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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1884.

No. 16

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs, A palace and a prison on each hand.

So writes the poet Byron of the gloomy arch which has been the last bridge crossed by many a hapless victim of tyranny. On the left hand side of the picture is seen the far-famed Palace of the Doges, with its stately banquet chambers and council halls. Ascending the grand stairway on which the doges were crowned, where the venerable Faliero in his eightieth year was executed, and down which rolled his gory head, and the Scala d'Oro, which only the nobles inscribed in the Golden Book were permitted to tread, we enter the great galleries filled with paintings of the triumphs of Venice, her splendour, pomp, and pride, and portraits of seventy-six doges. Here is the largest painting in the world, the "Paradise" of Tintoretto, crowded with hundreds of figures. The hall of the Senate, the Council of Ten, and of the Inquisitors of the Republic, with their historic frescoes, their antique furniture and fine caryatides supporting the marble mantels, and their memories of glory and of tyranny, all exert a strange fascination over the mind. In the splendid library I saw a copy of the first printed edition of Homer, and rare old specimens of the famous Aldine classics.

Crossing the gloomy Bridge of Sighs, I entered the still more gloomy prison of the doges, haunted with the spectres of their murdered victims.

There are two tiers of dungeons—one below the level of the canal, whose sullen waves could be heard by the prisoner lapping against the walls of his cell. The guide showed the instruments of torture,



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

the hideous apparatus of murder, the channels made for the flowing blood, the secret opening by which bodies of the victims were conveyed to the canal, and the cell in which the

Doge Marino Faliero was confined. In the latter, he told me, although I doubt the story, that Byron once spent forty-eight hours, that he might gain inspiration for his gloomy tragedy upon

the subject. The guide took away his taper for a time, that I might realize the condition of the unhappy prisoner. The darkness was intense, and could almost be felt. A very few minutes was long enough for me.

PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

OBEDIENCE, in every case will bring happiness, while disobedience will bring punishment. Prompt obedience by children to the commands of their parents is of untold value. Often lives are saved by it. An incident illustrating this occurred a few years ago in Prussia.

On a railroad in that country, a switch-tender was once taking his place to turn a coming train, then in sight, upon a different track, in order to prevent a collision with a train coming in an opposite direction. Just then he saw his little son playing on the track of the advancing train. What he could do must be done quickly! He could not save the child and be in time to turn the switch, and for want of that many lives might be lost. He was sorely troubled, but he could not neglect his greater duty, then in a loud voice he said to his son, "Lie down." He set the switch, and the train turned safely on the right track. This child was taught to obey, and he immediately lay down and the heavy train passed over him. As soon as the train passed the switch, the father rushed to where his boy lay, fearing he might find him torn to pieces, but to his great joy he found him safe and unhurt. By instant obedience his life was saved.

The King of Prussia heard of the circumstances, sent for the man the next day and made him a present for his faithfulness.

Young reader, are you as obedient

to your parents as this little boy was to his? or are you running on in a course of disobedience and folly? if you are, punishment will most assuredly come upon you some time.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.*

BY ALEX. MUIR, B.A.

IN days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came;
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast and pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined,
The Maple Leaf forever!

At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, home, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died.
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword evermore shall be
The Maple Leaf forever!

Our fair Dominion now extends,
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenty store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

On merry England's far famed land,
May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver,
God save our Queen and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

MR. BINGLE'S OLD COAT.

"SPLENDID!" said Mrs. Bingle, pulling the collar up and skirt down, and settling the pocket flaps, as Farmer Bingle tried on his new overcoat. "Real silk velvet collar!"

"Yes, and such a piece of cloth! Forty-five dollars for the whole thing."

"Forty-five dollars!" echoed Sam and Jim, admiringly.

"Yes. Seventeen for the tailorin' and trimmin's and twenty-eight for the cloth. It'll do me till I'm gray."

"What you goin' to do with the old one, pa?" asked Jim.

"It's a good coat yet," said Mrs. Bingle.

"Sam'll be grown into it two years more."

"First-rate coat. But—I was thinkin' some of givin' it to Parson Graves. You see, it'll go on my account for the year, and I won't have so much to pay on his salary."

Mrs. Bingle measured with her eye how much Sam would have to grow before fitting well into the roomy coat, and decided it might be at least three years, in the course of which time, added to the seven during which it had been doing duty on Sundays and great occasions, it might begin to look old-fashioned, and Sam might object to wearing it, that young gentleman having already begun to develop a taste for clothing which came reasonably near fitting him. So it was agreed that Parson Graves should have the old overcoat.

Accordingly on next Saturday, when the farmer with his wife was about to drive into the country town, he asked at the last moment:

"Now, where's that coat?"

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Bingle, "I've been so busy over that butter and eggs, if I didn't clear forget about it! Sally, Sally," she ran into the house calling to the girl who helped in the kitchen, "run up to the spare chamber and take that overcoat that hangs there, and some of them papers that lays on the shelf, and wrap it up well and bring it to me."

Sally brought it, and the huge bundle lay in Mrs. Bingle's lap as she rode.

"It is a good coat," she observed, half-regretfully, smoothing with her finger a corner of the cloth which peeped through a hole in the paper, and again revolving in her mind the possibilities of Sam's growing into it in two years. "Sam won't be likely to get any ready-bought coat half as good as this."

"Like as not he won't," agreed the farmer, "but never mind. It's more blessed to give than to receive, you know."

The Bingle household awoke the next morning with the impression that something of an event was impending in the family, which impression became, with full wakefulness, defined into the remembrance that the new overcoat was to be worn for the first time on that day. There was, however, no undignified haste nor trifling in the matter. The morning chores were done, morning prayer conducted with its time-honoured lengthiness, and then the farmer leisurely shaved himself as usual, at one of the windows of the great kitchen, before saying, in as indifferent a voice as he could command:

"Jim, run upstairs and get my overcoat."

