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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17, 1896.

[No. 42.]

## DICK RAYNOR'S VOYAGE.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

Dick Raynor was known all up and down Surf Point as a "first-rate fellow." When anything lively was going on, Dick was sure to be there. No boating party, or clamming excursion, no half-day picnic of any sort was complete without Dick Raynor.

He was one of those jolly, easy-going, ready-to-laugh sort of boys that are sure to make friends, get into scrapes and out again—all with marvellous rapidity and frequency.

"Let me keep Raynor in school two weeks at a time," said the school-master, "and I'll show you a fine scholar."

But Dick preferred sunshine to study, help to classics, and a whale-boat, with a fresh breeze to all the Propositions of Euclid, and even to Cicero's Orations. Queer boy, that Richard Raynor!

"Nat," said Dick mysteriously, one afternoon, "come down to the cod-rocks, will you, and bring your line and a pail of bait? While we fish, I've got a plan to talk over with you."

"What is it?"

"You'll see!"

"Oh, say!"

"You come along, will you? Mother wants a mess of perch for breakfast," and the boy's roguish eyes twinkled.

Dick, I am sorry to say, was not in the habit of purveying for the household. Indeed, his mother's errands were usually so many clouds in his sunny sky. He felt that he was a much-abused boy when he was told to split and bring in an armful of wood, or step down to the grocer's for sugar and meal.

Nat Howland could not resist his chum's appeal, though he was under contract, so to speak, to play second base in the "Comets" that afternoon.

They soon had a dozen golden and bronze fish flapping about on the rockweed. Then Dick unfolded his plan.

A big three-masted schooner was to sail from Surf Point a week later, in ballast for Atlanta, Georgia, from which port she was to freight a cargo of southern lumber to Boston.

"What I propose is," remarked Dick, first looking over his shoulder and lowering his voice, "for you and me to go in her!"

Nat actually turned pale under his freckles.

"Why, we can't!" he managed to stammer.

"Why not, I sh'd like to know?" demanded Dick, with energy. "We can crawl down into the hold the night before, and—"

"But we've got to go to school—"

"Nonsense! There's no use in hanging 'round the Point all our lives, chopping wood, and—doing things," he added rather vaguely. "We want to see the world," with a sweep of his hand.

"Lots of fellows have done it, just the way 'Bill Bobstay' did." And he produced a tattered pamphlet, in which the extraordinary adventures of that individual were narrated in bad type and worse English.

Well, the long and short of it was that Nat wouldn't go. He was accustomed to follow Dick into almost every kind of a scrape, but he drew the line at running away to sea.

Dick was too good-natured not to part friends with him, so, with a solemn charge to secrecy as to his own intentions, he threw the perch into the basket on the few remaining clams, and the two strolled homeward.

"I'm out of tea, Dick," said his mother, as she met him at the door, not noticing his fish at all, but looking particularly pinched, and untidy, and careworn. "Just step down to the store and get me half a pound of Oolong, that's a good boy!"

Dick glanced volumes at Nat, set his

fish in on the kitchen table, and went, without a word.

Two, three, four days went swiftly by. Dick was more heedless than ever at school, and was so restless at night that his mother came in and laid her hand upon his forehead to see if he were sick. Dick's heart misgave him.

"I'm all right, mother," he said, giving her worn hand a little pat. The next morning but one the three-master was to sail.

On the following afternoon Dick wandered to and fro, unable to conceal his excitement. Finally, he halted at old Cap'n Ben's front door.

Cap'n Ben was a "character" in Surf Point village. He had commanded a full-rigged ship in his day, and could tell stories from morning to night of whales

"One mast square rigged, and one fore 'n' aft?"

"Right you are," said Cap'n Ben, approvingly. "Sit down, boy. That is, unless ye've something to do."

"No," said Dick, plunging his hand into his pocket, and flushing a little. Then, suddenly—

"There's something I want to ask you about, Cap'n Ben."

"What is it, Dick?"

"Won't you tell?"

The captain took a long squint down the keel of the brig before answering.

"I won't, my boy, unless you say I may arter we've got through our talk."

That was enough for Dick, and, sure of a sympathizer, he poured out his plans for the morrow.

"Won't it be glorious, Cap'n?" he al-

sea run away, leaving my mother and two sisters in a lecture house up back in the country.

We were bound for Lower California fer hides—like that feller that writ a book about the same sort of a v'yago, only he was a relation of the owners, and was treated well. I wasn't. Boy, ye can't guess the misery an' sufferin'—not the big kind of sufferin' like a soldier in battle, with drums beatin', and sife playin', but in the night, with fingers raw and froze, with ice water dashin' over me every day and every night for nigh a fortnight off the Cape, so seasick I wanted to die, so wet, an' cold, an' achin' all over I used ter cry in the dark, and long, oh, how I longed fer that lecture house where I knew mother was sufferin', too, because I had deserted her like a coward." Here Dick Raynor winced, and changed his position a little on the chips.

