelation, but in the light of reason and conscience it will be impressed upon your own mind what is the right course for you to pursue. Somebody," he added, "must run the Sunday trains. Is there any man on the road more steady and reliable than you? and would the lives of travellers be safer in other hands than yours?"

"I did not say no to that, for it might look like boasting; but I did say there were safe and reliable men who did not make any professions of Christianity, and did not have any scruples, who would be glad to have my place; but then, ought I to lead these men into temptation to deliver myself from evil? And besides, dear wife, if I throw up my place, what will you and our children do for bread? I am at home on my engine, and no man can be more so; but I am a mere child in any other place. I am a locomotive engine driver, and nothing else!"

"Yes, you are," responded the wife, emphatically. "You are a Christian man who would become a martyr for conscience' sake, and you are a tender and considerate husband and father. Do in this matter what you think is right; and any sacrifices you may be called upon to make, we will share cheerfully together."

Evershed did not rest that night upon a downy couch, for he was troubled with anxious thoughts. His comfortable but modest home was still encumbered for half its value, and he relied upon what he could save out of his salary to meet the instalments as they were due. If his house was only paid for, he thought, how speedily he would settle this vexed question! But in that case, would there be any sacrifice for conscience' sake? He settled in his mind, at last, to see the superintendent, and ask to be relieved from running a Sunday train. "For," he added, "be the consequences what they may, I cannot and will not run another on that day." And in accordance with that determination, he called at the superintendent's office. That officer was a splendid business man, quick of perception, ready in execution, and never-over-scrupulous nor choice in his language or expression. But he knew his men thoroughly, and all the working of the road he managed.

"I have a request to make of the company," said the engineer, respectfully.

"Well, what is it? Is your salary too small, or your work too hard, or your engine not good enough?"

"No, nothing of that kind. I am satisfied with everything but one, and that is the running of a Sunday train."

"A mighty tender conscience you must have," responded the official. "Must the road stop running, or break its connections, because some tender-footed sheep of a fanatical shepherd refuses to leap the bar of conscience? Can a train lay over for prayers when the United States mail and an express car and three hundred passengers must be brought through on time? Railroad employees with your scruples would ruin my corporation in a year, and I am quite sure you have mistaken your calling in becoming an engineer."

"I have served this company faithfully for ten years," responded the other, indignantly; "and no man before ever told me I had mistaken my calling. I have stood at my post through storm and peril, and at any time of collision with my engine I would go down with the wreck; but as to running a Sunday train, I am resolved to stop it here and now. I am willing to work for lower wages and take a lower grade in the company's service; and I do most earnestly hope, since you cannot fail to see it is a sacrifice on my behalf, that you will favourably consider my request."

"I can say no more at present; come next Saturday in the afternoon and get your orders."

The time dragged heavily through the week, and on Saturday the engineer called at the office of time. The superintendent was busy at his desk but soon looked up and said: "Ah! you have called for a solution of the Sunday question. I have solved your problem by a short formula. You may turn over your engine to the train despatcher forthwith. Another engineer will take out your train to-morrow, and you can go to church with your wife and children."

The poor man was completely overcome, and, in spite of all his efforts to restrain his feelings, burst into tears; but, rallying in a moment, he said:

"I have tried to do my duty, and had hoped for better things, and that I might live and die in the company's service. I trust the dear old engine will fall into good hands, for I have loved and petted it; have almost felt, sometimes, as if it had a soul, and knew as I did, the responsibility imposed on it and me. But we must part company now, and I am not ashamed to say it wrings my heart and takes the bread out of my children's mouths."

The superintendent wheeled around on his pivot chair and responded, sharply:

"Who said you were to leave the company's service? I have inquired into your antecedents and know you to be one of the most reliable men. We can not afford to part with such, even if they have consciences too tender for some necessary portions of our service. You will, therefore, report with your own old fireman at seven o'clock Monday morning, at the station, to take out the special express with a new, first-class engine that never ran on the road before, and your salary is increased twenty-five per cent. from the old rate, for the increased responsibility of the fastest train upon the line. Although I do not take much stock in your scruples of conscience, yet I do not think either the property of the company or the lives of its passengers are in any greater peril under the care of a man who acts on his convictions of duty, even at the risk, as he thinks, of losing his head. As I mind you," added the official, as he hastened to suppress the engineer's expressions of gratitude and waived him to the door, "the special express is not a Sunday train."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Outside the Prison Walls.

BY HATTIE F. CROCKER.

Free, free at last he left the dreary jail,
And stepped into the dewy April night;
Once more he breathed, untainted, God's pure air,
And saw the evening star's sweet trembling light.
How strange! how strange! and yet how strangely dear
The old familiar turf beneath his feet!
How wonderful once more to be alone
Unwatched, unguarded, 'neath the sky's broad sweep.

Free! free again—but oh, so old and worn—
So weary with his wasted, ruined life—
Full twenty years the cell, his only home;
Full twenty years with hopeless misery rife!
His thoughts sped backward till they reached that day
When he had entered that grim house, a boy—
Naught but a boy in stature and in years,
But with a heart all bare of hope and joy.

For in a dreadful moment, crazed with rum,
His hand had laid a fellow-creature low,
And for that glass of brandy in his brain
Full twenty years of wretchedness and woe.
And now, a gray-haired man, he walked again
The very path his boyish feet had pressed
So many, many dreary years ago;
And now he wandered lonely, seeking rest.

Where should he go? Where now his footsteps turn?
No living soul was there to welcome him!
No friend of all his youthful days he knew
Would greet again this wanderer in sin.
Unconsciously, he sought his boyhood's home,
The low, white cottage, he had held so dear;
Twas standing in its old accustomed place,
But strangers had dwelt there for many a year.

Where next? the tears stood in his mournful eyes;
His breath came thick and fast—he could not stir,
But leaned upon the old familiar gate
With thoughts of mother—oh, could he find her?
Where was she now—that mother, sweet and good,
Who tried with tears and prayers to save her boy,
Who knelt alone at midnight's solemn hour
And mourned for him who should have been her joy.