Jim went, but delayed until his mother had put the last touches to the bow in her bonnet-strings—a process which was almost invariably interrupted by her husband with remarks that they would be late for church, before he was heard shouting:

"I can't find it."

"Where are you lookin'?"

"In the closet in your room."

"It's in the closet in the spare chamber," called his father.

Another long delay and then Jim came down stairs without it.

"I tell you it's on one of them pegs in our closet," said Mrs. Bingle, "I'll go myself. It's dark, and he can't see, but it's there, for I put it there myself."

"No," said Mr. Bingle, calling after her, "it's in the spare chamber closet. I put it there."

She was heard stepping briskly from one room to another, and then back again. Then down the stairs, when she stood before them in silence, on her face—blank consternation, and on her arm—the old overcoat!

"When did you hang it there?"

"I'd know—the day after it come, I guess. The old one always hangs there, so I took it down and hung the new one there."

Mrs. Bingle sank into a chair.

"It's gone."

"Gone to Parson Graves!" The boys stared, opened-mouthed, unable at first fully to take in the calamity.

"But you can get it again," at length Jim said, hopefully.

"Of course!" said Sam. "You can tell Parson Graves it was all a mistake, and it was the old coat you meant for him, and of course he'll change back."

But the farmer shook his head ruefully.

"No, that won't do. It's done, and it can't be undone," he said with a groan. "Don't one of you never let on about its bein' a mistake."

The family and the old coat was late at church, thus missing the sight of the entrance of the new coat, but it lay over one arm of the little sofa in the pulpit. And Farmer Bingle never could recall a word of that service through which he sat trying to bring himself into some friendly recognition of the fact that he had presented his minister with a forty-five dollar overcoat, which he could not hope to have count at anything near its full value on his yearly assessment, for who ever heard of a country parson having such a coat?

"Jings! Don't he look fine, though," ejaculated Sam, as Mr. Graves came down the aisle.

"And don't Mrs. Graves look set up!" said Jim.

"Enough to make any woman to hang on to a piece of cloth like that," said Mrs. Bingle.

Mr. Bingle was unhitching his horses as Mr. Graves came out of the church door, and did not at first raise his eyes as he listened to the remarks passing around.

"Bless me! What a fine-lookin' fellow our parson is, anyhow! Where on earth did he get that coat?"

"Must have had a fortune left him."

Mr. Bingle could not help a feeling that the coat had been well bestowed, as its wearer came to meet him with outstretched hands and a few words of acknowledgment of his gift. The coat had fitted the farmer well, but there was something more than the mere filling out of good cloth in the minister's dignified bearing; and in the scholarly face which appeared above it something which stirred up a feeling in many members of the congregation that this servant of the Lord had not hitherto been clothed in a fashion worthy of his high office.

"That's a shabby old hat to wear with it," said one of the village storekeepers. "I'll see about that before another Sunday comes 'round."

As Mr. Bingle felt the grasp of his pastor's hand, he began almost to be glad he had given the coat. And then, as the fact of his having given it was whispered about, to feel ashamed of receiving so much credit for an act which he never would have thought of performing. For an honest and really warm nature lay under the crust of parsimonious selfishness which had hardened over his heart, as it has, alas! over so many which might overflow in deeds of kindness to bless those who have given not grudgingly, but their whole selves to the Master's service.

"I feel like a liar, yes I do!" said Mr. Bingle to his wife, with an energy which startled her, as they rode home.

"To have that man shakin' me by the hand, and talkin' about my generosity, and his wife's eyes 'beamin' up at me, and me not able to right out and tell 'em I'm a grudin', tight-fisted old—I tell you what!" he gave his horses such a vigorous cut with the whip that Jim and Sam, on a backless seat of the bob sleigh, nearly went over backwards into the snow, "I've got to get even with myself somehow, but I don't know just how, yet."

It was astonishing what a commotion

Farmer Bingle's gift created in the parish. Not one eye failed to mark the justice done by Mr. Graves' goodly figure to the goodly garment, and with an awakening pride at the possession of such a fine-looking pastor came a desire to see him thoroughly well-equipped. Which desire found expression in such a visitation at the parsonage as had never before been dreamed of. Cheap goods and cast-offs were ignored in the generous supply of winter comforts which each giver made sure should be in keeping with the new overcoat, and the wives and mothers had seen to it that Mrs. Graves and the children should look fit to walk beside that tailor-made piece of cloth.

Mr. Bingle had smiled with a light in his eyes, which came up from somewhere under that broken crust, at the set of furs which his wife carried to Mrs. Graves that night. But in the early gray of the wintry morning after he, with Sam's help, quietly unloaded in the back yard of the parsonage, a firkin of butter, the same of lard, and six barrels of his best apples, packed for market.

"A good forty-five dollars worth if I'd carted it a half a mile further," he said to his wife with a face which shone as he sat down to breakfast.

"And not a soul heard us," said Sam, rubbing his hands in great glee. "Wish't I could see 'em when they find out!"

"Now I'm even," said the farmer "And I'm sure it was the best day's work I ever did when I give away that coat by mistake."

SUMMER IN NORWAY.

THE long daylight is very favourable to the growth of vegetation, plants growing in the night as well as in the day in the short but ardent summer. But the stimulus of perpetual solar light is peculiarly trying to the nervous system of those who are not accustomed to it. It prevents proper repose and banishes sleep. I never felt before how needful darkness is for the welfare of our bodies and minds. I longed for night; but the further north we went the further we were fleeing from it, until at last, when we reached the most northern point of our tour, the sun set for one hour and a half. Consequently the heat of the day never cooled down, and accumulated until it became almost unendurable at last. Truly for a most wise and beneficent purpose did God make light and create darkness. "Light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing to the eyes to behold the sun." But darkness is also sweet; it is the nurse of nature's kind restorer, balmy sleep, and without the tender drawing round us of its curtains the weary eyelid will not close, and the jaded nerves will not be soothed to refreshing rest. Not till the everlasting day break, and the shadows flee away, and the Lord himself shall be our light, and our God our glory, can we do without the cloud in the sunshine, the shade of sorrow in the bright light of joy, and the curtain of night for the deepening of the sleep which God gives his beloved.—*Rev. Hugh Macmillan's "Holidays on High Lands."*

The boy who bit into a green apple remarked with a wry face. "'Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."

