

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité irrégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.

[No. 48.]

A Game of Tag.

A GRASSHOPPER once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe and over he went,
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against the fence
And laughed till their sides were sore,
But the grasshopper said, "You are laugh-
ing at me,
And I shan't play any more."

So off he went, tho' he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by his fall,
And the gay little crickets went on with the
game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he
passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grass-
hopper is!
Why, he bit off his own little nose."

FATHER MATTHEW.

FATHER THEOBALD MATTHEW, known as "The Apostle of Temperance," was born in Tipperary, Ireland, October 10th, 1790. Educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he was ordained at Dublin in 1814. From Dublin he went to Kilkenny and Cork, making the latter place his permanent home. It was while he was at Cork that he began his great work in the cause of temperance. Seeing that halfway measures would not serve, he instituted total abstinence societies, and went about the country urging the people to join them.

His success was marvellous. In nine months he enrolled no less than one hundred and fifty thousand names. This was only the beginning of his efforts to save his fellowmen from the curse of drink. From the year 1838 until his death he gave most of his time and strength to the cause of total abstinence. He had not merely an eloquence which won him the rapt attention of great crowds, but possessed a moral influence over those who listened to him which it seemed impossible for them to resist. In Ireland he was looked upon as a saint, and people of all religious names regarded him with veneration. Nor were his labours restricted to Ireland. He visited England at different times, and always with the greatest success. He spent two years (1849-1851) in this country, and was of great service to temperance workers here. So faithful and unselfish was he, that he became heavily involved in debt; though Queen Victoria somewhat relieved this by giving him a pension of fifteen hundred dollars a year. He died in 1856, worn out with toils and cares. Few lives have been more useful. It is probable that he was the means of the rescue of millions from intemperance and its evil consequences. Let us give him the honour due him, though we may not like the fact that he was in the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church.

KILLARNEY AND SQUAW ISLAND.

BY FRED. G. STEVENS.

YOU have all, no doubt, heard many times of Killarney in Ireland. The beauties of that place are world-renowned. I thought as I looked upon the beauties of its Canadian namesake that if the other

was more beautiful it must be fine indeed.

The village of Killarney lies on the mainland just east of the Mautoulin Island. There is no special beauty about the buildings of which the place can boast. A couple of hotels and a few trading and fish houses besides a number of dwellings are all that go to make a village. What a pity that such a beautiful place should be so cursed as to be noted for its drunkenness.

The inhabitants are principally French half-breeds. Killarney is noted for its pretty girls. This is the first port at which the excursion steamboats stop after leaving Owen Sound en route to Mackinac. When one of these comes by the dock the usual quiet and drowsiness gives place to bustle

which follow each fishing-boat to pick up stray bits or fish lost overboard. Sometimes the fishermen tease these gulls, but they never kill one.

The day I was along the first small fish they caught was used for this purpose. They made a slit in it just above the tail and inserted a piece of stick about six inches long. They then threw the fish overboard, and presently a gull swooped down upon it and tried to swallow it. This was a failure on account of the stick catching in the gull's beak. Then ensued a lively scene. The other gulls wanted that fish and they fought and screamed in the air for a long time, until at last the poor gull disgorged its dinner. I was then too far away to see whether another tried it or not.

BOYS AND MONEY.

LIKE most grown up-people, the average boy is fond of money. He comes to love it as soon as he discovers its purchasing power, and his fondness for it usually increases in proportion to the amount he has to spend. He does not want money to hoard up. The miserly spirit, nor that of proper economy, does not usually manifest itself early in life. Having had no experience, and not being able to measure matters and things from that standpoint, the boy does not know the actual value of a dollar, and so proceeds to spend it for any object that he happens to want.

We are fully persuaded that one of the most dangerous things for a boy is to have spending money in any considerable amount. Some parents seem utterly oblivious to this fact, and not only allow their sons to have money, but permit them to spend it without making any report as to how it was done. Such a course upon the part of parents is the sure road to ruin for their sons. Money is a golden key that unlocks almost every door to which it is presented. The boy with money to spend has easy access to vices of every character, and to places of all kinds, and such a boy would indeed be remarkable if he did not use his opportunity to see and do things that are wrong. Money to spend not only begets vices, but it promotes idleness, fosters indifference to mental effort, favours laziness, dampens ambition, and sows the seeds of moral and physical ruin. This is one of the chief reasons why the sons of rich men rarely do well in the race of life. It is known to every one that the men who make a success in business and professional life, are usually the sons of poor men, and who themselves had a hard battle in early life. The sons of the rich, if they are allowed money to spend freely, contract vices and habits of idleness, grow self-conceited and indifferent to public opinion, or else become physically and mentally effeminate, and thus are either ruined or unfitted for the struggle of life.

