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Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

[No. 40.

#### CHRISTOPHER COL-UMBUS.

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 wo 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 mayelled a new world to manifold. The story of the life of kind. The story of the life of Columbus is familiar to every school boy, but there are cer-tain lessons of that life which especially commend themselves to the attention of everyone at this time. One of these indominitable energy and perseverance. Many a less courageous man would have been disheartened and dismayed by the difficulties he succountered 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. Ho mems to have felt that he was in instrument in the divine hands for the discovery of a which world and for bringing to the knowledge of Christian Faith, the millions of pagans who were without the know ledge of the true God. It is true that the errors of Roman Catholicism and the sufferings and cruel tyranny to which and cruel tyranny to which the native red men were ex-posed, were a bitter exchange for the lot that they had pre-viously enjoyed, but the blame of this was more upon the greed of the countrymen of Columbus than upon himself.

Fow things are more pa-lietic than the ingratitude to be great discoverer of his wereign and countrymen sent eme a prisoner in chains, he iron entered into his soul and he kept the fetters hung in his chamber till his dy-

We have not space here to outer fully into the story of Columbus but in the number

Oslumbus but in the number of Oscard for October Ist we have given a very full outline of that stirring, story, also beens of his life by Lowell and Tennyson and an illustrated account of the presumbian discovery of America, and Long-Mow's noble poem "The Skeleton in Armour," -commemorating one of the old America discoverers of this new world. We will mint a large edition of that number thall print a large edition of that number the hope that it will be very largely dered for circulation in our schools, through Leagues, etc. That it may be



COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

brought within the reach of everyone it will be furnished at the rate of one dollar a hundred but not less than ten copies for ten cents. Please send in our orders promptly.

Thy 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 MISC J. L PHILLIPS

oxen who have been trained to trot, ad-orned with hells, and fastened to a rattan carrings, and they went mind if we have a large lead. 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 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 claphants, camels, Arabian horses, birds of pandise, and a caged Bengal tiger at his gate.

Here we enter the bazzar, a trading street filled with low mid shores. See these long

mud shops. See these long bearded, long tailed bahoons, leaping from roof to roof, then down into the gardens to steal harmana and cucumbers.

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

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

That group of boys are orphans, or worse, their parents are so had. They run on errands, and earn a few cents, and froe tently they creep into some old hut or fall asleep under a tree without any supper That little girl carrying a haby 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 have a few to runs too hard."

The girl next to her hasn's a friend, and she has worn that one piece of cloth until it is threadher. She is always hungry and always and. In deed, not one of those fifty children ever had a "home." A miserable much drunken mean. That group of boys are or-

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 toacher went to them. But from their habyhood their hands had often

habyhood 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 singuig 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 anny. These they read to their mothers, - S. S. Times.

#### October.

Part ut yellow, red to be enter. trees are In the or to to trees are Institution for the first soon they the turn to

The leathery pears and apoles. Hung russet for the bouge. It's autonia, automa, automa fate, 'Twill soon by winter now.

Robin, robin rédbreast, O robin dear ! And what will this peer robin do? For pinching days are near.

#### OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR POSTAGE TREE

The feet, the chespest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly

Acthodist Magazina, 1914 anouth

Acthodist Magazina and Guardian to the inferior of the interior Magazina and Guardian to the season of the Mesleyan, Halifax, we the Magazina flaultax, we the Musicopied Hanner, 52 pp., season to the comment of the Musicopied Hanner, 52 pp., season to the comment of the form of the Musicopied Hanner, 52 pp., season to the comment of the form of the fo

WILLIAM BRIOGS,

Methodist Hook and Publishing House, Toronto

Monitroir Rightery struct,

8, P. Hugeria, Wester, a Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. IJ. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

#### "FIRST!"

A TALK WITH BOYS.

BY PROB. HENRY DRUMMOND, P.G.S.

