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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

[No 45

Going to School.

BY EMILY PEARSON BAILEY.

Laid by a loving father's hand,
Unto the schoolroom door there came
One summer morn a little child
With downcast eye and cheek aflame.
"I do not want to go to school,"
She cried. "Beneath the sky so blue,
Oh, let me stay." The father said,
"Dear child, the school is best for you."

Years passed. The child a woman grown,
With all a woman's graces crowned,
Amid life's cares and duties set
Recalled that morn; for she had found
The training of that very school,
The daily lesson there impressed,
So good, that gratefully she said:
"My father knew just what was best."

So when full stature of our lives
We reach beneath unclouded skies—
Such hope have all who love their Lord—
I think that we with glad surprise
Shall say: "Life's lessons all were good,
Its lights and shades, its toil, its rest,
Its disappointments, gain and loss;
Our Father knew just what was best."

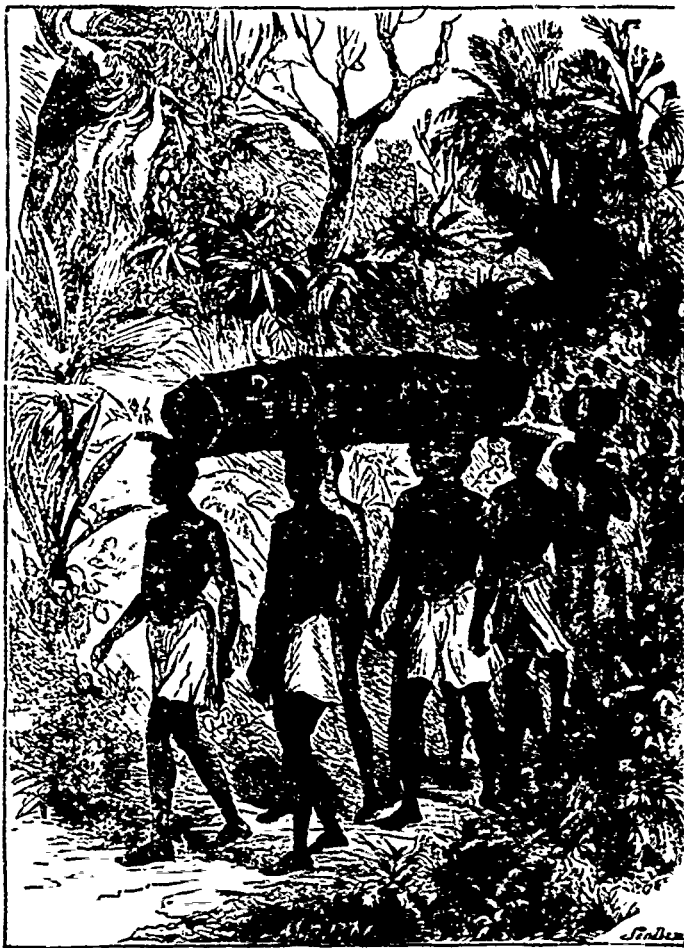
LIVINGSTONE'S LAST HOURS.

For many years David Livingstone, the celebrated African explorer, had been travelling through the Dark Continent trying to open up a way into which other men might enter bearing the Gospel of Christ.

For months he had been seeking to go around the head-waters of those Central African lakes which he believed to be the sources of the Nile, but which have since proved to be the head-waters of the Congo River. Although his strength had nearly all been spent in previous explorations, he had still pressed on, walking till he could walk no longer, carried on the shoulders of his devoted attendants, sometimes through water up to their hips. At last, when he could no longer hold himself erect, a swinging litter was made, and for an hour or two every day—his sufferings permitting no more rapid progress—he was borne between two men until they reached the native village of Ilala, on the western shore of Lake Bangweolo.

As they drew near to the village some of his men had run on before to procure a hut for him. The rude structure of boughs and grass was soon ready, and, leaning on the arms of his faithful Chuma and Susi, his companions of several years, he tottered to his bed on the floor. Here he lay for hours moaning softly, and as darkness drew on making his few arrangements, he dismissed his attendants for the night. When in the dim, early morning they went into the hut, the wasted figure lay no longer on the bed, but was kneeling beside it in the attitude of prayer, the face bowed upon the hands, the spirit gone to God.

His faithful men would not leave his body to be laid away in the dark African forest. With a care and prudence wonder-



THE MARCH TO THE COAST.

ful indeed in men of so little education, they prepared it for preservation. Carefully swathed in cloth and covered with bark, the body was raised to the heads of four of their number and the march to the coast began.

For nine long months, through dark jungles and across burning plains, they ran the gauntlet of hostile tribes. Nothing could turn them from their purpose, their master should lie in the beloved soil of his native land, among the dear ones of

whom he had so often spoken. So they pressed on, until at last they saw the sea, and gaining the port, they found in the harbour an English cruiser.