A leading Southern educator, whose school for boys is known from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, requests parents who send their sons to his school, not to allow them more than one dollar a month for spending money. He has found from long experience that more than that involves peril to the boy. It occurs to us that his limit is none too small. In some cases boys are at work making their own money. The parents think that as they make it themselves, they should be allowed to spend it as they choose. This is a great mistake. No boy should be permitted to handle money without giving a rigid account of how every dime is spent. Not to require this is to endanger the boy. To the boys who may read these lines, we say: Do not for a moment think of spending money without giving to your parents a strict account of where it goes. They have a right to know, and you should voluntarily render a statement to them.

LINNEUS said of alcohol that "Man sinks gradually by this fall poison; first he favours it, then he warms to it, then he burns for it, then he is overcome by it."



FATHER MATTHEW.

and excitement. Built on the dock are sheds or stalls in which are exposed for sale beautiful samples of fancy work in birch bark and porcupine quills and sweet scented grass, all of Indian manufacture.

Squaw Island lies nine miles outside of this village. It is not of very great extent and is flat, and is covered with a dense growth of cedar and spruce. It has an excellent harbour and lies in the vicinity of good fishing-grounds. As a consequence of these advantages there is a station for packing fish here. The usual packing and ice houses are here as well as a full quota of shanties of varying size. The fishermen who spend their summers here are as kind-hearted people as I ever met with.

Nearly always there are a few gulls

To another fish was tied a piece of cord and to this a piece of rag. When the gull swallowed the fish the rag remained outside its beak, and no doubt for some time that gull carried its colours as it flew over the waters. Another gull showed more sense than many men and boys display. In the mouth of a small fish one of the men placed a large quid of chewing tobacco. This fish was seized upon almost as it reached the water, and as soon as the poor gull tasted the tobacco it dropped the fish, and going down to the water began to wash its mouth and continued this action as long as we were in sight. If boys had as much sense as this gull they would neither smoke nor chew, for I am sure that there is no pleasant taste about tobacco.

A Lesson from the Vine.

HAVE you seen the little tendrils
Of the closely-clinging vine,
How they seek for something stronger
Than themselves, whereon to twine?
Reaching out and always upward,
Getting farther from the ground,
They climb their leafy ladders
To the very topmost round.

So let your best endeavour
To noble heights aspire—
Let faith be like the tendrils
Whereby you rise the higher,
Leave sin's alluring pleasure
Where the vine has left the sod,
Beneath you is the darkness,
Above the light of God.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine, 88 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 50
5 copies and over.....	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 24
Over 20 copies.....	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 12
10 copies and upwards.....	0 10
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 12
10 copies and upwards.....	0 10
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service.....	0 06

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal.
S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.

AS THE ZULUS DO.

A WRITER in the *Evangelist* tells about some of the customs of the Zulus. They are a strong, athletic race of people, hospitable and good-natured.

Their houses are made of long strips, fastened in the ground, bent over and lashed with monkey rope. The covering is long grass, and when you first see a number of these huts they look like haystacks.

The door is about two feet high, and this opening is window and chimney as well as door. Creep in on your hands and knees and look about. A saucer-shaped hole is in the middle of the floor, with a rim around it to keep the coals and ashes from scattering. This is the fireplace, where the food is cooked, and around which the natives eat, sit and chat, or sleep.

On one side of the hut you see a small fence. This is to separate the calves and goats, at night, from the family.

The furniture of a Zulu home is not very extensive. A few pots of earthenware for cooking, a few wooden spoons, some gourds for water and milk, a wooden pillow, or four-legged stool, on which to place the neck, not the head—these are the principal articles of a Zulu hut.

The married men wear a peculiar ring on their head, made of gum. This is sewed to the hair and rises, with its growth, four or five inches, making a convenient place for feathers, porcupine toothpicks, and snuff spoons. The women shave all the head except a little tuft on the crown, which they work into a topknot with red clay and tallow.

The Zulus are all fond of perfumes, and are glad to get them from the white people to use in their toilet. They use snuff made of tobacco, burnt aloes, and ashes ground together. The powder is quite pungent, causing them to sneeze violently, and the tears to roll down their cheeks. When they sneeze they thank the departed spirits for this sign of good health.

JERRY AND JUDGE.

BY BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE.

ON a narrow white cot in the children's ward of the county hospital lay a waif of the street. The lad was the latest arrival. The nurse was told that his name was Jerry—just Jerry, nothing more.

In the afternoon he had been picked up, bruised and bleeding, from under the ponderous wheels of a waggon. The instant the accident occurred Judge—his boon companion of the street—rushed to the prostrate form with a terrified "Oh, Jerry!" on his pale lips. The next instant a burly policeman pushed him aside and, lifting the injured boy in his arms, asked:

"Any home, sonny?"

The lad shook his head.

"Any relatives?"

"No;" feebly.

"Friends?"

"Haint got nobody, only—only Judge," came in tremulous tones.