* These spirited verses were sung at the late U. E. Loyalist celebration at Toronto.

SAVE THE BOY.

ONCE he sat upon my knee,
Looked from sweet eyes into mine,
Questioned me so wonderfully
Of the mysteries divine;
Once he fondly clasped my neck,
Pressed my cheek with kisses sweet,
O my heart! we little reck
Where may rove thy precious feet.

Once his laugh with merry ring
Filled our house with music rare,
And his loving hands would bring
Wreaths of blossoms for my hair.
O! the merry, happy sprite!
Constant, ceaseless source of joy,
But to-night, O God! to-night,
Where, oh where's my wand'ring boy!

'Midst the glimmer and the glare
Of the room where death is dealt,
Scarce you'd know him; but he's there,
He who once so reverent knelt
At my knee and softly spoke
Words into the ear of God.
Oh my heart! 'tis smitten, broke;
Crushed, I bend beneath the rod.

Oh this curse that spoiled my boy,
Led him down and down to death,
Robbed me of my rarest joy,
Made a pang of every breath.
Mothers, fathers, hear my plea!
Let your pleading pierce the sky;
Pray and work most earnestly;
Let us save our boys or die!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1884.

THE CATECHISM IN THE SCHOOLS.

WE observe in the reports of the proceedings of the Conferences recently held the statement that in the schools of some of these Conferences there was a great neglect in the study of the Catechism. Now this is a most serious matter, to which we wish to call the earnest attention of all Sunday-school workers. It is of the utmost importance that our young people be thoroughly grounded in the doctrines of Holy Scripture. In an age of infidelity and skepticism nothing will prove such a safeguard against the assaults of doubt and error as a familiar acquaintance with those doctrines as taught in the admirable Catechism of our Church. For several years the Editor of the Sunday-school periodicals has inserted in all those periodicals and Lesson Leaves a portion of the Catechism for every Sunday in the year. That these portions of the

Catechism have been largely studied is shown by the following extract from the Sunday-school Report prepared by the Rev. Alfred Andrews, the energetic secretary of the S. S. Board, and presented to the General Conference of 1882:—

"A marked improvement is shown in the attention given to the study of the Catechism, the number of scholars engaged in that study having increased in four years from 15,041 to 26,912, being an increase of 9,871, or over 60 per cent."
The Sunday-school Committee, at the suggestion of the present writer, made the following recommendation:—

"THE CATECHISM.

"It is also unanimously recommended that the General Conference be requested to reiterate its injunction that the study of the Methodist Catechism be a part of the regular Sabbath instruction in our schools, in accordance with the present plan of giving sections of the Catechism in the Lesson Helps of our Church. Also, that the ministers be required to call the attention of parents to the duty of catechetical instruction in the homes as well as in the schools."

This recommendation was unanimously adopted by the General Conference, and was subsequently printed in pamphlet form with the rest of the S. S. Committee's Report, and a copy was sent to every minister and, as far as their addresses could be obtained, to every S. S. Superintendent in the then Methodist Church of Canada.

The General Conference also appointed a committee, consisting of Drs. Dewart, Harper, Burwash, and Withrow, to edit the new English Wesleyan Catechism for publication in Canada for the use of our schools. That was done, and large editions of the new Catechisms, Nos. I. and II., were printed and published. As soon as the first or Shorter Catechism appeared it was issued in brief portions in each number of the *Sunbeam*, and has been so issued in every number since. It was accompanied by the following editorial recommendation, which we here repeat, that all our Sunday-school workers may have "line upon line" on this important subject:—

"THE CHILD'S CATECHISM.

"A little girl, who had heard a good deal about the Catechism, once asked if there was not a 'kitty-chism,' for little children. She meant a shorter and simpler form, having about the same relation to the Catechism that a kitten has to a cat. Now there is such a beautiful little book specially prepared for the youngest children. A little bit of it will be given with each Sunday-school lesson, in each number of the *Sunbeam*, and we want every one of our little readers to learn it off by heart and say it, first to their mother or father at home, and then to the teacher at school. We hope that parents will help the little folk to learn and say this short lesson, and that each teacher will see that it is not neglected. A good plan will be to have it said by the whole class together at the close of the lesson. It will only take a minute, or less, and, if well learned, will never be forgotten, and will be a great blessing to the children all their lives long."

At the beginning of the present year the old Larger Catechism, which

had been published over and over for years in the S. S. papers, was superseded by the new Catechism which we introduced with the following editorial note:—

THE CATECHISM FOR 1884.

"For some months we have been printing in the *Sunbeam* the new Methodist Catechism, No. I., for the little folk. We begin with the New Year to print in the *PLEASANT HOURS*, *Banner* and *Quarterly* the new Methodist Catechism, No. II., for older scholars. It is the best summary of Christian doctrine and Bible history we ever saw. It was prepared at the request of the Wesleyan Conference in England, by the Rev. Dr. Pope, one of the ablest theologians living, and is published by order of the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada. We hope that both these Catechisms, No. I. and No. II., will be diligently studied in the schools. We know of nothing that will so fill the mind with Scriptural views of God and our relation to him, and the duties springing out of these relationships, as the study of these little summaries of the doctrines of Methodism throughout the world."

There are thus placed in our schools every Sunday no less than 185,000 copies of consecutive sections of the Catechism of our Church.