"Wall, to make a long story short, I was gone two year-an' a half; an' then I steered across country fer home.

"Boy, when I got there it was jest comin' on arly evenin'. Thar was no light in the house.

"Mother! I sung out, 'Mother, yer boy's come home! Ho ain't never goin' away again, unless ye let him freely an' gladly!'

"Not a sound from the lecture house, standin' gray an' still under a big pine. I tried all the doors. They were fastened up, an' the blinds were shot tight.

"Mother! But she didn't answer.

"I turned away then, and kind o' staggered up the dark road till I found myself beside a buryin' ground I knew only too well.

"There were pines thar, too, and as I leaned against the wall I heard 'em whisperin' an' sighin' overhead. O Dick, my boy, what would I have given then to look my mother in the face, to hold her thin, tired hand that had worked so hard for me, and that I had left stretched out after me, trembling, and empty, empty!"

A sob came from the pile of chips, but the captain went on as if he had not heard it.

"When I lifted my head I looked into the buryin' ground—I couldn't seem to help it—an' thar, sure enough, it was, I could jest see it through the dusk—a new heap of gravel—"

"O Cap'n, don't, don't!" cried Dick, springing to his feet. "I can't bear to hear it."

"Wall, ef you're determined to set sail for Georgy to-morrow," said Cap'n Ben, "I s'pose we might's well say good-bye—"

"I'm not going," gulped Dick, drawing his sleeve across his eye. "I—I didn't think about mother feelin' bad and needin' me. And, if she should should die, like your mother—"

"Bless ye, my mother didn't die," struck in the old sailor heartily. "Ye didn't let me finish my yarn. She was only down 't a neighbour's, and pretty soon I heard wheels comin', and her voice, her own voice, talkin' in the dark."

Oh, that was good! Was she glad to see you?" cried Dick, all in a breath.

"Glad?" Wall, I guess we c'n skip that part." Here Cap'n Ben had recourse to his sleeve for an instant. But I hope it don't change your mind 'bout stayin' on shore, jest because mother didn't—"

Not much, said Dick, with emphasis. "Good night, Cap'n. I'm going home. Praps mother wants something!"— Sunday Afternoon.



THE CAPTAIN TOOK ONE LONG SQUINT.

and sharks, and tempestuous voyages in the "Sarah Ann" and half a dozen other vessels.

Having retired from the deep sea, he was content to live on shore in the hulk of an old schooner, long ago stranded and dragged up out of reach of the tide. He owned a dozen lobster pots, and these gave him occupation and recompense enough for his simple life.

On this particular afternoon, the old man was fashioning a toy ship for one of the many youngsters who regarded him as a whole ship-yard, Nautical Institute, and Arabian Nights combined.

"Hullo, Dick," said Cap'n Ben, as the boy drew near.

"Hullo, Cap'n. What you making?"

"Wall," said the ancient mariner, "I reckon she'll be a 'mophrodite brig. I ain't turned out one of them craft this year."

most shouted, as he reached the climax. "A real voyage, just like the ones you used to take. Praps we'll have a storm. Don't I hope we shall?"

Cap'n Ben laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, with a very kindly look in his keen old eyes.

"You're a good boy, Dick," said he, "and a plucky one, but uncommon keardless and thoughtless. 'Hope thar'll be a storm.' Goin' off unbeknownst! Here, you jest lay down on this pile o' chips and let me tell y' a story while I polish off this 'ere hull."

Dick, nothing loth to hear the story, but rather dubious as to the moral to be conveyed, flung himself down. The soft murmur of the surf, far out on the point, came to his ears as the old man talked.

"When I was nigh onto a year younger'n you be," began Cap'n Ben slowly, "I slipped cable and put out to

A small boy, says an exchange, surprised his teacher at one of the grammar schools by asking her how far a procession of the Presidents of the United States would reach if they were placed in a row. On her expressing her ignorance, he calmly announced, "From Washington to Cleveland."

**"Whatsoever He Saith Unto You,  
Do It."**

If you've any task to do,  
Let me whisper, friend, to you,  
Do it.

If you've anything to give  
That another's joy may live,  
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,  
Guiding others through the night,  
Light it.

Whether life be bright or drear,  
There's a message, sweet or clear,  
Whispered down to every ear;  
Hear it.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17, 1896.

**TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK.**

A man who has a desire for work, as well as a fitness for it, will find a field somewhere or make one for himself. This has been specially exemplified in the work of Thomas Barnardo, of London. Thirty years ago, when he was a young medical student, he sheltered a wretched little street boy in an East London room. That was the beginning of a work which has resulted to the present in forty different homes for neglected children. He now has the largest family on earth. It is composed of five thousand "mother's children," who stray from garrets and gutters into this fairy land in London, Edinburgh, Ontario, and Manitoba.