The body was carefully raised up the ship's side and carried safely to England, where, on April 18th, 1874, it was laid in its last resting-place in Westminster Abbey among so many of the good and great. In the pavement of the nave of the Abbey lies a black marble slab inscribed with these words:

Brought by Faithful Hands
Over Land and Sea,
Here Rests
David Livingstone,
Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist.

AN OBJECT IN LIFE.

We all require an object in life, something to live for, to work for, to aim after; something that will arouse our ambition, awaken our dormant energies, inspire love, and so keep mind, body, and heart in healthy exercise. The most miserable people in the world are those who have little or nothing to do. Busy folks have no time to nurse small grievances; and there is no medicine like work to heal the wounds that disappointment or sorrow have tried hard to make.

Boys and girls who start out with no object in life but to have a good time, will soon come to the end of their career, and die as the fool dieth. We should all aspire to have some worthy object on which to expend our talents, something that will elevate us and improve our moral and physical condition.

Our main object in life should be to do the will of our heavenly Father. We are put into the world for that purpose, and if we pursue evil instead of good we need not expect to go unpunished. Having set out with the determination to be a Christian, we find our eyes and our understanding opened as we go along, and are never at a loss for something to do. An idle Christian is a contradiction in terms.

Having put on this armour, we are next to study the occupation for which we are best fitted, and to prepare ourselves daily for the position we hope to fill. It may be our lot to serve in lowly places, and in some way our ambition may be thwarted so that we cannot carry out the desire of our heart. Well, all this is known to God, and if we look around we find something to live for, something that will give wholesome occupation to the mind, and prevent the thoughts from dwelling too much upon self.

It is easy to distinguish those who have an object in life from those who have nothing particular to do, and who expend their energies in an effort to kill time.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavour,
Let the great meaning enable it ever;
Dreep not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labour is gain."



LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA.

The Love of Jesus.

SOFTLY sing the love of Jesus!
For our hearts are full of tears,
As we think how, walking humbly
This low earth for weary years,
Without riches, without dwelling,
Wounded sore by foe and friend,
In the garden, and in dying,
Jesus loved us to the end.

Gladly sing the love of Jesus!
Let us lean upon his arm;
If he love us, what can grieve us?
If he keep us, what can harm?
Still he lays his hands in blessing
On each timid little face,
And in heaven the children's angels
Near the throne have always place.

Ever sing the love of Jesus!
Let the day be dark or clear,
Every pain and every sorrow
Bring him to his own more near.
Death's cold wave need not alight us,
When we know that he has died,
When we see the face of Jesus
Smiling from the other side!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. J. CRAFTS.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1. 21.

A GREAT king, of whom, perhaps, some of you have heard, had two countries that he ruled. One of them was large and pleasant and beautiful; and the other small and unpleasant and rough. In the pleasant country the king lived, and the city in which he had his palace had streets paved with gold. Its gates were made of pearls; and there were precious stones and gold and silver in the walls of the buildings. The trees bore fruit every month, and their leaves had power to heal disease; but the inhabitants of that country never said "I am sick." The king walked and talked with his people, and they were so happy that they sang very joyfully, and shouted the praises of their king.

The king also loved the other rough country where his people dwelt; but they were very wicked and disobedient; and when he went to live among them at the first, they drove him away by their unkindness. And yet he sent messengers almost every day to tell them that he loved them, and to promise that if they would send messengers to him, he would give them every good thing they desired. He told them he would come near to the borders of the pleasant country, and talk with them across the stream that separated the two lands. But these wicked people killed many of these messengers, and stoned others, and cursed their noble king. But he loved them so that he sent his own

son, the prince of his kingdom, to tell them about his great love for them. This prince put away his beautiful robes and dressed like a poor man, and walked with these wicked people, and slept with them in their fishing boats, and wept with them in their grave-yards, and talked with them kindly everywhere. They had disobeyed the laws of their king, and were to be punished with death; but this kind prince offered to take the punishment in their stead, and died for them, so that the king offered to forgive all who would ask to be forgiven. Who was this great king? (God.) What do we call the pleasant country? (Heaven.) What do we call the other country? (The earth.) What is the sweetest name of the prince who was punished in our stead? (Jesus.) In that part of the Bible which we call Matthew, in the first chapter and 21st verse, we see why the angels told his mother to give him that name: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."

MEANING OF NAMES.

Now names always mean something. How many boys here are named John? John means "gift of God," and every John should give himself back to God, to work for him and love him always. Charles means "manly;" Richard, "liberal;" David, "beloved;" Peter, "rock firm;" Abner, "light;" Albert, "bright;" William, "firm;" Alfred, "counsellor;" Ira, "watchful;" Elijah, "Jehovah, my God."