"That's me, sir," and Judge took an eager step forward as he spoke.

The man heeded not the childish proffer of help. A moment later the slight form of Jerry was lifted into a passing ambulance. There was an ominous crack of the whip, and the grim-looking vehicle hurried on its way to the hospital.

Judge could not think how it happened. He stood on the curbstone as one dazed. In a flash the terrible truth dawned upon him, and he staggered back into a doorway. He and Jerry had been quarrelling over a bit of orange peel—a luxury for their noon lunch—and in an unguarded moment Jerry was struck from behind.

"I've killed Jerry—I've killed Jerry," piteously moaned Judge, who felt that the accident was the result of the dispute. Supperless and alone he wandered through the only home he knew—the cold, bare streets of a great city.

When morning dawned, Judge was directed by a policeman to the county hospital. Only stopping long enough to sell a few papers, the pennies were exchanged for two large yellow oranges. He walked to the hospital, several miles distant, and left his gift at the door with the message, "Them's for Jerry."

Then his young heart began to hope. He pictured Jerry back as his partner in a few days, and he chuckled to himself as he thought how he would surprise Jerry with an orange every day. But day followed day, and no Jerry. At the end of the fifth day he sought the hospital again and was kindly invited in. The attendant told the ragged, forlorn-looking little visitor that Jerry had begged daily to see him.

"When will he git well, ma'am?" ventured Judge in eager tones.

The nurse hesitated. That day the case of the injured street waif had been pronounced hopeless, and his death was the matter of a few hours. So she only bade him follow.

The little patient opened his eyes wearily when footsteps sounded near his cot. Before he realized what had happened, Judge had his grimy arms about Jerry's neck and was sobbing, "Oh, Jerry, I've been missin' you awful. And all the boys in our alley are askin' about you."

Jerry was crying softly by this time. But his tears were the tears of happiness.

He only pressed Judge's hands for an answer. In a few moments he said: "You didn't mean it, did you—I mean the fightin' over the orange peel? I've saved all for you this time," and he pushed from under the pillow the peel of the oranges Judge had sent him.

Judge shook his head disconsolately. "I couldn't eat 'em, Jerry." Then, after a pause, "And I say, old feller, will you forgive me? I didn't mean to fight you, Jerry, indeed, I didn't."

Somehow it had dawned on Judge that Jerry—the only real friend he had known since a stormy night three years ago forced them under the same shelter—was to leave him forever. Perhaps it was the pinched look on the dying lad's face, or it may have been that an instinct told him he was in the presence of death. He was awed, and his tears fell. With Jerry's hands in his own, he watched the laboured breathing.

As midnight drew near Judge whispered softly:

"Are you sure—sure—you forgive me, Jerry?"

"Sure, Judge," came the feeble answer. "The nurse learned me the same prayer we heard at the mission once—somethin' about forgivin' others."

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive others who trespass against us," softly interposed the attendant, who was watching life's candle flicker out.

"That's it, Judge, and—I—do—forgive you," came faintly. Then his eyes slowly closed in death.

Judge, sobbing piteously, was permitted to watch the remainder of the night by the bedside—now the bier—of his companion. The waifs had loved each other with the intense affection of lonely hearts which have no other object in the world on which to lavish love. It was a rough, newsboy's love, but it was genuine.

The next morning Judge left the hospital. In the afternoon he returned to the funeral. His appearance was touching in the extreme. The grimy face and hands had been made clean, and a less tattered coat donned.

"It's the best lookin' coat I could find," he said by way of apology. "Tom Sawyer's lent it to me for the funeral."

In his hand he carried a pure white rose—the sole offering of poverty. Tenderly and tearfully the blossom was laid on the simple pine casket.

Judge was the only mourner. But his heart ached as many a heart does not ache under broadcloth. Seated on the hearse by the driver, a serpentine road through the slums led to the pauper's city of the dead. In that forlorn spot his tears were the only tears upon the grave of his beloved companion of the street.

GLIMPSES OF JAPAN.

DR. W. E. GRIFFIS thus describes the scenes on a journey to Tokyo:

"It is a frosty morning; air keen, bracing; sky stainlessly clear. The shops are just opening, and the shop-boys are looping up the short curtains that hang before each front.

"What a wonderful picture-book! A line of villages, strung along the road like a great illuminated scroll, full of gay, brilliant, merry, sad, disgusting, horrible, curious, funny, delightful pictures. What pretty children! Chubby, rosy, sparkling-eyed! The cold only makes their feet pink and their cheeks red.

"How curiously dressed, with coats like long wrappers, and long, wide, square sleeves, which I know serve for pockets, for I just saw a boy buy some rice crackers, hot from the toasting coals, and put them in his sleeves. A girdle three inches wide binds the coat tight to the waist.