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

#### GRAMMAR.

LASTLY, and very shortly. What was the third head? "Grammar." Right: Grammar. Now, I require a cleyer boy to answer the next question. What is the verb? "Seek." Very good: "Seek." What modd is it in? "Imperative mood." What does that mean? "Command." You boye does that mean? "Command." You boye of the Boys' Brigade knew what commands are. What is the soldier's first lesson? "Obsdience." Have you obeyed this command? Remember the imperative inted of these words, "Seek first the kingdom of God." This is the command of your king. It must be done. I have been trying to show you what a splended thing it is; what a reasonable thing it is; what a reasonable thing it is; what a happy thing it is; but beyond all these reasons it is a thing that must be done, because we are commanded to do it by our You-boys forming the set timing that mist be done, because we are commanded to do it by our faptain. It is on of the finest things about the Boys' Brigade that it always appeals to Christ an as highest officer, and takes its commands from him. Now, there is his command to seek first the highest of Cod.

Now, there is his command to seek first the kingdom of God. Have you done it?
"Well," I know some boys will say,
"we are going to have a good time, enjoy life, and then we are going to seek—last—the kingdom of God." Now that is mean; it is nothing else than mean for a boy to take all the good gifts that God has given him, and then give hun nothing lack in return but his wasted life.
"God wants boys lives, not only their sonle. It is for active service sold is an editued and trained and fall and an area. That is why you and I are in the world at all—not to serve God actively in it now. It is monstrous and alameful and cowardly to

Yety few people have the apportunity to the kingdom or God at the end, Cheer, king we all the knowing that religious was a thing for our life, not merely for our de the bod, he haid this contonand upon us now . "Such the title kupple in of Gol. Lain coung to leave you with their text it off. Every drigado boy in the world

should obey it.
Boys, before you go to work to morrow, before you go to sheep 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; 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. RENNEY.

LITTLE Jennie was a Scotch lassie. Interest deanie 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 companious to share her snorts.

to share her sports.

Sho never thought of being lonely in summer, when she made friends with the little birds, and lisuened to their sweet songs, but sometimes in winter she was tempted to wish that she did not live so far

one day, late in November, when the air began to grow old with the breath of approaching winter, Jeanie's father fell ill. At first his wife did all she could to relieve but as his fover increased, and his cough became more incessant, she lost faith in the simple remedies she had been applying, and wished that she night con-

How to send word to him was the ques-tion 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 perimps 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 noonday sun awang high in the heavens, so she was sure that Johns would have time to go and return helore nightfall, and so she gave her coment.

fall, and so she gave her coment.

Proud of her responsibility, Jeanie bade her fasher 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 fited it. The sky was becoming darker as she went on, but she did not mand it, until a snow-flake whirled before her over. her oves.

"Oh, the first snow has come!" she cred undelight; 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."

were trying to have a good with her. Very showly and wearily the little feet dragged themselves at ne and poor Jeanio wondered whether they would be able to carry her home.

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

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 classed 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 prayor would be speedily answered. Nor was her faith unrewarded, for in the distance she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs rapidly appresching and as they drew near her she prisching, and as they drew near her she called loudly, lest they should pass her. A cheery voice answered, and in a few momenta more the doctor's strong arms

had gathered up the little snow-covered figure and wrapped for 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 ductor tild her that when he had returned home, at an earlier hour than he had a spected, his servant had told him of Jeanio's call.

Jeanio's call.

I was alraid 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 from 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. "Coosient.

#### MISSIONARY BEDS.

BY SOPHIR S. SMITH.

ANNIE-How much missionary mo have you, Sucie!
Susie—Twelve dollars.
Annie—How did you ge

Annie—How did you get so much? I suppose all your aimts, uncless and cousing gave you, besides your pape and unsined.

Sume—No; not one person gave and appenry. I carned it all myself and belief that have been dollars that he misself him hard snough to onen ribe dollar.