This is nearly three times as many as were in circulation at the time of the General Conference two years ago, and the number is rapidly increasing with the increasing circulation of our S. S. periodicals. For it is a fixed principle with the present Editor that whatever else shall be omitted from those periodicals the doctrinal teachings of our Church, as taught in these inestimable Catechisms, shall not be omitted.

If, therefore, there has been any neglect in any quarter to properly study the Catechism, it has not been for lack of facilities for that study.

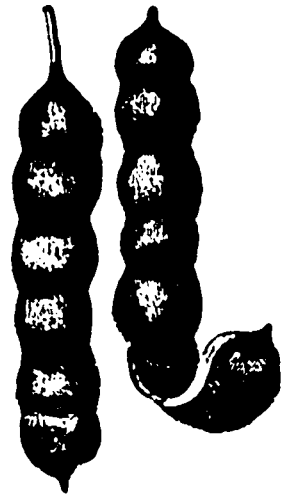
In addition to these, within the past year successive editions, amounting to 28,500 copies, of the new Catechisms have been called for. Of the old Catechisms it is impossible now to say how many have been printed—probably not less than a quarter of a million.

We are glad to learn that some of the Conferences are making special efforts to introduce an ample supply of the Catechism into every school on every circuit. May this effort go on till every child in every school is taught the saving truths of our holy religion.

We earnestly hope that all teachers and superintendents will kindly and heartily co-operate in securing the learning of the Catechism. We would suggest that its recitation should take place in connection with the opening or closing exercises. It need not take more than two or three minutes, and will be of incalculable benefit to the children and youth committed to our care. We have pleasure in this connection in reprinting from the S. S. *Journal* the following suggestions as to the use of the Catechism:

THE CATECHISM IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The superintendent of a Sunday-school in New Jersey writes us an interesting account of his method of catechetical instruction in the Sunday-school. He uses the Catechism in connection with the Church Hymnal. The portion of the Catechism to be used is announced a week beforehand,



CARROB BEANS.

and hymns are carefully selected appropriate to the catechetical lesson. Every hymn is read and commented on before singing. At the close of the regular Bible lesson the superintendent asks the selected questions from the Catechism, and after the answers have been given by the school, the appropriate passages of Scripture that are found in the Catechism are read responsively by the superintendent and the school. Not over ten or fifteen minutes are used in this exercise, and our correspondent says that great interest is manifested in it.

The idea of uniting appropriate singing with the Catechism is one worthy of attention. No doubt it helps to fix the whole subject in the minds of the scholars. The same may be said of the excellent Scripture selections.

The value of early catechetical training cannot be gainsaid, notwithstanding some modern objections to it. The Rev. Jesse Lee, a famous man in American Methodism a hundred years ago, writes his experience concerning it: "In a thousand instances when I felt an inclination to act or speak amiss, I have been stopped by the recollection of my Catechism, some parts of which I did not understand; yet it was good upon the whole that I learned it."—*Memoir*, p. 4.

We cannot afford to neglect our excellent Catechism. Let us "hold fast the form of sound words."

CARROB BEANS.

THESE curious-looking beans are found in Palestine. In Luke xv. 16, we are told that the prodigal son desired to eat "husks." These carrob beans are what is meant by "husks" in that text. None but the poorest and most miserable people think of eating them.

They are sometimes brought to this country, and are sold under the name of "St. John's Bread," or "locust beans," because some people think that John the Baptist ate them. But the locusts which he ate were not locust beans, but the insects of that name.

THE Rev. Jacob Freshman is steadily pushing the work of evangelization among the Hebrews in New York city. The plodding routine work of this noble missionary and his assistants, though seldom attracting public attention, is destined to bring forth large and permanent results in the near future. He deserves the prayerful sympathy and the practical help of all God's people.—*Christian Advocate*.



BABY'S DIMPLE.—(See next page.)

WHERE SHALL BABY'S DIMPLE BE.

OVER her baby the mother hung,
Softly cooing a slumber song;
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my baby again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low,
A murmur into her, music broke,
And she paused to hear, for she could but
know
The baby's angel spoke:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I wake your baby again?"

Silent the mother sat, and dwelt
Long on the sweet delay of choice;
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
And sang with a pleasant voice:

"Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charms with its youth will disappear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be
For the harboring smile will fade and flee;
But touch thou the chin with impress deep,
And my baby the angel's soul shall keep."

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

FROM his relation to the Sunday-school work of the Methodist Church of Canada, the Editor of the PLEASANT HOURS felt it to be his duty to be present at the fourth triennial Sunday-School Convention held in Louisville, Kentucky, during the second week in June. It was a great privilege to enjoy its services and share its inspiration. The most earnest-hearted Sunday-school workers of the continent brought their contributions of hallowed zeal, and kindled such a fire of enthusiasm as should wrap the whole hemisphere in its flame. The Convention was much more largely attended than any previously held. Louisville is very near the geographical centre of population of the continent, and is very easily accessible by rail from every direction. The proverbial southern hospitality of its people provided a cordial welcome to heart and home for the many hundreds from all parts of the continent. The meetings were held in the large opera-house, which was never put to better use. It was beautifully draped with the blended Stars and Stripes and Union Jack, and adorned with appropriate mottoes and eloquent Sunday statistics, and by a star-studded map indicating the S. S. progress of the triennium. A large open Bible, formed of lilies of the valley and other fragrant flowers, adorned the stage, and row behind row among the "flies," slides, and painted pageantry of the theatre sat the array of appointed speakers, who thus saw more of life behind the scenes than they ever did before. Parquette and balconies were crowded with delegates and visitors, and overflow meetings were held in neighbouring churches.