"The children's heads are shaved in curious fashions. The way the babies are carried is an improvement upon the Indian fashion. The Japanese *ko* is the papoose reversed. He rides eyes front and sees the world over his mother's shoulders. Japanese babies are hugged pickaback.

"Here are big and little running bare-foot. Nobody wears a hat. Every one wears cotton clothes, and these of only one or two thicknesses. None of the front doors are shut, and all the shops are open. We can see some of the people eating their breakfast—beefsteaks, hot coffee, and rolls, for warmth? No; cold rice, pickles, radishes, and vegetable dishes of all unknown sorts. The family sit in a circle at meals. The daughter, or housemaid, presides over the rice-bucket, and hands out cupsful of it.

"Here are large round ovens full of sweet potatoes, being steamed or roasted. A group of little boys are waiting around one shop, grown men around another, for the luxury. Twenty cash, one-fifth of a cent, is the price of a good one. Many of the children are carrying babies on their backs. They look like two-headed children.

"The houses are small—mostly one story; all of them of wood, except the fire-proof, mud-walled storerooms of the merchants. The floors are raised a foot above the ground and covered with mats. The woodwork is clean, as if often scrubbed. The Japanese lead all Asiatics in cleanliness of person and dwellings.

"We pass many shops and learn very soon that the staple articles for sale are not groceries, nor boots, nor jewellery, nor lacquer bronze, nor silk, but that they are straw sandals, paper umbrellas, rush hats, bamboo work of all kinds, matting, oiled-paper coats, wooden clogs for shoes, etc. Vegetable and fish shops are plentiful, but there is neither butcher nor baker. In Japan the carpenter is the shoemaker, for the footgear is of wood. The basket-maker weaves the head-dress, which is called a roof or shed.

"Our ride leads us up a steep hill, and then we dash over a splendid road, beneath an arch of pines, some venerable, others tall, but many more scraggy and crooked."—*Morning Guide*.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THERE is no better reading for the young people of to-day than Scripture biography. How many young men in the past have drawn and others will draw inspiration from the example of Joseph. It should be read and re-read in every household. "The fear of God bottomed his whole character. It made him free when a slave. It restrained passion, and kept purity unscorched in the flames of a hellish temptation. It made prison life less monotonous, and endowed the natural mind with supernatural might. He stood before the monarch without trepidation, for he coveted the favour of Jehovah. The fear of God quickened his sense of fraternal injustice when his brothers came down to Egypt to buy food, yet also stirred his tender heart to generous pardon of their acknowledged wrong. Each phase of life from the pit to the sceptre furnished a new field of exercise for the kaleidoscopic fear of God. What a splendid example for the young men of our day! How worthy of emulation!"



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

December 8, 1895.

EVEN So.—Matthew 7. 12.

These words are a part of the Golden Rule. To get men to act according to this rule is the grand design of the Gospel. Everything is forbidden which you know would be injurious. Never do anything to another but what you know would be beneficial. Every person in whose heart is found the principles of truth and righteousness, will never act to another but only as he believes will be productive of good. We are not to do to others just as others do unto us. But we are to do to them what is just and right, because God commands us. It is a statute which he has established, from which there can be no divergence. To act according to this rule is to be guided by the principle of love, that principle which is the opposite of hatred, and which prevents everything coming into the heart but kindness.

Men are naturally selfish, and are always looking for their own gain, hence, they will not be likely to act according to the Golden Rule until they are renewed by grace; their hearts must be full of love, then will they seek in all things to do that which is well pleasing to God, and will be sure to obtain his approbation. Jehovah has given such precepts as will be sure to conserve the best interest of mankind, but men will not put themselves under those laws until they become convinced that they are bound in duty so to do. Men must think, ponder, consider well how they are constituted, why they are sent into the world, and when they see that they are a part of the whole human family, and are under obligation to promote the welfare of the same, then, by dependence on him whose they are and whom they serve, will they be enabled to perform the most irksome duties, which require the greatest self-denial in their accomplishment. Remember the Golden Rule.

THE statement was recently made in the German Reichstag that there are eleven thousand persons in hospitals in Germany who are suffering with delirium tremens.

The Silent Searchers.

BY HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

When the darkness of night has fallen,
And the birds are fast asleep,
An army of silent searchers
From the dusky shadows creep;
And over the quiet meadows,
Or amid the waving trees,
They wander about with their tiny lamps
That flash in the evening breeze.

And this army of silent searchers
Each with his flickering light,
Wanders about till the morning
Has driven away the night.
What treasures they may be seeking
No man upon earth can know;
Perhaps 'tis the home of the fairies,
Who lived in the long ago.

For an ancient legend tells us
That once, when the fairy king
Had summoned his merry minstrels
At the royal feast to sing,
The moon, high over the tree-tops,
With the stars refused to shine,
And an army with tiny torches
Was called from the oak and pine.

