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PLEASANT KNOWERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1898.

[No. 44.]

Our Heroes.

BY PEGGIE GARY.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right,
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight,
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honour to him if he conquers!
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily,
The world knows nothing about,
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
More of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're
tempted,
To do what you know to be right,
Stand firm by the colours of manhood
And you will overcome in the fight.
"The right!" be your battle-cry ever,
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

PUSSY'S BIG PLAYMATE.

The superintendent of the Central Park Menagerie, at New York, the other day found in the rhinoceros cage his large black cat, Snyder, which had been missing for a week. While going through the elephant house, in which Smiles, the old rhinoceros, is kept, Superintendent Smith saw the missing cat coiled up in the hay beside the big beast. The rhinoceros was licking the cat's paw with its tongue. Superintendent Smith watched the pair for a time, and tried to coax the cat out; but it would not leave Smiles. A keeper informed him that the two had struck up a strong friendship in the past week, and, when the rhinoceros was asleep, the cat would frequently perch itself on Smiles' back and keep watch.

"In its native state," explained Superintendent Smith, "a bird known to hunters as the rhinoceros-bird keeps watch over the rhinoceros when sleeping, and pecks at his ears to arouse it at the approach of danger. Nature, perhaps, is working on the same lines in bringing Smiles and Snyder together; but it's a queer friendship, and I shall not disturb it."—Alliance.

HIDE ME FROM PAPA.

"Please take me home with you and hide me so papa can't find me."

The speaker of the above touching words was a little girl just two years of age. She was endowed with unusual sprightliness and loveliness, both of person and disposition.

We had been visiting her mother, and on leaving had taken the dear little one to ride a short distance.

We said, "Now, Mary, kiss us goodbye; it is too cold to take you any further." The little darling looked up with the most piteous expression, and clinging to me, said in her baby words: "O Lenny, please take me home with you and hide me so papa can't find me!"

O darling, precious Mary, how my heart ached for you as I pressed you to my bosom! What visions of sorrow and cruelty your words called up! How terrible it seemed that one so young and innocent should know so much fear!

As I rode homeward the thought would again and again recur to me. Oh, that all who have helped in any way to make her father a drunkard could have heard that piteous appeal, could have seen those baby hands raised in entreaty, and her lips quivering with suppressed emotion! Surely, the heart of the most hardened whiskey-dealer would have been reached, and his slumbering conscience would have been awakened to a true sense of the terrible wretchedness caused by the use of ardent spirits. Oh, think of it, barkeeper and whiskey-sellers of every grade!—think of your sad, sad work.

Here was a man who, when sober, was a kind and devoted parent, yet from the use of this curse of our land, had become so cruel and unfeeling as to inspire abject fear in his only child.

May all who read these lines and have encouraged the use of ardent spirits in any way, be warned in time, lest in the last day many women and children shall say to them: "To you we owe the untold wretchedness and agony of our lives, our blood be upon your skirts."—Richmond Advocate.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY LUCIE D. PHILLIPS.

Many years ago, I was stationed at a post near the encampment of Sioux Indians, and you can well believe I was prepared for any sort of adventure. My cabin was built against the side of a mountain peak, now gorgeous with autumn's rich colouring, and in front a wild ravine broke its way over torrents, rocks, and fallen timbers. But for the smoke wreaths in the west I might have

face and voice. I grew lonely and restless almost beyond endurance.

"I'll climb the Horseshoe spur, and have a look with my glass," I said. "Perhaps I may see my men approaching."

But I saw something very different. From my lofty perch I could look down into the very heart of the ravine, and with my glass beheld the Sioux chiefs in terrible conflict. "Spotted Tail," decorated with feathers and war paint, his mantle edged with the scalps of "pale faces" he had taken in countless battles, was about to plunge his knife into the heart of "Crazy Horse." Both showed in their eyes the hatred and revenge of their murderous passions.

But while I held my breath for the fatal stab, a shrill, wild shriek made the warriors turn to listen. It was only Annie, the captain's young daughter; but in that deep gorge, with her white dress and white face, she seemed a ghastly apparition. The Indian is nothing if not superstitious. They thought her a ghost, a warning sent by the Great Spirit, and fled in opposite directions.

"How strange that you should have been in the ravine just at that moment, Annie!" said I. "You always come to my cabin by the trail."

"That is true; but I wanted a wreath of scarlet berries, and the ones in the ravine are the finest. I was dreadfully frightened. I thought they would kill me too."

This incident shows how small a thing may affect the destinies of nations. The two chiefs lived, became friends, and the feud was buried. After this, "Spotted Tail" was the victor of many battles. "Crazy Horse" was prominent in the Custer massacre, and in war conquered the troops again and again.



JAPANESE LADY MUSICIANS.

JAPANESE LADY MUSICIANS.

Here are two Japanese lady musicians, who play on these strange looking instruments. They sit on the floor to play, just like a tailor would sit at his work. And what lovely dresses they have on! They are made of figured silk, which is thin and gauzy, and is worked all over with beautiful flowers. And what funny things they have on their heads! but they wear these all the time, in the house as well as out of it.