If you should go to London to-day and, taking a 'bus, go out into what is called Stepney, you would find an abundance of children along the docks. In a certain part you would see a sign suspended, reading, "Home for Working and Destitute Lads." On the right of this is another interesting sign, as follows: "An Ever-Open Door." All night and all day this door is open for every boy who claims to be "destitute." While open for the destitute, it is no place for impostors. The boy's story is heard and examined, and if found to be true, his photograph is taken and a physical description of him is kept in the great register. After this is done he is taken to the lavatory, his hair cut, a uniform given him, and he assigned a bed in one of the dormitories. "The baby boys go to the 'Babies' Castle,' Hankfurt; the little boys, to Leopold House; those from twelve to sixteen remain at Stepney; and the older ones are placed in the Tabor House on Commercial Road."

There are four hundred boys at Stepney, who are called every morning at 5.30 by a bugle. They then have a half-hour drill in the yard, which is also their ball-ground. In the work-shops they are taught fourteen different trades. Those who have been there for some time, and who have been taught to work, show fine physiques and intelligent faces. In each of the shops where work is done there is a kind, Christian master in charge. They have a gymnasium, swimming-baths, musical instruments, and a playground, to furnish play for their leisure hours.

In 1893 there were sent away seven hundred and fifty of these trained men. They are never lost sight of, but on leaving stationery is furnished them with

which to report their progress. It is said that ninety-eight per cent. of those who go out are a credit to their helper. One of the most remarkable things in connection with this home is that the expenses are from \$1,000 to \$1,500 daily, and these are met by the free-will offerings of the benevolent. There are no debts incurred. This work was commenced thirty years ago, before slumming became a fashionable fad. Dr. Barnardo practiced what Luther taught: "No greater harm is done to Christendom than by the neglect of children; therefore, to advance the cause of Christ, we must begin with them."

**WAMPUM.**

This is the English name for the shell beads used for ornament and as currency among the northern tribes of Indians previous to the settlement of the country. They were made chiefly on Long Island and around New York Bay, and were of two kinds, one made of conch, or periwinkle, and the other of hard clam-shells.

The making of wampum to be sold for ornaments, has been carried on for nearly a hundred years by the Campbell family at Pascack, N.J., and they are now said to be the only persons who know how to bleach and soften the conch-shells used in making white wampum or to drill holes through the still harder clam-shells that are made into the more valuable black or deep purple wampum.

The conch-shells are brought from West Indian ports by schooners. The clam-shells are of the largest size obtainable, the smaller ones being too thin for the purpose.

The white wampum and hair pipes are, according to the New York Sun, made from the lip of the shell, which is cut into suitable sizes after being detached from the body and put through a softening process that also bleaches it white.

The hair pipes are somewhat thicker than a clay pipe stem, tapering from the centre to both ends, and are graduated in length, by half inches, from one to six inches. They have a hole through the centre lengthwise. They were used to ornament the long hair of the chiefs, which was run through the holes and secured with gaudy coloured strings.

Black or dark purple wampum has always been more costly than the white, because it was worn only by the chiefs and medicine-men, and because of the difficulty of drilling the holes. But a small portion of a clam-shell yields material of the proper hue, and when it is cut in sections there is so much waste by breakage that only the most expert workman can be entrusted with the task.

The dark shell is cut in lengths like the white. A number of sections having been drilled, they were, according to the old process, strung on a wire and placed in alternating grooves running around a fine grindstone. As the stone revolved, Rockaway sand and water were dropped on it and a piece of hard board was rubbed back and forth across the face, thus moving the wampum and rounding its outer surface. Then it was washed, dried, dipped in olive-oil to give a gloss, and afterward made into strings for market. The clam-shell could not be softened without ruining its colour.—Scientific American.

**CIVILITY AT SEA.**

An American steamer anchored off the port of Nassau early one morning, and transferred all her passengers who wished to go ashore, with one exception, to a steam tender. The exception was a traveller who had not heard on the previous night the warning that every one who wished to go ashore for the morning must be on deck by six o'clock. He appeared upon the scene a moment after the tender had cast off. His fellow-passengers waved their handkerchiefs and laughed at him. The captain undertook to discipline him roughly.

"There is always one fool left behind!" he shouted, angrily. "You didn't know enough to get up when I warned you it would be your only chance of going ashore."

"But I received no warning," meekly answered the traveller.

This protest called out a volley of oaths from the captain. The traveller bristled in his turn.

"It is my misfortune to be left behind," he said; "but it is not a brave officer who abuses a passenger for his hard luck. I have travelled under many flags, and I am sorry that the first captain to treat me with discourtesy should be an American."

Before half an hour had passed, a sailboat ran in close to the steamer, and in response to a signal from the passenger

carried him ashore. Soon after, he turned the tables upon the captain and the passengers.