Sume—I made it from my manuscry had have —I manuscry that had bed for a missionary well steps on the bed I made, and I don't take he shall be tried.

he tried.
Annie What is it then? It must be a

Annio—What is it then? It must be a strange kind of a bed.
Susie—It was a very sweet and beautiful one, covered with flowers all the summer.
Annio—A garden bed of "Misserd" Yesten's transport to say you cannot twelve do! lars by selling flowers this summer?
Susie—I did, and enjoyed it, too.
Annio—It must have been beed mostly

Annie- It must have been hard mork

Annie—It must have been hard norm.
Susie—It was tiresome sometimes, but
the thought of doing good with the money
helped me to go on, and ow I am Hall
did it. It makes me happy to know that
somebody will be helped by money that I
carned, instead of asking others for it.

#### PERPARATION FOR ACTIVE WORK.

WORK.

The present is a fine of great nature from his become so much more more in the every department of thought approximation in pulses are throbling. The repetity of invention has slined changed the type of our civilization. In the church not at the Sunday-school, as well as in he was allairs, the jide of a neglife is felt. Late has come within pocent years a greet expansion of the missionary and Such principle of the missionary and Such within a brief period have attained in the aggregate a prodigious growth. There are so many forms of especiated Chin an humane, or bonevious work, as ten services inco societies, young men's Christian assessations, and so on. In some of these every young porson should find a phose. And to tions, 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 links are among the foremest forms of properation. Quotations from the Bible always carry such authority as nothing olde 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 dong.

#### THE CARRIER PIGEONS.

MARJORIE'S papa was a milroad conduc-tor on a long "through" line.

Every morning Marjoric prinped a fresh flower in his bulken-hole, her manna handed him his nickel ticket punch, hote book, and a fresh handkerelfiof. Then be gave them both a kiss and started out, Ned the libtle dog, going with him as far as the next corner and then turning around and treating lands alone

trotting back alone.

Conductor Martin was fond of pets as

Conductor Martin was fond of pets and had gathered a number around han. These protty eventures very soon learned to know him, and when he camb home the held there was always a general frolic. One hight he camb home bringing a little covered wicker-hanket, mind when Marjorid and Nod and Nick, this can, were allowed to peep into it, they saw two beautiful carrier pignoms. The little strl and the little dog were delighted, but the handaunce Angora can put up his blick and allowly walked winy to his own barticular currier.

handatine Arigora cat pait up his high and handatine Arigora cat pait up his bide and alowly walked away to this own barticular counter.

The pigeons were wonderfully pretty and attractive little creatures, wild as soon a they had become thoroughly liequimined with their new holine, their master bacd to take them out with him in their black to his train and let them loose at chain point on the line.

Thick liways showed great delight when the meety brits wave placed in the overel basis to be carried out. But when the meety brits were placed in their four minimum chair to be let in on their four in the meety brits wine placed in their four minimum chair to be let in on their four minimum chair to be let in on their four minimum chair to be porning Marjorie was that minimum and the carrier in process were to loose in the sitting rich for bourpain. It is entirely and in sofile way the little gift was entertaining callers in the parties of and in sofile way the little gift opall layer tell how, Nick still into the pall little gift was interested in the little gift opall layer tell how, Nick still into the pall little gift with the process with his little gift was into teeth, and holding up has lead to be high, to prevent the poor him the little gift with the process with his piece was the collings and collings are collings.

The collings are sell the way placed to the collings and collings are collings.

male.

"Mirjorie was sad estought ever the deals of the protty pets. He was published to this of he creature so between the wild published in with the protter was independent of the him he will be the was independent of the him was the was a war of the was said to the was the w of the little pigeon's death.

#### The Child's Crusade.

BY MARGARDT HAYCRAFT.

Here you heard of the children's armya one on the long ago tarted forth to the Holy Land, the with the heathen foe? you heard of those little children,

i the pitiful vows they made, he sake of the Saviour's sepulchre serve in the child-grussde?

p. the children were weak and feeble, and the way was hard and long, another y tells that too many failed of that poor little helpless throng; they had them down in peace to die, at methinks the dear Lord knew of agh the children's hearts had made on the had in takes)
that their love was brave and true.

e you heard of our children's army, ave you heard of the ringing call, t summons forth at the present time we children one and all? we out in the morning of gladness, one out ero life's blossoms fade,

one, take your place in the ranks of war, and ight in the child crusses!

as need not travel by land and sea. Nor for from your dear one's roam;
I sk up to God, and you shall not fall,
Though the fod be close at house,
We have named our rapks, the Band of Hope,

niope, And we march unto victory fair:1 or though our foe be the giant Drink, Our strength is in earnest prayer.