And when, by the imps of darkness,
The fairies were chased away,
The army began its searching
At the close of a dreary day;
Through all the years that have followed,
The seekers have searched the night,
Piercing the gloom of the hours
With the flash of their magic light.

Would you see the magical army?
Then come to the porch with me!
Yonder, among the hedges
And near to the maple tree,
Over the fields of clover,
And down in the river-damp,
The fire-flies search till the morning,
Each with his flickering lamp.

EDNA MORTON'S EXPERIENCE.

BY FL RENCE YARWOOD.

THE crimson flush of sunrise was slowly colouring the eastern sky, as Edna Morton started up from her pillows with the words: "To-day is my birthday. I am fourteen years old to-day;" and the next moment she was up, combing her fair hair, and hurriedly fastening her dress.

Presently there came a gentle tap at the door, and the next moment a lady entered with a book in her hand. She kissed Edna, as she said: "My dear, I wish you the best of joys, the best of blessings, on this your birthday. Accept this book, as a token of my love; may it ever be precious to you, is the prayer of my heart," and she handed her a handsome bible.

"Thank you, auntie; it is very kind of you to remember me," said Edna, as she took the book; and the dear, kind auntie—who had been both auntie and mother to Edna ever since her mother died, ten years ago—did not know that in her heart Edna secretly wished that the book had been something else besides a bible.

"Why we have half a dozen of them in the house now, and more, too," thought Edna to herself, "if she had only bought me a nice story-book how much better pleased I should have been," and the handsome bible, bearing her name in letters of gold, was thrust somewhat hurriedly down in the farthest corner of her dresser.

"How beautiful the sunrise is this morning!" said auntie. "When I first looked out of my window there was only just a glimmer of light, but now the whole eastern sky is flushed, and even the clouds are fringed with its golden hues. It makes me think of that scene on Calvary's height," continued auntie, her voice lowering to a whisper, "You know, when Jesus was dying the sunshine faltered and all earth grew dark."

"Whittier describes the crucifixion beautifully," said Edna, who was quite well versed in poetry, and in a soft voice she repeated the words:

"Sunlight upon Judea's hills!
And on the waves of Galilee—
On Jordan's stream and on the rills
That gather to the sleeping sea!
A few more hours—a change hath come
Dark as a brooding thunder-cloud!
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
And proud knees on to earth are bowed."

"Yes, that is beautiful," said auntie. "The sunshine faltered when Jesus was dying, and all earth grew dark, but there came forth from that darkness a perfect, risen, glorified Saviour, whose blessed light is for every one that cometh into the world. Edna, dear, when are you going to turn to that light? What a

glad, happy birthday it would be for you if you decided to have your name recorded in heaven to-day!" and the patient blue eyes looked very tenderly down into Edna's dark ones.

"Oh, auntie, I'm not old enough to think of such things yet. There will be plenty of time for me to be a Christian when I am older," and Edna turned abruptly away and ran down the stairs, where her father kissed her, and slipped on her finger just the kind of a ring she had so longed to possess, while her brother Ralph handed her a volume of Tennyson's poems.

"Oh, how thoughtful of you, Ralph, to remember my love of poetry! Now I shall dream over 'The Queen of the May' all day to-day; I think it is so beautiful."

At seven o'clock that evening the village church bell began ringing, softly and sweetly on the still night air. Revival services were being held in the Methodist church.

Edna had been attending them regularly, but this evening she felt half-tempted to stay in her own room and read her book of poetry. But auntie's gentle words: "It's such a lovely night, you had better go, dear," caused her to change her mind, and hastily putting on her wraps she was soon on her way to church.

As she reached the church door she met her friend, Addie Mason, so they went in and took a seat together.

"Don't you think that girl ahead of us has a nice hat on?" whispered Edna to her companion.

"Yes, very," said Addie. "It must have cost a lot."

"I tried to make my feathers on my hat stand up like that, but I couldn't do it," said Edna.

"Mrs. Arlington has a new jacket on, hasn't she?" whispered Addie.

"Yes, and I think it's time. She's worn that old one of hers about twenty years, I guess."

"And that bonnet of hers must have come out of the ark," said Addie.

Then both of the girls giggled, and auntie looked at Edna in a surprised way.

This was rather strange talk to indulge in in church, but I fear there are more than one Edna Morton and Addie Mason who carry on a similar conversation in the house of God.

The meeting opened by singing that beautiful hymn:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say:
Come unto me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

Edna listened attentively but could not join in the singing, for she could not tell why the words made her feel so sad.

A great longing crept into her heart for rest—the rest the Saviour gives, and in her heart she knew that she was not too young to be a Christian. She knew that that was one of Satan's excuses.

The minister's text was solemn—oh, so solemn! "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment."

Those words made her feel very uncomfortable, and she heartily wished she had remained at home reading Tennyson's poetry. She firmly resolved that she would not attend church another night that week.

Ah, Edna! Your words proved too true. It will be many weeks ere you can go again, however much you may desire to do so.