He had letters of introduction to present to the Governor of the Bahamas, and was hospitably received by him. When pressed to remain over night he explained that the steamer was to sail at one o'clock for Cuba. The governor turned to his secretary.

"Tell the agent that the steamer must not sail until he hears from me," was the order.

Then the governor explained to his guest that by virtue of a mail subsidy he could detain the ship for twenty-four hours. "You can stay over night and get off in the morning," he added.

It was a complete reversal of conditions. At sunrise the traveller had been alone on the ship, looking regretfully after his fellow-passengers who were on their way to the shore. At noon they were back on the steamer, and he was on shore, holding the ship for his own convenience with the governor's permission.

The traveller, however, was merciful to the captain. He did not detain the steamer longer than six hours, and returned to it at nightfall to meet the captain's flashing eye.

"Always behind time!" exclaimed the martinet. "You've kept all hands waiting since noon."

"Long enough, I hope," was the cool reply, "for you, sir, to learn that civility should be one of the rules of the sea, and that the use of abusive language may be at least injudicious."—Youth's Companion.

**STAND ASIDE.**

Robert Burdette has a son he is pleased to call Telemachus, to whom now and then he gives pretty sound advice. Recently he said to him: "Get away from the crowd a little every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are; and if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business details; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out of one of these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good."

**RESISTED.**

Four young men, clerks and students, while on a summer vacation tramp through northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic waterfall a boy named Forrest Leo Graves.

Forest was a fine, athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains; and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength. After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

"Thank you: I have my own lunch," and the boy went away by himself.

Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called. "You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir; thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I insist upon it," said the young man.

"You can do as you please about drinking, but I cannot drink," replied Graves.

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of the other. "Now you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule," he exclaimed.

"You can't rule me," was the brave reply. These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream. Then a clear, defiant tone rang out: "I did it in self-defence! You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honourable man; but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till

I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times that I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise!"

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I were as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson that you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and, seeing his error, apologized frankly. How many boys need to be kept from strong drink! and, alas! how many men and women! Who dare tempt them! Let it not be you nor I.—Our Young Folks.

**Is This Your Motto?**

For our Lord Jesus Christ's sake—  
Do all the good you can,  
To all the people you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the places you can,  
As long as ever you can.

—Selected.

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.**

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 25, 1896.

"For her my tears shall fall."—Psalm 137. 6.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

The Jews revered the very dust of Jerusalem, which was known by the name of the Holy City. The Temple was there, which was the most gorgeous sanctuary in the world. Nothing can exceed the language of the text. There is a beauty and terseness in the words which touch the heart, and arouse all the sensibilities of the soul. No words in ancient or modern tongues can surpass it for beauty. The text is the true expression of every Jewish heart.

STRONG AFFIRMATION.

No earthly attachment was equal to the attachment of the Jew for Jerusalem. This illustrates the love we should feel to Christ's kingdom.

Hear the next verses of the hymn mentioned in the last lesson, which are to be committed to memory.

"For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
For her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

"Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

"Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven."

PERSONAL INTEREST.

A moment's reflection will convince us of our deep obligation to the kingdom of Christ. There is safety for life and property where the kingdom of Christ is established. Those nations whose people are the subjects of this kingdom are the best nations in the world. They do not rob nor steal. They are guided by the golden rule, hence men do not dwell in fear where the Gospel is preached. Those are the best citizens who fear God and work righteousness.

OUR OBLIGATION.

Christ is sometimes wounded in the house of his friends. Dishonour is brought upon his sacred name when men act contrary to his laws, and do those things which are not well-pleasing in his sight. We are in duty bound to spread Christ's kingdom. By kind words, upright actions, and self-denying labours we are bound to seek to win our fellowmen to Christ, and to convert a sinner from the error of his way is to save a soul from death. This can sometimes be done by speaking a word in honour of the Saviour, or giving a kind warning when we see others going astray. We also, by so doing, promote our own happiness, for there is a luxury connected with doing good which is known only to those who do good. Do not forget that such sacrifices are well-pleasing to God.

A young man just home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said: "Do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world."

"No, 'tisn't," said she.

"Yes, it is," declared the young collegian.

"Then why don't it keep off the rain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.

**The Way Pins Save Lives—A Boy's Essay.**

BY PARSON KAY.

A recitation for Juvenile Temperance Societies.

Come, friends, and hear my story,  
I will tell it if you'll hear,  
How Tommy won his glory,  
By an essay very queer—  
An essay read in a school in town,  
By a little boy named Tommy Brown,  
Who regularly went to school.

He was a boy who tried to think for himself,  
Spoke out when he wanted to ;  
And sometimes caused the children to laugh,  
With the comical things he would do.  
One day the teacher set the children a task,  
"What was it?" I almost hear you ask,  
Required of that week-day school.