Will you not belong to our army, So steadfastly passing on Where the standard waves over temperancefielde

And merciful deeds are done?
God bless, you, dear little warrior,
New soldiers we pray you seek;
For the Master smites on the child crusule.
That cares for the lost and weak.

### LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of " The Man Trup."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEAVING THE OLD HOME.

ir was a little sooner than usual one ovening when Sandy returned from the ovening when Sandy returned from the wood-yard, with a bundle of wood under his arm, which Mr. Mason had aent for his arm, which Gip was not yet uniting for him at the street-corner, ready to jump about him gleefully along the narrow pavement which had across the graveyard; and Sanday historial for a munitatio give her a chance to see him. The place had a man into a dear home for him. He know grown into a dear home for him. Ho knau grown into a dear home for him. He know every blackened tombstone, and could sell all the Biglish woods for the abbit in memory of Mr. Shafto's grandfather. What a quiet spot it was I how little Gip's laugh echoed round the high walls! And laugh cohord round the high walls! And the fleeting beam of sunshine that peeped round the angles of the realbest chinney, just about the suggest when his reached the house, how bright it always seemed! He had ceased to think that he had ever lived anywhere else. The small house, too, looked more cheerful than it used to do; 6 25 (Beneficial was been said the shift and the shift child trooting black had so much distressed little Gip that it had disposed of immediately. The shop window was quite empty now, except for the single announcement of "Punking done here."

Sandy was looking wistfully at this bone of his, when Gip caught sight of him, and rais to most him with receive shouts and laughter. But all that evening Mr. Shalto's face was more serious oven than Shafto's face was more serious even than ordinary. True, he mursed Gip out his knee, and at her urgent request gave her one brief ride upon it; but it was evident that his thing the property of elsewher. Mrs. Shafto watched him waxiously, though it was a long while before she ventured to make, for she had not yet grown accustional to her husband's change of character. menk; for his had not yet grown accus-tional to ber husband's change of character, it is also anything the twatter, bir. liaito? "she inquired at length." "Mary, my love," his animored, hustat-tly, "what would you say to us all four ling across the canthe ment time the Marini gree?" "14.

A. 65.

"Oh, no. John!" she cried. She was thinking of her children's graves, and or the old hore where they had all been thinking born, and but died, How could she bare

"My love," he continued, "I wouldn't mention it it resuld be helped. But you must be told sooner or later; and perhaps it is better sooner than later. I've been turning things over and over in my head, and I don't see what we can do better than go to Canada, and buy n farm; and all work upon it ourselves, you and mo and

"Buy a for a!" oxelaimed Mr., Shato, while Sandy's face shone at the reace been-

while Sandy i face shone at the researching of such a magnificent scheme. "Dear me! "Said Mr. Sharro, ", for all Pve begun to tell you at the wrong end. Why, my dear, be brave new, and beautiful a woman." The fact is, a railway is second with the action of graving and oning right through our gray yard, and the chapel, and our poor let be bense; so we are compelled to turn out and have it, you see. In to have £400 for my house you well. I'm to have £400 for my house and losiness; and with that we could cross the sea, buy a small farm, and settle on it, all-four of us. You were born and bred on a farm, my love, and know how to make excellent choose and butter, and manage cows and poultry. Sandy can chop timber famously, and he hasn't one chop, thirder famously, and he hasn't one in his body, nor little Gip—I'll answer for her. And, please God, I'll turn my hand and my head to doing anything that has to be done."

