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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

[No. 40.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

Vol. XV.]

Tell Me About the Master.

Tell me about the Master,
I am weary and worn to-night;
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light—
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the West;
But my heart is awfully, awfully,
And I long like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master—
Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of his anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod;
For to me life's weary milestones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill-country behind me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master—
Of the wrongs he freely forgave,
Of his mercy and tender
compassion,
Of his love that was
mighty to save;
For my heart is awfully,
awfully,
Of the woes and tempta-
tions of life,
Of the error that stalks in
the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice
and strife.

Yet I know that whatever
of sorrow,
Or pain, or temptations
befall,
The infinite Master has
suffered,
And knoweth and pit-
ieth all;
So tell me the sweet old
story,
That falls on each wound
like a balm,
And the heart that was
bruised and broken
Grows patient and strong
and calm.
—The Advance.

THE STORY OF A SUPPER.

BY MARJORIE S. HENRY.

I DON'T believe they have a whole suit between them—nor a whole home either, for that matter, if one cares to go into the family history of three incorrigible little Arabs, Greasy and Jim and Flute by name. But they have hearts tucked away somewhere. I doubted it sometimes myself until this incident happened; then I felt as I used to do when I found a glade up among the hills, and scraped and poked with my penknife until the gray crust crumbled away and a bit of the glistening garnet peeped out. There are jewels and jewels under the crust.

I did not know this story until long after it happened, or, perhaps it might never have been a story, after all, for the good boy did not get rewarded, as good boys always do in story-books, but ate his poor—There! I must begin at the right end of the telling.

There were tickets to be given out at the mission rooms for a supper, and big boys and little boys, poor and hungry, came in anxious crowds to obtain the coveted bit of pasteboard that meant to them, for once, the full satisfaction of a good meal. Greasy and Jim came too, Flute couldn't come, for he worked late that night, and knew nothing about the orange-red ticket that sent such a glow into Greasy's heart as he walked down the frozen street.

"No, sir!" answered Jim, with a grin

of satisfaction at his own good fortune. "They're done givin' 'em out to-night, full up, seats taken. Old Flute's out this time." "I say, Jim!" returned Greasy; "if that's so, you and me played a mean trick. Why didn't you speak for Flute when you got your own?"

"Why didn't you?" retorted Jim, turning an extravagant hand-spring on the flagstone pavement. "We're all right, anyhow. Come on, old boy!"

Greasy tried to forget. All night he hugged the pasteboard tight, and woke once from a troubled dream muttering, "Tain't yours at all, Flute; it's mine."

He tried to forget the next day when he went to duty down at the glass-works, but somehow Flute's hungry little face came between him and the chips of glass he

ticket was a mistake; it was made out in my name, and I"—a bit of a tremble in his tone, but only for a minute—"I allers has a square meal enough. There's another feller oughter to have this; he's pretty poor."

Without further questions Greasy's ticket was made out in Flute's name. The lady, satisfied that the "mistake" had been satisfactorily rectified, and with a smile for the boy's honest statement, turned to other work.

Greasy went out to meet Flute down by the old mill.

"By the way," said he, "there's your ticket fur the supper. Jim said I couldn't get yer one, but I did."

Flute's eager grasp of the ticket spoke volumes.

means wolf. He had long, straight hair, sharp ears, and long, sharp teeth like a wolf. When he was angry he would show his teeth, and when he bit his teeth came together with a click, just like a spring trap.

Soon after that I bought him and then we became better friends. I found him to be so faithful that I liked him very much indeed. One time I went to a place where he had lived before, and when he got loose he went to his old home and lay on the front steps. One day I wanted to drive him and so went after him. I did not want to whip him for going, so I shut him up in a stable and talked to him. I said "Now, Ma-in-gon, I don't want to whip you; but if you ever go there again I shall give you a good whipping."

Then after a few hours I let him out and went away and watched him. He went and stood on a high rock and sniffed the air and looked wistfully and long at his old home. Then he heaved a sigh which was plainly audible and came and lay down at my feet. He looked so sad and heartbroken that I was very sorry for him. He never went there again. Was he not good and obedient? How many boys are as good?

One day in the spring poor Ma-in-gon was nearly killed. We were on a log drive and a man put the old dog in the timber slide to have him go through. As he was going down the poor fellow's foot caught in a crack in the bottom of the slide, and he could go no further. The men rushed to his rescue, but we forgot a log that was just sticking through. This rumbled down and we all thought that it would strike and kill the poor dog; but it passed quite close and only took off one claw. We got him out, and I was very glad he was alive.