A certain benedict was in the habit of troubling his father-in-law with complaints about his wife's behaviour. "Really, this is too bad," cried the irascible old gentleman one day, on hearing of some of his daughter's delinquencies. "If I hear any more complaints, I will disinherit her." There were no more complaints.

thought myself lord of the wide and lovely domain about me. I knew all about the dusky warriors, and had every reason to dislike them as neighbours. They had not only made frequent inroads on my supplies of coffee and sugar, helping themselves without stint or leave; but I had been told that the renowned "Spotted Tail," and "Crazy Horse," chiefs of the Sioux bands, were expected daily to settle a deadly feud with war to the teeth and bloodshed. I wished to be as far away as possible when this interesting event took place.

My position was extremely perilous. My men were off on a bear hunt. The recruits I had asked for had not arrived. I was alone amid the unbroken desolation of the mountain and wilderness.

Not far away to the east was a mining camp, and to my cabin sometimes came the captain's daughter with my letters, or to borrow some rations when their own ran low. But I had not seen her for days. I actually pined for a human

GOING ROUND A CURVE.

That instructive view of lives totally different from ours, which widens the sympathies and makes the heart more tender, is given us in "The General Manager's Story," by Herbert Hamblen. Here is a fine description of a brakeman's initiation into the delights (?) of riding on a locomotive.

I enjoyed riding on the engines, as the engineers and firemen were fine, sociable fellows, and when we were a little late and had a passing point to make, the engineer would sometimes say, "Don't you set no brakes gold' down here; I got to git a gait on 'em." Then when the train pitched over the top of the hill, he would cut her back a notch at a time, till he got her near the centre, and gradually work his throttle wide open.

How she would fly down hill, the exhaust a steady roar out of the stack, the connecting-rods an undistinguishable blur, the old girl herself rolling and jumping as if at every revolution she must leave the track, the train behind half hid in a cloud of dust, and I hanging on to the side of the cab for dear life, watching out ahead where I know there is a sharp reverse curve, and hoping, oh, so much, that he'll shut her off before we get there!

I watch that grimy left hand on the throttle for the preliminary swelling of the muscles that will show me he is taking a grip on it to shove it in. Not a sign, his head and half his body are out of the window, and now we are upon it. I give one frightened glance at the too convenient ditch, where I surely expect to land, and take a death grip of the side of the cab.

Whang! She hits the curve, seems to upset, I am nearly flung out of the window in spite of my good grip. Before she has half done rolling (how do the springs ever stand it?) she hits the reverse, and I am torn from my hold on the window and slammed over against the boiler, and having passed this most uncomfortable place, she flies on, rolling and roaring down the mountain.

All this time the engineer hasn't moved an eyelid, nor the fireman interrupted for an instant the steady pendulum-like swing of the fire-door and the scoop-shovel.

How do they do it? Oh, it's easy after you get used to it.

Two Words.

BY E. F. N.

Two words in our language I'd have you recall,
Quite common words, too, in use by us all,
They sound much alike to those of our nation,
One, condemnation, and two, commendation.

"But unlike in meaning," I hear you exclaim,
That is true, I reply, and you are not to blame
If at the first glance their import so strike you.
Thinking them different, once I was like you.

Sometimes, however, their meanings get muddled,
The ear is correct, the mind is befuddled,
We bear condemnation from one as a friend,
And are angry again when others commend.

If evil men praise, it is but a stigma,
The wounds of a friend need be no enigma,
They are faithful and true to you and the blamer,
The one who commends may be the defamer.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 6, 1898.

HOW WE CAN SHOW OUR RELIGION AT HOME.

Eph. 6. 1, 2; Col. 3. 20; 1 John 3. 18.

A religion that nobody knows anything about is not worth much. Some one has said that he would not give much for the religion of any man or woman whose very dog and cat were not the better for it. Certainly at home our religion should be known and seen.

Among the marks of true religion indicated in our topic texts to-day are obedience to parents. "Obey your parents in the Lord." That is, in everything which is in harmony with the will of God render them honour and obedience. If, however, they should tell you to do that which is wrong, you owe a higher allegiance to your Father in heaven.

"Such obedience," says St. Paul, "is well pleasing unto God." The thought that we whose sins have done so much to grieve our heavenly Father, can yet give pleasure to his loving heart, is one that should inspire us with a holy ambition and an earnest purpose to glorify God with our bodies and spirits, which are his.

The beloved disciple John, who leaned upon our Saviour's bosom at the feast of the Last Supper, who seems to have drunk most deeply of his spirit, when he was an old man nearly one hundred years of age, used to go about saying, "Little children, love one another." In the passage from his letter quoted in our topic he says, "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."

Kind words are precious. They never die. We sometimes hear it said, "They are worth much and cost little," but if they are only words and nothing more, they are not worth much. "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth," supplement them by our acts of kindness and deeds of love from day to day.

A FUNNY CUB BEAR.