It was no wonder that both Mrs. Shafto and Sandy should be bewildered at the

and Sandy should be bewildered at the sudden turn in their affairs. The house must be quitted; there was no question about that, for they could not set a null-way company at deliance if they wished as If, then, they were compelled to give up the old home, why not make the chang-complete, and leave the noisy street of London for some quiet country home in the great new hand beyond the said? The farm would be their own; a place for Sandy and Gip to grow up in, and live in pethages for years after both Mr. and Mrs. Shifte were dead. When she came to think it over, Mrs. Shafto felt herself growing young again at the prespect of having cows and poultry to look after, and cheese and butter to make. butter to make.

In three months' time overything was arranged; their berths were taken on board the ship that was to take out Miss Murray with another hand of destitute children. The goods they were carrying with them The goods they were carrying with them were all packed up—among them Johnny's crutches, which were to be kept in some open place in their new home, where they would be always in sight. The last day was come, and Sandy had been busy since very early in the morning, journeying to and fro between their old home and the Refuge, from which Miss Murray's emigrants were to start the next day. It was grants were to start the next day. It was evening now, and he was returning to sleep once more under the roof that had given him shelter in the hour of his deepest sorrow

and despair.

The east wind was whistling shrilly down the narrow streets, and meeting him with a biting chill just round every corner; for it was scarcely spring-time yet, and only the darkness of the winter was gone, whilst the cold still lingered. Yet it could not make Sandy shiver, so warmly supposed up who he in the thick overbust his bliste bud hought for him, in unticipation of the severe senters of the country they were going to. But the ill-clad people whom he must looked pinched and blue, and slouched along close to the houses, as he could recollect doing in the old times, which had along to make the last times, which had almost reason away out of his mind. The spirit-vaults were all full to the doors, as though everyone who could find a pauny or two had crept into them for watruth; and Sandy felt a vague sort of dread as he ran by, as he had done when he first went to the wood-yard for work, before little Gip was found. But surely his mother would never know him again for the ragged, barefoot, and hire-headed fuses-boy he was when she forsook him! His vague fears quickened his pace, and

hat was ranning rapidly across the grave-gard, when his quick eye cought sight of a figure sitting on the ground under the phapel wall. Izn feetfelt heavy, se though they would not move auxiliar step, and his heart seemed to stand still for a throb or two, and then heat painfully, till he could hardly breathe. He falt that some great

columity to him and hittie topes of a e general was a to the the figure, but the stage of the theory were to the figure, but the stage of the substage of the books of the stage of the books of the stage of the books of the stage of the books. onwards to the shelter of the boos — he had been wont to ereep contents in y round son, street corner, whethere he saw his mother appear in sight. There could be no maintake that the tational and hearthful more and appear in the could be not appear in the could be not appear in the could be seen and the same and the weetched woman, who was half lying and half sitting on the rank gross, with her ball restance against the well just below off Mr. Souto's tablet, was his or ther. Soudy felt of bly and frightened. She had found out I wend to dispat the bash country. Was the and to claim them both, and their them to their old insery and dieg them ( ) to their old unsery and denotate a Sha looked as though she was adeay, for her head had fallen forword, and her thin bony arms, hand helphe by at her side. If the were drank not she would perhaps forget what had brought her there, and crawl off to some of her old bounts as soon as she was of ner our trains, as seen as any was round up again. The best thing he could do may to go on noiselessly, no as not to disturb but, and close the dear between him and the hateful and dreaded sight. Thon he must think how he could save

Then he must think how he could save little Gip and himself.

Little Gip was nursing a doll on the warm hearth, where a bright fire was burning for the last night; and Mrs. Shafto was busily packing the lags that they were to take on board with them for the voyage. It was twelve months since Johnny had left them, and her face had grown happy again, and her smile came almost as readily as it had done when he was about the house. Sandy stood in the shoot as really as it had done when no was about the house. Sandy stood in the doorway, given at her with a rate server had only be a few of the shortes at rate when the transfer the shortes at rate of the first that the shortes are the shortes and would fer her a there has continued at the south or horns die was no of his head, though he had that the reser and bolten a so carefully bothers her and there. He could see her will, a post and stance her ting, with her withered face half hidden by the old block bornet he recollected to well. And the cost wind was wailing three every erasice, and bringing even a touch of chill to their pleasant freede. His mother! He tried to forget to ras he played with little Gip; but he was on the alert all the time; his eye upon the dear, and his ear strained to catch every sound. What ought he to do? What would John Shafte, what would the Lord Jesus Christ