Ma-in-gon had a mate called Major, and they two spent the summer on a timber drive. They became quite expert at riding logs. At night they slept outside the tent where the friend who kept them lay. They always lay just as near as they could to the place where his head was. Two or three

times during the night Ma-in-gon would go into the tent, followed by Major, and go to where their friend lay. If his face was covered Ma-in-gon would gently draw away the blanket with his paw and then stand and look into his face. Then they would go outside, and lying down they would thump on the ground with their tails for very joy because their friend was safe.

When the man went to town the dogs accompanied him, and they always watched over him when he slept in the woods. He said that he always felt safe when they were with him. After that I had him with me in town. The dogs were fed on bread, but poor Ma-in-gon would not eat bread, but would gather up all sorts of old bones and try to eat them. I would get my hat and take some money and say, "Come, old fellow, let us get some meat." He would just bound for joy and follow me to the butcher's shop. When I got the meat I would give it to him and he would carry it up to the shop and there eat it.



THE THREE LITTLE ARABS.

sorted, and shone out haggard and beseeching from every reflected surface. Once he paused and wiped away a big tear that glistened white and pure on the grimy face.

It was late when he was through that night, and quick and fast his feet flew over the streets to the mission rooms. At a table where the lady sat who had given out the tickets the night before, he stopped.

"Say, missis!" Then he held his breath and gave one tight squeeze to the orange ticket. For a moment before she turned he thought he must run out again, but Flute's face seemed to look up at him once more. "Taint no use," he muttered.

"Say, missis!" "No, little boy," the lady said as she turned, misunderstanding his purpose. "I'm sorry, but all the tickets are given out."

All hope went then from Greasy's heart, but the rough little voice went on:

"It ain't that way, missis. This 'ere

"I ain't a-goin' myself ter-day; I'm to take dinner somewhere else."

And Flute never questioned where Greasy's "somewhere else" was, but ate his supper at the mission rooms with satisfied delight.

Greasy took his "somewhere else" down on an old wharf by the river with his feet dangling over the edge, and his supper was just one cold potato and a bit of a half-stale bun.

MA-IN-GON.

BY FRED. G. STEVENS.

THE first time I saw Ma-in-gon was at a lumber camp on the river Pickerel. He was a large yellow dog, and was one of a train that a man up there used to travel with. When I saw him he looked so fierce that I was afraid to go near him.

When he was little an Indian owned him and he gave him his name, which

While I was away on a journey I left him with a lady who had a little baby only five months old. Although he was so fierce-looking he made a most excellent nurse. The lady told me that he was a better nurse than any girl she knew. One time I was going to take him with me on a trip, but she begged me to let him stay with her, and I did so. After that I moved to a distant province and had to leave Ma-in-gon behind me. I was very sorry and lonesome too.

He understood three languages, Indian, French and English.

Ma-in-gon was shot by one of those cruel men who do not realize how faithful a dog can be. The man was punished, and while I was sorry to hear of the cruel end of my faithful friend yet I was glad to know that the law of our land can reach and punish men who will shoot or maltreat innocent dumb animals.

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Pleasant Hours:

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

THE OLD MILL.

There stood, three hundred years ago, a ruinous corn-mill at the foot of the Hagelburg mountain. The slated roof was entirely overgrown with moss, the chimney had fallen into ruins, and the walls near the stream were all full of great holes. Every one who saw the water-wheel going round was surprised at the courage of the people who lived within such walls, and slept beneath such a roof. These persons were, however, only two in number, an old blind woman, the owner of the mill, and her son, a strong, brave-hearted young man. They would indeed, gladly have built up the mill again, if they had only had some money with which to pay the wages of the masons and carpenters; but in days gone by the old miller had been plundered of all his earnings, and his mill thrown into ruins by roving bands of the enemy during the war time, and it was mainly of grief at his heavy losses that he had died. The clergyman of the village where he had been buried preached a funeral sermon on the occasion from the words, "He is the Lord God, rejoice ye before him, for he is the Father of the fatherless and defendeth the cause of the widow." With this promise the good pastor comforted the widow and her son, and prayed for them, and his prayer was answered in a very extraordinary manner.

Before the miller's wife sat down to table she was in the habit of saying aloud, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast granted us." And she said the words in such a manner that it was plain to see they came straight from her heart.