The funniest model in my experience was a cub bear; and, during his visit to the studio, we laughed more than we worked. While his antics were very amusing, it was the indescribably funny expression he always wore which kept the studio in such a state of hilarity. "Unbeknown" to us, one day he got out; and, walking along on his hind legs in a ridiculous shuffle, effectually blockaded the hallway, until we came to the rescue of the frightened people. It was not the only time he fell into trouble. When we first came into possession of little Bruin, we sent the studio boy with a large market-basket to bring the treasure up-town. The boy was cautioned to be very careful of his charge; in fact, he was cautioned too much. On the elevated railroad train that boy fairly ached to get a look at the bear, and so opened the lid the tiniest bit and peeped in. Instantly the animal thrust his whole head out, to the great astonishment of the lady passengers, among whom he created a small panic. It is needless to say that both bear and boy were put off at the first stopping-place.—St. Nicholas.

the one most suitable as an introduction to this fascinating study.

"Week-Day Religion" was also selected from a large number as practical helps to formation of character and guidance of life.

"Makers of Methodism" is designed to present in brief space an account of the great Methodist movement in Great Britain, the United States and Canada. We reprint from the admirable circular prepared by Secretary Crews the following announcement:

"THE MAKING OF THE EMPIRE." By Arthur Temple. The Story of the British Colonies all Round the World. Three hundred pages. With forty fine illustrations.

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"THE MAKERS OF METHODISM." By Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. Three hundred pages and thirty-eight illustrations. It will give Methodist young people a wonderful amount of interesting information concerning the founders of their church.

"I wish to commend this work in the heartiest manner possible. I could wish to see it in every home in our land, and read and re-read by all our young people, and the older ones too."—Rev. J. W. Sparling, D.D., President of Manitoba Conference.

"Dr. Withrow deserves, and no doubt will receive, the cordial thanks of the Methodist people for writing a book so well adapted to meet a present want."—Rev. T. W. Jolliffe, President Bay of Quinte Conference.

BETTER THAN EVER.

EPWORTH LEAGUE READING COURSE FOR 1898-9.

The indefatigable Epworth League Secretary, the Rev. A. C. Crews, has given an immense amount of time and labour in arranging the admirable Reading Courses of the Epworth League. These courses have gone on enlarging in size and improving in quality year by year. That of the current year is the best yet published. The catalogues of the publishing trade of Great Britain and America have been ransacked for the most suitable books for this course. Very many volumes have been procured and carefully examined by Secretary Crews, and then brought under the notice of the Reading Course Committee, by whom they have been examined in turn. The result is the splendid announcement that he is able to make for the current year of four volumes, the regular price of which is \$4.75, for the sum of \$2.00, post-paid to any place in Canada. These may well be announced as "a marvel of cheapness."

But cheapness has not been consulted at the expense of merit. The printing and illustrations are of a high-class character and the binding firm and substantial.

The heroic story of the "Making of the Empire," will stir the pulses of our young people and make them realize to what a goodly heritage they are born as subjects of the mightiest empire the world ever saw.

Miss Buckley's "Fairyland of Science" was selected after a careful examination of many works on this subject as

"It is history vitalized."—Rev. Dr. Shaw, Principal Wesleyan College, Montreal.

"It is as fascinating as a romance."—Rev. Dr. Wallace, Victoria University.

"In Dr. Withrow's masterly style mighty men and women of old are made to pass before us in such a realistic fashion that our spirits are kindled as we read. To circulate this book among our Leagues will be rendering a service to the church."—Rev. Dr. Griffith, President Montreal Conference.

"The Makers of Methodism" is peculiarly adapted to Epworth Leagues and to all the young people of Methodism. In brief form it gives an interesting picture of the heroic leaders of early Methodism. The book bears the impress of the literary genius of our gifted Dr. Withrow. "The Makers of Methodism" should find hosts of readers beyond the Epworthian circle."—Rev. Dr. Potts, Secretary of Education.

This book is approved also as one of the four books of the Epworth League Reading Course of the United States.

"THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE." By Arabella B. Buckley. With seventy-two illustrations. A popular introduction to the Study of Science.

"This is an admirable attempt to place some of the most interesting and instructive facts of science before young people in an attractive form."—Rev. J. Burwash, Ph.D., Professor of Science in Victoria University, Toronto.

"WEEK-DAY RELIGION." By Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. Three hundred and five pages. Strong chapters on practical subjects.

"Dr. Miller's books are characterized by fertility of sparkling thought, devout and original exposition, and apt illustration."—Sword and Trowel.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

The best plan is for every reader to buy a set of books for himself, but where this cannot be done, two or more persons may form a club and purchase a set between them.

"How to Organize and Conduct a Reading Circle" will be sent free of charge to all who apply for it to Rev. A. C. Crews, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

Address all orders to—Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis.

JENNY LIND'S MOTIVE.

Thirty-seven years before her death Jenny Lind abandoned the operatic stage. The motive of the great renunciation was purely spiritual. Every appearance had been a dramatic triumph and her pecuniary reward was large, yet she never regretted her decision. Her motive is made clear by the following narrative:

Once an English friend found her sitting on the steps of a bathing-machine on the sands, with a Lutheran Bible on her knee, looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters.

They talked, and the talk drew near to the inevitable question: "O Madame Goldschmidt, how was it that you ever came to abandon the stage at the very height of your success?"