"I want an essay from every girl and boy,  
On any subject you please,  
Something to show how well you can write—  
From a grindstone to a cheese."  
Great consternation seized every heart,  
Not one could tell the way to start,  
Not one in that puzzled school.

At last they hit upon a plan,  
And each made choice of topic,  
Some chose a subject, large indeed,  
And some were microscopic,  
But Tommy Brown the laurel wins,  
With an marvellous essay on the subject of pins,  
The strangest of all in the school.

He had evidently heard—or stolen, 'tis clear—  
The subject was perfectly planned,  
He told of things, which many, we fear,  
In that school did not understand.  
His beginning was good, and continued to be,  
But his conclusion 'most shocked the modesty  
Of the children in that school.

After he had told of the wire they used,  
How they pointed and headed the pin,  
He closed up his essay in a manner most strange,  
Amidst a school-room din—  
He not only told of their use to house-wives,  
"But they have been known to save people's lives,"  
Said this funny boy of that school.

'Tis the teacher's turn now to look puzzled,  
And a shadow crosses her brow—  
"Pins have been known to save people's lives!"  
"Come, Tommy, and tell us how?"  
"It's easy enough to do that," said he,  
"By simply not swallerin' 'em—don't yer see?"  
Asked this comical boy of that school.

Supposing we learn a moral from this,  
For many will tell us, I know,  
That the use of intoxicants saves people lives,  
And the drinker makes out it is so,  
But don't you think those who are helped by the cup,  
Are those who are never found swallow-ing up  
The drinks in the drunkard's school?  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

**THE DRUMMER AT THE SCHOOL.**

Offie Downs, the thirteen-year-old drummer boy in the Dodge Street School, Omaha, proved himself a genuine hero the other day by calming a panic, and preventing a great sacrifice of life among the five hundred children in the school. The little fellow is the drum-major of the school, his business being to stand at the foot of the stairs and drum out the children to the step of an army march. This exercise was called the fire drill, and every noon and evening the house was emptied to the beat of Offie's drum. All the pupils, from the infant class up, knew their places, and had been taught that there must not be a moment's delay when the drum tapped. The young soldiers had been so well trained that the principal after declared that in case of fire the big building could be emptied in two minutes. But despite the good discipline he had hoped that the dreadful calamity would never happen. It did happen, however, and regardless of his confidence in his own self-possession, his presence of mind forsok him, leaving him to manage half a thousand of panic-stricken children as best he could. He was hearing a recitation in his own room when one of the teachers dashed in, screaming, "Fire!"

Her wild cry alarmed the pupils and teachers all over the building, and in a minute after the alarm was given there was a general rush for the stairs, and in the excitement no one seemed to think of either fire rules or drummer boy. But, notwithstanding Offie's reputation of cowardice, he kept his head in the general stampede. It was the crisis for which he had been trained, and his courage in the midst of the crying of the children and the excitement of principal and teachers saved a long list of dead and injured.

The moment he saw the smoke pouring out through the register he left his place, and, passing rapidly up the aisles, ran swiftly down the two flights of stairs and into the principal's room, where his drum was kept. Taking the instrument down from its hook, he slung the strap over his shoulder and rushed into the hall. By this time the smoke was so dense that he could scarcely see objects almost within touch, and on the floor above he could hear the shouts of the teachers trying to keep the pupils from trampling each other in their efforts to crowd down-stairs. The rattling of fire engines outside added to the general confusion; but, like a soldier in battle, Offie Downs stood bravely at his post. Pushing his way through the smoke to the bottom of the stairs, just when a panic seemed unavoidable, he began beating his drum as though the gong had sounded for the close of the afternoon session. The very first tap acted like magic in bringing teachers and pupils to their senses. Remembering that they were soldiers under marching orders, the stampede was checked. The principal pulled three or four little ones from under the feet of the rushing children, and commanded them to keep step to the music. Instantly the line that the teachers had tried in vain to form was straightened out, and, like the young soldiers they proved themselves to be, the five hundred pupils filed down the two long flights of stairs, as they had done a thousand times before. The entire building was now black with smoke; but, notwithstanding the choking sensation experienced, there was no breaking of ranks, and in just one minute from the time the drum sounded out its call to order, the house was empty. Offie remained steadfast. With the smoke blinding and almost suffocating him, he stood cool and determined, defying all danger until his duty was done.

When the principal told him that every one was out, he followed, rattling away at his drum as he came down the front steps. The crowd cheered as he made his appearance in the door, and the teachers pressed around him to express their gratitude for their own safety and that of their respective flocks. His heroism alone prevented a panic, several children having fainted and fallen during the first few minutes of the excitement.

The fire originated in an overheated furnace stack, and, although the flames consumed one floor, it was easily extinguished by the fire department.