Now the knight, Ulrich Von Geirstem, surnamed in the neighbourhood the Golden Knight, because he was richer than all his fellows far and wide, chanced one autumn evening to pass the open window of the mill just as the poor blind widow

was praying, as usual, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast granted us." And so, while he was standing by the window, he said to himself, "I have heard many prayers, but compared with this they were but as the stammerings of heathens, and I am rejoiced that any one should pray in such a manner. I will make acquaintance with the people who live here, and who will not recognize me in my hunting clothes."

He then pushed back the wooden latch of the door, went up to the table, and said, in the free, open manner of a forerster:

"Good even to you; the Lord Jesus cannot come here to-day himself, but he has sent me instead."

And without saying anything more he sat down on the settle near the fire. Nor did the widow or her son ask why or whence he had come; the young miller only giving him a clean wooden spoon out of the table drawer to eat the porridge with, and the old woman merely saying: "Eat as much as you like and make yourself at home."

When they had nearly finished the porridge, the Golden Knight, whom the mother and her son really imagined to be a forerster, said:

"Pardon me, good mother, but do you quite understand what you are saying when you look up to the blue sky and pray, 'Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast granted us'?"

"Yes, I quite understand it," answered the widow, who had long ago given up eating, and had left the remainder to the men. "If I did not, and if the words I so often utter did not come from my heart, you would not now be seated at my table, and very few hungry wanderers would have found their way here. I know well that the Lord Jesus will not now sit at the table of publicans and sinners, as once he did when he came among us in the flesh. But it is written, ' whatsoever ye do unto the least of my brethren, that you do unto me,' and I would gladly stand at his right hand when from his throne he shall say, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was hungry and ye fed me, thirsty and ye gave me to drink.'"

While the Golden Knight and the widow were talking in this way, the son hung up the cross-bow and the fur cap of his guest on the bar over the stove, and went to his bed in the garret. Soon after the old woman groped her way to her room, asking the knight to make himself as comfortable as he could on the settle. He did not, however, remain there long, but as soon as the moon had risen high enough to give him light he took out of his hunting-pouch some heavy silver coins and put them into the sack which hung over the corn-bin, and then quitted the house where he had been so hospitably entertained.

The widow's son slept, however, only two or three hours, and then came downstairs that he might finish grinding some corn for the innkeeper at Dettenheim, which he wanted immediately. Scarcely had he let down the sack that the flour might fall into the bin below, than coin after coin came rattling down.

The young miller was so astonished that for some time he stood as still as a statue; then, taking up the great heavy coin in his cap, he carried them to his mother.

It was not long before the money was changed into a new house, which rose with summer on the edge of the trout stream, close to where the old mill had formerly stood; and before her death the poor blind widow laid her hand in blessing on the head of a good, kind daughter-in-law; and no one ever passed through the valley without partaking of the miller's simple fare, or spending a night beneath the hospitable roof.—*Good Things.*

WITH GOD EACH MORNING.

A TRAVELLER, visiting at Aix-la-Chapelle, noticed one morning a number of boys and girls on their way to school. On their backs were their book-knapsacks, secured after the German fashion. They were young soldiers in the great school army, moving forward to attack and carry such formidable heights as arithmetic, grammar, geography. The traveller noticed that these warriors of peace entered a roomy church. He followed them into the house of God; and was it hushed and silent? No! A great throng of children had

gathered there. Hundreds were present. On one side of the church were boys and on the other were girls. They knelt, and their voices were blended in devout prayer. Then, birdlike, they warbled together a cheerful hymn. No teacher seemed to be there to oversee them; no clergyman to guide them in worship. It seemed to be a voluntary act of child worship, not on any special day, but as a fitting preface of their daily tasks. Was it any wonder that the visitor was deeply impressed by this scene?

How many of our young people are particular to begin each day with a look into God's Word, and then a look in prayer up to God himself? The school-world has its temptations; prayer fights them down. It has its duties; prayer helps us to climb those steps of obligation. You need not visit a church each morning to prepare yourself, but you should withdraw to the stillness of some chamber of devotion, and there—alone with God—begin the day.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

"NANNIE, dear, I want you to hem those napkins without fail this afternoon. Can I trust you to do it? I must go out for the whole afternoon, and cannot remind you of them," said Mrs. Barton to her little girl.

"Yes, mother dear, I will; you can trust me," said Nannie.

Now, Nannie did not like to hem napkins any better than you do; but she went at once to her work-basket, took out her needle and thread and thimble, and began work. Pretty soon she heard a sound of music. It came nearer, and at last it sounded right in front of the house. She dropped her sewing to run to the window, and then she stopped. "No; I promised mother, and she trusted me," said Nannie to herself. And she sat down again, and went to sewing.