His faltering steps at last he vaguely turned
Unto the silent churchyard near the sea,
And stood alone while pitying moonbeams spread
Around his form a veil of charity.
Alone with God in that still solemn place,
Alone with hundreds of the silent dead,
The outcast stood with lowly, sin-sick heart,
The cold, night dew upon his drooping head.

At last he found her in a place apart,
Where moonbeams sparkled through the willow boughs
And shone upon her simple headstone white
That marked the limit of her narrow house.
Twas but a snowy marble, simple, plain,
That bore her name, her age, and just below—
"Died of a broken heart"—alas! he knew
The cause of all that life and death of woe.
He flung himself face down upon the grass,
Alone between the living and the dead,
And wept and prayed beside the lonely grave
Until in sorrow's slumber sunk his head.

They found him in the morning, stiff and cold,
His hands clasped o'er his mother's lowly grave,
His head upon its turf, as though he thought
That turf the bosom his poor heart had craved.
Upon his pallid cheeks the trace of tears
Showed in the glowing ray of morning's sun,
But o'er that face there shone a wondrous peace,
A smile of joy now all his life was done.

Men marvelled that he looked so young again
Despite his crown of sorrow-silvered hair,
And tender-hearted women sighed and wept
And smiled to think that they had found him there.
Ah! God is good! with loving tenderness
He saw the sad, repentant soul alone
Weep out his sin upon his mother's grave,
And gently led the weary wanderer home.
This we believe: That now in heaven's street
The mother and her son are reconciled,
And all the pain and sin of earth below
Are blotted out, and he is God's own child.

Why should a sailor be a good pugilist? Because
he is always boxing the compass.

INHALATION OF TOBACCO FUMES.

THERE is an interesting account of the effects of the fumes of tobacco in a particular case quoted by Dr. Clay, of Manchester. He says: It occurred to Mr. Howison, on a voyage. When the evening was pretty far advanced the master of the schooner conducted him to the cabin, which was almost full of large packages, and, pointing out where he was to sleep, left him alone. He felt a heavy suffocation, but did not examine the contents of the bales, and went immediately to bed. Soon afterwards he was harassed by cold, and frightful dreams, and suddenly awoke, about midnight, bathed in cold dew and totally unable to speak or move; however, he knew perfectly well where he was, and had recollected everything that had occurred during the day, but he could not make any bodily effort whatever, and tried in vain to get up or even change his position.

The inability to move was not accompanied with pain or uneasiness, but he felt as if the principle of life had departed from his frame. At length he became totally insensible, and continued so until an increase of wind made the sea a little rough, causing the vessel to roll. The motion had the effect of awakening him from his trance, and he contrived somehow or other to get up and go on deck. His memory was totally lost for about a quarter of an hour, and he had no idea connected with anything that was not present before him. He knew that he was in a schooner, but nothing more. While he was in this state he saw a man drawing water from the sea in buckets and requested him to pour one on his head; after some hesitation the man did so, and all his faculties were immediately restored, and he acquired a most vivid recollection of a vast variety of ideas and events which appeared to have passed through his mind and occupied him during his supposed insensibility.

All this singular derangement had arisen from a copious inhalation of the fumes of tobacco; for, on examining the cabin, he found that the piles of packages consisted of that narcotic plant, and that quantities of it even lay under his bed; in short, that the vessel contained nothing else.

HE KNEW WHERE TO STOP.

ON one occasion the Emperor of Germany visited the Krupp steel-works at Essen, and was shown over the immense establishment by the proprietor. The *Vienna Free Press* gives an account of the visit:

"The Emperor displayed great interest in the working of the steam-hammer, and Herr Krupp took the opportunity of speaking in high praises of the workman who had special charge of it.

"'Ackerman has a sure eye,' he said, 'and can stop the falling hammer at any moment. A hand might be placed on the anvil without fear, and he would stop the hammer within a hair's-breadth of it.'

"'Let us try,' said the Emperor, 'but not with a human hand: try my watch;' and he laid it—a splendid specimen of work richly set with brilliants—on the anvil.

"Down came the immense mass of steel, and Ackerman, with his hand on the lever, stopped it just the sixth of an-inch from the watch. When he went to hand it back, the Emperor replied kindly,

"'No, Ackerman; keep the watch in memory of an interesting moment.'

"The workman, embarrassed, stood with outstretched hand, not knowing what to do. Krupp came forward and took the watch, saying,

"'I'll keep it for you if you are afraid to take it from His Majesty.'

"A few minutes later they again passed the spot, and Krupp said,

"'Now you can take the Emperor's present from my hand,' and handed Ackerman the watch wrapped up in a thousand-mark note."—*Selected.*

A FATHER'S FORGIVENESS.

A CHRISTIAN man found in one of his visits of mercy, a young female, about twenty years of age, living in sin, and wretched beyond all description. He soon learned her history. She had left her home some months before, had fallen into sin, and ever since had been sinking lower and lower in guilt. "Oh!" she exclaimed, with bitter grief, "that I were at home once more! But my father will not receive me: I am sure that he will not. He cannot love me now: he will never forgive me. I am confident he must always hate and despise me. I have lost his affection forever."

"Have you ever tried him?" inquired this Christian friend.

"No; I dare not."

"Does your father know where you are?"

"No; I have never written to him since I left home."

"Then I will write to him at once."

"It is of no use, sir; no use."

"Well, we shall see about that; we can but try."

The letter was accordingly written, and well prayed over. By return post, such an answer came back as made the good man rejoice, and the wanderer weep abundantly. "Immediate," was written large on the outside; and the substance of the epistle was, "Ready to forgive." "This," said the father, "is what I have been earnestly praying for; I have longed to know where my wanderer was, and yearned to hear that she was willing to return. Let her come back at once. I will forgive all, and love her still."

THE INITIATION OF THE '92's.