How many of the girls are named Annie? Annie means "merciful;" Ida, "God-like;" Ada, "happy beauty;" Josie, "one who saves others;" Kate, "pure;" Jane and Jennie, "full of grace;" Lizzie and Elizabeth, "consecrated;" Lucy, "daybreak;" Ellen, Ella, Ellinore, and Nellie, "light;" Augusta and Mary, "exalted;" Margaret, "a pearl."

In old times, people called a pearl a "margaret." In an old Bible, the pearl of great price was called "a precious margaret." A little girl named Margaret saw this, and was very happy to find her name in the Bible. All the Marys, Marthas, Ruths, Abigail, Graces, and Charities, can also find their names in the Bible. My name is not in the Bible. But there is a better place than the Bible to have our names, and we may all have our names there.

You see by what I have said, that names mean something. Was Jesus called by more than one name? Yes! he had more than a hundred names. Tell me some of them, and I will put the first letter of each on the black-board. Lamb, Lord, Light, Leader, Rose, Rock, Shepherd, Saviour, Vine, Wisdom, Emmanuel, King, Christ, God.

Which of these names of the Saviour do you like best? (Jesus.) Why was he called Jesus? Read the reason with me: "For he shall save his people from their sins."

I wonder if we all understand that word "sins"? How many of these children ever heard anyone swear, or lie, or speak angrily, or use vulgar words? Is it right to say such things? Did you ever do any of these wrong things? Think, and answer to God silently in your own hearts. What does God call wrong words and deeds? (Sins.) Whenever you or I do wrong, God writes in his book, "John used bad words," or "Mary did a naughty deed." Would you just now like to see God? When we have been doing wrong and have not been forgiven, we wouldn't like to see God. But remember that he sees us all the time. We cannot be happy here or go to be with God in heaven, unless we are clean inside from sin.

Little Kitty said one day to her mother: "Papa calls me good, aunty calls me good, and everybody calls me good, but I am not good."

"I am very sorry," said her mother.

"And so am I; but I have got a very naughty think."

"A naughty what?" asked her mother.

"My think is naughty inside of me."

Her mother asked what she meant.

"Why," said she, "when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry or anything; but when you was gone I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away, and everything bad. I thought all kinds of naughty things. Nobody but God knew it, and he cannot call me good.

Tell me, mamma, how can I be good inside of me?"

Who can save us from our sins? (Jesus.) Yes. He was punished in our stead on the cruel cross, that we might be forgiven. He was not put on the cross because he was naughty, but because we were naughty, and he didn't want us to be punished, and so he was punished in our stead. Let us offer together right now what the little girl called the "Snow Prayer": "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Another little girl, who had been very sad because her sins were not forgiven, became very glad; and when people asked her why she was so happy, she said: "Oh! I was so wicked, and God was angry with me; but now he has forgiven me, and that is why I am so happy." God had written all her wrong words and naughty deeds, all her "bads," on his book; but when she prayed he rubbed them all out for Jesus' sake, for he has promised to those who pray to be forgiven: "Thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more;" and also, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." When our hearts are forgiven and made clean, we shall want to see God, and be glad to think that God is near us now, and that by-and-bye we may be near him in heaven forever. Let us all bow down and pray that God will forgive all our sins, and help us to love and obey him always.

THAT DEATH-SONG IN MATABELELAND.

A MATABELE savage, who led the assault on the English soldiers, has given the description. The soldiers, numbering thirty-four, held the six thousand Matabeles at bay until their ammunition gave out; then stood up and sang "God save the Queen," and then died. The New York Tribune makes the following eloquent comment on that death-song in Matabeleland: "Your latter-day materialist may sneer at it as fustian, or as mere brute desperation. It was neither. It was the sense of duty conquering the sense of fear. It was the courage of soul triumphant over impending dissolution of the body. It was a 'crowded hour of glorious life' that indeed was 'worth an age without a name'; worth it, not only to the actors in it, but to the whole human race. Those men had no reason to think, and did not think, that their death-song would ever be heard by other ears than those of their destroyers. Their deed was not bravado, but modest, loyal duty. But their voices will henceforth live in countless throbbing hearts, and their valour makes life and the world seem nobler to all their fellow-men."

THE "STOP AWHILE."

WHEN Dr. David Livingstone was travelling through Africa he was shown by the natives a queer looking thorn that was known by the name of "stop awhile." The name had been given it because it was of such a formation that when a person had become entangled in it he could not escape without having his clothes torn to shreds. So thick, so sharp and so strong were its spines, that the more one would try to get free, the more firmly he would be held.

How many of you, boys, are being entangled and held by something a hundred times worse? Nay, do not look so astonished. Is it not true?

The first evening you went to that place—I won't say what place (for you know)—against the wishes of your parents, and with that crowd of bad boys, you were finding your way into the entanglements of something far more dreadful than this.

When you lingered, "for just a moment," to enjoy the sinful pleasure, was not the thorn taking hold on you? And did you not find it harder after that first participation to break loose from it?