Soon the door burst open, and in rushed several little girls. "Nannie, Nannie, where are you? There's a monkey out here, and a trained dog; and they're playing lovely tricks. Come on!"

"I can't; I promised mother, and she trusted me," she answered.

They coaxed and scolded, but all to no purpose; so they left her.

Just as she finished the last napkin, her mother came in. "My little heroine!" she said, as she kissed Nannie.

"Why, mother, I didn't save anybody's life, or do anything brave; I only kept my promise," answered Nannie, wonderingly.

It is sometimes harder to keep a promise, and do one's duty, than to save a life. You did a brave, noble thing; and I thank God for you, my dear," said Mrs. Barton.

RUST.

PERHAPS it is hard to give a scientific definition of what rust is, but we have all seen it and marked its effects. It eats and destroys, and if not checked it will injure and make useless the finest piece of machinery. It works slowly and surely, and the workman must guard against it.

There is another kind of rust which may settle on the mind. Once the mind was active and bright. It worked smoothly and quickly, like a well-made, well-polished, and well-oiled piece of machinery. Years passed away, the school-house was left far in the rear in the journey of life, and the polish of the mind was neglected. Rust began to settle, and the mental machinery was slow to move and easily stopped. No thought was turned out, and the person began to descend in the plane of being. A good book mastered once a week, or even once a month, would have kept the rust away.

There is a rust of the soul which is far worse. Once conscience was quick to move, and the moral nature responded to the call of duty. Now, how changed!

You who are young, make this firm resolve—and may you keep it through the coming years—that while life is given to you it will ever be your aim to let no power of mind or soul suffer from neglect. Be active in every part of your nature—polish every faculty of the soul. So live that should old age come it may be such as will win respect and not pity.

THERE are three R's in the Bible—Ruin by sin, Redemption by Christ, and Regeneration by the Holy Ghost.

The Silver Plate.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

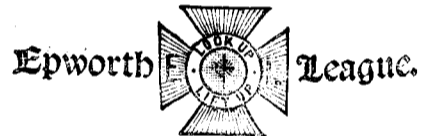
THEY passed it along from pew to pew, And gathered the coins, now fast, now few, That rattled upon it; and every time Some eager fingers would drop a dime On the silver plate with a silver sound. A boy who sat in the aisle looked round With a wistful face: "Oh, if only he Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!" He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare To hope he would find a penny there.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes As the minister, in a plaintive wise, Had spoken of children all abroad The world who had never heard of God— Poor, pitiful pagans who didn't know, When they came to die, where their souls would go And who shrieked with fear when their mothers made Them kneel to an idol god, afraid He might eat them up, so fierce and wild And horrid he seemed to the frightened child.

And the more the minister talked, the more The boy's heart ached to its inner core; And the nearer to him the silver plate Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed, To give, that the heathen might hear of Christ.

As they offered the piled-up plate to him, He blushed and his eyes began to swim.

Then, bravely turning, as if he knew There was nothing better than he could do, He spoke in a voice that held a tear: "Put the plate on the bench beside me here!" And the plate was placed, for they thought he meant To empty his pockets of every cent But he stood straight up, and he softly put Right square in the midst of the plate his foot, And said, with a sob controlled before, "I will give myself! I have nothing more!"



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

October 13, 1895.

ONE OUT OF SEVEN.—Exodus 20. 8-11.

The "one" refers to the Sabbath which is to be kept holy. The week consists of seven days, in six of which we are to be occupied with secular concerns, which are all to be laid aside when the Sabbath dawns. No reasonable person will regard this command of the most High as unjust. It is to man's advantage to rest from manual labour one day in the week. He will do more and better work, by resting on Sabbath. His life also will be prolonged by thus acting according to the Divine statutes. The Sabbath is to be an emblem of the heavenly Sabbath, hence it should be observed as far as possible in spiritual exercises. The implements of labour being put out of our hands and secular concerns being laid aside, nothing earthly should be the theme of conversation, nor the subject of thought. Nor should the Sabbath be used as a day of pleasure. There should be no journeys undertaken, neither should social visits be performed. Pleasures often unfit persons for their secular duties, and conversation with friends is apt to become worldly and dissipating, which unfits them for the performance of sacred things. We live in an age when the cupidity of mankind would destroy the Sabbath, hence we should use every means to maintain its sanctity.