Towards the close of the sermon the minister invited all Christians, and all who desired to give their hearts to Jesus, to come up to the front.

Edna saw Ralph, her tall, handsome brother, go up with the rest of the Christians.

"But, dear me!" thought Edna to herself, "Ralph is sixteen, past. I'll be a Christian, too, when I'm that old."

Oh, Edna, if you were sure of those two years before you!—but you are not sure of them.

Then they sang these beautiful words:

"I will go and tell my Saviour
How I long his child to be,
At the cross I'll seek and find him—
He's waiting there for me."

Edna knew that Jesus was knocking at the door of her heart, and she felt half-tempted to go right up to the front where many more anxious souls were seeking Him.

"If I only had some one to go with me," she thought to herself, and she looked at Addie.

But Addie was chewing gum in delicious unconcern, and did not look as if she knew exactly where she was, her thoughts were evidently so far away.

Girls, don't chew gum! Don't! don't!—not if you ever want to be a lady in the highest sense of the word.

When the meeting closed there were tears in Edna's eyes.

"What's the matter?" whispered Addie. "Got the toothach?"

Edna shook her head and passed silently out.

Ralph and a host of other young people joined her outside, and Ralph said: "We have arranged to have a little skating party back on the farm in honour of your birthday, Edna. The girls and boys left their skates in our barn on their way to church; so come on, we'll have a fine time."

It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and Edna's spirits rose, as she joined her young companions with mirthful hilarity.

But their enjoyment in the course of the evening, was unpleasantly interrupted.

The pond was safe enough. There was not deep enough water to drown any one, but Edna slipped into an air-hole, and the next moment she was dripping wet.

Strong hands helped her up, and she was borne landward. She laughingly protested she was not hurt at all, but they all insisted that she must go at once to the house and get on dry clothing.

This little incident might have been forgotten in a short time had not serious results followed it.

Next morning Edna was in a high fever, her mind wandering, and all through her long illness the words she most frequently spoke in delirium were, "After death the judgment."

I will not weary you, dear reader, by giving you a detailed account of her long, tedious illness, but one morning, when she was slowly recovering, she took auntie's hand in hers, and said: "Auntie, I have given myself to Jesus. I am not too young to be a Christian. If I had died during my illness I would have been lost, I know."

And that bible—her birthday gift, is now her choicest treasure.

Ms. Salem, Ont.

NEVER TOO YOUNG TO LOVE CHRIST.

REV. DR. JOHNSON relates this incident, illustrative of the duty of parents to draw their children's hearts to Jesus:

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?" "Why, mother, I always loved you, I do now, and I always shall; but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be." The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself at all times wholly to me and my care?" "I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know." And she put her arms around her mother's neck. The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older." Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?" The child whispered "Yes." And in this simple fashion the greatest of lessons was learned.

HE GOT IT.

A GRAPHIC incident in the life of a spoiled child is well told by a writer in an exchange: Among the passengers on the S. Louis train recently was a woman accompanied by a nurse-girl and a boy about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks, and kicks and screams, and viciousness toward the patient nurse.

Whenever the nurse manifested any sharpness, the mother chided her sharply.

Finally, the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time a wasp came stinging in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said, coaxingly, "Harry mustn't touch. Bug will bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say."

This encourage I, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat and said demurely, "He's got it, ma'am!"

A QUEER WITNESS.

A GENTLEMAN who lived in one of our Southern States some years ago owned a beautiful mocking-bird of which he was very fond. One day the bird disappeared. It had been stolen, and every effort was made to find it. At last the gentleman heard that a man from the North, who had been visiting in the city, was about to return home with a very wonderful mocking-bird. The gentleman hurried off to the vessel, and there found the man with a bird that he recognized at once as his own. The new owner would not listen to him, and so the gentleman went to a magistrate. In the magistrate's office the gentleman who claimed the bird said he would whistle a tune, and if the bird did not take it up and follow him, he would give up his claim. All agreed to this, and he began whistling "The Star Spangled Banner." The bird listened a moment, took up the air, and finished it. The magistrate thought that settled the question, and the bird was given up.

KATIE'S SATURDAY.

BY JESSIE MACMILLAN ANDERSON.

"Oh, dearie me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning. "What can be the matter?" said mamma, laughing at the doleful little face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed, I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have your breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and as perhaps you are too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a big piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap. "I want you to write down a few of those things that trouble you. One thousand will do!"

"Oh, mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma; "put down ten."

So Katie wrote:

"1. It's gone and rained, so we can't play croquet.