It was an inspiring sight to see marshalled under the standards of their several States and provinces the representatives of the great army of Sunday-school workers of the continent. Here side by side were delegates from New Hampshire and Colorado, Maine and California, New Brunswick and Mexico, Ontario and Florida. Many

of the most distinguished laymen and ministers of the continent were present—Judges, Colonels, Professors, Merchants, Doctors of Law, of Medicine, of Divinity—Vincent, Jacobs, Porter, Reynolds and Haygood, Gillet, McLean, and a host of others, including English, French, German, and Italian. Canada received even more than her share of honours. Among the appointed speakers were the Rev. John McEwen, the Rev. Thomas Griffith, S. H. Blake, Esq., and the present writer, and D. McLean, Esq., was one of the most active and efficient members of the Executive Committee. Mr. Blake who acted as chairman at the opening of the Convention and at several of its meetings, captured all hearts by the eloquence of his response to the address of welcome, and the wit and humour of his interjected remarks from the chair. He well said that this great Convention of Christian workers, representing on this continent alone a great army of nearly ten millions of scholars and teachers, was of greater moral importance than the recent great Convention in Chicago, assembled to select a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

One of the marked advantages of such international and interdenominational Conventions is the friendly feeling between nations and Churches that they cultivate. The most cordial co-operation in Christian work is exhibited, and it is only by inquiry that one can find out to what Church any speaker belongs. This cordial co-operation and fraternity is the first essential to any scheme for Christian unity and fellowship. The references to Canada, to England, and to our good Queen, were most kindly, and were applauded to the echo. The best part of the American nation is the loving sympathy with the dear old land which is the "mother of us all." The blatant dynamiters represent only the vilest dregs of a heterogeneous foreign population.

The temperance sentiment of the Convention was most marked. Nothing woke such thunders of applause as the report from the great State of Georgia, that whiskey had been legislated out of three-fourths of its counties. Much prominence was given to temperance work in the Sabbath-school. Miss Frances Willard, Miss Sallie Chapman, and other temperance workers spoke on this subject, and a strong desire was expressed for more frequent and definite temperance lessons.

Dr. John H. Vincent was, of course, a prominent feature in the Convention. He delivered two set addresses with his characteristic eloquence and vivacity. One on the Bible—the teachers' text-book and weapon; the other on his favourite theme—the Chautauquan idea. This idea is spreading in ever-widening circles, and touching every class in society and almost every part of the continent. It is one of the most important educational agencies of the day. The Church is to be congratulated that Dr. Vincent was not diverted from his grand Sunday-school and Chautauqua work by being made a bishop at the late General Conference—a fate which he narrowly escaped. As Dr. Cunyngnam, of the M. E. Church South, remarked, the General Conference found that there would be so much waste in cutting him down to the size of an ordinary bishop that it wisely concluded not to make the sacrifice.

One of the most important transactions of the Convention was the appointment of the International Committee of fourteen to select the Lessons for the seven years following the expiration of the present series. Here, again, Canada was honoured by the appointment of Mr. S. H. Blake, the only layman, besides Mr. Jacobs, one of the originators of the scheme, on the committee. The Rev. Dr. Potts, who was a most efficient member of the old committee, was reappointed. Among the other prominent members are Dr. J. H. Vincent, Chairman, Dr. J. Hall, Dr. Broadies, Dr. Burgher, Dr. Cunyngnam and Bishop Chiney. No greater honour could be done these men, and no greater responsibility imposed than to assign them the task of selecting the world's Sunday-school study of the Word of God for the period of seven years.

The music of the Convention was an inspiration—it was so hearty, so fervid, so spiritual in its character. The interest continued to cumulate till the end. The closing service was one of deep emotion, and re-enacted the scene witnessed in Toronto three years ago. The Executive of the International S. S. Association purpose to carry on aggressive Sunday-school work more vigorously than ever. The progress of the last three years has been very great, but it is anticipated that that of the near future shall outdistance anything hitherto attempted.

THE STORM AND ITS LESSON.

AN awful thunderstorm was raging one evening. One flash of lightning followed another so quickly, that the bedroom in which two little girls were lying was brilliantly lighted up every few seconds, and the roar of the thunder, harmless if they had but known it, had a terrible sound in the ears of the children. They hid their heads beneath the bedclothes trembling and afraid, or peeped out for a moment, only to shrink again below the welcome covering.

It was still early in the evening and only the children were in bed. Passing backwards and forwards on the landing outside their door, went a young housemaid who was arranging the other rooms for the night. As she moved briskly from place to place, she lifted up her sweet young voice and sang a favourite hymn:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

"Jane, Jane," cried a little voice from the bedroom, "are you not afraid? How can you go on singing when it lightens so and the thunder makes such a noise?"

"Afraid, Miss Annie? Oh, no," said the girl. "How can I be afraid, when I know that God is here? He takes care of me and nothing can hurt me without his will. Beside, he made the lightning and thunder and rain, and they all do a great deal of good too, each in its way."

"Do they?" said the child, venturing her head outside the clothes and taking courage. "But lightning kills

people sometimes," she added, with a shudder.

"Yes, dear," said Jane, "but it is only as God wills. It cannot do anything but just what he sends it to do. Don't be afraid; just try to think that you must be safe in God's keeping. He will take care both of you and me."

Then Jane kissed the young faces, and bade them notice how already the lightning did not come so frequently or the voice of the thunder sound so loudly. Her words left them comforted, and, with the sweet thought in their minds, "God will take care of us;" whilst the young housemaid resumed alike her work and her song:

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

It was noticed in after years that when older people showed fear during a storm these children were calm, cheerful and always ready to cheer others. Their confidence arose from the lesson of trust taught them by the young servant's words and example. They learned to say, "These are God's works. They are only fulfilling his word. Under the shadow of his wings we rejoice."—*Child's Companion.*

WORK AWAY!

Work away!
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us
Night and day.

Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying,
See that never thread lies wrong;
Let not clash nor clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels confound us,
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long.
Work away!

Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us
Night and day.

Work and pray!
Work, and prayer will be the sweeter;
Pray, and work will be completer;
Love, and prayer and work the fleetest
Will ascend upon their way.
Work away!

A CHANGED MAN.