The time to keep one's self from being entangled in sin, is to keep out of reach of it. And the present is a good time to renew our determination to keep entirely free from its enticements.

The Czar and the Dead Soldier.

UNARMED and unattended walked the Czar
Through Moscow's busy streets one wintry
day;
The crowd uncovered as his face they saw,
"God greet the Czar!" said they.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe;
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary
man
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the wintry
wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare;
And he who drew it bent beneath his load
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped, and beckoned to the
man:
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he
said.
"Only a soldier, sire"—the short reply—
"Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar,
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave."
"Move on, I follow. Such a one goes not
Unhonoured to the grave."

He bent his head, and reverent raised his cap,
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Followed the coffin as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers in the street, all wondering,
Looked on the sight, then followed silently:
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still as they went the crowd grew evermore,
Till thousands stood around the friendless
grave,
Led by that princely heart who, royal, true,
Honoured the poor but brave.

HOW SHE WON HIM.

MARY CANDER's life lasted just sixteen years. Most of that time was passed in bed in acute pain. She had learned to read and to cut out figures from paper with much skill, but there, perforce, her knowledge and acquirements stopped. Her family were generous Christian people, actively engaged in work for the poor. Poor little Mary wished to help also, but what could she do—herself ignorant, helpless and crippled?

Her window overlooked a hovel, in which lived John Martin, an idle Irishman, with his wife and eleven children. Drunkenness, untruthfulness and dishonesty were notorious faults of the Martins. They were all regarded as hopeless outcasts.

"I think," said Mary, "that if I could tell John how good the Lord has been to me, it would help him." But her father forbade the attempt.

"John's wife, then?" This was also forbidden.

"Send me little Phil, at least. He can do me no harm."

Phil, a bright, mischievous urchin of ten or thereabouts, was brought to her bedside. She showed him pictures, cut marvellous groups in paper and told him stories day after day, until she had won his confidence. Then she taught him to know her Friend, who, through hard lessons, was making her like to himself.

Phil continued to be her faithful daily companion for three years, when she died. Her influence over him seemed to be even stronger when she was gone than it was before. He separated himself from his family, worked steadily, educated himself, and when he became a man, settled in Iowa, where he married. His children are now among the most influential men and women in a city of that State. They are honourable, generous Christians, serving God and their fellow-men with a peculiar heartiness and energy.

The little seed which the sick girl planted in faith has grown to a mighty tree with widespread branches and much fruit.

Never neglect to do a good action or to speak a helpful word because "it is too small to be of use."

If the disciples had refused to distribute the five small loaves which the Master put into their hands, how would the great multitude have been fed?

"Even This Shall Pass Away."

Once in Persia reigned a king
Who, upon his signet-ring,
Carved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if hold before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Frains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not his gain,
Treasures of the mine or main.
"What is wealth?" the king would say—
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine,
I leave you comes, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly: "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sore and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"Even this shall pass away!"

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER III.—ONLY ANOTHER MONTH.

OLD TREFFY did not regain his strength. He continued weak and feeble. He was not actually ill, and could sit up day after day by the tiny fire which Christie lighted for him in the morning. But he was not able to descend the steep staircase, much less to walk about with the heavy organ, which even made Christie's shoulders ache.

So Christie took the old man's place. It was not always such pleasant work as on that first morning. There were cold days and rainy days; there was drizzling sleet, which lashed Christie's face; and biting frost which chilled him through and through. There were damp fogs, which wrapped him round like a wet blanket, and rough winds, which nearly took him off his feet. Then he grew a little weary of the sound of the poor old organ. He never had the heart to confess this to old Treffy; indeed he scarcely liked to own it to himself; but he could not help wishing that poor Mary Ann would come to the end of her troubles, and that the "Old Hundredth" would change into something new. He never grew tired of "Home, sweet home," it was ever fresh to him, for he heard in it his mother's voice.

Thus the winter wore away, and the spring came on, and the days became longer and lighter. Then Christie would go much farther out of the town, to the quiet suburbs where the sound of a barrel-organ was not so often heard. The people had time to listen in these parts; they were far away from the busy stir of the town, and there were but few passers-by on the pavement. It was rather dull in these outlying suburbs. The rows of villas, with their stiff gardens in front, grew a little monotonous. It was just the kind of place in which a busy, active mind would long for a little variety. And so it came to pass that even a barrel-organ was a welcome visitor; and one and another would throw Christie a penny, and encourage him to come again.

One hot spring day, when the sun was shining in all his vigour, as if he had been tired of being hidden in the winter, Christie was toiling up one of the roads on the outskirts of the town. The organ was very heavy for him, and he had to stop every now and then to rest for a minute. At length he reached a nice-looking house, standing in a very pretty garden. The flower-beds in front of the house were filled with early spring flowers; snowdrops, crocuses, violets, and hepaticas were in full bloom.