"2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

"3. —"

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. "That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said her mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

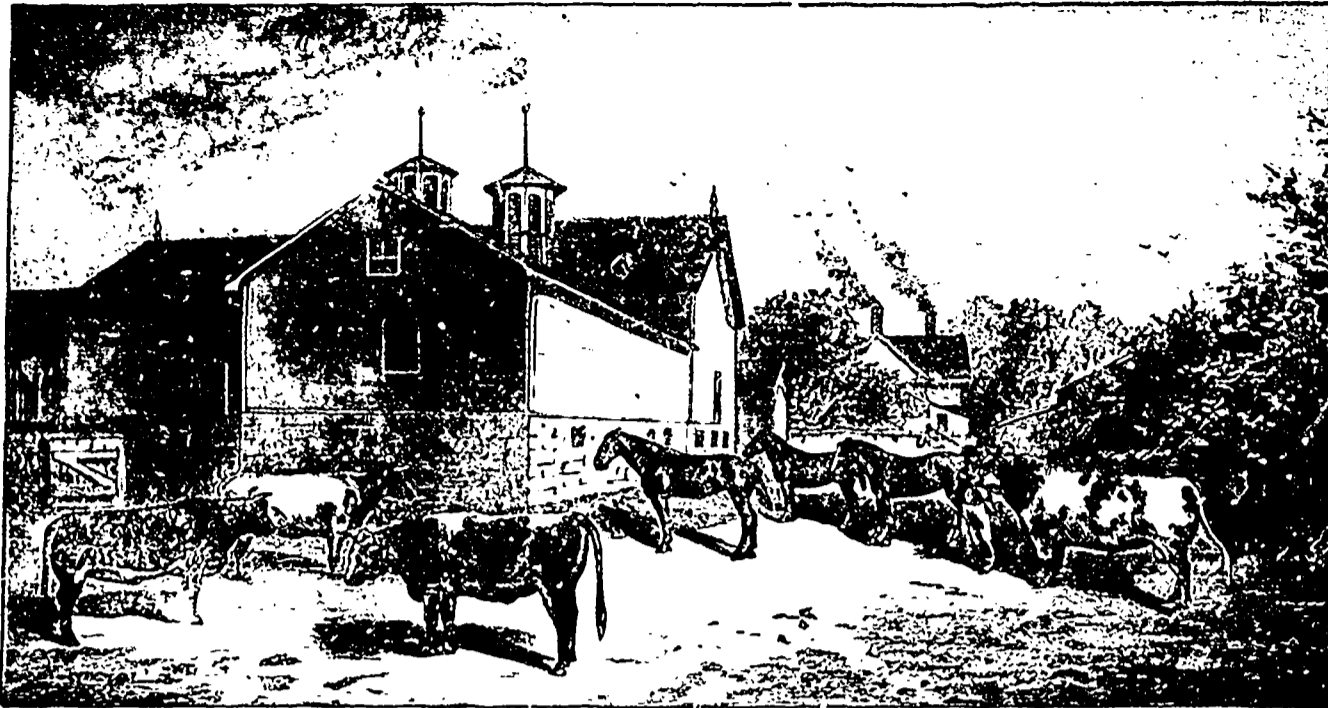
That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said, "Oh, mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first, but she's a lovely scatinato. I'm so glad, aren't you?"

"Oh!" was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

"I guess I'll tear up that paper now, mamma dear," she said, laughing rather shyly.

"And next time," said mamma, "why not let the troubles before you cry about them? There are so many of them that it's very pleasant, if you'll only wait to see."



A CANADIAN FARM SCENE.

Be Thorough, Boys!

WHATSOEVER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.

Trifles even
Lead to heaven
Trifles makes the life of man.
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can!

Let no speak their surface dim,—
Spotless truth and honour bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
Ho who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when he speaks,
May deceive me,
But, believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak, if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault, if you are wrong;
If you are angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lad, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman.
Fail you never,
Now or ever,
To be thorough as you can!

LESSON NOTES.**FOURTH QUARTER.****STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.**B.C. 1063.] **LESSON X.** [Dec. 8.]**DAVID AND GOLIATH.**

1 Sam. 17. 38-51. Memory verses, 44, 45.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The battle is the Lord's.—1 Sam. 17. 47.

OUTLINE.

1. The Weapons, v. 38-40.
2. The Defiance, v. 41-47.
3. The Victory, v. 48-51.

TIME.—B.C. 1063.

PLACE.—The valley of Elah, in the tribe of Judah.

ROLER.—Saul still king.

HOME READINGS.

M. David and Goliath.—1 Sam. 17. 38-44.
T. David and Goliath.—1 Sam. 17. 45-51.
W. The defiance.—1 Sam. 17. 1-11.

T. David hears the challenge.—1 Sam. 17. 17-27.

F. David's trust in God.—1 Sam. 17. 28-37.

S. The deliverer.—Psalm 144. 1-10.

Su. The Christian conflict.—Eph. 6. 10-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Weapons*, v. 38-40.
By whom was David armed, and how?
What did David say of this armour?
What weapons did he select?
What were the weapons of his enemy?