A SOLDIER in India, a stout, fine-looking, lion-hearted man, had been a noted prize-fighter, and was a terror to all who knew him; but he happened to hear a missionary talk to some men—listened—heard again—began to read his Bible, and from that time was a changed man—so changed that every one marked it.

Some months after this some of his comrades, who had before been most afraid of him, began to ridicule him in the mess-room.

One whispered to the others, "I'll try whether he's a Christian;" and taking up a basin of hot soup, he threw it into his bosom.

All the soldiers gazed in silence, awe-struck, for they expected the outraged man would start up and murder his assailant on the spot.

But he tore open his shirt, wiped his scalded breast, and turning round, said calmly, "This is what I must expect, if I become a Christian; I must bear persecution."

His comrades were filled with astonishment, and he became the most popular man in the mess, and best friend to the man who had so insulted him.

HOW LITTLE BESSIE FELL ASLEEP.

HUG me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night;
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast;
O! I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest!

All the day, while you are working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said;
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,
And I wish he'd come and take me
In his arms that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.
All at once the window opened—
In the field were lambs and sheep;
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see,
And I wondered if he saw me,
If he'd speak to such as me.
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, O, how sweetly,
Sweeter songs I never heard;
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird.
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled;
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, "Come here, my child."

"Come up here, my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see."
Then I thought of all you told me
Of that bright and happy land:
I was going when you called me—
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me; I would go—
O! to sleep, and never suffer—
Mother don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight,
O! how much I love you, mother,
But I feel so strange to-night!

And her mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest,
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

NEVER mind, Katy, never mind the sneers of your lady-fied cousin sitting by the window toying with the last novel; come here, and let me see your hands. Nay, do not try to hide them under your apron. Are they red and cold? Let me warm them between my loving palms. Sit here on my lap, let me kiss the tear from your eye, and smile the burning blush off your cheek, and we will have a little talk about beautiful hands. Now you need not offer one excuse, my child; I know all about it. You cannot always stop to put on gloves when your mother is in a hurry for a few chips, or a stick or two of wood. I know you rub them with glycerine at night, but that will not always keep them smooth; and you wash them with meal or with boiled potato, but it will not make them always look white; nevertheless they may be beautiful hands for all that.

Let us see. Are they industrious hands? Do they always find something to do for themselves or for

others? Are they dutiful hands? Are they always ready to do father's wishes and mother's bidding? Are they discreet hands? Do they always do that which is right and becoming? Are they bountiful hands? Are they always ready to give to the needy and the destitute? Are they clean hands? Do they never perform a sly or a mean action? Are they loving hands? Do they often reach out to caress the dear ones around them? Ah, my darling! Your hands may not be lily white; you may not wrap them in kid, and anoint them with idleness; still they may be beautified with a thousand graces poured over them from a pure mind and a loving heart. God has given you these hands, my child, for unnumbered useful purposes. With them you can bless yourself and all about you. It were a sin and a shame, then, to keep them idle to be looked at. Never let another tear come into your eyes when any one is so thoughtless as to ridicule the roughness of your hands. Never be ashamed of the signs of toil upon them, they are evidences of your usefulness; they are some of the marks which in the sight of God and good men make your hands beautiful.—*Aunt Julia.*

SEEKING REST.

THROUGHOUT India, at certain seasons of the year, the Brahmins consult their works on astrology, and appoint *melas*, or religious festivals at certain sacred places. These places are generally near some body of water, some supposed sin-cleansing pool. The people assemble from afar and near to bathe and to worship the idols in the temples.

The late Rev. J. D. Brown, in a letter, told the following touching story in regard to one of these annual gatherings:

"Having preached to the crowds of pilgrims one morning, I had gone to my tent. Sitting in the door, I watched the pilgrims passing by, on a three mile march around the pond. Among the many that morning there came a poor woman, bowed under the weight of many years. Leaving the others she came and sat down under the shade of a tree in front of my tent. Contrary to custom, I approached her and said, respectfully: "Old mother, who are you?" Looking up with a sad face, she replied, "I am a poor, old pilgrim." "How long have you been a pilgrim?" Again she turned her weary-looking face toward me and said, "O, sir, I have been a pilgrim for fourteen years. I have been to the Ganges, and to many other shrines. I have spent all my money, and I am a poor old pilgrim still."

I then said, "Tell me why you go on these long pilgrimages. What are you seeking?"

A look of utter loneliness and despondency gathered over the old pilgrim's face as she said, in words and tones I can never forget, "I am seeking rest for my soul."

"Have you found it?"

Again the lonely, weary expression came over her face as she said, sorrowfully, "No rest yet."

Christian sisters, hear the cry from the women of heathen lands: "seeking rest for our souls." They look to us imploringly. Let us hasten to tell them of One who says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

CHEWING GUM.

ID you know that nearly three-quarters of the chewing gum that tires the jaws of the rising generation in the United States is now made from petroleum?" said a manufacturing confectioner to a reporter the other day. The reporter did not know it. "Oh, yes," said the confectioner. "Petroleum first knocked the spots off the whale oil business of New England, and now it is clipping into its spruce and tamarack gum industry at a fearful rate. Here's a lump of petroleum we have just received." The confectioner slapped his hand on a large oblong block that resembled a block of marble. "A few days ago," said he, "that came out of the ground in Pennsylvania, a dirty, greenish-brown fluid, with a smell that would knock an ox down. The oil refiners took it and put it through a lot of chemical processes that I don't know anything about, and after taking out a large percentage of kerosene, a good share of naphtha, considerable benzine, a cart load or so of tar, and a number of other things, with names longer than the alphabet, left us this mass of nice, clean wax. There isn't any taste to it, and no more smell to it than there is to a china plate. We will take this lump, cut it up, and melt it in boilers. This piece weighs about 200 pounds. We add thirty pounds of cheap sugar to it and flavour it with vanilla, wintergreen, peppermint, or any pleasant essential oil. Then we turn it out on a marble table and cut it into all shapes with dies. After it is wrapped in oiled tissue paper and packed in boxes it is ready for the market. You can imagine that somebody is chewing gum in this country when I tell you that a lump like this one will make 10,000 penny cakes and we use one up every week. There are dozens of manufactories using almost as much wax as we do. I believe this petroleum chewing gum, if honestly made, is perfectly harmless, and that is more than can be said of some of the gums made from the juices of trees, especially the imported article.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