Before this house Christie began to play. He could hardly have told you why he chose

it; perhaps he had no reason for doing so, except that it had such a pretty garden in front, and Christie always loved flowers. His mother had once bought him a penny bunch of spring flowers, which, after living for many days in a broken bottle, Christie had pressed in an old spelling-book, and, through all his troubles, he had never parted with them.

And thus, before the house with the pretty garden, Christie began to play. He had not turned the handle of the organ three times, before two merry little faces appeared at a window at the top of the house, and watched him with lively interest. They put their heads out of the window as far as the protecting bars would allow them, and Christie could hear all they said.

"Look at him," said the little girl, who seemed to be about five years old; "doesn't he turn it nicely, Charlie?"

"Yes, he does," said Charlie, "and what a pretty tune he's playing!"

"Yes," said the little girl, "it's so cheerful. Isn't it, nurse?" she added, turning round to the girl, who was holding her by the waist to prevent her falling out of the window. Mabel had heard her papa make a similar remark to her mamma the night before, when she had been playing a piece of music to him for the first time, and she therefore thought it was the correct way to express her admiration of Christie's tune.

But the tune happened to be "Poor Mary Ann," the words of which nurse knew very well indeed. And as Mary Ann was nurse's own name, she had grown quite sentimental whilst Christie was playing it, and had been wondering whether John Brown, the grocer's young man, who had promised to be faithful to her forever and evermore, would ever behave to her as poor Mary Ann's lover did, and leave her to die forlorn. Thus she could not quite agree with Miss Mabel's remark, that "Poor Mary Ann" was so cheerful, and she seemed rather relieved when the tune changed to "Rule Britannia." But when "Rule Britannia" was finished, and the organ began "Home, sweet home," the children fairly screamed with delight; for their mother had often sung it to them, and they recognized it as an old favourite; and with their pretty, childish voices, they joined in the chorus: "Home, sweet home, there's no place like home, there's no place like home." And as poor Christie looked up at them, it seemed to him that they, at least, did know something of what they sang.

"Why have not I a nice home?" he wondered. But the children had run away from the window, and scampered downstairs to ask their mamma for some money for the poor organ boy. A minute afterwards two pennies were thrown to Christie from the nursery window. They fell down into the middle of a bed of pure white snowdrops, and Christie had to open the garden gate, and walk cautiously over the grass to pick them up. But for some time he could not find them, for they were hidden by the flowers; so the children ran downstairs again to help him. At last the pennies were discovered, and Christie took off his hat and made a low bow, as they presented them to him. He put the money in his pocket, and looked down lovingly on the snowdrops.

"They are pretty flowers, missie," he said. "Would you like one, organ-boy?" asked Mabel, standing on tip-toe, and looking into Christie's face.

"Could you spare one?" said Christie. "I'll ask mamma," said Mabel, and she ran into the house.

"I'm to gather four," she said, when she came back; "organ-boy, you shall choose."

It was a weighty matter selecting the flowers; and then the four snowdrops were tied together and given to Christie.

"My mother once gave me some like these, missie," he said.

"Does she never give you any now?" said Mabel.

"No, missie, she's dead," said Christie, mournfully.

"Oh!" said little Mabel, in a sorrowful, pitying voice, "poor organ-boy, poor organ-boy!"

Christie now put his organ on his back and prepared to depart.

"Ask him what his name is," whispered Mabel to Charlie.

"No, no; you ask him."

"Please, Charlie, ask him," said Mabel again.

"What is your name, organ-boy?" said Charlie, shyly.

Christie told them his name, and as he went down the road he heard their voices calling after him:

"Come again, Christie; come again another day, Christie; come again soon, Christie."

The snowdrops were very faded and withered when Christie reached the attic that night. He tried to revive them in water, but they would not look fresh again; so he laid them to rest beside his mother's faded flowers in the old spelling-book.

Christie was not long in repeating his visit to the suburban road, but this time, though he played his four tunes twice through, and lingered regretfully over "Home, sweet home," he saw nothing of the children, and received neither smiles nor snowdrops. For Mabel and Charlie had gone for a long country walk with their nurse, and were far away from the sound of poor Christie's organ.

Treffy was still unable to get out, and he grew rather fretful sometimes, even with Christie. It was very dull for him sitting alone all day; and he had nothing to comfort him, not even his old friend the organ. And when Christie came home at night, if the store of peace was not so large as usual, poor old Treffy would sigh, and moan, and wish he could get abut again, and take his old organ out as before.

But Christie bore it very patiently, for he loved his old master more than he had loved anyone since his mother died; and love can bear many things. Still, he did wish he could find someone or something to comfort Treffy, and to make him better.

"Master Treffy," he said, one night, "shall I fetch the doctor to you?"