IN spite of the fact that it had been previously announced that the goat which the C. L. S. C. initiates would be expected to ride at the Round Table one evening, was unlimited advice—and one more detestable to most persons could scarcely be selected—there were many present to go through the ceremony, and many to play spectators. The performance proved rather sober, to be sure, but not at all prosy. Its points we have condensed, and would suggest as our contribution to the solicited counsel—that they be cut and pasted in the hat or any other place of easy reference.

Begin early.

Use your spare moments.

Be systematic.

Mark the passages which strike you.

Re-read the marked paragraph frequently.

Do not try to remember words; get ideas.

Do not be discouraged.

Shut your eyes frequently and try to reproduce what you have been over.

Fathom the meaning of facts.

Begin your studies with prayer.

See that you fall not out by the way.

Begin by buying all the books.

Live up to the best that is in you.

Keep your books lying about in convenient places.

Do not be ashamed to ask questions.

Do not be hampered by rules, but read in any way you can.

Absorb all you can from cultivated people.

Remember that to keep up is better than to catch up.

The Little Bell in the Heart.

My heart keeps knocking all the day!
 What does it mean? What would it say?
 My heart keeps knocking all the night!
 Child, hast thou thought of this aright?
 So long it has knocked, now loud, now low;
 Hast thou thought what it means by knocking so?

My child, 'tis a lively little bell,
 The dear God's gift, who loves thee well,
 On the door of the soul by him 'tis hung,
 And by his hand it still is rung;
 And he stands without, and waits to see
 Whether within he will welcome be;
 And still keeps knocking, in hopes to win
 The welcome answer, "Come in, come in!"

So knocks thy heart now, day by day,
 And when its strokes have died away,
 And all its knockings on earth are o'er,
 It will knock itself at heaven's door,
 And stand without, and wait and see,
 Whether within it will welcome be,
 And hear him say, "Come, dearest guest;
 I found in thy bosom a holy rest.
 As thou hast done, be it done to thee:
 Come into the joys of eternity!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1889.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

A SON, who had fallen into intemperance, writes to his father: "I think I will join the Church, as I know it will be a great help to me in trying to do right. I hope that some time I may be able to tell you that I am a Christian. That is what I want to be."

The father replied, "I do not wish to say anything to discourage or retard your joining the Church—only to urge that the step be well considered, and taken from right motives. The true idea of the Church, in my thought, is that it is, or ought to be, composed of Christians—Christ's friends and followers and servants; not professing or claiming to be better than others, but confessing themselves to be sinners, even as others, who have felt their need of being saved from their corrupt and depraved selves—from their sin, as well as from its consequences—and who accept, believe on, and embrace Jesus the Christ as the only, the God-given, almighty, and loving Saviour of sinners condemned, lost, unable to save themselves but by his grace and help; and who, thus accepting and closing in with him, yield themselves wholly to him

in gratitude and love, to be his entirely; to be kept by him, to live by faith in him, with him, and for him, now and forever; and who, in so embracing him, receive and enjoy as his free gift his offered pardon and grace; and all this by the light and life-given grace and work of the Holy Spirit."

So the loved and loving apostle John writes of him (John i. 12, 13): "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

So one may not properly enter the Church merely as an infirmity, or hospital, or school, to be helped and cured and educated, but as Christ's, redeemed by his blood; to confess him, follow, love, obey, and serve him in the sincere devotion of gratitude and love. You "want to be a Christian." See what it is.—*Selected.*

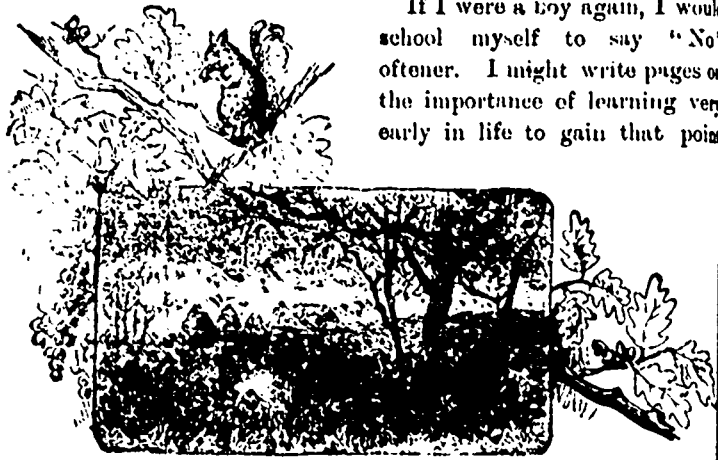
LEGEND OF "THE SUNDAY."

THERE once lived together seven brothers. Six went forth daily to their labours, but the seventh kept at home. And when the six brothers returned from their work, tired and weary, they found the house clean and in order, their meals ready and a light burning. In this they rejoiced, and praised the seventh brother. But there was one among them who pretended to be wiser than they all and who reproved the seventh brother as an idler and a sponger, who ought to go to work as the rest and earn his own bread. The bad notion, alas! found entrance among the others, and they compelled their brother to take his axe and hoe and go out with them early in the morning to work. In the evening they all returned to their home; but no friendly light twinkled for them from afar, no careful hand had put the house affairs in order and covered the table, no brother received them with a friendly hand-shake or a hearty welcome. They now perceived how foolish they had been, and they felt, because it was their own fault, doubly wretched and forlorn. Henceforth, therefore, the seventh brother staid again at home, and the lost happiness of the brotherly band came back.

Thus is Sunday among its brothers—the day which brings light, health, and blessing to the six week-days. When people come who would be wiser, and charging this brother with being an idler and a waster of time, would also force him to work and take his sacred privilege from him, trust them not, believe them not. Would you not injure yourself most, robbing yourself of a blessing, and lose the light, order, joy, and peace of your home?

"IF I WERE A BOY."

IF I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side of everything, for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back upon you; but if you frown, and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person: "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station!" Inner sunshine not only warms the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out from love."



THE FROLIC AND CHATTER OF SQUIRELS.

If I were a boy again, I would school myself to say "No" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point

where a young man can stand erect and decline doing an unworthy thing because it was unworthy; and can say, "No" on every proper occasion.