GIVE them a good education. Teach them to be brave, strong, true! Teach them to respect women and treat them as their equals. Teach them to be pure in thought, deed, and action, to despise meanness and falsehood. Teach them to be self-supporting and ashamed of idleness. Show them the way to love nature, to love the sunshine, exercise in the fresh air and honourable work. Teach them to hate tobacco, rum, all strong drinks, and to love fruit and simple foods. Teach them to spend their evenings at home or in good society. Teach them all the virtues, none of the vices, and they will, when you are old and ready to depart, rise up and call you blessed.—*Ex.*

THERE are several pressing requests from needy schools for second-hand libraries. Will not schools having such kindly send them to the Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto, for distribution to schools urgently needing them? Send by express, and he will pay all charges.

BOYS HAVING FUN.

NOW, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sledding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a saw?"

"I have, so have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them; and you and Fred and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use saws, axes, and shovels could be in the play.

But Charlie was a favourite with them all and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon back again for the fun.

"Now," said he, "Widow Bradley has gone to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she could get some one to saw it to-night she would have nothing to make a fire with in the morning. Now, boys, it will be just as easy for us to saw, split, and pile up her wood as to make a snow-man on her door-step, and the surprise of the first will be better than that of the last. What say you, boys?"

One or two of the boys objected, and could not see the fun, but the majority went in for it with the inward satisfaction and joy that always results from well-doing.

It did not take long for seven smart and healthy boys to split and pile up that load of wood, and shovel a good path from the door-step to the wood pile. They felt great satisfaction over their fun, and they all went over to a neighbouring carpenter's shop, where shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each brought an armful; and they went home with light and joyful hearts.

The next morning when the poor, weary widow returned from watching at the sick bed, and saw what had been done, she was astonished and tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks. She wondered who had done the kindly deed; and when afterward told, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" would have richly repaid them could they have heard it.

FIRST YEAR IN BUSINESS.

THE first year of a boy's business life is a critical one. He comes, perhaps, from a country home, certainly from a school-life well hedged and protected by careful parents and teachers. He has lived heretofore under conditions in which it was easier to go right than wrong, and it is, indeed, a change when he takes life into his own hands and plunges into a great city's business current, whose ramifications encircle the world, and becomes one little atom in its vast force. Then it is he gets his first practical experience of life, and gains his first real knowledge of men and things. Then, too, he begins to find out what mettle he himself is made of, and to shape his life's course, and as he gives it an upward or a downward curve, so it is apt to continue.

THE REPORT OF THE HOURS.

AMID the blue and starry sky,
A group of hours one even
Met as they took their upward flight
Into the highest heaven.

Commissioned each to bear above
Whatever had been done,
By little children, good or bad,
Since the last rising sun.

And some had gold and purple wings,
Some drooped like faded flowers,
And sadly sooted to tell the tale,
That they were misspent hours.

Some glowed with rosy hopes and smiles,
And some had many a tear;
Others had some kind words and acts,
To carry upward there.

A shining hour with golden plumes,
Was laden with a deed
Of generous sacrifice, a child
Had done for one in need.

And one was bearing up a prayer
A little child had said,
All full of patience and love,
While kneeling at his bed.

And thus they glided on and gave
The records dark and bright,
To him who marks each passing hour
Of childhood's day and night.

O, let us all remember how
Each hour is on its way,
Bearing its own report to heaven
Of all we do and say.

GIANT SELFISHNESS.

It was Freddie Gadton's birthday, and Freddie's mamma made him a pie, "all for himself," though she did not think but what he would share it with his little brothers and sisters. It was very nice pie, and when Freddie smelt how good it was, and saw what a rich brown it was baked, Giant Selfishness said to him: "It is all your own. You don't have to give any of it away. I'd eat it all myself, if I were you." Perhaps if Fred had recognized the giant talking to him, he would not have been so ready to listen; but as he did not, he not only listened, but really took his advice and ate it up himself. That night Fred was very sick, so sick that they had to send for the doctor, who said he'd been eating too much pie. He ought to have killed that giant. As it was, he was not only made very sick, but the giant was stronger than ever, and would be a great deal harder to kill the next time; for this dreadful giant is one that grows very fast indeed.

SMILES.

A HEADSTONE in a Dorsetshire (Eng.) churchyard bears this inscription: "Methuselah Coney, aged twelve months."

Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds, that one man may get a living by "selling them rum?"

"An' that's the pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "Gracious! what's the rest of his bed-clothes like, I wonder?"

"**EMELIE**," asked the teacher of a class in natural history, "what animal attaches himself the most to man?" Emelie, after some reflection: "The leech, sir!"

"**DID** you ever think what you would do if you had Rothschild's income?" said Seedy to Harduppe. "No, but I have often wondered what Rothschild would do if he had my income."

ONE of George III.'s first acts was to knight a gentleman named Day. "Now," said he, "I know that I am king, because I have turned Day into knight."

THE English alphabet is tolerably virtuous. Twenty of the letters have never been in prison. Yes, but look what a lot of them are now in penitentiary.

AN Irish crier at Ballinasloe, being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must leave the court."

"**WELL**, madame, how's your husband to-day?" "Why, doctor, he's no better." "Did you get the leeches?" "Yes, but he only took three of them raw—I had to fry the rest."

"**YOUR** father is entirely bald now, isn't he?" said an Austin man to the son of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth, sadly, "I'm the only heir he has left."