"No, no, Christie, boy," said Treffy; "let me be, let me be."

But Christie was not so easily put off. What if Treffy should die, and leave him alone in the world again? The little attic, dismal though it was, had been a home to Christie, and it had been good to have someone to love him once again. He would be very, very lonely if Treffy died; and the old man was growing very thin and pale, and his hands were very trembling and feeble; he could scarcely turn the old organ now. And Christie had heard of old people "breaking up," as it is called, and then going off suddenly; and he began to be very much afraid old Treffy would do the same. He must get someone to come and see his old master.

The landlady of the house had fallen downstairs and broken her arm; a doctor came to see her, Christie knew; oh, if he would only step upstairs and look at old Treffy! It was such a little way from the landlady's room to the attic, and it would only take him a few minutes. And then Christie could ask him what was the matter with the old man, and whether old Treffy would get better.

These thoughts kept Christie awake a long time that night; he turned restlessly on his pillow, and felt very troubled and anxious. The moonlight streamed into the room, and fell on old Treffy's face as he lay on his bed in the corner. Christie raised himself on his elbow, and looked at him. Yes, he did look very wasted and ill. Oh, how he hoped Treffy would not go away, as his mother had done, and leave him behind!

And Christie cried himself to sleep that night.

The next day he watched about on the stairs till the landlady's doctor came. Old Treffy thought him very idle because he would not go out with the organ; but Christie put him off with one excuse and then another, and kept looking out of the window and down the court, that he might see the doctor's carriage stop at the entrance.

When at last the doctor came, Christie watched him go into the landlady's room, and sat at the door till he came out. He shut the door quickly after him, and was running down the steps, when he heard an eager voice calling after him.

"Please, sir; please, sir," said Christie.

"Well, my boy, what do you want?" said the doctor.

"Please, sir—don't be cross, sir, but if you would walk upstairs a minute into the attic, sir; it's old Treffy, and he's ever so poorly."

"Who is old Treffy?" asked the doctor.

"He's my old master; that's to say, he takes care of me—at least, it's me that takes care of him, please, sir."

The doctor did not quite know what to make of this lucid explanation. However, he turned round and began slowly to ascend the attic stairs.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked, kindly.

"That's what I want to know, sir," said Christie; "he's a very old man, sir, and I'm afraid he won't live long, and I want to know, please. But I'd better go in first, please, or; Master Treffy doesn't know you're coming, Master Treffy!" said Christie, walking bravely into the room, "here's the landlady's doctor come to see you."

And to Christie's great joy, old Treffy made no objection, but submitted very patiently and gently to the doctor's investigations, without even asking who had sent him. And then the doctor took leave, promising to send some medicine in the morning, and walked out into the close court. He was just getting into his carriage, when he felt a little cold hand on his arm.

"Please, sir, how much is it?" said Christie's voice.

"How much is what?" asked the doctor.

"How much is it for coming to see poor

old Treffy, sir? I've got a few coppers here, sir," said Christie, bringing them out of his pocket; "will these be enough, sir; or, if not, I'll bring some more to your house to-morrow."

"Oh," said the doctor, smiling, "you may keep your money, boy; I won't take your last penny, and when I come to see Mrs. White I'll give a look at the old man again."

Christie looked but did not speak his thanks.

"Please, sir, what do you think of Master Treffy?" he asked.

"He won't be here long, boy—perhaps another month or so," said the doctor, as he drove away.

"A month or so! only a month!" said Christie to himself, as he walked slowly back, with a dead weight on his soul. A month more with his dear old master—only another month, only another month. And in the minute which passed before Christie reached the attic, he saw, as in a sorrowful picture, what life would be to him without old Treffy. He would have no home, not even the old attic; he would have no friend. No home, no friend; no home, no friend! that would be his sorrow. And only another month before it came! only another month!

It was with a dull, heavy heart that Christie opened the attic door.

"Christie, boy," said old Treffy's voice, "what did the doctor say?"

"He said you had only another month, Master Treffy," sobbed Christie, "only another month; and whatever shall I do without you?"

Treffy did not speak; it was a solemn thing to be told he had only another month to live; that in another month he must leave Christie and the attic and the old organ, and go—he knew not whither. It was a solemn, searching thought for old Treffy.

He spoke very little all day. Christie stayed at home, for he had not heart enough to take the organ out that sorrowful day; and he watched old Treffy very gently and mournfully. Only another month; only another month! was ringing in the ears of both.

But when the evening came on, and there was no light in the room but what came from the handful of fire in the grate, old Treffy began to talk.

"Christie," he said, uneasily, "where am I going? Where shall I be in a month, Christie?"

Christie gazed into the fire thoughtfully.

"My mother talked about heaven, Master Treffy; and she said she was going home. 'Home, sweet home,' that was the last thing she sang. I expect that 'Home, sweet home,' is somewhere in heaven, Master Treffy; I expect so. It's a good place, so my mother said."