If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself and strangers as well. The smallest courtesies interspersed along the rough roads of life are like the little English sparrows now singing to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my parting paragraph. Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that was the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.

THE FROLIC AND CHATTER OF SQUIRELS.

DID you ever watch the alert little squirrel? He loves to linger, sitting upright on the topmost stone of the wall, his tail conforming to the curve of his back. . . . He is a pretty sight, with his pert bright appearance . . . [as he whisks about upon the wall.]

At home in the woods he is most frolicsome and loquacious. If, after contemplating anything unusual, he concludes it not dangerous, it excites his unbounded mirth and ridicule, and he snickers and chatters, hardly able to contain himself; now darting up the trunk of a tree and squealing in derision, then hopping into position on a limb and dancing to the music of his own cackle, and all for your special benefit. There is something very humorous in this apparent mirth and mockery of the squirrel. It seems a sort of ironical laughter, and implies self-conscious pride and exultation in the laughter. "What a ridiculous thing you are, to be sure," he seems to say; "how clumsy and awkward, and what a poor show for a tail! Look at me, look at me!" and he capers about in his best style. Again he would seem to tease you and provoke your attention; then suddenly assumes a tone of good-natured, child-like defiance and derision.

That pretty little imp the chipmunk will sit on the stone above his retreat and defy you, as plain as if he said so, to catch him before he can get into his hole, if you can. You attempt it; but "you can't," comes up from the depth of his lair. —*John Burroughs (abridged.)*

PHILIP, king of Macedon, when attending one of the Olympic games, fell down in the sand. When he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, he cried out: "Oh, how little a parcel of earth will hold us when we are dead, who are living after the whole world while we are living!"



A Face of Gentleness and Beauty.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep.

—Anon.

ODD MINUTES.

THE amount of work that may be accomplished by the improvement of odd minutes is greater than one who has not tested the matter would easily believe. Five minutes a day amounts in a year to thirty hours, or three hours a day for ten days, and in that time a deal of work can be done. In thirty years it would be three hours a day for 300 days. Looking at the odd minutes thus, one can easily see how the "learned blacksmith," Elihu Burritt, became versed in so many languages. Every moment that he was not busy pounding on his anvil or its equivalent, he was pounding away at his studies, and between times was letting the knowledge he had gained become part and parcel of his mind. Had he waited until he could sit

down at leisure and devote himself to the study of Greek and Latin, and Hebrew and Sanskrit, the likelihood is that he would never have learned even the alphabet of those languages. A single earnest purpose running through his life served as a cord on which all his odd minutes—the only jewels he ever had—were strung; as a cement to bind them into a coherent, harmonious whole. The ordinary interruptions of daily life did not interrupt him. They aided him rather, for the same mental impression was renewed and renewed until it became fixed and permanent.

"Forty minutes a day," says the founder of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, "will enable one to go through the four-years' course of reading prescribed, and give one an outlook on the world of knowledge similar to that gained by a college course." The mind set in a certain direction by ten minutes' reading will retain that set during intermediate hours of work, and be ready to receive an additional impulse in the same direction. These successive impulses, in the course of

time, produce astonishing results.

To rest we need not so much entire cessation from work as a change of work, and those accomplish a great deal who provide themselves with various occupations, and so have something agreeable and useful to fill every passing moment. Those who "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" often have more to show than others who have full loaves to draw from.

Minutes and hours when the hands are at rest, and the mind sinks into perfect calm are not to be counted idle. Only the still surface of the lake reflects the depths of heaven. There are truths we cannot see when the current of life is swift, truths whose outlines are blurred and dimmed and obscured in the toil and moil of daily struggle, but which shine out clear and beautiful when we sink into voiceless repose. Odd moments such as these come but rarely, yet they brighten many days of labour, and answer many a weary quest of the aspiring soul.

WAS IT WORTH CLIMBING FOR?

A BOY at play struck the ball awkwardly, so that it fell upon the roof of a high barn. He immediately scrambled up the rugged door, and clinging by the hole in the brickwork reached the top of the barn, rubbing the skin from his fingers, tearing his clothes, and running the risk of breaking his neck. He gained the ball, but was it worth climbing for?

A man climbed up a greasy pole, on the top of which was stuck a hat for any one who chose to take it. The man had great difficulty in climbing the pole, for it was greasy so that he had to take sand from his pockets to rub upon it, that it might be less slippery. At last he reached the top; but the hat, being nailed fast, was spoiled in being torn away. The man got the hat, but was it worth climbing for?

The boy and the man were climbers after things of little value. But all earthly things are of little value compared with things which are eternal. A peasant boy may climb after a bird's nest, and a prince may climb after a kingly crown. Both the bird's nest and the crown will fade away. Well

would it be for us to put to ourselves the question concerning many an object of our ordinary pursuits—"Is it worth climbing for?"

The Mother's Lament.

THEY have taken my son from his happy home,
Where all was peaceful and bright,
And taught him away from my side to roam
In an evil as dark as night;
They gave him the cup and have robbed his soul
Of the innocent peace of yore,
While I weep in vain and my hot tears roll,
For my son is my son no more.

Oh, son! my son! has it come to this,
That I should have lived to know
That the sweet, dear child, whom I loved to kiss,
Has fallen, indeed, so low?
Oh, what have I left to live for now?
For vanished is every joy,
Since I cannot see the smooth, white brow
Or the smile of my darling boy.

Can that be he who goes staggering by
With a dull and vacant stare?
With a bloated face and a bloodshot eye
And the lips that curse and swear?
No—no; you have ruined my only son,
You have stolen his heart away;
You have killed all his virtues, one by one,
And left him a wreck to-day.

Give me back—give me back my boy again,
He was mine—I will love him still.
Take away from his lips the cup of pain
From the cursed poisoned still.
Give me back, or, beware! I say to those
Who lured him to sin and death!
For the God of the widow may hear her woes
And smile with a sword of wrath.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

A CERTAIN man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

A gentleman once reported to the government tax-collector that his income for the previous year had amounted to two thousand dollars. A meddling neighbour was surprised at the largeness of the sum, and when he met his prosperous friend he said to him: "You have returned an income of two thousand dollars for the past year?"