AT a child's fair—**U**ncle Jack: "It is very good lemonade; but, Bonny, why do you sell yours for three cents a glass when Charlie gets five for his?" **M**iss Bonny: "Well, you musn't tell anybody, Uncle Jack, but the puppy fell into mine, and I thought it ought to be cheaper."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1023.] **LESSON VII.** [Aug 17.

ABSALOM'S DEATH.

2 Sam. 18. 24-33. Commit to memory vs. 32, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoso curseth father or mother let him die the death. Mark 7. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. A Father's Anxiety, v. 24-31.
2. A Father's Agony, v. 32, 33.
TIME.—B.C. 1023.
PLACE.—Mahanaim, in the tribe of Gad.
EXPLANATION.—*David sat*—Awaiting the news of the battle with Absalom in the wood of Ephraim, east of the Jordan. *Between the two gates*—The outer and inner gates, with an open space of the thickness of the wall between them. *Loof over the gate*—The top of the wall. *A man running*—This was Ahimaaz, who had gone as a messenger from Joab after the battle. *If he be alone*—One running away from the battle would be followed by others. *Another man*—This was Cushie, perhaps an Ethiopian slave. He had started first, but arrived after Ahimaaz. *He is a good man*—He was the son of Jonathan, a priest. *All is well*—The victory had been won, and Absalom's army defeated. *Absalom safe*—As father, he loved his son more than his duty as king would allow. Had he been more careful in his own duty, he might have been less anxious now. *Joab, the king's servant*—Joab was the commander of David's army. *A great tumult*—The defeat of Absalom's army. *Knew not*—Probably he did not know that Absalom was dead. *Stand here*—In the company around the king. *Cushie came*—Who had started before Ahimaaz. *He as that young man is*—Absalom was slain by Joab, when he had been caught by his hair in a tree after the defeat of his army. *Chamber over the gate*—Between the walls. *O my son Absalom*—He felt that Absalom's death was in large degree the result of his own sinfulness and neglect.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That love hopes for the best?
2. That a son's sin is a father's sorrow?
3. That nothing can destroy a father's love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did David wait for news of the battle? Between the two gates. 2. Who were sent to convey the news? Ahimaaz and Cushie. 3. What did David ask of the messengers? "Is the young man Absalom safe?" 4. How did the announcement of Absalom's death affect David? He was much moved.

5. What did David say of Absalom? "Would God I had died for thee!"
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Parental responsibility.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

83. How do evil spirits tempt to sin?
By putting evil thoughts and desires into their minds. Luke xiii. 11; Acts v. 3.
84. Is there any other temptation?
Yes; that which comes from our own evil heart. James i. 14.
85. What is redemption?
Redemption is the deliverance of mankind from the curse and penalty of sin through the death of the Redeemer.

B.C. 1017.] **LESSON VIII.** [Aug 24.

THE PLAGUE STAYED.

2 Sam. 24. 15-25. Commit to memory vs. 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So the Lord was entreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel. 2 Sam. 24, 25.

OUTLINE.

1. The Hand of Destruction, v. 15, 16.
2. The Voice of Supplication, v. 17.
3. The Altar unto the Lord, v. 10-25.
TIME.—B.C. 1017.
PLACE.—The threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite, on Mount Moriah, the place where the Temple was afterward built.
EXPLANATIONS.—*A pestilence*—This was because of the sin of David in numbering the people, an act of pride. *Time appointed*—Unto the third day; or, as some understood, until the time of the evening sacrifice. *Dan to Beer-sheba*—Two towns on the boundary, one in the north, the other in the south of Palestine. *The angel*—Who was fulfilling God's command. *The Lord repented*—God changed his mind because the people and the king had changed theirs. *Threshing-place*—A level place used for threshing grain. *I have sinned*—It was David's sin that had caused the wrath of God. *Against me*—A noble nature never seeks to cast blame on others. *Gad*—A prophet of God. *An altar*—This stood on the place where afterward stood the altar of Solomon's Temple. *Take and offer*—The Jebusite showed the heart of a true worshipper of God. *Oven for burnt sacrifice*—The burnt-offering must be of a domestic animal. *Threshing instruments*—Tools of wood for beating the grain. *Araunah, as a king*—Some think that Araunah had been the chief of the Jebusites before the taking of the city. *Cost me nothing*—Our gifts to God should be our own. *Burnt-offerings*—Sacrifices which were entirely consumed on the altar. *Peace offerings*—Sacrifices which were partly burned and partly eaten at a feast before the altar.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we shown in this lesson—
1. That punishment follows guilt?
2. That God is long-suffering and merciful?
3. That true sacrifice means self-sacrifice?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the Lord send upon Israel? A pestilence. 2. What did the Lord say when the angels would have destroyed Jerusalem? "It is enough; stay now thine hand." 3. What did David say to the Lord? "Let thine hand be against me." 4. What did Gad tell David to do? "Rear an altar unto the Lord." 5. What happened when David built the altar and offered sacrifices and entreated the Lord? "The plague was stayed from Israel."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Atonement for sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

86. Who is the Redeemer of mankind?
Our Lord Jesus Christ. Galatians iii. 13; Ephesians i. 7; Thessalonians i. 10. [Matthew xx. 28; Colossians i. 14; 1 Peter i. 18.]
87. Who is Jesus Christ?
Jesus Christ is the eternal Son of God, who became man, and so was, and continues to be, God and man, in two distinct natures and one Person for ever. John i. 1; John i. 14; 1 Timothy ii. 5. [Philippians ii. 6-11.]
88. How did Christ, being the Son of God, become man?
By taking to Himself a true human body and soul, being conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, yet without sin. Hebrews ii. 14; Galatians iv. 4; Hebrews iv. 15. [Luke i. 35; Matthew xxvi. 38; John xii. 27; Luke ii. 40; 1 Peter ii. 22; Hebrews vii. 26.]

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