have him to do? He went out into the sliop after a He went out into the shop after a while, and peeped through the window, half hoping that she might be gone away. The night had set in by this time, and it was quite dark; but a lamp at the corner of the chapel had been lit, and he could see she was yet in the same place, and in the same posture. Well, whatever must be done, little Gip must be saved, even if he himself had to go away and dwell once more in the old haunts. Gip must not be taken away from Birs. Shafto, though, maybe, he would be compelled to remain bound in London to work for their bound in London to work for their drunken and misorable mother. But, byand bye, as Sandy stood with his opes fastened upon the monantess figure, think-

so much that he could havely walk across the shop again and open the knoben does "Mrs. Shafto," he called, in a hisky voice. He had always so I mother to high since Johnny deed, but he could not call her that now. Mrs. Shatter as a to him her that now. Are Shates ex a to him at once, with a look of great surprise on

ing bitter thoughts, another kind of fear crept over him, which made than tremble

ber pleasant face,
"Rush!" he said "Shut the door.
Don't lot little Gip know. Mother athers,
out in the yard, and I in scared to each
almost. What must I do! Sh. haste stirred since I came in more than we to ago; and I'm more scared now than when I first see her sitting agen the wall there."
"Are you sure it's your mother 'asked Mrs. Shafto, looking through the window at the window."

at the miserable crosture.

at the miserable creature.

"Ay, I'm sure and ceriam." he answered, bitterly. "She's found us at last, and she's come to hinder little Gip and me going to Canada. If she'd only leave Gip alone, I'd stay behind; but I could never so wethout little Girs."

never go without little Gir."
"No, no," said Mrs. Shafte, "sho'll never hinder ye from going with us. I know how a mother feels; and the worst rer go without little Gife"
"No, no," said Mrs. Shafter, "shu'll

Him woother to state a thir We R so and the total to of her paint of the form of the Month by and by and or many form of the paint of the form of the form of the month of the form of the months of the form of the months of the form o are of her; and of do con-1., and so lessing but nerves to corner where his to be. ar i her hand upon has sing a were quite the a to the a not move, though the a 1. 2. 44 ragged showl a little, the a 4 - 15 at - 42 st

and been to have obtained to Mother the constitution of the consti not lift up her fallen he stooped, and latel her head ahrivelled fingers which he o 15 17 17 133

shrivelled tingers which have some your woman's side.

"Sindy! Why, Sor; the had quickly; "your notice is a late.

Sendy's heart gave a sort should digref and relief. All he to a sort of most of weet gone in an instant. The sort, a safe now for overnore. In a chast time both she and himself we the long to result she and himself we the long to result in no one she to have my claim upon them. Yet the next name the felt a sort of sorrow, very faint and the bury, as if. of sorrow, very faint and thering as if, after all her wickedness, there was a latte natural love for his mether impering me his heart. He knell down by her and draw the old alawl more of sols to make.

uraw the old allawl more closely found here as though she could everywhele letter of the more than the second here the best of the second here the letter of have told a corb, neight come after to Canada, a shell only give up the druh,

#### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE BND.