"When every day," was the quiet answer, "it made me think less of this (laying a finger on the Bible) and nothing at all of that (pointing to the sunset), what else could I do?"

A BOY'S RELIGION.

It was the late Henry Drummond who once said to a great company of boys: "Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, don't think that you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age, you will have your grandmother's religion."

Now, there is a great deal in the above for a boy to take to heart; for some boys have the idea that they will be expected to put aside most of their propensities, if they take upon themselves the duties of Christian boys. This is a mistake. No one expects, no one wants them to give up the natural rights and feelings of boyhood. They are not to be in the least grandmotherly or grandfatherly, but they are to be happy in the way in which God intended that all youth should be happy.

One of the truest-hearted Christian boys I knew is also the merriest. No one would think of calling him "grandmotherly." He reads his Bible, too, and goes regularly to church, to Sunday-school and to prayer-meeting. He is at the same time such a good ball-player that he is always chosen first when the boys are choosing sides for a game. And no boy of his age can excel him at football or at tennis. And they always say of him: "Harry plays fair, he does!"

He is the life of the social gatherings he attends, and his reputation for absolute truthfulness is such that the teacher of the school he attends told me, not long ago, that on one occasion, when the boys on the playground were hotly discussing a certain matter and there had been charges of falsehood made and still more hotly refuted, one of the boys said: "Let Harry M— tell the straight of the story. He knows all about it and he'll tell the exact truth." It is a fine thing for a boy to have a reputation like that in the community in which he lives.

At another time the pupils in Harry's room had met to select some one of their number to present a certain request to the principal of the school, and Harry was immediately chosen, "because he is so sort of gentlemanly," as one of the boys said. This was a tribute to the unflinching power and influence of real courtesy, and true courtesy is a marked trait of Christian character.

Harry is a Christian boy in a boyish way, which is quite as charming and impressing as the grandmotherly way of being a Christian. All Christianity is based on right thinking and right living, without regard to age. Each decade of life has its own particular joys in the Christian life. They are all God-given, and none are sweeter than the joys of true Christian boyhood.—Reformed Church Messenger.

I Was Once a Hunter.

BY CHAS. J. ADAMS.

I once was a hunter with powder and ball,
And pleasure I took in collapse, and the fall
Of feathery thing, that adown I could bring
From the region of song and the beating of wing,
Excuse did I need? Well, I thought it enough
That the bird I could hit, or could pluck, or could stuff.
But now, in the mellowing touch of the years,
My gun, it is rusted,—I hunt with my ears,
In meadow, in wood, or the river along,
I listen intently to catch a new song.
I hunt with my eyes. And the singer to see
I watch through the days—or the years, if need be.

WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT.

BY R. H. GRASLEY.

I.

The boat was slowly approaching the wharf on one of the beautiful inland lakes of Ontario, when a little boy, about seven years old, who was leaning over the side, lost his balance and fell head first into the water, between the boat and the wharf. As the wheel was still moving, he was in great danger of being drawn in and mangled by its paddles. The frantic mother tried to plunge into the lake in the vain hope of saving her child, but was caught and firmly held by a couple of passengers, who saw plainly that if she did so, there would be two deaths instead of one.

While the mother was thus held, a middle-aged man, with a band of crape on his hat, quickly threw off his coat and dropped into the water near where the child had disappeared. By risking his own life he succeeded in finding the boy and bringing him to the surface, where willing hands soon landed him into the boat.

The woman whose child had been thus saved from death was the widow of a poor minister, and her only means of support was a small yearly allowance from the Superannuated Ministers' Fund of the church of which her late husband had been for twenty years a faithful servant.

Four years have passed since the incident recorded at the commencement of our story took place. Harry Wade has just returned from Sabbath-school, and is telling his mother what a fine young lady their new Sunday-school teacher is. "You have seen her, mother. They just came to the city about three weeks ago. She works in the paper-box factory up on Elm Street, and passes here every day, to and from her work. John Dale says her name is Mary Sawyer, and that her father has both his legs off, and she supports herself and him by the wages she gets in the factory. And, oh, mother! you should have heard her talk about that lesson to-day. She just seems to know all about the Bible."

"What was the lesson about, dear?"

"It was about the first miracle of the Saviour, turning the water into wine."

"And what part of the lesson, my dear, did you think particularly good?"

"Well, what I liked best, I think, was when she said about that verse which says, 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' She said that in olden times God often spoke to his people by miracles, by prophets and by dreams; but that he now speaks to us by his written Word, by the preaching of the Gospel, by his Holy Spirit, and particularly by the still small voice of conscience. She says whenever we have a good thought in our heart, or a desire to do a good or kind act to any one, it is Jesus speaking through our conscience and telling us to do the kind act. How many blessings she said, and what comfort and happiness we might bring to those we love, if we would always listen to the voice of Jesus, and whatsoever he said unto us in this way, do it. And the surest way in the world of making ourselves happy is by trying to make others happy."

A few days after this, as Harry started to school one morning, he met Jr. Brown, one of his classmates, at the gate.

"Good morning, Harry."