DEVIZES, ONT.—A meeting was held in Ebenezer church on Tuesday, July 30th, for the purpose of forming a Junior Epworth League. The pastor, the Rev. J. H. Kirkland, and several of the teachers and scholars of the Sunday-school were present. A committee of management was named, after which the following officers were appointed: Superintendent, S. A. Hardie; Assistant Superintendents, Bella Coleman, Louisa Grose, Walter Dixon; President, Miss Jennie Smith; Vice-President, Master Alonzo Dixon; Treasurer, Master T. L. Hardie; Secretary, Miss Annie Risdon.

A Face of Gentleness and Beauty.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where dri ts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

"PAPER, SIR, PAPER!"

THE cheap press is a growth of our own century; indeed, we may say of the last fifty years. Of the many great strides taken by civilization in that time, none has been more remarkable than this. The first English newspaper on record was published in London in 1622 by Nathaniel Butter, called *The Weekly News*. But, until 1861 when the excise duty on paper was removed the newspaper was "a giant in fetters. Now it is free and strong." We almost wonder how the people in these old days managed to be happy without the newspapers and magazines which seem to us almost essentials of life. In the first half of the last century in England not even "a squire or knight of the shire," living in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, or Northumberland, was likely to know for a week or two what was going on in London, and news from these shires in London was about as scarce as news from Merv is now-a-days.

Sir Walter Scott thus describes the way news travelled in those days: "A weekly post brought to Waverley Honour a *Weekly Intelligencer*, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of the aged butler, was regularly transferred from the Hall to the Rectory, from the Rectory to Squire Stubbs' at the Grange, from the Squire's to the Baronet's steward, at his neat white house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him through a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hard and horny hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after the arrival."

What a contrast is this to our own times when every morning brings the large-sized morning paper, and again every evening the streets are filled with the cries of the news-boys selling their papers for one cent each.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1249.] LESSON II [Oct. 13.

THE TRIUMPH OF GIDEON.

Judg. 7. 13-23. Memory verse, 19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Though a host should encamp against me,
my heart shall not fear.—Psalm 27. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The Dream, v. 13-15.
2. The Attack, v. 16-20.
3. The Victory, v. 21-23.

TIME.—About B.C. 1249.

PLACE.—The valley of Jezreel.

INTRODUCTORY.

Read the whole story of Gideon from the Bible. The Israelites had again forgotten



A FACE OF GENTLENESS AND BEAUTY.

their God and turned to the worship of foul Syrian idols. As a punishment God permitted an invasion of their land by the cruel Midianites. The desolation of Israel was complete and led to penitence. Then an "angel of the Lord" called forth Gideon to be the national deliverer. By repeated signs he fortified his heart.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Triumph of Gideon.—Judg. 7. 13-23.
Tu. Prayer in danger.—Judg. 6. 1-10

- What did he say to Israel?
How did Gideon know this to be true?
2. *The Attack*, v. 16-20.
How did Gideon divide his force?
How did he arm them?
Whose example were all bidden to follow?
At the signal what were all to do and say?
When did they come to the attack?
How did they begin the attack?
3. *The Victory*, v. 21-23.
What did the Israelites do?



"PAPER, SIR, PAPER!"

- W. Gideon's commission.—Judg. 6. 11-21.
Th. Gideon assured.—Judg. 6. 33-40.
F. Testing for service.—Judg. 7. 1-12.
S. Strength in weakness.—1 Cor. 1. 20-31.
Su. God the helper.—Psalm 27.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Dream*, v. 13-15.
Whose dream is here told?
What was the dream?
What explanation of the dream was given?
What did Gideon do when he heard the story?

- What did the enemy do?
What did the Lord do?
Where did the Midianites go?
Who followed in pursuit?
Who guarded the fords of the Jordan?
Verse 24.
What princes were taken and slain?
Verse 25.
By what other name is Gideon known?
Verse 1.
What confidence have all who confide in God? (Golden Text.)

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. A lesson of faith?
2. A lesson of obedience?
3. A lesson of self-reliance?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who had overcome the Hebrew nation? The Midianites. 2. Whom did God raise up to liberate them? Gideon. 3. What greatly encouraged his heart? The dream of the Midianite. 4. What was the battle-cry of the Hebrews? "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." 5. What destroyed the Midianite army? A deadly panic. 6. What is the Golden Text? "Though a host should encamp," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The government of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the thing signified by this outward sign?

The body and blood of Christ, which are spiritually taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper to the strengthening and refreshing of their souls.

1 Corinthians 10. 16. The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ?

John 6. 54, 55. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood hath eternal life. . . . For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

ADVICE FOR THE BOYS.

"You are made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes don't talk about rags when he is within hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great sins, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. And all the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist."

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