"Yes, sir," answered the other.

"Well, how did you make so much? I don't see how you could do it."

"Well, sir, I made one thousand dollars clean cash by attending to my own business, and I made the other thousand dollars by letting other folks' business alone."—*Vermont Chronicle.*

WHAT PROHIBITION DOES.

WE do not hold that Prohibition will prevent the use of intoxicating liquors. It will, however, do this much: It will place the traffic under a ban; it will do away with the gilded palaces of sin now open in full blast in so many cities; it will send the distilleries into the mountains and forests; it will take away very much of the temptations now being held out to young men as they pass the mantraps on the street corners; and, above all, it will help thousands who are now drunkards to keep their pledges, and be sober and honest men.

The Lost Gem.

BY THE REV. MARK TRAFTON.

A SHIP sails out on a summer's day,
And the breeze flows fresh and free;
A woman bends over the quarter rail,
Drops a gemmed ring into the sea.

She sees it flash, as it sinks from sight;
" 'Twas his dying gift to me,"
But never again will gladden her eyes,
That gem that is under the sea.

A maiden sat by her lover's side;
She said, "It can never be:"
A thoughtless word, but it left from his heart
A gem that is under the sea.

A youth went out from his childhood's home
To the city with heartfelt glee;
The siren sang—his honour now
Is a gem that is under the sea.

In the halls of State stood a noble man,
Prophetic, a leader to be;
The bribe touched his palm—the crown is gone,
A gem that is under the sea.

The rich man looks with a father's pride
On his boy, caressed on his knee;
He filled his glass with the ruby wine,
That gem is under the sea.

O thousands there are spend life in toil
To rear a family tree;
But the very greed is a worm at the root—
That gem is under the sea.

So in every heart there's a vacant place
To be filled by hope's Eden-tree;
But the serpent's trail is on every leaf,
A gem that is under the sea.

Ah me, it hath been in my checkered life
With a pearl that should comfort me;
Now I linger alone, stretching trembling hands
For a gem that is under the sea.

Yet I wait and hope that when death shall clip
The bond that shall set me free,
I shall see and clasp, in some brighter clime,
The gem that is under the sea.

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOCKED DOOR.

ALL the mill hands were leaving Worthington's mill at the usual hour one night, when Nat Pendlebury reached the gates to enter upon his duty as night-watchman. Two or three of the clerks were detained by business a little beyond six o'clock, but they also were soon gone, and Nat was left alone with Colin, his little watch-dog. There was a small office just within the gates, where a fire was left burning for him, with a table on the hearth, upon which he carefully deposited his supper, which he had brought in a basin, tied up in a blue and white check handkerchief.

It was quite dark now by seven, for the shorter days after Michaelmas were come round again, and Nat lighted his lantern and called his dog, to make their customary round through the mill, before settling down for a quiet hour or two, until it was time to fire his gun at ten o'clock, and again make the round to see that everything was quite right. He mounted to the topmost story of the building, and descended slowly from floor to floor, passing through every part of the factory, where the ghostly machinery, only a short time ago so full of whirl and motion, now stood still, waiting, as it seemed, only for a word or a breath to start it off again on its restless labours.

The dog ran in and out amongst the looms, as he had been trained to do, and once he gave a sharp, sudden bark, which arrested Nat's steps for a moment, and made him turn his lantern about in every direction. But as soon as he whistled, Colin came up quietly and quickly enough, without any further sign of excitement; and Nat went on from room to room, until he came back to his own little office.

It was Nat's custom, as soon as he had made his first round, to kneel down and ask the protection of God for himself and the mill during the night, after which he had a vague but pleasant feeling of having angels about him, commissioned to take charge of him, and to keep him in all his ways. He could not read, but his mind was always active, as he could remember much of what Alice read to him before setting out on his night's work.

As it would not do for a faithful watchman to be found sleeping, he employed himself in repeating aloud every passage of Scripture which he could recall, and in singing, one after the other, all the hymns he knew—an employment which carried him far on into the night; for now and then he was obliged to stop to rest himself, and to take breath. Whatever Nat did, he did with all his might, and singing was no languid exercise with him.

He was just pouring some coffee into a stone bottle to warm up on the hob, ready for his supper at half-past ten, when there came a ring at the gate bell, which caused him to suspend his occupation with a feeling of surprise, and some little uneasiness. It was already after nine o'clock, and it was an unusual thing to have any visitor so late; but Nat did not linger to indulge in any guesses, but going briskly to the gateway, opened a small, square trap door, through which he could speak, or take a survey, without throwing open the great gates.

"It's only me, Mr. Pendlebury," said Tom's voice. "Father's never come home yet, and I came along to ask if thee had seen aught of him to-night. He's not used to be so late."

"No, Tom," answered Nat, "I've seen nought of thy father to-day. The mill was pretty nigh loosed afore I came in. What makes thee anxious about father, Tom?"

"I don't know," said Tom; "father's been very steady of late—since he came to the mill. But, Mr. Pendlebury," and the boy's voice was lowered to a whisper, "there's a strange thing happened at our house. Thee knows father and I have been laying by our savings, and he said it was of no use putting it into the bank, because we shall want it soon to buy things for our new house, before Phil comes to live at home, and so we kept it in a place that only he and me knew of. But it's gone, the money is! There's the box all right enough, but the key was left in the lock, and the money is gone. Father has taken the money for something or other, and he is not come home to-night. It's nigh upon fifteen pounds, for he's been very saving of late. I don't know whatever to think!"

"He was gone," said Nat, "afore I got in, for I asked after him, to show him a door that doesn't shut quite right, and one of the hands said that he were gone. Maybe thee will find him at home by now, Tom."