"Good morning, Joe. How did you like our new Sunday-school teacher?"

"Oh, say, isn't she just fine! But I tell you, Harry, they are awfully poor. Mr. Sawyer was very sick last night. Mother was there nearly all night. She says that although Miss Sawyer is so quiet and patient, she feels sure she is fretting herself almost to death because

she cannot afford to get medicine, or even the nourishing food he so much needs. Mother sent me down this morning with a small basket of delicacies for him. She says if she was as rich as Jim Moyles, the farmer living just outside the corporation, she is sure she could soon have him well again, supposing she could not give him new legs and feet."

Harry is now walking along very quietly, his eyes on the ground and apparently not hearing a word Joe is saying. Jesus is speaking to him in that still small voice.

"It is a pretty hard thing to do. If Mr. Moyles should be in a bad humour, as he so often is, he would send me off home with orders never to come about the place again. I know he likes me, for I am the only boy he will allow on his premises. And he told me just last Friday to go into the garden or orchard whenever I liked and eat all the fruit I wished, but not to carry any away to the other boys. Now, if I should vex him by making this request, he will be just as ugly with me as he is with the other boys." Just then Harry hears that voice saying in a very low but distinct whisper to his heart, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." He hesitates no longer.

"Good evening, Mr. Moyles."

"Good evening, Harry. Come and see the new roadster I got last week."

Harry was delighted when Mr. Moyles showed him the fine Arabian he had lately purchased.

"My! what a beauty!"

"Yes, he is a beauty, and he is just as good as he is nice. I always like to get something a little better than other people have, and I think you would have to travel a while to find a match for that fellow."

Harry was so delighted over the fine horse that he almost forgot for the moment the mission on which he had come.

As they returned from the stable to the house, they passed through a corner of the orchard containing some fine old plum and pear trees.

"Mr. Moyles, what are you going to do with all those plums and pears lying on the ground?"

"I think to-morrow morning I shall set a couple of men to dig that patch of potatoes, and then turn in the hogs. I guess thirty or forty hogs will make short work of them."

"Do you know Mr. Sawyer, the man with both legs off? He lives on James Street."

"No, I never saw the man, but a friend of mine, who knew him before his great misfortune, was telling me just the other day that he was one of the finest men he ever knew."

"Well, they are very poor. His daughter is my Sunday-school teacher. She supports her father and herself by working in the paper-box factory. Mr. Sawyer has been very sick since they came to the city, and Miss Sawyer feels very bad because she cannot get medicines for him, or even the nourishing food a sick person needs. If you are not going to use this fruit that is on the ground, I should very much like to pick up a small basket of it and carry it to them. I am sure they would appreciate it."

"You know, Harry, that I am considered a cranky, crabbed, stingy old bachelor, although I am only a little over thirty-two. You are the only boy I know of that I would allow on my place, and I should be very much displeased if you carried off my fruit and gave it to the other boys, but if it will be any pleasure to you to take some to those friends of yours, you are quite welcome to all you wish. You need not pick it off the ground. You will find better fruit on those young trees in the lower end of the orchard, and there is more of it than I can use or dispose of."

After this many a basket of nice fruit, as well as cooked ham, roast fowl, and other nice things found their way from the rich farmer's home to that of the poor cripple living on the edge of the city.

(To be continued.)

A BOY FULL OF THE BIBLE.

There was once a little boy who went to Sabbath-school regularly, and learned all his lessons well, so that he had a great many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance boy. This boy was on a steamboat, making a journey. One day, as he sat alone on the deck looking down into the water, two ungodly men (gentlemen I cannot call them) agreed that one of them should go and persuade him to drink. So the wicked man drew near the boy, and, in an exceedingly pleasant voice and manner, invited him to go and drink a glass of liquor with him.

"I thank you, sir," said the little fellow, "but I never drink liquor."

"Never mind, my lad, it will not hurt you. Come and drink with me."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," was the boy's ready reply.

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm and make you feel pleasantly."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," said the boy. "And I feel much safer, and I certainly think it wiser not to play with adders."

"My fine little fellow," said the crafty man, "it will give me great pleasure if you will come and drink a glass of the best wine with me."

"My Bible says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,'" was his reply.

That was a stunning blow to the tempter, and he went back to his companion.

"How did you succeed?" said he.

"Oh, the fact is," replied the man, "that the little fellow is so full of the Bible that you can't do anything with him." So may it be with all boys and girls.

A DREADED TASK.

A task never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done, and there is an old maxim that teaches us that a thing "once begun is half done."

A farmer friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who is like a great many other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy, and a cloud immediately overspreads his mental horizon when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said Mr. H. one day, when I was at the farm, "why don't you go to work on that little patch of potatoes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there's so many of them 'taters I'll never get them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"

"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone indicating great mental distress: "Plague on them old 'taters! It makes me sick to think about them."

"Why do you think about them, then?" I said, laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied, dolefully, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been distressed about it ever since you got up?"

"Well, I hate to hoe 'taters."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"Well, I—I—" Billy began to grin, took up his hoe, and said: "I never thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.—Golden Days.

PLANTS THAT EAT MEAT.