Offie's praises were sung in many homes that night, and as families gathered around their hearthstones, happy hearts turned gratefully to the little hero, who by his faithfulness to duty, had kept the death angel from their homes.—Sunday-school Advocate.

**THREE THINGS TO AVOID.**

There are three things which boys, and girls, too, who wish to grow up good and noble men and women, must always avoid—but especially the boys, as these are not the sins which usually beset the paths of girls. Sometimes, indeed, we hear of women who are so lost to all good that they are guilty of all three; but, thank God! not often.

The first thing and worst thing you may easily guess. It is whiskey.

O boys, I want you all to make a resolution now, while you are so young, never to use, buy, sell, make, give, or take that terrible thing called strong drink! Include the whole class—wine, cider, beer, whiskey, brandy, rum, gin, alcohol—anything and everything which can intoxicate. They never bring good, but always do harm. The best physicians say that even where they are used in sickness, the patient would be better off without them, and that no life has ever been prolonged by their use.

The next thing to avoid is that nasty, filthy thing called tobacco. Oh, how much money, time, health, honesty, morality and happiness have been sacrificed to that terrible old tobacco worm!

O boys! as you hope to be men, don't chew it! Neither chew it, nor snuff it, nor smoke it in pipes, cigars, or those little evil things called cigarettes, which lead as surely to the greater wrong, as a shadow follows a substance. Don't

use tobacco in any form, at any time, in any place, and you will be better and happier for it.

The third thing to avoid is profanity. Oh, if God should take swearers at their word, when they call upon him so impiously, what a fearful fate would be theirs! Dear boys, don't open your lips to curse and swear. There is nothing manly or good about it. Keep your lips and your lives pure, and the world will be better because of you.

**THE PINT OF ALE.**

A Manchester (England) calico printer was, on his wedding-day, asked by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day, as her share of extra comforts. He made the bargain, but not cheerfully; for though a drinker himself—fancying, no doubt, that he could not well do without—he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard. John loved his wife, but he could not break away from his old associations at the ale-house; and when not in the factory or at his meals, he was with his boon companions. His wife made the small allowance meet her house-keeping expenses, keeping her cottage neat and tidy. He could not complain that she insisted upon her daily pint of ale, while he, very likely, drank two or three quarts.

They had been married a year, and the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife; and with a touch of remorse in his look and tone, he said:

"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt to the village, and see the mother."

"Would thee like to go, John?" she asked.

There was a tear with her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly, as in the old times.

"If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat, Mary! Has got a fortin' left thee?"

"Nay, but I've got the pint of ale," said she.

"Got what, wife?"

"The pint of ale," she repeated.

Thereupon she went to the hearth, and from beneath one of the flags drew forth a stocking, from which she poured upon the table the sum of three hundred and sixty-five threepences (\$22.51), exclaiming:

"See, John, thee can have the holiday."

"What is this?" he asked, in amaze.

"It is my daily pint of ale, John."

He was conscience-stricken, as well as amazed and charmed.

"Mary, hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll have no more from this day."

And he was as good as his word. They had their holiday with the old mother; and Mary's little capital, saved from the "pint of ale," was the seed from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat and carriage, with health, happiness, peace and honour.—Presbyterian.

**A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.**

BY MAY F. M'KEAN.

"Good evening, gentlemen! Are you too busy to attend a prayer-meeting?"

It was, perhaps, an odd scene, and the words sounded oddly in their presence; but Chaplain Green was a man who was not afraid or ashamed to show his colours at any time or in any place; and now he was going about among the tent inviting the soldiers to attend the evening prayer-meeting.

In other tents he had been as little welcome as he was here. He had been pained over and over again by the rough jest and the flow of ruddy wine, and the infatuation of the card-table. But Chaplain Green had a message and an invitation from the King of heaven. Perhaps some heart would be inclined to hear; so he went faithfully, undauntedly on from tent to tent, asking the inmates to the meeting.

"Yes, we are too busy. We have more important business on hand just now," replied one of the men addressed, looking up from his cards.

"What do we care for your prayer-meetings?" asked another in a quarrelsome tone.

A third looked up with a sneer on his face. "We'll deputize you to pray for us while we continue our game," he said. Chaplain Green bowed. "I will be glad to do so; will you tell me your name, please?"

"My name? What do you want with that?" demanded the man, still gruffly.

"That I may present your case per-

sonally to the Lord," was the quiet answer.

"See here! You needn't bother the Lord about us! We don't need your prayers. When we need any praying done we'll attend to it ourselves," said the first of the men.

"But I have been deputized to pray for you, and promised to do so. I shall fulfil my promise. Good-evening, gentlemen," said the chaplain, as he retired.

The game dragged slowly after that. All interest in it seemed lost; and presently the men throw down their cards as one of them said:

"I wonder if that old fanatic is keeping his promise? Let's go and see, and have some fun at his expense."