"Yes," said old Treffy, "I suppose it is; but I can't help thinking I shall be very strange there, Christie, very strange indeed. I know so little about it, so very little, Christie, boy."

"Yes," said Christie, "and I don't know much."

"And I don't know anyone there, Christie; you won't be there, nor anyone that I know! and I shall have to leave my poor old organ; you don't suppose they'll have any barrel-organs there, will they, Christie?"

"No," said Christie, "I never heard my mother speak of any; I think she said they played on harps in heaven."

"I shan't like that half so well," said old Treffy, sorrowfully; "I don't know how I shall pass my time."

Christie did not know what to say to this, so he made no answer.

"Christie, boy," said old Treffy, suddenly, "I want you to make out about heaven, I want you to find out all about it for me; maybe, I shouldn't feel so strange there, if I knew what I was going to; and your mother called it 'Home, sweet home,' didn't she?"

"Yes," said Christie, "I'm almost sure it was heaven she meant."

"Now, Christie, boy, mind you make out," said Treffy, earnestly; "and remember there's only another month! only another month!"

"I'll do my best, Master Treffy, said Christie, "I'll do my very best."

And Christie kept his word.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE bit of patience often makes the sunshine come.
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

"I fear you don't quite apprehend me," as the gaol-bird said to his baffled pursuers.



JEREMIAH CAST INTO THE DUNGEON.

AN OLD-TIME HERO.

BY SYDNEY HARE.

"Oh! see this picture," said Tom. "See those men. Fierce, I tell you!"

"What are they doing with that man?" asked Tom's younger brother, Archie.

"Jeremiah cast into the dungeon," read Tom under the picture. "Oh! I know all about Jeremiah."

"Tell me all about him," said Archie.

"Well, he was a prophet."

"I knew that myself," said Archie.

"Go on."

"And—he was cast into a dungeon."

"Yes, that's what the picture says. What was it for?"

"Oh!—because those were bad men and they didn't like him, I guess—"

"I guess if they had they wouldn't have put him in that dreadful hole," said Archie.

"Who were the men?"

"Well, now, Archie," said Tom, "I don't believe, after all, that I know much more about Jeremiah than you do. Let's go and ask grandpa."

With which wise admission Tom led the way to grandpa's room.

"Suppose you just begin at the beginning," proposed Tom. "Then we'll know something."

"Something worth knowing, too, surely," said grandpa. "Jeremiah is called 'the weeping prophet' because all through his life he was chosen by God for the sad duty of warning an obstinate people to forsake their sins, and foretelling the terrible punishment which was to come upon them."

"He lived about six hundred years before Christ—the exact dates are not given, but he prophesied in the reigns of Josiah, Jehoiakim, Jehoiachin, and Zedekiah."

"Zedekiah was king at the time of the Babylonish captivity, wasn't he?" asked Tom.

"Yes. Jeremiah was the son of Hilkiah, a priest of Anathoth, which is three miles north of Jerusalem. God told him of the destruction which was coming upon his nation, and he bravely and perseveringly delivered the terrible message. His life was spent in dread and danger, for, like all the rest of us, the Jews hated to be told of their sins. Time and again they arose in fierce wrath against his faithful warnings, even his own townsmen threatening him with death if he did not stop foretelling woe to them."

"After long years of revilings and persecution, and frequent flights before his cruel enemies, the judgment of God, so long prophesied by him, fell. The greater part of the people were carried away captives. Then Jeremiah exhorted them to patience and fortitude, assuring them that in the Lord's good time they should be restored to their country. The hapless

land was still torn by descents upon it of Egyptians, who kept up a war with the Chaldeans who held it. It was at one of these times that Jeremiah was thrown into the pit—a pit, we are told, full of mire, in which he sank. This was at the suggestion of his enemies, who went to the king, Zedekiah, with complaints that the woeful predictions of the prophet took away the courage of the fighting men. Did they dream that any courage in men's hearts or strength in men's arms could avail when the wrath of God was turned against them?

"An Egyptian servant took pity on the persecuted man and interceded for him so that the king gave permission for him to be released from his loathsome prison. They made a rope of old, rotten cloths and drew him out."

"After this he counselled Zedekiah to yield to the king of Babylon, promising safety to himself and his family and the city of Jerusalem if he did so. But Zedekiah seemed bent on the destruction of all depending upon him. He resisted the Babylonian, was taken prisoner, and his eyes were put out. Jerusalem was taken and the temple of the Lord burned."

"But Jeremiah was released from captivity and allowed to go where he pleased. He chose to remain with his people. Some of these, however, went for refuge to Egypt against his advice, taking him with them."

"After this little is known of him. He had finished his Lord's work and it mattered little where his sorrowful life should end. Some accounts say that he was stoned to death; others, that he died quietly in exile."

"I'm glad I didn't live in those days," said Tom, with a sober look at the picture.

"Yes, we may be thankful that our lot has fallen on times when faithful service to God is not full of peril and suffering; thankful, too, that there has been left us such a record of bravery and devotion."

A PLUCKY BOY.

THE famous electrician, Thomas A. Edison, like many another genius, began life as a poor boy. At twelve, he was selling peanuts and papers on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and using his odd minutes to study chemistry. He turned an old baggage-car into a laboratory, and for fear that somebody would touch his chemicals, he labelled every bottle "Poison."

He picked up a little knowledge of printing and of telegraphy, and when about sixteen saved the life of a little child, by snatching him from the track before a swiftly-coming train. In gratitude for the heroic act, the child's father offered to teach young Edison the art of telegraphy,

but all the time he was trying experiments with chemicals, sometimes resulting in accidents which cost him his place.

But he kept on working until he invented the system of telegraphy whereby four messages can be sent at once over the same wire. This was quickly followed by the phonograph, the telephone, the electric light, and various other inventions. He was described by the U. S. Patent Commissioner as "the young man who kept the pathway to the Patent Office hot with his footsteps."

HISTORY OF A BEAN.

THE history of a single bean, accidentally planted in a garden at South-bridge, Mass., is traced by a newspaper correspondent, who figured out its produce for three years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil, and when gathered in the autumn its yield as counted "was 1,515 perfectly developed beans from a single stalk. Now, if a single bean produced 1,515 beans, and each produced 1,515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,295,225, equal to 1,195 pounds, 597 quarts, or 2,390 army rations, equal to eighteen and five-eighths bushels. This would be the product for the second year. Now, if we plant this product and the yield is the same, we have a product of 5,468,058,800,625 beans, equal to 1,371,890 tons, or 42,871,572 bushels, or 548,756,068 soldiers' rations. This third planting would give the steamship *Great Eastern* ninety-two full freights."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 27.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 18.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Luke 6. 20-31. Memory verses, 27-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6. 31.

OUTLINE.

1. The Blessed Ones, v. 20-26.
2. The Loving Ones, v. 27-31.

TIME.—A. D. 27.

PLACE.—Not certainly known. This is called by some writers, "The sermon on the plain," because they believe it was delivered at another time from that given in Matthew.

RULERS.—Pilate, Procurator of Judea; Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Judea.

EXPLANATIONS.

20. "Blessed"—Happy. "Poor"—Those who have little of earthly wealth, whether in "spirit" or in pocket-book. "The kingdom of God," in our Lord's phraseology, meant the dominance of God, as if he said, "You that have little influence below may, nevertheless, control all that God controls; you that are deserted may have God as a friend; you that have no dollars may draw on God."

22. "The Son of Man"—The Consummate Flower of Humanity; the Ideal Man. The higher your ideals are, the more vigorously will some men hate you.

25. "Ye shall hunger . . . mourn," etc.—This does not mean that there is any merit in suffering, or any evil in prosperity; but simply that "God seeth not as man seeth," but reverses the conventional judgments of men.

29. The "cloak" was the outer garment, the coat the more needful inner one. The precepts of the twenty-ninth and thirtieth verses are put in figurative language to increase their strength, and they should be practised in harmony with the common sense God has given us, and with other texts of Scripture.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Sermon on the Mount—Luke 6. 20-31.
 Th. The Sermon continued—Luke 6. 32-36.
 W. Matthew's narrative—Matt. 5. 1-12.
 Th. Humility and gladness—Psalm 67. 29-36.
 F. Bearing reproach—1 Peter 2. 17-23.
 S. Coals of fire—Prov. 25. 14-22.
 Su. The Golden Rule—Matt. 7. 1-12.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That trial may bring joy?
2. That prosperity may bring sorrow?
3. That duty demands self denial?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who are "blessed?" Poor, hungry, weeping, and hated ones. 2. When are they "blessed?" When they suffer "for the Son of man's sake." 3. Who are the really poor? Those that are not "rich toward God." 4. Whom are we to love, and to whom are we to do good? Our enemies, and them which hate us. 5. What is the Golden Text? As ye would, etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Love as a law

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Why are these called the Moral Law?

Partly to distinguish them from ordinances concerning Jewish ceremonies; but chiefly because they contain in substance all the moral duties of men.

How did our Lord sum up the whole law?

In two great commandments of love to God and to man.

Coming.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THERE'S a new year coming—coming
 Out of some beautiful sphere,
 His baby-eyes bright
 With hope and delight:
 We welcome you, Happy New Year!

THERE'S an old year going—going
 Away in the winter drear;
 His beard is like snow,
 And his footsteps are slow:
 Good-bye to you, weary Old Year!

THERE'S always a new year coming;
 There's always an old year to go;
 And never a tear
 Drops the Happy New Year
 As he scatters his gifts on the snow.

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