Sundew is the name of one of the most interesting of the insectivora, or insect eating plants. Sundew, says a writer in Godey's Magazine, is the poetic name given it because of the gleam of the gem-like drops on the leaf surfaces; but in spite of its beauty it is a little savage of vegetable life. Most plants absorb nourishment from the soil and atmosphere, but the Sundew will drink milk and eat beef and mutton and hard-boiled eggs, if they are fed to it. Each leaf is covered with a number of tiny reddish tentacles, and at the end of each tentacle is a little gland to which adheres a drop of sticky liquid. While watching the Sundew we saw a gay little fly in a gauzy coat draw near. Hovering over the leaf, he lightly poised himself above it and prepared to sip the viscid drops. In a moment his feet were entangled and he was a prisoner. The second the feet of the insect press ever so lightly the glands—the motor impulse, as it is called, flies with unimaginable rapidity down through the tentacles, communicating with all upon the leaf, and they at once bend in the direction of the exciting object—the fly, in this case.

As soon as the feet of the fly touched the tentacles, that wonderful change in them, which is called aggregation, began. The purplish protoplasm, which flows unceasingly in their cells, separated into tiny masses of purple matter floating in a clear liquid. The fly had alighted on the leaf a little to the left of the centre, and the tentacles nearest him naturally bent first and deposited him

upon the next, and so on until he was gradually rolled to the centre.

Meanwhile every gland secreted a digestive fluid which is strongly acid, and is, so far as can be ascertained, identical with the digestive fluid of animals. This fluid poured over the fly, drowning him, the tentacles bent closer and the leaf hollowed itself like a cup and closed; when, after several days it should expand, all traces of the insect will have disappeared, digested and absorbed into the life of the plant.

MANHOOD GREATER THAN WEALTH.

A very interesting story is told of a young clerk in a dry-goods shop, who has recently come into possession of a large fortune by inheritance from a distant relative. The young man was one day called to his employer's private office, and listened with amazement to the news as it was imparted to him by a lawyer. "I suppose I must not expect your services as clerk any longer," said the merchant with a smile. "I shall be sorry to lose you. Oh, I shall stay my month out, of course, sir," said the boy, promptly. "I shouldn't want to break my word just because I've had some money left me." The two elder men exchanged glances. The money referred to was nearly \$300,000. "Well," said the lawyer, stroking his mouth to conceal his expression, "I should like an hour of your time between ten and four to-morrow, my young friend, as it will be necessary for you to read and sign some papers." "Yes, sir," said the clerk; "I always take my luncheon at 11.45. I'll take that hour for you, instead, to-morrow. If I eat a good breakfast I can get along all right until six o'clock." That was a sensible boy. He had hold of the right end of life. It is not what we have but what we are which counts most. That is what Christ meant when he said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

ONE CIGAR A DAY.

"How can you afford all these books?" asked a young man, calling upon a friend; "I can't seem to find spare change for even the leading magazines."

"Oh, that library is only my one cigar a day," was the reply.

"What do you mean?" inquired the visitor.

"Mean? Just this: When you advised me to indulge in an occasional cigar several years ago, I had been reading about a young fellow who bought books with money that others would have burned in cigars, and I thought I would try to do the same. You may remember that I said I should allow myself one cigar a day?"

"Yes, I recall the conversation, but don't quite see the connection."

"Well, I never smoked, but I put by the price of a five-cent cigar every day; and as the money accumulated I bought books—the very books you see."

"You don't mean to say that your books cost no more than that! Why, there are dollars' worth of them!"

"Yes, I know there are. I had six years more of my apprenticeship to serve when you advised me 'to be a man.' I put by the money, which, at five cents a day, amounted to \$18.25 a year, or \$109.50 in six years. I kept those books by themselves as the result of my apprenticeship cigar money, and if you'd done as I did, you would by this time have saved many, many more dollars than I have, and would have been better off in health and self-respect besides."—Success.

ONLY ONE GUN.

You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun, says the late Henry Drummond. The attacking party had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle, but one soldier said, "I can show you how you can take the castle," and he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon.

About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same the next day and the next. By-and-bye the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through.

Now, with a single gun firing away at everybody's life, the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul, and if you never have any temptation you will never have any practice.

A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than one that drills twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them.—Sabbath-school Visitor.

The Whistling Boy.

Is there a sound in the world so sweet,
On a dark and dreary morn,
When the gloom without meets the gloom
Within, till we wish we'd not been
born,
As the sound of a little barefoot boy
Gaily whistling in the rain,
While he drives the cows to pastures
green, down the path in the muddy
lane?