The others agreed, and as they reached the tent they heard the chaplain's clear voice in prayer. He was praying for them, that the Lord would touch their hearts with the divine power of his love, and make them his obedient servants, his saved children.

But they did not have any "fun at the chaplain's expense." They parted company, but all did not go beyond the sound of the preacher's voice; and through that earnest prayer, the very one who had deputized him to pray for the party, was convicted of sin and led to Christ.

Not one of the other three forgot that evening either, and when a little later they too were led to the foot of the cross, they dated their first serious convictions to those words fitly spoken.

Thus does God abundantly bless the efforts of his faithful servants. It may be the words are spoken in very weakness, but he will take them up and use them for his glory.

Dear boys and girls, we may not be chaplains or ministers or missionaries, or hold any public place where we have the opportunity to do great things for Christ; but let us be true to our colours, and the blessings of our Father will be upon the words which we may speak for him.

**UP THE NILE.**

As we go up the Nile, a never-ending variety of charming scenery is presented to view. In some of the tombs the hieroglyphics show the manner of Egyptian irrigation three thousand years ago. It is the same to-day. There are the never-ending ditches, channels, and canals, interlacing the soil with silvery threads of fertility and life. Here are still the poor fellows with their buckets lifting the water from the Nile. They stand there all day, in the sun, and dip their buckets and lift and empty them. I counted the bucketfuls, and found that in a day of ten hours a man would lift six thousand buckets of Nile water, for which he receives a trifle of over ten cents a day; yet they never go on a strike. But, day after day, hour after hour, those lithe, naked forms bow down and bring up water from the Nile as they did three thousand years ago.

Up the Nile a farm-hand gets fifteen cents a day, a carpenter twenty cents, and a mason forty cents. No wonder that with wages so low, and with such crowds of slaves, the old Egyptian kings could build up the pyramids and construct wonderful tombs.—New York Observer.

**THE NOBILITY OF SAVING.**

The rescue work carried on by the Salvation Army and other Christian organizations in the large cities is one whose value and importance cannot be overestimated, when the worth of a single soul is fully realized and its relation to society rightly understood.

If we call him "who makes two blades of grass grow where only one has grown before," a benefactor, what term shall we apply to one who helps to save a soul, thereby turning all its powers into helpful channels? Truly he is only second in greatness "to the God who makes!"

"Make me a man," called the king to the artist.

And he cut a superb figure from stony marble, and brought it to the palace.

"It can't breathe," cried the king; "make me a man."

And again, the artist made a figure of wax, with rich colour, and the blood seemed almost beating through the veins.

"It is cold," cried the king; "make me a man."

And then the artist took a poor beggar from the streets and cleansed him and dressed him, and took him by the hand and led him to the king, saying, "O king, I could not make a man myself, but here is one whom God made and whom I have found."

And the king said, "The man who saves is nearly like in greatness to the God who makes."

## A Thankful Soul.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

I take life jest as I find it;  
If it's hot I never mind it;  
Hunt around for shady trees  
An' jest whistle up a breeze!  
If it's snowin', why—I go,  
Jest go a-skimmin' 'cross the snow!  
(Ever try how good it feels  
In a waggon off the wheels?)  
Spring or winter, summer, fall,  
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full of strife:  
That jest 'livens up my life!  
When the good Lord made it, he  
Done the best fer you an' me—  
Saw the sky had too much blue,  
An' rolled up a cloud or two;  
Give us light to sow an' reap,  
Then throw in the dark for sleep.  
Every single drop of dew  
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

To! you! this world's full o' light—  
Sun by days and stars by night;  
Sometimes sorrow comes along,  
But it's all mixed up with song.  
Folks that always make complaint  
They ain't healthy—that they ain't!  
Some would jest live with the chills  
If it warn't fer doctor's bills!  
Always findin' fault with things—  
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it;  
If it's a sunshiny day,  
Hot or cold, I never mind it—  
That's my time for makin' hay;  
If it's rainin', fills my wish—  
Makes the lakes jest right fer fish;  
When the snow falls white as foam,  
Then I track the rabbits home.  
Spring or winter, summer, fall,  
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY

## LESSON IV—OCTOBER 25.

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Prov. 1. 1-19. Memory verses, 7-10.

(Read Prov. 1. 1-33.)

## GOLDEN TEXT.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. 1. 10.

## DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (Prov. 1. 1-19).

Tuesday.—Read the promises made to the wise (Prov. 2. 1-9). Learn the Golden Text.

Wednesday.—Read of something better than rubles (Prov. 8. 1-11). Answer the Questions.

Thursday.—Read how the wise differ from the foolish (Prov. 10. 1-14). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read what is at the end (Prov. 14. 1-12).

Saturday.—Read the result of rejecting reproof (Prov. 15. 1-12).

Sunday.—Read a contrast between good and evil (Prov. 15. 20-33) Study the Teachings of the Lesson.