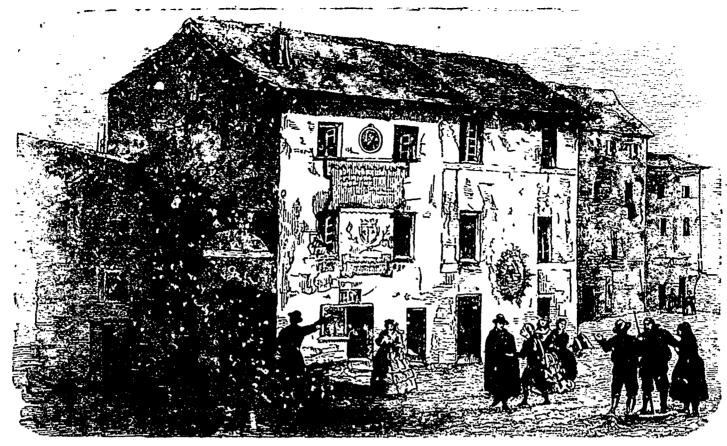
Next day the Shafe se with Soudy and little Gap, I had Lee her for I come of whence there has been were all. There were a hundred after the little from the muces of the large cities some our to setui. In now homes in Canada, and Mrs. Sheftfound so much to do among hose little ones, that she had not time to free over the thought of Johnny's grave, which she was leaving farther and farther behind her Mr. Shafte also had a good trial as twhether he was really conquering his old besetting aim of selfishiness and idleness. and he passed through a traumphantly, his own secret delight and the great glad-ness of his wife. Gip was the life of the party, growing prettier and merrier every day, and Sandy's happiness was complete. A farm had been found and bought for hir. Shafto, by a friend of hiss hurray and before the autumn come they were settled in a loghouse of their own, withm sound of the lappang of the waves of ake Huron.

The last time Sandy was seen by any of his English friends he was driving a yoko of ozen in a strong substantial waggon, with Mrs. Shafto and little Cip soutod, consiortably in the tack of it. Ho and Mr. Shaftwere taking it in turns to walk at the head of the ozen, and arge them over the rough roads. It was Mr. Shakes sturn to walk, and he was striting along cheerfelly, as though he had been used to hard work, adi lus lifo, has face was brown and sun-burnt, and the plants of his hands a gre-hard. It was to cost that Mrs. Shafto had blue relitons in her can and that her checks we're diner as roop as hello Gip's Sandy had grown into a group, active hoy, with a bright and happy expression on his

with a bright and happy expression on alle face.

"Have you any message to send to Mr. Mason!" asked the friend from England.
"Ah' tell," said Sandy, "as I'm trying to be asgued as John Shafto. And tell him I'll nover forget hearing him preach about the Lord Josus being lock, like little Gip.

Father hought me the verse when he went to Montreal, and is a printed in scarlet and blue and gold and hangs over our chimney present home. The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was last



BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

#### BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS

Ar Cogoleto, a small fishing town about fourteen miles west of Genoa, we were shown the house in which Columbus was shown the house in which Columbus was born. It is now a poor tavern, but hears 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.

fOct. 9.

DORCAS RAISED TO LIFE.

Acta 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 persecu tion, the Jens 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 per secution.

#### HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

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. Fasty—I array sis. Saron—Sharon, the fertile and heautiful plain in which Lydda was situated. Joypa—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 Doreas, which is Greek Both names mean "a gezelle," 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.

End in this lesson—

Find in this lesson -The power of Jesus Christ.
What is true Christian life.
How to be remembered after we are dead.

#### RAVIEW 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 Eneas, who had been sick of the palsy for eight years." 4. What did he do at Joppa? "He raised Dorcas to hfe." 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

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

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 sanctifi-cation of the Spirit and belief of the truth.

#### GIVING FOR HEATHEN CHIL-DREN.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

WILLIE-See what Uncle John gave me. Susio—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

is enough.

Susie-But, Willie, you'll get some mere, 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,

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 CARRY.

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, at 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 daves;

The tobin will wear on its hosom 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 ber Come to us here, my child !

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteons 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

A large truck-horse, harnessed to a heavily-loaded express waggon, had "be-come balky." The load had over-taxed his come 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 saveral of the reigh-

The occupants of several of the neigh-bouring houses were undignant witnesses of the driver's cruelty. He was warned that his action would be reported to the Humane Society, but the threat failed to

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 med from his eyes. The horse seemed to re-cognize 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 har-

at her command, settled down in the har-ness and gave a resolute tug at the heavy load behind him. It failed to move. "Try again," coaxed the little girl, hold-ing the bridle. There was a straining of straps and a creaking of wheels, and then the horse patiently started on his way, ap-parently unmindful of the deep ridges on his back and legs raised by his owners brutality.

brutality.

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

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