2. *The Defiance*, v. 41-47.
Who came out against David?
How did he regard David? Why?
What did he ask about himself?
What boastful promise did he make?
What contrast did David draw?
What did he predict about Goliath's fate?
What lesson would the people thus learn?
Whose battle did David wage? (Golden Text.)

3. *The Victory*, v. 48-51.
How did David show courage in meeting his enemy?
With what and how did he win the victory?
What did he do to the fallen foe?
What effect had the victory on the Philistines?
What will insure us victory in every contest? 1 John 5. 4.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That faith in God gives wisdom?
2. That faith in God inspires courage?
3. That faith in God brings victory?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who dared the Israelites to fight him in war? Goliath, a Philistine giant. 2. Who offered to fight the giant? David. 3. In whose name did David go to fight with Goliath? In the name of the Lord. 4. What spirit did David show? Courage and faith. 5. With what did he slay the giant? With a sling and stone. 6. What was the result of the battle? A great victory for Israel. 7. What is the Golden Text? "The battle is the Lord's."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The providence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What rule has God given to direct us in prayer?

The whole Word of God is of use to direct us in prayer; but our special model is that form which Christ taught his disciples, commonly called the Lord's prayer.

It is said that in Russia \$1,000,000 are spent daily for drink.

In Great Britain and Ireland three thousand and four women were murdered by drunken husbands from Jan. 1, 1859, to Jan. 1, 1891.

WHAT A BAND OF MERVOY BOY DID.

MR. HARVEY was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable farm-house; and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a pail and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy, respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could get it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this matter; and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished when he refused it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking at the boy.

"No, I thank you," said the boy, "I don't want it. You see, sir, the distance from Plainsville is eight miles and there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and I like to water the horses."

Mr. Harvey looked into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good, and a moisture gathered in his own, as he jogged off pondering deeply on the quaint little sermon that had been given so innocently and unexpectedly.

WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIS PILLOW.

CHILDISH sympathy is very beautiful. A little lad of four or five years was one day reading to his mother in the New Testament, and when he came to these words, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," his eyes filled with tears, and with a child's unrestrained gush of feeling he said to his mother: "I am sure, mamma, if I had been there I would have given Him my pillow." A childish utterance, yet full of love and tenderness. He would have given Jesus his pillow! The blessed Son of man should have the best we have.

DRUM LANGUAGE.

THERE are many ways of conveying thought. Some of the natives on the west coast of Africa use what may be called the drum language. For this purpose a peculiarly shaped drum is used. The surface of the head is divided into two unequal parts. In this way the instrument is made to yield two distinct tones. By varying the intervals between the notes, a complete

code of signals is produced. All the natives understand the code, and by means of it messages can be sent quickly from one village to another. The drummer in each village repeats to the next the signals he hears, and so on, until the message is delivered.

Hymns for the Juniors.

JUNIOR soldiers in the fight,
Trust in the Lord!
He will help you do the right,
Trust in the Lord!

CHORUS.

Trust in the Lord!
Trust in the Lord!
He'll keep you right on to the end;
Trust in the Lord!
Trust in the Lord!
He'll keep you to the end.

Should your way seem dark as night
Trust in the Lord!
Look to him, the Shining Light!
Trust in the Lord!

When Satan tempts you to do wrong,
Trust in the Lord!
Pray to God all the way 'long,
Trust in the Lord.

WOULD Jesus pass the children by,
And let them grow in sin and shame?
What means that earnest, loving cry,
"Parents to me your children bring?"
He blessed all that to him were brought,
And said we should forbid them not.

Would Jesus have the children die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that long, loud, rending cry?
'Tis finished, now salvation's free!
Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!
Suffer the little ones to live.

And now we'll sit at Jesus' feet,
And wash them with our early tears;
The story of his love repeat
In all the little children's ears,
That all may hear the glad, glad sound,
We have the children's Saviour found.

It matters not what a man loses, if he saves his soul; but if he lose his soul it matters not what he saves.

Christmas is Coming

And for this year we have the best of Christmas gifts in our splendid new

Methodist Hymn and Tune Book.

Look over this list and select one of style and price to suit, and send to us for a copy in good time:

PEOPLE'S EDITION, Size, 7½ x 5½ inches.

1. Cloth, plain edges - - - \$1 00
2. Roan, sprinkled edges - 1 50
3. French Morocco, yapped, gold edges - - - 2 00
4. Morocco, yapped, red under gold edges 3 00

CHOIR EDITION. Size, 8½ x 6½ inches.

5. Cloth, plain edges. - - - \$1 50
6. French Morocco, buck, cloth sides. - - - 2 00
7. French Morocco boards, gilt edges. - - - 2 50

ORGANIST'S EDITION. Size, 10 x 7½ in.

8. Cloth, plain edges. - - - \$2 50
9. French Morocco, boards, gilt edges. - - - 3 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.
S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX.