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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

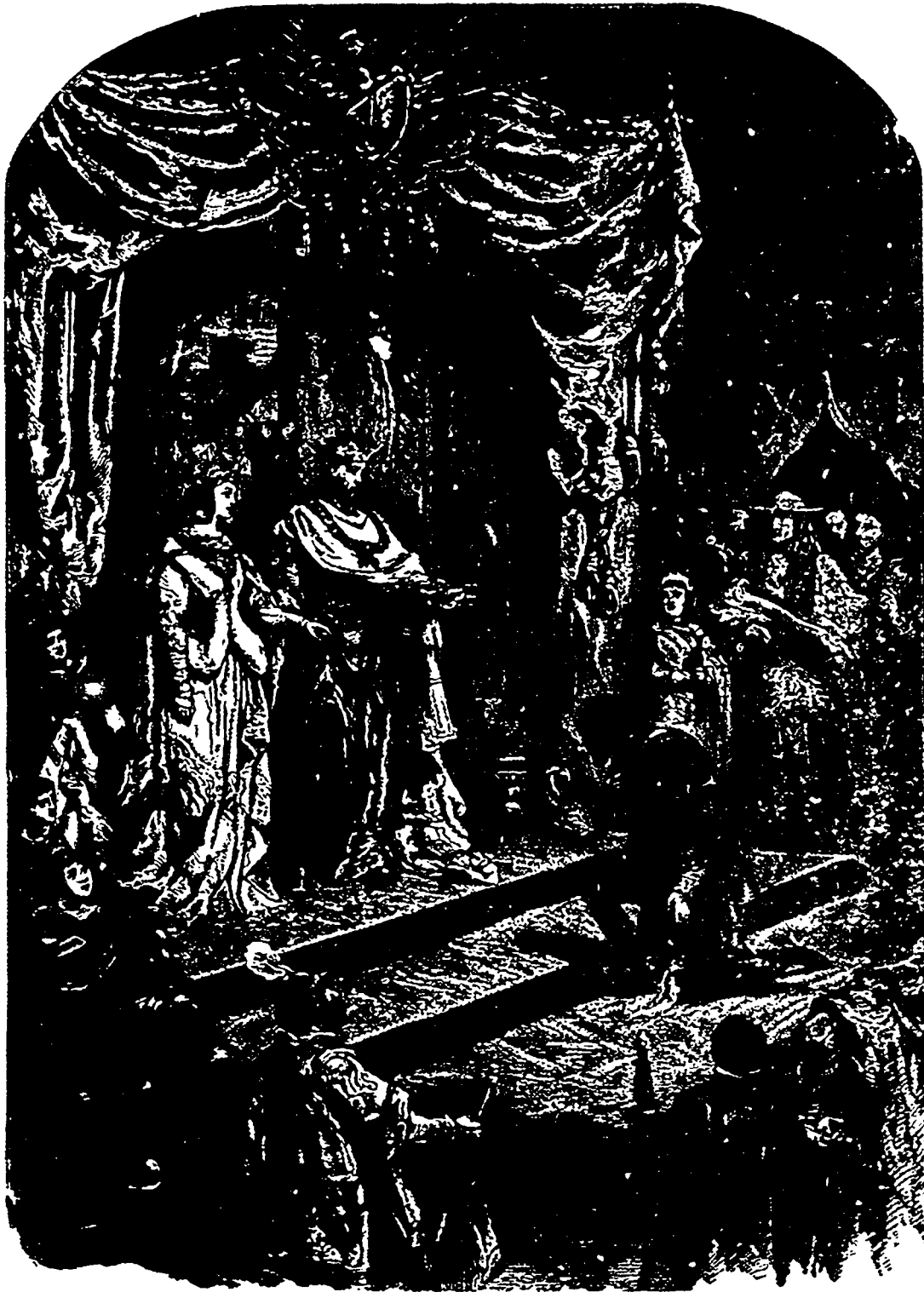
TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

[No. 40.]

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE attention of the whole world is being directed to the approaching four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. On the 12th, of October, four hundred years ago, the new world was first seen by European eyes. In all parts of the East where we have travelled we have met many persons who propose attending the great Columbian exhibition in Chicago in 1893. We wish our young readers to know something of the character of this great man, who unveiled a new world to mankind. The story of the life of Columbus is familiar to every school boy, but there are certain lessons of that life which especially commend themselves to the attention of everyone at this time. One of these is his indomitable energy and perseverance. Many a less courageous man would have been disheartened and dismayed by the difficulties he encountered in enlisting the sympathy and help, without which it was impossible to carry out his daring project. Another is his devout faith in the providence of God. He seems to have felt that he was an instrument in the divine hands for the discovery of a new world and for bringing to the knowledge of Christian Faith, the millions of pagans who were without the knowledge of the true God. It is true that the errors of Roman Catholicism and the sufferings and cruel tyranny to which the native red men were exposed, were a bitter exchange for the lot that they had previously enjoyed, but the blame of this was more upon the greed of the countrymen of Columbus than upon himself. Few things are more pathetic than the ingratitude to the great discoverer of his sovereign and countrymen sent home a prisoner in chains, the iron entered into his soul and he kept the fetters hung up in his chamber till his dying day.

We have not space here to enter fully into the story of Columbus but in the number of *Oscar* for October 1st we have given a very full outline of that stirring story, also poems of his life by Lowell and Tennyson and an illustrated account of the Columbian discovery of America, and Longfellow's noble poem "The Skeleton in Armour," commemorating one of the old world discoverers of this new world. We shall print a large edition of that number and hope that it will be very largely ordered for circulation in our schools, Boy's League, etc. That it may be



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Try to speak some kind word or do some kind deed each day of your life. You will be amply repaid.

CHILD-LIFE IN INDIA.

BY MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS.

COME with me to my little Indian village. Here are "Jack and Jill," two stout oxen who have been trained to trot, adorned with bells, and fastened to a rattan carriage, and they wait until we have a large load. Off we go over the brick red roads running like bright ribbons through

green fields. Here, at the first turn, we come to the old court-house, standing in the dense shade of the magnificent banyan trees. Over here to the right is the grand residence of a native prince, who has several wives, fine elephants, camels, Arabian horses, birds of paradise, and a caged Bengal tiger at his gate.

Here we enter the bazaar, a trading street filled with low mud shops. See these long bearded, long tailed baboons, leaping from roof to roof, then down into the gardens to steal bananas and cucumbers. Hark!

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand."

They are singing the first hymn, and we are at the very door of the first Sunday school we shall visit to day. Fifty little hands are waving graceful salaams to you, and a hundred bright eyes, that never tire looking at white children, are welcoming you. Sit down, tailor fashion, on the mats the kind teacher is bringing to you. A few years ago she was rescued from a terrible famine, and now she is a most earnest teacher.

That group of boys are orphans, or worse, their parents are so bad. They run on errands, and earn a few cents, and frequently they creep into some old hut or fall asleep under a tree without any supper. That little girl carrying a baby on her hip almost as large as herself, lost her mother the other day. Now she cooks the rice, when her drunken father brings her any, carries the baby around with her wherever she goes, and begs a few kernels of parched rice when it cries too hard.

The girl next to her hasn't a friend, and she has worn that one piece of cloth until it is threadbare. She is always hungry and always sad. In deed, not one of those fifty children ever had a "home." A miserable mud hut, crowded frequently with drunken men and women, and half-starved dogs, has been their only shelter, and they had never heard of the one great God and the way to heaven before this Sunday-school teacher went to them. But from their babyhood their hands had often

been clasped in prayer to a huge idol around which serpents coiled. In their own language, so strange to you, they are reciting the same Sunday school lessons as yours and singing the same sweet hymns. At the close of the school they will each receive a beautiful Scripture-card, sent to them by American children 11,000 miles away. These they read to their mothers. - *S. S. Times.*

October.

The yellow, red, and green... Robin, robin redbreast, O robin dear!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

"FIRST!"

A TALK WITH BOYS.

BY FRON. HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

III.

GRAMMAR.

LASTLY, and very shortly. What was the third head? "Grammar." Right: Grammar. Now, I require a clever boy to answer the next question. What is the verb? "Seek." Very good: "Seek." What mood is it in? "Imperative mood." What does that mean? "Command." You boys of the Boys' Brigade know what commands are.

"God wants boys' lives, not only their souls. It is for active service soldiers are drilled and trained and fit for action. That is why you and I are in the world at all - not to prepare to go out of it some day; but to serve God actively in it now. It is monstrous and shameful and cowardly to

talk of seeking the kingdom of God. It is not a matter of words, but of deeds. It is not a matter of going to church, but of doing good. It is not a matter of being a member of a church, but of being a member of a kingdom of light.

Very few people have the opportunity to see the kingdom of God at the end. They know it all the while, knowing that religion was a thing for our life, not merely for our death bed.

Boys, before you go to work to-morrow, before you go to sleep to-night, before you go to the Sunday school this afternoon, before you go out of the door of the City Hall, resolve that, God helping you, you are going to seek first the kingdom of God. Perhaps some boys here are deserters; they began once before to serve Christ, and they deserted. Come back again, come back again to-day. Others have never enlisted at all. Will you not do it now? You are old enough to decide. And the grandest moment of a boy's life is that moment when he decides to seek first the kingdom of God.

JEANIE'S FAITH.

BY M. E. KENNEY.

LITTLE Jeanie was a Scotch lassie. She lived on the edge of a wide moor, which stretched away in the distance like an unbroken sea of tall grass and purple heather. A splendid playground it made for the little girl, although a lonely one. She had no brothers or sisters, and no neighbours lived very near, so she had no companions to share her sports.

She never thought of being lonely in summer, when she made friends with the little birds, and listened to their sweet songs, but sometimes in winter she was tempted to wish that she did not live so far away from all neighbours.

One day, late in November, when the air began to grow cold with the breath of approaching winter, Jeanie's father fell ill. At first his wife did all she could to relieve him, but as his fever increased, and his cough became more incessant, she lost faith in the simple remedies she had been applying, and wished that she might consult the doctor.

How to send word to him was the question that perplexed her. She could not leave her husband, for he needed her too much, and she was afraid to let little Jeanie start out on such a long walk alone. "I am not afraid, mother," insisted the child. "Do let me go, and perhaps I can bring back some medicine that will make him better."

The mother hesitated. It was a long walk, but the sturdy little maiden had often walked four miles before without being over-wearied, and she could come back with the doctor.

The noonday sun swung high in the heavens, so she was sure that Jeanie would have time to go and return before night-fall, and so she gave her consent.

Proud of her responsibility, Jeanie bade her father and mother "Good-by" and hastened away, looking back to throw a kiss before her mother closed the door.

The air was clear and cold, but Jeanie was so warmly wrapped in her plaid that she did not heed it. The sky was becoming over-darker as she went on, but she did not mind it, until a snow-flake whirled before her eyes.

"Oh, the first snow has come!" she cried in delight; and soon the air was full of feathery, whirling snow-flakes.

"I am glad I am so near the doctor's house she thought, as they fell thicker and faster. "It would not be pleasant to walk all the way back in a storm."

She was very tired, though she would not admit it to herself, when at last she reached the doctor's house. A woman was sitting in the room, and she heard the sound of the doctor's knocker died away.

"The doctor's out," she said in answer to Jeanie's query: he may not be back till evening. "Who do you say is sick?"

Jeanie told her, and then, as the door closed, she turned away with a swelling heart. She was so tired that her feet fairly ached, and the long homeward journey was yet before her.

It never occurred to her to ask permission to rest till the doctor came, and so she set off at once on her return journey, while the snow-flakes whirled about her as if they were trying to have a game with her. Very slowly and wearily the little feet dragged themselves on, and poor Jeanie wondered whether they would be able to carry her home.

She toiled on until she accomplished about half her journey; then the short winter twilight closed around her, and she sank down on the snow-covered ground to rest for a little while. She was so cold that her feet and hands pained her, and the stinging sensation brought tears to her eyes.

With a little sob she gathered her plaid closer around her. She would never go home again; she would have to perish here alone, in the dark and the cold; there was no one to help her. Oh, but there was a friend near at hand! Suddenly she remembered who it was that is a refuge in time of trouble, and kneeling she clasped her hands and prayed, "O, God, please send some one to take me home, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then she waited and listened with a child's trusting faith that her prayer would be speedily answered. Not was her faith unrewarded, for in the distance she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs rapidly approaching, and as they drew near her she called loudly, lest they should pass her.

A cheery voice answered, and in a few moments more the doctor's strong arms had gathered up the little snow-covered figure and wrapped her in a warm robe.

"God sent you, didn't he?" said Jeanie, when she told him how tired and how cold she had grown, and how she had despaired of reaching home.

The doctor told her that when he had returned home, at an earlier hour than he had expected, his servant had told him of Jeanie's call.

"I was afraid you would get lost in the snow, so I hastened to overtake you; and I was not any too prompt, for you would soon have frozen to death, lying there in the snow. Yes, little one, God sent me to you, and you did well to trust him to care for you." - Occident.

MISSIONARY BIDS.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

ANNIE—How much missionary money have you, Susie?

Susie—Twelve dollars.

Annie—How did you get so much? I suppose all your aunts, uncles and cousins gave you, besides your papa and mamma.

Susie—No; not one penny gave me a penny. I earned it all myself, and I have Harry has ten dollars that he saved for himself.

Annie—How did you do it? I should be hard enough to earn five dollars.

Susie—I made it from my missionary box.

Annie—A missionary box? What is that? A box for missionary work?

Susie—No missionary ever came on the boat I made, and I don't think he could if he tried.

Annie—What is it then? It must be a strange kind of a box.

Susie—It was a very sweet and beautiful one, covered with flowers all the summer.

Annie—A garden box of flowers? You don't mean to say you earned twelve dollars by selling flowers this summer?

Susie—I did, and enjoyed it, too.

Annie—It must have been hard work.

Susie—It was tiresome sometimes, but the thought of doing good with the money helped me to go on, and now I am glad I did it. It makes me happy to know that somebody will be helped by money that I earned, instead of asking others for it.

PREPARATION FOR ACTIVE WORK.

The present is a time of great activity. It has become so much more active. In every department of thought and action new pulses are throbbing. The capacity of invention has almost changed the type of our civilization. In the church and in the Sunday-school, as well as in business affairs, the tide of a new life is felt. There has come within recent years a great expansion of the missionary and Sunday-school work. Young people's societies within a brief period have attained in the aggregate a prodigious growth. There are so many forms of associated Christian, humane, or benevolent work, as lecture, music societies, young men's Christian associations, women's Christian associations, and so on. In some of these every young person should find a place. And to fill such a place successfully, training and preparation are needed. Let it always be remembered that a careful study of the word of God and familiarity with its lines are among the foremost foundations of preparation. Quotations from the Bible always carry such authority as nothing else carries. Then there must be a true, good heart and unselfish purpose, no personal aims or ambitions to gratify, and a hearty entering into whatever is to be done.

THE CARRIER PIGEONS.

MARJORIE'S papa was a railroad conductor on a long "through" line.

Every morning Marjorie pinned a fresh flower in his button-hole, her mamma handed him his nickel ticket-punch, notebook, and a fresh handkerchief. Then he gave them both a kiss and started out. Ned, the little dog, going with him as far as the next corner and then turning around and trotting back alone.

Conductor Martin was fond of pets and had gathered a number around him. These pretty creatures very soon learned to know him, and when he came home at night there was always a general frolic.

One night he came home bringing a little covered wicker basket, and when Marjorie and Ned and Nick, the cat, were allowed to peep into it, they saw two beautiful carrier pigeons. The little girl and the little dog were delighted, but the handsome Arrogant cat put up his back and slowly walked away to his own particular corner.

The pigeons were wonderfully pretty and attractive little creatures, and as soon as they had become thoroughly acquainted with their new home, their master used to take them out with him in their basket on his trips and let them loose at some point on the line.

Nick always showed great delight when the pretty birds were placed in the covered basket to be carried out. But when they came tapping at the bay window near the mistress's chair to be let in on their return from their trip, he would march away to his cushion and curl up there in disgust.

One morning Marjorie was shut in with a cold, and the carrier pigeons were loose in the sitting room for company. Mamma was entertaining callers in the parlor, and in some way, the little girl could never tell how, Nick stole into the room and pounced upon one of the pigeons as he was daintily preening his feathers in the sunshine. He caught him with his sharp teeth, and holding up his head very high, to prevent the poor bird from trailing on the floor, watched screw the room with his prey. Then, despite loud scolding, scolding and cuffings, he held it fast until it was quite dead.

The other pigeon seemed to be frightened almost into convulsions over the shock. He began to droop from that very hour, and in spite of all little Marjorie's scolding and nursing he refused to be comforted, and soon died of grief for his loving, tender mate.

Marjorie was sad enough over the death of the pretty pet. It was painful to think of a creature so helpless as a little bird being capable of such deep and lasting love. And yet there was something so beautiful in such faithful affection that Marjorie learned a sweet lesson from it. Dear little she had always loved her own dear father and mother, her mother for them more strongly and more unselfishly than the little pigeon's death.



BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS

At Cogoleto, a small fishing town about fourteen miles west of Genoa, we were shown the house in which Columbus was born. It is now a poor tavern, but bears the Latin inscription to the following effect: "Traveller, pause! Here Columbus first saw the light. For the greatest man in the world how small a house was this! There had been only one world. There are two," he said; and it was so."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 40.] LESSON II. [Oct. 9.

DORCAS RAISED TO LIFE.

Acts 9. 32-43. Memory verses, 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.—Acts 9. 36.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

CIRCUMSTANCES.

The churches now had rest from persecution, the Jews having too many troubles of their own to attend to, so that Peter was able to leave Jerusalem for a short visit among the churches which had been formed in various parts by those scattered by the persecution.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Lydda—A city of good size in north-west Judea. *Kept his bed eight years*—Showing the difficulty of curing him. *Lazary*—Lazary, a Saron—Sharon, the fertile and beautiful plain in which Lydda was situated. *Joppa*—A large seaport city, now Jaffa. Here Jonah embarked when told to go to Nineveh. *Ta bitha*—Aramaic (i.e., the common language of the people) for Dorcas, which is Greek. Both names mean "a gazelle," the symbol of beauty. *In those days*—While Peter was at Lydda. *Nigh to Joppa*—About ten miles. *Peter put them all forth*—That he might be alone in prayer.

Find in this lesson—

The power of Jesus Christ.
What is true Christian life.
How to be remembered after we are dead.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Where did Peter go after Paul had left Jerusalem? "He went on a visit to the churches." 2. Name two of the cities he visited. "Lydda and Joppa." 3. What did he do at Lydda? "He healed Aeneas, who had been sick of the palsy for eight years." 4. What did he do at Joppa? "He raised Dorcas to life." 5. What kind of a woman was Dorcas? "She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Where is he said to sanctify the heart and life?

Galatians 5. 22, 23.—The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.

2 Thessalonians 2. 13.—But we are bound to give thanks to God alway for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, for that God chose you from the beginning unto salvation in sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth.

GIVING FOR HEATHEN CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

WILLIE—See what Uncle John gave me. Susie—Ten cents! Now, you'll have fifteen cents to put in the missionary collection this afternoon.

Willie—Indeed, I'm not going to give all of it. I want some for myself. Five cents is enough.

Susie—But, Willie, you'll get some more, and we ought to give all we can to help the poor little children in heathen lands.

Willie—Are the heathen children so very poor?

Susie—Some of them are; but it is not the money they need so much. They don't know anything about Jesus, and need some one to teach them about him and help them to live good Christian lives.

Willie—How can our money help them, then?

Susie—By paying for Bibles, good books and papers for them to read, and in helping the good men and women who give all their time in teaching them.

Willie—Do you think my fifteen cents would buy a book or paper for some little boy or girl?

Susie—Our teacher said it would pay for a Sunday-school paper for a whole year.

Willie—It would be nice to know that some little boy or girl, away off in Africa or India was reading a paper that my money paid for. I'm going to give the fifteen cents, and I know I shall feel happier.

The Roots of the Roses.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild;
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child:

Though day by day, as it closes,
Both darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright, red roses,
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
The swallow back to the eaves;

The robin will wear on its bosom
The vest that is bright and new;
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things to her
Come to us here, my child!

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!

LITTLE DOROTHY MADE HIM GO.

WHAT gentleness and kindness in the treatment of dumb animals will accomplish was demonstrated by a striking incident that happened on Prairie avenue yesterday morning.

A large truck-horse, harnessed to a heavily-loaded express waggon, had "become balky." The load had over-taxed his strength, and in spite of the savage blows that his enraged driver dealt him he refused to move. The man finally tried the experiment of striking the horse's front knees, but it was without effect. The animal was entirely discouraged under the treatment, and attempted to lie down in the harness.

The occupants of several of the neighbouring houses were indignant witnesses of the driver's cruelty. He was warned that his action would be reported to the Humane Society, but the threat failed to stop him.

Finally, little Dorothy, the 13-year-old daughter of a Prairie avenue home, stepped out into the street.

"I'll start your poor horse," she said, and going up to the poor animal she stroked

his neck, and brushed the snow and mud from his eyes. The horse seemed to recognize a friend in the little girl at his side. He raised his big nose up to her face, rubbed it against her shoulder, and then, at her command, settled down in the harness and gave a resolute tug at the heavy load behind him. It failed to move.

"Try again," coaxed the little girl, holding the bridle. There was a straining of straps and a creaking of wheels, and then the horse patiently started on his way, apparently unmindful of the deep ridges on his back and legs raised by his owner's brutality.

The little girl is a member of the Juvenile Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

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