"Maybe I shall," replied Tom; "for little Phil has been to see us, and he stayed till eight o'clock, and then I went to the school with him, and I came round by here, instead of going back. Maybe father's at home by now."

"Sure to be," said Nat. "Why, Tom, thou were dreaming to come after him! Thee only gave him two hours' grace. He's at home, sure enough."

"It's very lonesome inside the mill at night," remarked Tom.

"Not for me," answered Nat. "I'm as lively as a bird all night, Tom—Colin and me. The dog knows my favourite hymns, and listens to me singing quite reasonable. Oh, no! it's not lonesome at all."

"Well, good night, Mr. Pendlebury," said Tom. "Good night, Tom," replied Nat.

Nat listened to the sound of Tom's wooden clogs clattering along the quiet street—for Worthington mill was situated in a very quiet and lonely part of the city. An old mill it was, too, having been built by the present Mr. Worthington's grandfather, and it had been greatly enlarged and improved, though it yet bore an old-fashioned look, and the walls were grimy and black with the smoke of many years.

Nat turned into his room again for his lantern, and once more made a complete round of the premises. As the clock of the city struck ten, and most of the mills a gun was discharged, to show that the watchman was on duty; and Nat fired his as soon as he heard the first sharp report in his neighbourhood.

It was a little after ten before he had completed his circuit, and by the time he came back to the office his coffee in the stone bottle was nearly boiling, and the basin of mashed potatoes and bacon beside it was well warmed through. Nat spread an old newspaper on the table, and placed his supper on it; after which he opened his large pocket-knife, and was about to begin his meal, when Colin, after a low growl or two, sprang towards the door, and barked vehemently.

"What ails thee to-night, Colin?" asked Nat, getting up from his comfortable chair and opening the door, where he stood for a minute, holding the candle above his head, and peering into the darkness which lay beyond its feeble beams. Colin bounded out into the court, but he was pacified in an instant, and when Nat called, he came back again, and stretched himself once more on the hearth, which he beat softly with his tail, as if eyed Nat's movements with an air of lazy and perfect content. Nat sat down again, and went on with his supper, leaving a portion of it at the bottom of the basin for his dog, which was in a state of pleasurable excitement and commotion as soon as his master closed his clasp-knife and poured his coffee into a pint can.

"Colin, old fellow, there is thy share," said Nat, stooping to place the basin on the floor; but as he did so he fancied he heard a slight noise behind him, and turning his head round he saw that the door had been pushed ajar, and a hand was just taking the key out of the lock inside. His surprise held him only a moment; but before he could reach the door it was drawn to with a bang, as if a key was hastily fitted into the lock and turned, while Nat stood staring in amazement, and Colin, unmindful of his supper, gazed anxiously into his master's face.

As soon as he recovered himself Nat rushed to the door; but his fancy had not deceived him; the lock was secured from the outside, and he was made a helpless prisoner!

For a few minutes Nat remained motionless with his hand upon the latch, trying to realize his position. His room was a small office inside the factory, with the window only looking out upon the small square court about which the mill was built. He could see from it the windows of most of the rooms; but there was not the smallest chance of making himself heard into the street, which, of course, lay outside the buildings.

The bell which summoned the mill hands to the

ark every morning at six o'clock, and by which might have given an alarm, and brought a thousand people to his aid, hung just outside the door, and he could have reached it from the threshold, but with the door locked it might as well have been at the other side of the mill. He shook the lock again and again, but it was too secure and too strong to give way, and he quickly gave up his fruitless efforts. The window was a good height in the wall, but by standing on a chair he could see through it very well. For a minute he thought of trying to force his way through it; but at one time the room had been used as a counting-house, and the casement was so strongly barred that Nat at once saw that the attempt would be impracticable, even if he met with no resistance from his unknown jailer outside.

He put out his own light, and looked cautiously into the small court. Everything was perfectly dark; and so dark, that it was only after a few minutes he could make out the stiff, straight outlines of the building, with the black line of the roof crossing the blackness of the sky, with only the faintest, most ghastly glimmer of pale light twinkling upon the glass panes of the many windows in the walls, which rose story after story up to the high roof. One pane in the barred casement of the office was made to open, and Nat unfastened it with a cautious hand. There was not a sound to be heard, except the hum of city life, which rose and fell, sometimes louder and sometimes lower, telling of thousands of fellow-beings most within hearing of his call; but within the mill there was no sign of the presence of a living person. Yet that there was somebody prowling about with an evil and malicious design, Nat knew only too well; and suddenly there came into his mind the conversation he had held with Tom, not much more than an hour ago, through the little window.

Could it be possible that Haslam had concealed himself in the mill after the rest of the work-people had gone away, for some wicked or revengeful purpose? He remembered Colin's sharp bark, speedily silenced, when he was running in and out amongst the machinery; and his disquietude at before supper, so quickly pacified as soon as he let him out into the court.

Haslam had made friends with the dog, and accustomed him to be fondled by him, so that the mill would not continue to bark at him, when he discovered only a friend. But what could Haslam intend to do? Had he a gang outside who would break into the mill, and carry off the fabrics which were finished, and only needed to be sent to the packers? Or was there some worse design still in his mind, that he thus secreted himself in the buildings. Was it, moreover, really Haslam? He had seen only a hand, and there had been nothing in Haslam's manner to excite suspicion; yet Nat could not turn away his thoughts from Tom's father. He stood upon the chair, peering out into the dark and silent court, unable to do anything, and waiting in helpless and anxious suspense for the next sign of the presence of his unknown jailer.

(To be continued.)

ONE day the son of a well-known minister asked something to eat. Not pronouncing the word, that there should be a disappointment, the mother inquired cautiously, "Is there any of that cake left?" The boy was given a piece of cake, and went out to his play; but presently he wanted more, and, trotting in, stood before his mother with a perplexed look, evidently thinking hard. Suddenly his face shone, and he asked: "Mamma, are there any more of that A B C left?"

The Garnering Days.

FULL eared the corn,
With yellow leaves and silken hair,
In mellow Autumn stands,
Row upon row;
But glittering steel
Keen edged, will make sad havoc there,
Whose netted floss, and silken bands,
Their wealth reveal.