## QUESTIONS

I. The Search for Wisdom, verses 1-6

1. What is a proverb? Did Solomon write the entire book? 2. Why was it written? What is the truest wisdom? 3. What are the two branches of our duty? 4. For whom were these proverbs chiefly prepared? 5. Why should we take good advice? 6. Give a second purpose of this book?

II. The Beginning of Wisdom, verses 7-9.

7. What is meant by the fear of the Lord? How is it the beginning of knowledge? What will follow if we neglect God's claims? 8. What is next to plety toward God? What blessings are promised if we obey parents?

III. The Enticements of Sin, verses 10-19.

10. Why do the wicked tempt the good? Is it a sin to be tempted? 11. What is meant by "lay wait"? 12. What do wrongdoers get beside booty or spoil? 13. Why should we guard against the first wrong step? 14. How may we imitate birds? 15. Who is hurt most by sin? Why should we refuse unlawful gain?

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

We should seek knowledge, that we may avoid the doom of wrongdoing and secure the reward of obedience. It is our privilege to profit by the experience of others. We may safely trust the wis-

dom and love of good parents and always obey them. Not all companionships are safe. As the most poisonous reptiles are the most brilliant in appearance, so the more desirable evil seems the more deadly it is. Religion will save us from falling into many snares.

## QUEER BATTLE EQUIPMENTS.

A missionary in China, writing to friends in this country not long ago, told something which seems very strange to us. He said that he saw large bodies of Chinese soldiers marching to meet the Japanese, and, instead of the weapons we should expect to see in the hands of soldiers, many were holding umbrellas or carrying fans, while every tenth man bore a banner. And some one else has said that umbrellas and fans were even carried into battle by some of the soldiers.

No wonder that Japan, which has adopted modern methods, was able to defeat China, though ten times larger than herself.

If we are to be conquerors in the fight with evil in our own hearts and in the world about us, we must have the very best possible equipment, "the whole armour of God," the Bible calls it. Furnished with this, and relying on his strength, we must strive for victory. Only so can we obtain.—Christian Advocate.



WATER SPIDERS.

## WATER SPIDERS.

These are very remarkable creatures. They possess the faculty of making a little balloon, as it were, in the water, and filling it with air, so that they can live quite comfortably beneath the surface of a pond. This little air chamber is attached by numerous threads to adjacent water plants. The spider makes frequent visits to the surface, as shown in the picture. The amount of mechanical and almost scientific skill that these creatures possess is marvellous. They may be said to have invented both diving bell and suspension bridge long before man had ever thought of either. Small wonder that the Psalmist, considering the wonders of nature, devoutly exclaimed, "O Lord! how marvellous are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

## ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

"Young ladies," said Eli Perkins to the Nashville Seminary girls, "I want to talk seriously to you about your mothers. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, kiss her on the mouth. You cannot imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little bit of a girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-

taunted breath and swollen face. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, your little dirty chubby hands whenever they were injured by those first skirmishes with the rough old world. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. These rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."—Selected.

## LITTLE FOXES.

BY HELENA H. THOMAS.

A fox is a very common animal, and one familiar to most of my readers, especially boys. This little animal is so shy and so cunning that it often does a great deal of mischief before the danger of its presence is discovered.

In Western Asia people raise many grapes, and the fox is a great pest to

and that, each in his own way, we can be useful, if the "little foxes" are trapped.

## Lost, the Summer

Where has the summer gone?  
She was just here a minute ago,  
With roses and daisies  
To whisper her praises—  
And every one loved her so!

Has any one seen her about?  
She must have gone off in the night!  
And she took the best flowers  
And happiest hours,  
And asked no one's leave for her flight.

Have you noticed her steps in the grass?  
The garden looks red where she went;  
By the side of the hedge  
There's a goldenrod edge;  
And the rose-vines are withered and bent.

Don't you fear she is sorry she went?  
It seems but a minute since May!  
I'm scarce half through  
What I wanted to do;  
If she only had waited a day!

Do you think she will ever come back?  
I will watch every day at the gate  
For the robins and clover,  
Saying over and over;  
"I know she will come, if I wait!"

"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul."—Our readers who have heard this expression so often, without knowing its origin, will be glad to have the following explanation from Harper's Young People: "Robbing Peter to Pay Paul" was first used when Westminster Abbey was called St. Peter's Cathedral. Money being needed to settle the accounts of St. Paul's Cathedral, it was taken by those in authority from St. Peter's, quite to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, 'Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?' Over two hundred years afterward the saying was again used in regard to the same churches at the death of the Earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that so great a statesman should be buried in St. Paul's, while Parliament insisted that one so noble in every way would be more properly placed amid the dust of kings in Westminster Abbey, and that not to bury him there would be for the second time 'robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul.' The Abbey very justly carried the day."

## Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe

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