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not
dampened by autumn rain,
His clothes and his hands and his sturdy
feet are not spoiled by grime or
stain;
The world to him is a wonderful place
that he means some day to explore;
If there's time to play and plenty to eat,
who cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cheery trill of a heart as fresh
as the drops that clear the air,
Brings a smile to our lips, and clears
the soul of the gloom that brooded
there;
And we bless the boy as he spats along
through rivers of rain and mud,
For the hope and cheer in that whistled
note would rainbow the sky in a
flood.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

- Tu. Hezekiah's great passover.—2 Chron. 30. 1-13.
- W. Cleansing and sacrifice.—2 Chron. 30. 14-20.
- Th. The feast continued.—2 Chron. 30. 21-27.
- F. Zeal and success.—2 Chron. 31. 1-8, 20, 21.
- S. A prosperous king.—2 Kings 18. 1-8.
- Su. The passover instituted.—Exod. 12. 3-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A National Revival, v. 1-5.
To whom besides his own subjects did Hezekiah send letters?
What great evil befell the kingdom of Israel while Hezekiah was king of Judah?
What did the feast of the passover commemorate?
Where was it always held?
Had these people been in the habit of going to it?
At what time of the year was it held?
With whom did the king take counsel to change the time?
For what reason?
Was this right?
How far did Hezekiah's proclamation reach?
What was the name of the last king of Israel?
Who had overthrown his kingdom?

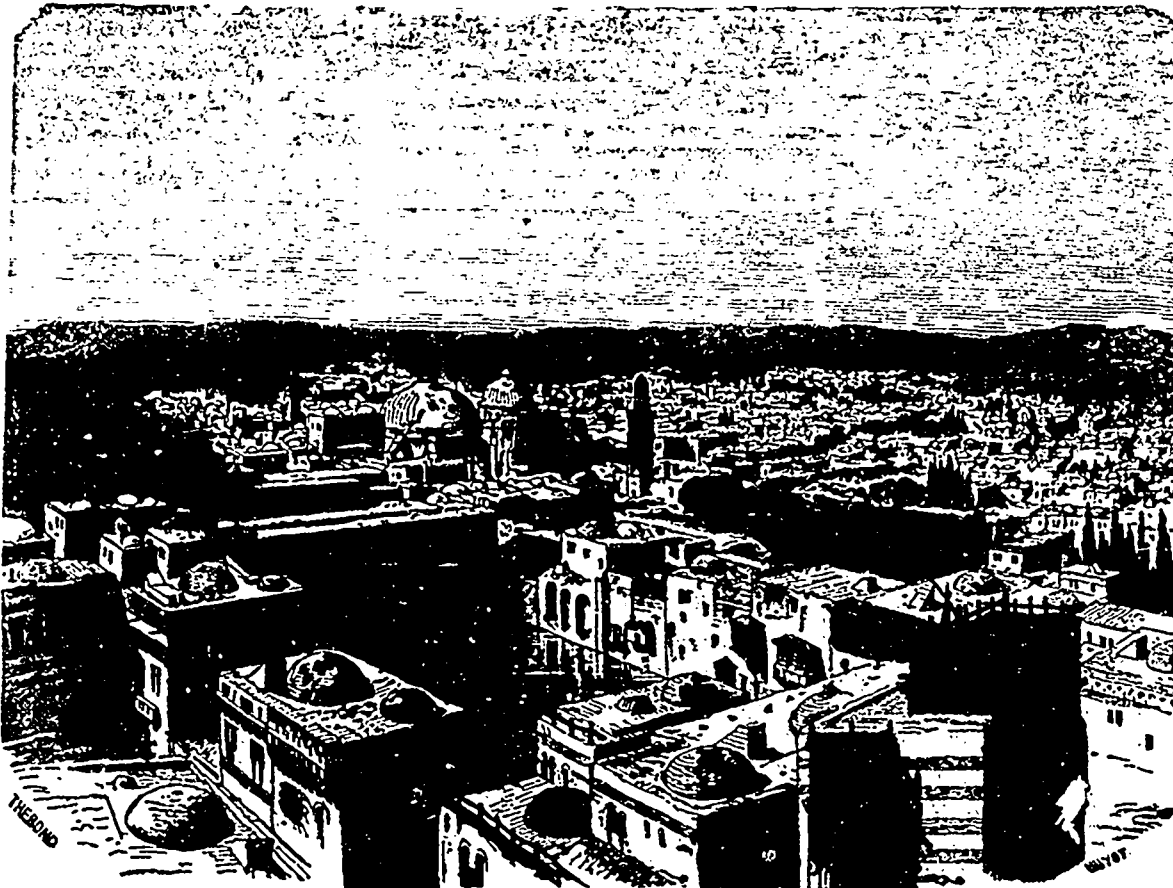
A CLEVER PIG.

In the United States the hog is apt to be very mischievous in fields and gardens, the ring being seldom used. The following ludicrous account of outwitting a trespassing pig was communicated to one of the journals:
"A farmer was greatly annoyed by his neighbour's pig getting into his field and harvesting on his own account. The farmer had diligently searched for a defect in the fence, but failed to find one where the pig could by any possibility enter. So he concluded to watch, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the trait enter the end of a crooked hollow log, which made part of the fence, one end being in his field, and the other in that of his neighbour.
"After driving the burglar out, he changed the position of the log, so that both ends were in his neighbour's field, and watched the result. Soon the pig came along, and went through the log as usual, but upon searching for potatoes he found only pasture grass. So, after some little delay, he seemed to arrive at the conclusion that he had not gone through the log at all, so he went through again, and upon emerging into the pasture-field seemed more mystified than ever. But after a more protracted search for potatoes than ever, he seemed to conclude that, owing to some