The poplar's crown
Is drifting down around my feet,
And shifting shadows lie
Upon my head;
While purple hued
Ungathered grapes grow ripe and sweet;
On tethered orchard grass, hard by,
Are mellow apples strewed.

The skies are fair,
But wailing sounds are on the breeze,
A sailing in the upper seas
Is thistle-down
A wandering waif,
Advancing now with ease
And dancing past, it bows to me,
The anchor's safe.

Oh Autumn days,
With armour all in bright hues dipped,
The farmer joys thy smiles to greet;
And around and glad
Grow children's eyes
To see thy horn of plenty tipped—
To see thy hand fling 'round thy feet
What most they prize.

A TRUMPETER'S STORY.

I WAS born at Malta. My father belonged to the Forty-second Highlanders, stationed at that time in the island. I was the youngest of eight children and the only surviving child. Not one of the others reached the age of five years. My father was discharged after twenty-five years' service. He came to England and settled down at Liverpool. In three or four years he fell sick and died, and I was left alone with a widowed mother. I was sent to the Duke of York's school at Chelsea. While there I had religious impressions. I felt in my own heart all was not right. How often have I wished since that I had begun to serve my God then. How many sins and sorrows I might have never known!

At the end of my time at Chelsea I joined a regiment of Light Dragoons as kettle-drummer and trumpeter. I joined at Dundalk and afterwards marched to Dublin, where my poor mother came to see her soldier-boy. She left with tears. I went next to Edinburgh, where the regiment stayed two years. There, young as I was, I began to glory in that which is now my shame, and was led captive by the devil at his will. We moved to Manchester and then to Aldershot. I was still living in sin, running here and there for peace but finding it not, forgetting, though I knew, that "the wages of sin is death." I was not happy, but far from it, and when asked by a godly comrade to go with him to a meeting I willingly went.

I found myself in a little room with a number of others hearing words whereby we might be saved. I remember nothing of what was said. After the address was ended the speaker came and sat by my side and put his hand on my shoulder. He spoke of Jesus to me, and pointed me to a text on the wall, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." This was all I needed. My mind was now made up. Christ should henceforth be my Master. I went back to my quarters calm and quiet, and gave my heart to God that night. I thought of all I should have to suffer from my comrades. Scoffs and jeers would be my daily lot. God only knows what fears and thoughts were mine that night. I threw myself on my bed

and waited till all the lights were out. I was no hero. To drop on my knees and cry to God before the men I could not. I lay till all was quiet, and then made my way out of the room.

It was very late. All was still save the clink of the sentry's spurs up and down before the stables. I crept along the veranda and made my way to the lavatory. The place was very dark. I felt my way by the wall to the centre. In the dead stillness I threw myself on my knees and sent up my cry to God. How long I was there I know not, and the breathings of my heart I cannot remember; it is sufficient to know I gave myself to God. For the first time in my life I truly prayed that I might be forgiven and saved, and it was here I found relief to my troubled soul.

I made my way back to my room, and for the first time rested on the bosom of my newly found Saviour. I was now a reconciled child of God, a soldier of Jesus Christ, enlisted under his banner to serve against the world, the flesh and the devil. I found it no easy task to confess Christ before my comrades, but I knew to whom I could go and get strength.

The Lord was now "my strength and my power forever." Still it was with fear and trembling I knelt by my cot day after day as the taunts and scoffs of enemies would reach my ears. I had now wholly given up the world. I could find no enjoyment in its idle pleasures, for now I had found what I long wanted—peace. I was happy, very happy in Christ. My joy was great, so much so that I have taken my Bible to bed with me and slept all night with it in my hands. I wrote to my mother and told her all about it, and commenced my letter:

"In evil long I took delight
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight
And stopped my wild career."

I told her that even if she gave me up I could not help it. I felt I could give up all for Christ. To give him up I could not. My mother was my only friend on earth, and I was glad indeed when a letter came to tell me how comforting mine had been to her.

"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Three weeks after my conversion two more were added to the fold of Jesus in my regiment. They proved to be noble champions of the cross. They had, like myself, to fight against scoffers. One was told that he turned religious to get a new jacket, after which he would be back quick enough to his old ways. He has not gone back yet, and, God helping him, never will. We had many crosses, but we had strength from above to bear all, and be happy in it too.

Such is the story of a real Christian. I knew him well. In life and in death he was a true soldier of the cross. There was no sham about him. Religion was everything to him. He was every inch of him in the service. Friend, you have read his story. It is as true a chime of mercy as ever rang. Will you be led to serve the same God? Will you cast your soul and its sins on the same Saviour? Be sure and do so. Time is short. It speeds away. It tires not in its ceaseless gallop. It bears you to eternity—if a pardoned sinner, to glory; if unpardoned, to the bitterness of endless despair. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

THE dear Lord requites some faithful hearts—blesses some lives that seem set apart for silent pain and solitary labour.

"Who Has a Sorrow like Mine?"

"I, too, was a mother, and my own hand
Placed a curse on my motherhood
I led on the brow of my boy a flint,
Which barred him from all that was good
I kindled the unholy fire in him
That burned with a wild unrest,
And his sweet, warm lips drew the poison in
As he lay upon my breast.
I taught him "Ours Father," his rosy lips
Learned the long power—learned it well.
I pointed to Heaven, and gave him sips
Of the drink which has peopled hell!
"I loved my boy, though my own hand
hurled
Him down to the depths of sin;
You cannot know how my heart's wide
world
Was enticed and bound in him,
That fatal lesson, so surely learned
That he knew doubt or doubt,
The fire I had kindled burned and burned,
Till it burned the angel out.
"Then the fiend he had swallowed ragged
within
For him, confine him, who can!
Till the hands of my boy were stained with
sin,
And the blood of his fellow man.
The forfeit of sin like his is death!
Be still, oh, my aching heart!
I, who had witnessed his first sweet breath,
Saw that struggling breath depart.
"See! the stars still gleam, and the sky is
blue,
The sun never forgets to shine;
And the world has sorrowing hearts, 'tis
true;
But who has sorrow like mine?"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STORIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1018] **LESSON I.** [Oct 6
THE TRIBES UNITED UNDER DAVID.
2 Sam. 5: 1-12. Memory verses, 1-3

GOLDEN TEXT

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
for brethren to dwell together in unity.—
Psa. 133: 1.

OUTLINE.

1. David in Hebron, v. 1-5.
2. David in Jerusalem, v. 5-12.

TIME.—1018 B.C.

PLACES.—Hebron, Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS. *Thy love and flesh.* All
kin, since we descended from the same
father. Abraham. *Leddest out.* As the
commander of Saul's army. *Falls away.*
Mind and the law.—This was said as a
taunt, since their fortifications were so
strong as to be thought impregnable. *Who*
will get thee up. ver. 8, is evidently a poor
bit of translation by the Authorized Ver-
sion translators. See diligence in Ewald:
"Whoso shall conquer the Jebusite, let
him hurl him down from the cliff," etc.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON

- What is there in this lesson that teaches
1. That God is the true ruler of his people?
 2. That in Christian union there is strength?
 3. That prosperity is God's gift?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who offered David the sovereignty over all the people? "All the tribes of Israel." 2. What reason did they give for their action? "He was their kin, and God's choice." 3. What fitting comment on this act does our Golden Text express? "Behold how good and how pleasant," etc. 4. What was David's first important political act? "He moved the capital to Jerusalem." 5. To what did David attribute his power and prosperity? "To God's presence and favor."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's care.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

45. In what manner then ought you to think and speak of God?

I ought to think of God with fear and love, and speak of him with reverence and praise.
Jeremiah 10: 7; Psalm 5: 7; Matthew 22: 37; Psalm 104: 1; Psalm 146: 2; Psalm 103: 1; 1 Peter 1: 17.

B.C. 1042] **LESSON II.** [Oct. 13
THE ARK BROUGHT TO ZION
1 Sam. 6: 1-12. Memory verses, 11, 12.

OUTLINE.

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Psalm 87: 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

1. The House of Abinadab, ver. 1-5.
2. The Threshing floor of Nachon, ver. 6-8.
3. The House of Obed-edom, ver. 9-11.
4. The Gates of Zion, ver. 12.

TIME.—1042 B.C.

PLACES.—Kijath-jearim, Jerusalem, and the house of Obed-edom.

EXPLANATIONS. *Chosen men of Israel.*—These were men chosen from all the tribes; herein the king shows his political wisdom. *Upon a new cart.* Directly contrary to the command governing the method of carrying it by staves thrust through rings. *Psalm 115: 1-2, timbrels.* It is not surely agreed by the commentators what these were, so we cannot describe. *Timbrels.* Somewhat like our modern cymbals, and designed for a similar use. Instead of being flat, however, they were convex.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. To be joyful in God's service?
 2. To be reverent in God's house?
 3. To expect blessing from God's presence?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What new purpose did David now form? "To bring the ark to Zion." 2. How did they begin to carry it? "On a new cart." 3. What stopped the triumphal procession? "The death of Uzzah." 4. How did this affect David? "It filled him with fear." 5. Why did he wish to bring the ark to Zion? "As a tribute of love to God." 6. Why did he think this would please God? Because, "The Lord loveth the gates," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's love for his Church.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

46. How did all things come into being? By the will of God; who created all things, and brought all into their present order.
In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Genesis 1: 1.
He spake and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast.—Psalm 33: 9.
Hebrews 11: 3.

A CIGARETTE FACTORY.

BY HOWARD.

I RAN across a cigarette factory the other day. Whew! I wouldn't write—or, rather, you wouldn't dare print what I saw. Dirty butts of cigars fresh from the filth of the muddy streets are the cleanest and nicest of the materials used in compiling these precious roads to ruin. I came down town on a Madison Avenue car this evening, and on the tail-end there were three little chaps, the eldest about fourteen. Each smoked a cigare, and spat his little life away. I ventured to ask if they enjoyed the odor. They said they did. And the taste? Certainly. On inquiring I found they had a well-known brand of cigarette noted for its "opium soak," and its terrible smell when burning. Poor little fellows! They can't last long. They were pale and sickly, puny and offensive. What kind of men will they

make? Men? They are men already in their own eyes. They and a majority of our little lads are full of the slang of the day, up in all the catches, and abundantly able to hold up their end of the conversation. I subsequently saw these three boys in Niblo's Garden. It would have done you good to hear them talk. A blind man might reasonably think he was listening to three old men. Nothing was new. They had seen it all before and better done at that. Down went the curtain, out went the boys, but before they felt the fresh air from the street each puny hand held a cigarette to the vile smelling mouth, and puff, puff! they sickened everybody in their vicinity. This is an old grievance of mine, and I don't care to bore you with it, but I feel it keenly. Day by day the vice grows stronger. There was a time when cigarette smoking was confined almost entirely to Cubans, who knew what good tobacco was, and made their own cigarettes. Gradually the habit spread. Dealers followed suit. Makers became unscrupulous. Little dirty boys were sent out to pick up cigar-stumps. Other equally disgusting material was also utilized. Opium was made to do duty. Cheap paper took the place of rice paper. I wish these boys could see the stuff their paper is made from. Wouldn't it turn their little stomachs? I trow, I trow. The cheap paper, the old stumps, the opium, and the chemicals used to make them "strong" deserve to be shown up. Parents have no influence with their sons. Why not? Because they smoke cigars or pipes themselves. The boys charge all the good advice they get to their fathers' desire to keep them down. There is but one way to deal with American boys: reason with them through their eyes. If every nicotine stomach was made public, if every time a fellow died of too much cigarette the fact was made known, if the proud boys could be shown a rag-factory and a stump-grindery, it seems to me the cigarette business would be wound up very soon.—*Philadelphia Times.*

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