I thought you might send us something for a surprise. "Hans Brahm."
"P.S.—My hands are so cold I can't write very well."
Katrina's eyes filled with tears as she came to the end. She sat for some time with the letter in her hand; as she folded it, she resolved to do something to make the little boy happy. She said: "Whatever his parents may be, this child-faith must not be destroyed." That evening after dinner she told several of her friends about the matter, and they were eager to help her make up a box.
It was ready in a few days. There were some flannels for the mother and little Hans, comfortable clothes for the father, and toys enough to make the boy believe that the Christ-child did not live in Germany only. At the very top lay a crisp ten-dollar bill. As soon as the box left the house Katrina wrote a letter to Hans. She told him that his letter had been received, and that Jesus had sent one of his servants on earth to help him, and that a nice box was on its way out West.
Not long after there came a letter of warm thanks from the father. He explained how they had been in the country but a few months, and he had not yet found work.
As the weeks went by another and another letter came, telling of fairer prospects and brighter days. One thing they assured Katrina, "that they could never forget her kind letter and generous help in their time of saddest need."

A PLAN OF SUBTRACTION.

When I first knew Robert Race he was a healthy young fellow, standing well in society. He had a good house, good clothes, a good business, and had just inherited fifteen thousand dollars.
I did not see him for nearly twenty years. I found him feeble in health, lame, blind of one eye, shabby, and without home, business or money.
He would have been in the poorhouse, had not a cousin paid his board at a small farm-house.
"How is this, Robert?" I asked.
"Why are you so poor?"
"It is all an example in subtraction," he said. "I took time from my business to spend in bar-rooms and pool-rooms. I took money from my business and from my capital for drink and tobacco, for gaming and treating. It was all take, take, take away, and never any adding. And with late hours, strong drink, idle habits, it was all take, take, take from my health and good standing; and so here I am, ruined. Subtraction is a poor rule to live by," said Robert Race.



POOL OF HEZEKIAH, JERUSALEM.

THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

In the heart of the city of Jerusalem is the great pool shown in our text. According to tradition, it was created by King Hezekiah for the supply of the city during the siege. It was fed by an aqueduct from a source without the city walls. Portions of this aqueduct can still be traced. On one side is the Mediterranean Hotel, on the other a lot of shops and restaurants. When the Editor visited the city, the post-office and telegraph office both overlooked this pool. They have since been removed to a new building. It seems to carry one back well-nigh twenty-five hundred years to the reign of King Hezekiah. It is now a foul, unwholesome pool, not fit even for washing in, much less drinking.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 6.

HEZEKIAH'S GREAT PASSOVER.

2 Chron. 30. 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Yield yourselves unto the Lord, and enter into his sanctuary.—2 Chron. 30. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. A National Revival, v. 1-5.
2. The Invitation, v. 6-9.
3. The Response, v. 10-13.

HOME READINGS.

M. Hezekiah's good beginning.—2 Chron. 29. 1-11.

2. The Invitation, v. 6-9.

Who were the priests?
What was the first part of Hezekiah's message? "Turn again," etc.
What promise did he make them if they returned to God?
What had become of their fathers and their brethren who had so greatly trespassed?
What did Hezekiah exhort these people to do? Golden Text.
What promise did he make them?
Had he any foundation for such a promise?

3. The Response, v. 10-13.

How far did the posts go?
Why, probably, did they not go all the way?
What harsh treatment did they receive?
What people came humbly to Jerusalem?
How did the inhabitants of Judah feel?
Who worked on their hearts?
Did many come to the feast?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. A godly ruler?
2. An earnest exhorter?
3. An obedient people?

He was an earnest minister, and one Sunday, in the course of a sermon on the significance of little things, he said: "The Hand which made the mighty heavens made a grain of sand; which made the lofty mountains, made a drop of water; which made you, made the grass of the field; which made me, made a daisy!"

blunder of his own, he had not really gone through the log, so in he went again, and out into the pasture-field. But this time he stood still as a statue for about half a minute. Slowly the bristles began to stand erect along his back, and, with two or three tremendous sniffs, he set off at the top of his speed for the house of his owner, and never afterwards could be induced to approach that place."

THE FAITH OF LITTLE HANS.

The following touching story, told by a writer in Harper's Young People, is about a letter found by one of the clerks, a young German girl, in the Dead Letter Office, at Washington.

The young clerk had worked her way down through a large heap, and was beginning to think of lunch, when she came upon a peculiar little envelope addressed in German to "Jesus in Heaven." She tore it open hastily, and found a soiled sheet, written all over in a child's cramped hand. Some of the words seemed blurred with tears, and she could scarcely make them out.

Here is the translation:

"Dear Jesus: I have prayed so hard to you, but I guess you could not hear me so far off, so I'm going to write you a letter. We came over a big ocean when it was summer time. My mamma has been sick all the time. Can't you send her something to make her well? And, dear Jesus, please send my papa some work to do, so he can buy us some warm clothes and something to eat; and please do it quick, for we are cold and hungry.
"Nobody knows I am writing to you.

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