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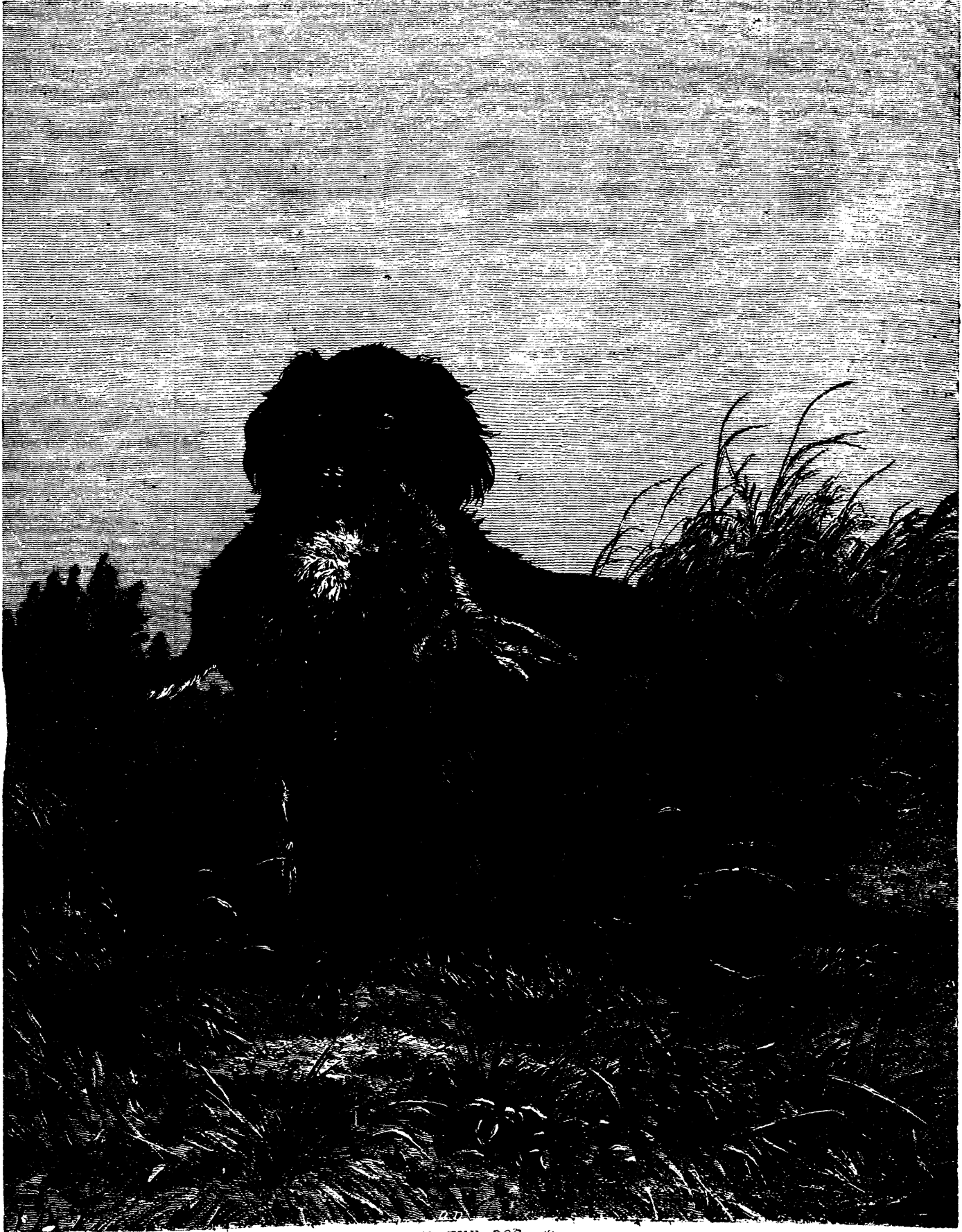
# THE SASSY LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

[No. 22



THE RABBIT AND THE DOG.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## THE RABBIT AND THE DOG.

THE well-known rabbit is rather smaller than the hare, but closely resembles it in form. In its natural state it lives in the ground. This little animal has several deadly enemies. The ferret goes into the hole and sucks the blood of the rabbit without mercy. The dog also loves to kill rabbits, but he often leaves them dead upon the ground.

The rabbit in our picture is called a jack rabbit. He is larger than the little fellows you can see in the woods on a pleasant day, and larger than the pets you have kept in your own doorway. This specie of rabbit can run faster than a dog, but he sooner becomes tired. He runs in a circle, and the dog runs straight across the circle and thus catches him by strategy.

The study of natural history is very interesting and instructive. It seems as though one who sees the wonderful creatures God has made, would be led to admire and love One who formed them. We should not only love and serve God, but we should be kind and merciful to every creature he has made.

## NO!

## CHAPTER XIII.

## CAUGHT.

YES, Mimy's words had come true—Jack had "gone down like a ninepin." He had literally "fallen" in love. Heretofore he had thought his mother's eyes the most beautiful in the world, and was glad that both Anne and Alice inherited them, but now blue was "your only wear." Blue was his colour—he wondered that any other tint was ever admired; and hair like that! words could not express his admiration of it. When she came to the bank Jack flew to open the door for her, either on her entrance or exit, tingling with bliss if she looked at him; and she did look after a time, for such eager devotion could not escape her notice. Then she smiled, and our poor boy felt as if the sun shone into his dingy surroundings; that smile filled his thoughts by day and his dreams by night. In short, this Jack, who had been developing into a steady, hard-working, sensible fellow, became a fool for the time. Frank Sherman laughed at and teased him immoderately, but Jack scarce heard his witticisms, and when one evening they were invited to a small party at Mr. Gray's house, and Jack was actually introduced to Miss Blythe, radiant in a white dress that looked like wings to her adorer, though it was only silk, Frank drew him aside for a moment.

"Jack!" said he, "don't make an idiot of yourself about that girl so openly. Do look at somebody or something else! You make a sensation; give us a rest, old boy."

Jack coloured hotly. He had only one idea in his mind in these days; there was but one person in the world

to him, and to be so roughly shaken up astonished him. It was a good lesson, so he devoted himself for the next hour to Miss Ellen Gray, Mr. Gray's daughter, a plain, sensible girl ten years older than Jack; but after supper he had an opportunity to converse with Jessie Blythe, and thought he had earned the indulgence. Unfortunately, those red lips uttered many things he did not agree with.

"O how stupid an evening is without dancing!" Miss Jessie said, behind her fan, in a confidential tone. "Don't you think so, Mr. Boyd?"

"O no!" answered Jack, looking at her with eyes that said, "Stupid! beside you!" but his words were, "Perhaps that is because I don't dance."

"Don't dance! O, how can you exist? Really life would be a burden to me if I couldn't dance. What do you do with yourself evenings?"

"I read a good deal; and then there are the weekly church meetings, and the Chautauqua Circle, and—"

"O my! You're one of the sober sort, I see. What do you do at parties?"

"I don't often go, and then I look on, or some one is kind enough to talk with me," said Jack, with an expressive little bow.

"Dear me! You must learn how to dance, and come to my Germans; I'm going to have three Germans this winter. They're just heavenly, Germans are; and I brought home with me such lovely things from Paris for favours. You will enjoy it so much!"

"O I'm too old to learn dancing, I'm afraid."

"O, not a bit! Just go to old Maillard and take private lessons: he is such a good teacher!—the best in the city. I shall depend on you; now remember! O, there's pa. Good-night. Call and see me," and with a bewitching sidelong look from her blue eyes, and a bright, swift smile, this angel disappeared.

Jack's brain was in a whirl. He had never wanted to dance before, but the idea was full of rapture now; nothing but Monsieur Maillard's high price for private lessons delayed his acquisition of the accomplishment. Really he could not afford it—that is, if he continued to send Miss Jessie the bouquets that were delivered at her door so often, quite anonymously.

But he did call on her, again and again; and she was one of those young women who are all graciousness and cordiality to every young man they see. Fonder of herself than of any earthly or heavenly thing—admiration more than finery even—Miss Jessie Blythe had an empty head and a cold heart, under her great beauty. The idea in life was to "have a good time," as she expressed it; and she carried out that idea with a single-mindedness that, applied to better things, might have made her something of a woman. But to Jack's eyes, as well as to many another man's, her fascination of look and manner was so great that she

seemed to have all the qualities she really lacked.

When Jack went home at Christmas his mother soon noticed his entirely listless and abstracted manner; she thought at first he was not well, but he had no other symptoms of illness. Her bright, cheerful resolute boy had come back to her a silent, moody, absorbed man.

Mimy's eyes were sharp, too.

"You no need to coddle him now, Mis' Boyd," she said, sharply, as Manice was busy in the kitchen preparing a favourite dish for her boy.

"I dassay he'll eat it—men generally possess their stomachs in patience, ef they don't their souls; but you won't feed him out o' this slew. I know what's the matter of him; I've seen 'em before. He's bewitched with some girl or 'nuther, and I mistrust it ain't Miss Right neither, or he wouldn't be so glum. You wait a spell, and he'll tell ye; boys that is fetched up like youn always come home to their mas to be comforted. That's where you've got a hold on 'em, and a good grip, too."

Manice was startled at the idea, but she said nothing to Jack; she well knew such things would not bear handling. And the very next night, after she (and indeed all the rest) had gone to bed, there came a low knock at her chamber door, which she recognized. She rose from her knees to let him in; for she had been pouring out her soul to God, in all the earnestness of a mother's yearning affection, for her boy.

"Mother," said Jack, "put out the lamp, please, and let me sit down on the floor by you; I want to talk." So with one hand in hers and his head resting on her knee, as had always been his fashion, he opened his heart to his mother and told her all.

It was not much to tell, but it made Manice ache to see how much it meant to Jack.

"My dear boy," she said, gently, at the first pause, "do you think this young lady returns your feeling at all?"

"O! that's the worst of it!" he exclaimed. "I wish I could tell! O mother, she is so angelic to everybody that I can't take encouragement to myself."

Manice went on to ask a few questions, knowing that speech is a great safety-valve at times.

"Is she a cultivated sort of a girl, Jack? Tell me all about her."

"O I don't know, mother. She's been educated abroad. I suppose she is; she doesn't talk about it, but of course she is."

"Where have you seen her most?"

"I go there pretty often—to her father's, I mean; but then she is out most of the time. She goes to a great many parties; everybody invites her, and no wonder! O if you could only see her, mammy!" and off Jack went into a rhapsody about hair, and eyes, and face, and voice, and manners, quite too long for edification here: but Man-

ice listened with maternal patience, and then put another quiet question:

"Does she belong to your reading circle?"

"O no; she doesn't need to, I suppose. She'd rather dance, and no wonder! You ought to see her dance; it's like a bird in the air. She wanted me to learn, but I thought I wouldn't. She likes flowers."

This irrelevant little statement puzzled Manice; she did not know just why Jack "thought he wouldn't" learn dancing; but she made no comment.

"Is she a religious girl, at all?"

"I don't know," said Jack, meditatively. It evidently had not occurred to him before; his voice had a surprised tone. Manice's heart sank; she must say something to her boy that he would not like to hear, and it was hard to say it.

"Where does she go to church, Jack?"

"O to Grace, I believe. I think she does. But she don't go often, I guess. I have heard her say she was always so glad when Sunday came because she could rest all day; she goes out so much, you see, during the week."

Jack's tone was a little apologetic; he began to see his idol through other, calmer eyes, undazzled by the glamour of her beauty. Manice went on, her own voice trembling a little:

"My dear Jack, is it for your good—no, I won't take the lower motive!—is it right, for you to marry a girl who is not a Christian?"

Jack lifted his head from her knee and withdrew his hand.

"I don't think it is wrong! Lots of people do it!"

"But for you! I do not ask about anybody else. Is it right for you, Jack?"

"Well, I don't certainly know but that she is a Christian; some people are who don't talk about it."

Manice felt baffled, but brave.

"Find out, my Jack. If she is not, just sit down for one hour by yourself, and try to draw a picture of your future life tied to a wife who could not think, feel, or believe as you do; with whom you could have no sympathy and no help in the great aim and hope of your existence. Ask yourself honestly and plainly the Scripture question, 'Can two walk together, except they be agreed?' and if you come to the conclusion that it is not right to put yourself in so equivocal a relation, then, my boy, then will come the time for you to say 'No' with all the resolution of your nature, and the help of your God, to the severest temptation you have ever met. If this conclusion is one you will not accept, if you can consider it right to make your life a long disagreement with one who ought to be the very heart of your heart, then all I can do will be to pity and pray for you."

Manice stopped; a hot tear fell on Jack's hand.

Could she tell him what her own life had been? She had become

Christian after her marriage with Walter Boyd, and, deeply as she had loved him, she could not but own to herself that their paths had separated when hers turned toward heaven. She was a more devoted wife and mother than ever, but there was no thought of interest in her spiritual life that she could share with her husband; no private or household prayer in which he could join or lead; her hopes, her joy, her faith, were nothing to him; he could not but acknowledge their influence over her life, but there was no Christian communion between them, and no reunion in that hereafter to which he so suddenly and hopelessly departed to which she could look forward through her streaming tears; no example to which she could point their children; no recollection which was sweet; no honour to decorate his memory, for he had neither been true to God nor to her; all that was left her was to draw a veil over her past, and commit herself to the widow's God for time and eternity. As all this came back to her anew, the hot and heavy tears dropped slowly one by one on Jack's hand, as it lay withdrawn from hers; they felt to him like drops of heart's blood, for he guessed that he had to do with memories of which she had never spoken to him.

Suddenly, in the dark, she felt his arms thrown about her, and his hot lips on her forehead.

"I will think!" he whispered. "Pray for me, mother"—and he was gone.

Sobs that could no longer be repressed shook Manice's heart. She fell on her knees again and sought calmness from the Source of peace, but it was gray dawn when she slept at last, and that morning Jack went back to his work, and his battle.

THE BATTLE.

It was a habit of Jack's life to keep promises; his mother rarely exacted one from any of her children, but they were taught to consider a promise as binding as a vow. It helped our Jack now that he had such a habit, for it seemed to him like stopping to consider if he should live or die, when every fibre of his nature cried out for life.

Yes, it was the habit of faithfulness to his given word that sent Jack to his still room in the bank that night instead of to his usual resorts where it was possible to meet Miss Blythe.

He sat down beside the barred window feeling like a prisoner in his cell, buried his head in his hands, and tried to think.

But his imagination showed him only that lovely face opposite him at his own table, that graceful figure flitting about his house, that sweet voice filling his little home with music. His little home! Could she content herself with such a dwelling after her father's great house, filled with luxuries and elegancies! Ought he to ask her!

Then his thought reverted to his own home. There was room enough there for the household, but none to spare; every thing was ordered with strict economy, but peace ruled within. There was always a Scripture reading and prayer before breakfast and after tea; would it be so in his own home if Jessie Blythe shared it!

He sent up now a brief prayer for guidance and strength, and the very appeal lifted his soul into a clearer and higher atmosphere; he could not speak to God without feeling the tranquillity of a divine intercourse with mercy and power. He began to recall what Jessie Blythe had said to him on any subject of real interest or importance, but he called in vain. She had always been friendly, gracious, sweet, but she had said nothing to remember. He had never been able to lead her into any intelligent conversation; she did not care to hear about books, she did not even speak of going to church. She did go, nevertheless, once in a while when the day was fine and her finery fresh from Paris. But Jack did not know even this. To his credit be it said that, infatuated as he was, he always had been faithful to his Sunday duties, and they left him no time to haunt the church he supposed Miss Blythe to attend—the most "fashionable" church of the city.

As he thought of all this with increasing calmness and sadness, the unwilling conviction forced itself upon him more and more strenuously that it was neither wise nor right for him to think of marrying Miss Blythe. But the eager, raging heart within him again and again rose and strove with his conscience, as the fierce waves of an angry sea dash themselves on the eternal rock-barrier which says in its still strength,

"Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

Manice had asked of him an hour of consideration, but the night was well passed before Jack rose from his seat and laid his burning, throbbing head upon its pillow. He had fought a good fight, and the exhaustion of victory possessed him; but he was humbled and subdued by the conquest, or rather by the fact that he had found his will so stubborn, his passions so strong, his judgment so weak, and his moral strength so small.

Poor Jack! He was beginning to know himself, and as yet, though he had really turned to God in honest purpose, he did not know Christ, for he knew not his own need.

He looked pale and tired when he took his place at the teller's counter, but it was a very busy morning at the bank, and no one had time to observe his aspect, or to comment upon it if he did. At noon Frank Sherman joined him as he went out to lunch.

"Seems to me you look rather seedy, Boyd. News is too much for you, eh, old boy! there's lamentation in what's-its-name to-day; consternation

in the hearts of its youth, and wailing in its market-places."

"What are you talking about?" said Jack, crossly; for he was in no mood to cultivate Frank's usual flow of nonsense.

"Bless me! Don't you know? What a lark! Am I the one to break that sad intelligence, and no camphor-bottle along! Step into this lunch-counter and let me get you a nip, my dear fellow. O yes, I know! But you'll need it—strictly medicinal!"

"Will you try to be rational for a minute, and tell me what you're at?" growled Jack.

"My kyind young friend, I will. Take the blow then since you bare your breast. The angelical Jessie's engagement is announced—was announced—at Mrs. Lord's party last evening."

Jack felt as if a cold hand struck him in the face, his head seemed to ring and reel; but he made a strong effort to speak. He could not turn any paler than his vigil had left him. He contrived to say, "Is that so!" in a steady voice.

"Even so. Will you have that nip of brandy now? No? Well, then I proceed. It seems the angelical became engaged abroad—to a count, or baron, or lord, or something—American girls would marry a broomstick with a title, you know. But she did not choose to make it known till she had had her fling among the gilded youths of her native land. I think she ought to be sued for obtaining attentions under false pretences. Perhaps I shall try it. However, the man appeared on this side last Saturday, and was introduced in character at Mrs. Lord's, and the wedding is to be at Easter.

Luckily for Jack, they were just at the door of the little creamery where he lunched.

"Come in," he said to Frank.

"No, thank ye, I'm not a believer in bread and milk, nor yet buns nor cream-toast. You'd better come along with me to Marie's and get a chop; you'll need strength, sir, to bear this stunning intelligence, now I tell you."

Jack smiled and shook his head, and Frank went on.

Poor Jack! He could not swallow a mouthful of the simple meal set before him. He paid for it and went down to one of the wharves for a few minutes' solitude.

There was a tinge of indignation mingled with his thoughts as he recalled Jessie Blythe's sweet, gentle, bright, almost caressing manner, her warm welcome, her little confidential asides, when all the time she was engaged to another man.

And how he had wasted life and strength in his battle last night. Here was the matter all settled for him—taken out of his hands—which he had been debating about as almost a matter of life and death to him. It was as if he had struggled in a dream to no end whatever.

Not till he was much older did Jack recognize and understand the fact that such a conflict and triumph strengthen the character and fortify the soul far more than any mere submission to an inevitable circumstance.

He had time to think, and his thoughts were not pleasant. He had been weighed and found wanting. He had thought well of himself for the last few years, but here, at the first real trial of his principles, he had well-nigh failed. What was his religion worth? Where was his Christian manhood? The outlook grew darker and darker. It seemed to him that with all his efforts he should never be a real, heart-felt follower of Christ; that this past weakness and sin would always cling to him and clog him. He could not—no, he never could—run the race set before him and win the prize; he despaired of himself—and then came in the helper.

As he lay cast down and wretched, there flashed into his mind, as if a voice spoke it, that wonderful hymn of Cowper's, a hymn so strangely familiar with the divine, yet so full and comforting an expression of the sinner's one hope:

"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away."

So then and there, guided by the fervent words, Jack ceased from his own righteousness, his own salvation, and with humble joy accepted the Lamb that was slain as his full atonement, his Priest, his Saviour, and his King.

As he lay weak, tranquil, and happy, one Scripture word after another was shed into his mind. The Spirit "took of the things of Christ" and "ministered unto him," and he wondered at his past blindness and futile effort; wondered that with a great salvation waiting for him he had not seen enough to put out his hand, accept the water of life, and drink freely, so that he should thirst no more.

It was a blessed crisis in his spiritual life—the healing and strengthening look upward to the Cross—and he went back to his duties full of a new and glad consecration to the Master by whose death his soul lived this full life of love and faith, in whose glow his past sorrow faded into a dim vision, and his weakness and sin were hid from his eyes.

He was not less cheerful than before, if he was a little graver. Life had ceased to be a dream and had become a reality, and he could heartily thank God at last for denying him from his heart's desire and giving him a heavenly instead of an earthly blessing.

(To be continued.)

THE heroic soul does not sell its justness and its nobleness.



**"All the Way."**

But a youthful pilgrim I,  
My journey's just begun;  
They say I'll meet with sorrow  
Before my journey's done,  
The world is full of trouble,  
And trials too, they say,  
But I will follow Jesus  
All the way.

Then, like a little pilgrim,  
Whatever I may meet,  
I'll take it, joy or sorrow—  
And lay at Jesus' feet;  
He'll comfort me in trouble,  
He'll wipe my tears away;  
With joy I'll follow Jesus  
All the way.

Then trials cannot vex me,  
And pain I need not fear;  
For when I'm close by Jesus,  
Grief cannot come too near;  
Not even death can harm me,  
When death I meet one day;  
To heaven I'll follow Jesus  
All the way.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

**\$250,000**

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

**OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS.**

If there is one part of the blessed Gospel which more than another belongs especially to Our Young Folks, it is the first recorded words of the Child Jesus. Those thirty silent, sinless years are to us all a divine mystery. Perhaps we are not allowed to know and follow the unfolding of that one perfect life, because it might draw our attention off from the infinitely important words and deeds and sufferings of its later years, as you have seen a teacher lay her hand over the picture when she would keep some little learner's thoughts from wandering away from his lesson. But this silence is once broken. The curtain is once lifted, and we have a glimpse

given us of the sweetest, purest child-life ever known on earth. That we may see into the heart of the Holy Child, a single sentence of his—the first for twelve years, the last for eighteen more put on record—is vouchsafed us. When Mary reproaches the boy Jesus for causing her anxiety and distress by tarrying in Jerusalem, he replies with a gentle warning (lest she forget there were higher claims than hers:) "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

What better rule, what better guide, what better test of conduct, could young Christians have than this? Would you adopt an aim in life, something to live for, something to fill your days with an eager, earnest purpose? Then "be about your Father's business." Would you decide between two paths, whether to go to your right hand or to your left? Ask yourself which will most further your heavenly Father's business, and choose and follow that. Would you have a test by which to try your walk and conversation? Lay alongside your daily doings this rule, to which the child Jesus kept himself with sweet and calm content: "I must be about my Father's business." Do you ask what is your heavenly Father's business for you? You need have no great trouble now in deciding that question; hereafter when life's tangled lines have crossed and recrossed, you may doubtless halt in perplexity which path to choose, but now, while you are at the outset of life, your path is plain and straight. Your Father's will for you is that you should steadily, diligently, earnestly, improve all your powers of mind and body. Cultivate every gift and grace, let each sunrise waken you to renewed energy in your training work or study, and each sunset find you with duties well fulfilled, opportunities well met, and some steps of progress made, and when your time of fuller service comes you may be a bright and polished instrument "meet for the Master's use."

**THE BIBLE IN A BARN.**

A BIBLE distributor was once going his rounds, leaving Bibles with families who were without them, when he came to the house of a man who hated the book. "No, he would have no Bible left there. If left anywhere it should be at the barn."

The distributor did not resent the rough treatment he received. He only said kindly, "I do not know that I could select a better place; our blessed Saviour once lay in a manger."

With the owner's leave he quickly went to the barn and laid the book in as good a place as he could find; then he paused to pray that God would make it a blessing to that man and his household.

The man who had spoken so harshly did not feel at ease, and more than once there came to his remembrance thoughts of that babe in the manger

whose story had once been so familiar to him.

He stole out to his barn at times and read a few pages in the despised book. It seemed as if everything came home to him, and at every point he felt himself condemned. What other book in all the world can have such a power over hard hearts? It was not long before he fell on his knees in the barn and prayed that God would save even him. The Bible was carried into his house, and, better still, its truths sank deep into his soul and made him a new man.

If children would only realize the power for good there is in the Bible, they would prize it more than gold. Each verse learned is of more value than a ruby. These earthly treasures must all perish, but as the martyr Ridley said of the precious Gospels he had committed to memory as he walked among his orchard trees, "The sweet savor thereof I trust I shall carry with me to heaven."

**THE BELL OF JUSTICE.**

It is a beautiful story that in one of the old towns of Italy the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "bell of justice," and commanded that anyone who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city, and ask and receive justice. And when, in the course of time, the lower end of the bell-rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die wandered into the tower, and trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse; and he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that as his poor horse had rung the bell of justice, he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

**LIVE FOR SOMETHING.**

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of life can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you

will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.—*Chalmers.*

**VICTORY OVER DEATH.**

WHEN the Lord Jesus died and rose again, he made an atonement for the world. For fear you do not understand this, I will tell you that he came to earth, and became a man like any of us; and after living a holy life for thirty-three years, he was crucified by wicked men, and died on the cross. He was the Son of God, and let the wicked men put him to death, because he came to die for them, or to die in their stead. If he had not received this punishment for the sins of the world, then all sinners would have been lost eternally. But he died for us, (in our place), and now if we believe in him, we are saved from sin, and will be saved in heaven when we cease to live on earth.

This dying in our stead we call making an atonement. It was making a way for all who believe on him to be saved from sin.

There was once a man who had a very bad temper. He would get angry if anyone said any little thing that he did not like. But this man became very tired of getting angry, very tired of all his sins; and he began to ask God for a new heart, one that would love the Lord: then the love came into his heart, and he could live without getting angry. The blessing this man received is called conversion. If Christ had never died for us, we could never have been saved from our sins.

All that Jesus does for our souls, he does because he is the one who redeemed us by his death. He forgives sins; he helps Christians to live holy lives; he cleanses their hearts from evil, and sanctifies them wholly, in answer to prayer; and he is able to do this because he suffered in their stead and thus made an atonement.

Those who are thus saved are not afraid to die. "The sting of death is sin." A sinner is afraid to die because he is afraid to meet God with all his sins on his soul. But the one who has been saved from sin has victory over death.

Grandpa A. was very old and very sick, but he was not one bit afraid, for he said it was "only one step to glory." He wanted the Lord to take him quickly to heaven. He had victory in his soul over death.

We do not have this victory because we are young, or because we are old, but those who are saved from sin have this victory over death.

WE must always speak of the things of God reverently and seriously, and as becomes the oracles of God.

THE integrity of the upright shall guide them; but the perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them.



THE PET BEARS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## The Fisher-Boy's Faith.

BY MRS. J. M. DANA.

THE fisher-boy gazed from the cottage door  
Far over the restless sea,  
And he sadly cried,  
"O coming tide,  
Bring my father home to me;  
The waves dash high in their caps of white,  
I know there will be a storm to-night."

"Now bring me, Johnny," the mother said,  
"The Bible from off the stand;  
Do you know, my child,  
These waves so wild  
Are held in our Father's hand?  
Have you forgotten the 'Peace, be still,'  
Or the winds and the waves that obeyed his  
will!"

They read the beautiful story o'er,  
How once, when on Galilee  
A ship was tossed,  
And almost lost,  
One came to them on the sea.  
Then suddenly ceased the tempest's roar,  
And the lake lay smooth as a polished floor.

O the blessed faith of a little child!  
His heart grew strangely warm,  
And he went to bed  
So comforted,  
Though his father was in the storm.  
For had he not prayed with all his might,  
"O Jesus, walk on the sea to-night."

His father came with the early dawn,  
And told of his wild despair—  
When the ocean's swell  
In a moment fell,  
And a mighty calm was there.  
He did not know or the weary crew,  
How it happened so—but Johnny knew.

## THE PET BEARS.

QUEER pets they are. They were probably captured when cubs by the husband of this woman. We see his hunting gear hanging on the wall. The young bears have become very tame, and are eagerly taking their food. Kindness will overcome almost the most savage nature. Even young lions and tigers have been made as docile as dogs or kittens by dint of kindness.

## MISTRESS AND MAID.

Two young girls were together in a luxurious drawing-room. Both were under twenty, and both had candid, intelligent faces, with an expression in them of earnest purpose; but there the likeness ended.

Rose Eberly's dark curls were gathered up by a quaint gold pin; she wore a pale blue, silken gown, and lay back in an easy-chair, holding in her delicate ringed hands a piece of Kensington art-work.

Gretchen Jansson's fair hair was combed back under a servant's white cap, her dress was of coarse brown woollen stuff. She stood upright behind Miss Eberly's chair, threading needles for her with embroidery silk. She had been standing there for two hours.

Jenny Ward, Rose's especial friend, came in presently on her way to school.

"How lovely your work is, Rose! Oh dear! To be done with school and to have nothing to do but to make these exquisite things!"

"This is an altar cloth," said Rose,

gravely. "It is for Advent Season. I undertook to do it in Lent. I fast and sacrifice my time—so many hours a day—to this work for the church."

"You are so good a Christian!" exclaimed Jenny, in an awed tone.

"No," said Rose, anxiously. "I want to be of use in the world—to serve my Maker. But it is so hard to find the right work. The altar cloth is good as far as it goes; but when I think of the great masses of the heathen in far away lands, crying, 'Come over and help us,' I feel that I must give myself to some great missionary work."

"Dear, dear," sighed Jenny. She was a dull, kindly little girl, whose vision and thoughts seldom extended beyond home and school. "I wish I had such noble aims! Let the maid go, Rose. I'll thread your needles. That poor girl looked as if she would drop," she added, when Gretchen left the room.

"She's sickly, I fancy," said Rose, carelessly, "but picturesque, don't you think? Mamma has an æsthetic purpose in choosing her women. They must be pretty, to furnish the house well. This Swede, with her blue eyes and hectic colour, is as good a feature at dinner as the flowers or Nankin pottery."

Gretchen, meanwhile, crept slowly up four flights of stairs to the little attic room which she shared with two other women.

She was trembling with exhaustion, and she knew that half her day's work had been left undone while she was waiting on Rose.

Mrs. Eberly, in spite of her æsthetic tastes, was a close, rigid, harsh ruler of a household. She was unflinching in her exaction of service from the women she employed. Gretchen, being a young, timid girl, had heavier work and lighter wages than the other.

Mrs. Eberly met her on the stairs. "What are you doing here? You should be polishing your brasses this afternoon."

"I haf a pain in mein brust. I go for some medsin in mein room," said the girl, forcing a smile. She remembered how the great lady of the village at home used to deal out physic and pity to her servants, like the big-hearted house-mother that she was.

"Pain! Medicine! You did not tell me you were sickly when you took the place! If anything ails you, you've got to go at once! I can't make an hospital of my house."

She swept down the stairs, fastening her bracelet as she went. Gretchen hurried to her own room. She drank the medicine, and then falling on her knees beside a big wooden chest, unlocked it—and was at home again! Since she had been ill these little visits to her chest were all that seemed to keep her alive.

The chest itself had the queer, woody, pungent smell of the garret at home.

There was the row of stout woollen stockings which her mother had knit for her, and the gay red shawl that her father had bought for her at the village fair. He had sold his big silver watch to buy it.

"Thou shalt not go in mean clothes among these Americans," he said, the tears in his eyes.

Poor father, how proud he was! If his strength had not broken down he never would have allowed her to go with the other village girls to seek her fortune here!

There was the ribbon which her sister Justine gave her, and the candy dog the baby bought her last Christmas. And here was her Bible, which old Pastor Gradner gave her the day she was confirmed. The old man had gone down with the girls to the city, to see them aboard the ship and to give them his blessing. His gray head was the last thing she saw on the wharf.

She opened the book and read a verse, "The Lord is my Shepherd." The hot tears gushed out. This poor sheep was so far out in the wilderness, and needed home and help so much!

"If I could only go home, Lord, before I die!" she sobbed. But she had no money to go home.

The farm on the hillside; the gray old house; the big kitchen, with her father beside the great Dutch stove; her mother, with the baby on her knee—she saw them all. She had been strong and happy there. It was this warm, foul city air that had struck her with death.

The bell rang sharply. Closing her chest, she went down to her work.

While she waited at dinner Mr. Eberly read from the evening paper an account of a colony of lepers on an island in the Pacific. Rose listened with kindling eyes. Here was her work! She had not much sympathy with commonplace sufferers such as Smith or Brown, in the alley, but lepers, in a palm-covered isle of the Pacific! Her mother's æsthetic taste showed itself in her. She fell into a reverie, while her father read on.

"Here is a notice which is meant for you, Gretchen, and other Swedish folk," he said, kindly. "'There will be service in the Swedish tongue in the Lutheran church to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Preaching by a clergyman visiting this country, Pastor Gradner, of Dronthal.'"

Gretchen's face turned red and then white; the dish which she held fell to the ground. She picked it up and hurried out of the room. It was not broken—but what did all the dishes in the world matter? To-morrow she would see Father Gradner! She would hear from home!

"Mr. Eberly, I wish you would not speak so familiarly to the servants," said his wife. "It destroys all discipline."

"They are human beings, after all," he grumbled.

"That girl," said Rose, "is more

like a corpse to-day than a living creature. She quite takes away my appetite. I don't see why we should follow the Egyptian custom, and bring a reminder of death to our feasts."

Rose lay awake half that night, planning a fair for the benefit of the lepers.

Gretchen could not sleep for joy at the thought of seeing the old man who had been her friend even in her cradle. She rose long before dawn to finish her work, that she might go to church. While the other maids ate their breakfast, she hurried from room to room, sweeping and putting them in order.

It was past nine o'clock, but Rose was still in bed. Half an hour later she came out yawning. Gretchen met her outside. She was pale with excitement, her voice was unsteady.

"Miss Rose, I wish much to go to de church dis day. It is now de time. May I leave your room till I come back? I will make great hurry."

"Leave my room? Certainly not! True religion lies in doing your duty, not in running to church. Air the room thoroughly, and then put it to rights." She paused, and looked at Gretchen steadily. "Don't look at me in that manner. A Christian does her duty cheerfully, and submits without a murmur to disappointment."

She passed on with a complacent sense of having done her own duty in teaching this poor creature, when her father startled her by saying, "Seems to me you might have made up your own bed, and let the girl go to church."

"I! Do the work of the chambermaid! You have strange ideas, father!"

She hurried through breakfast, drove to church, and passed most of the time there in laying plans for her fair, and dreaming of some great heroic sacrifice which she would make at some future time. Perhaps she would put on cap and black gown, and go out as a trained nurse into the hospitals, or she might volunteer to go to some room infected with small-pox or yellow-fever, and be followed by the prayers and devotion of grateful multitudes, like Sister Dora.

That evening another maid waited at dinner.

"Where is Gretchen?" asked Jenny Ward, who was at the table.

"The girl was disappointed this morning," said Mrs. Eberly, "because she could not run to church and leave her work half done. She cried, and brought on a hemorrhage from the lungs. So I paid her up, and sent her home. There is no room here for sick women."

"Has she a home?" asked Jenny. "Where did she go?"

"Oh, those people always clan together," said Rose, impatiently. "They're comfortable enough. Their one object is to make all the money they can from us. It's trouble enough to be bothered with them while they are your servants. You surely don't expect us to keep track of them after



they leave us! What will you do for the fair, Jenny? Just think of those poor lepers on the Pacific!"

Gretchen had no place to go, when she turned from Mrs. Eberly's door. She knew that the boarding-house to which she had been taken on landing would not receive her, now that she was ill, and as she thought dying. She wandered, however, through the street for an hour, trying to find it, and fainted as she reached the door. She was promptly sent by the woman who kept the house to a hospital.

During the next two weeks, while Rose was planning tableaux and concerts for the lepers on the other side of the world, the girl who had waited behind her chair lay in the extremity of suffering in a public ward.

The fever left her, and she recovered consciousness one warm day, when the spring sunshine lay across her bed. She was silent a long time, looking at her thin, white hands which she was not strong enough to raise to her head.

When the nurse came to her on her rounds, she motioned to her to bend over her.

"I haf been long sick?"

"Two weeks."

"How soon can I work again?"

"Well, now, you poor girl, you mustn't trouble your head about work. You just set your mind to getting well—that's all you've got to do."

Gretchen caught her gown with her weak fingers.

"I haf not money to go home. I must earn money to go. I must die at my home. I cannot die here—alone"—looking wildly about. "It is not my home!"

The nurse, who was a fat, kindly woman, cast an appealing glance to some one behind the head-board, "You must explain to her."

A pleasant face, which Gretchen dimly remembered, bent over her.

"I am Jenny Ward. I was afraid you had no friends. The cook at Mrs. Eberly's told me about Pastor Gradner, and how you wanted to see him. So I found him, and he and I searched for you till we found you here, and—here he is!"

There was the grey head and the benignant face, every look of which was a blessing! She lifted her hands, and burst into tears.

"Now, my child," said the old father, soothing her in his own tongue, "be calm, I have good news to tell you. The doctor says you will not die. Your lungs are sound. You need but to go to the pure air of the West, and you will be a strong, merry girl again."

"Be silent. I have more to tell you. A colony has come from Dronthal to go to Minnesota; I am at its head. Your father and mother, Justice and the baby are all there. They have a new home in that life-giving air, and among the great, sunny wheat-fields, ready for you. As soon as you are able to travel, we will go."

Happiness is a strong medicine. In

a few days Gretchen and the good pastor started for the Far West. Jenny Ward went to the station to bid them good-by, and as the train rolled away they looked back at her homely, kindly face, and prayed in their hearts for God's blessing on her. —*Youth's Companion.*

**Touch Not, Taste Not, Handle Not.**

"Look not upon the wine  
When it is red."  
It sparkles to destroy;  
Its power is dread.  
Taste not the rosy wine;  
Thy lips were given  
To speak of hope and love,  
Of Christ and heaven.  
Let thy hands handle not  
The accursed bowl;  
It holds a poisoned draught  
To kill the soul.  
A sweeter cup is ours—  
Water so bright;  
God's precious gift to man,  
Sparkling with light.  
MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

**"THE QUIKKEST WAY."**

MR. BROWN wanted a boy. Charlie Jones wanted the place. He was told to put a screw in the gate-hinge.

"Oh, yes, I can do that!" And he seized a hammer and gave the screw two or three hard whacks.

"Stop! stop! that is not the way."

"That is the quikkest way."

"But the quikkest way is not always the right way. I want no boy who puts in screws with a hammer."

There are a great many boys who drive screws with a hammer, and a great many places that do not want them for that reason. There are Charlies and Marys who will learn their lessons the "quikkest way" instead of the right way. And in everything, whether it is running an errand, sewing a seam, or, as they become older, doing more important things, they are not content with the slower but surer way of one patient turn after another. They skim over the lesson, and then try to make up brilliant answers in class, or double the thread and take one stitch where there should be three, or dash off before they half understand what it is about or how what they say is going to sound. No boy or girl who drives screws with a hammer can succeed. —*Our Morning Guide.*

**GOOD WORDS FOR OUR BOYS.**

Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to have it said of one of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mother, and make little sister cry whenever she comes near you, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle-men (gentlemen).

Be manly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which

afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner as an ungracious, don't-care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon" and "I thank you" will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strange.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men don't like tardiness. They realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amounts to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower-beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lessons. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.

Be Christians, boys. Don't go through life without making sure of one of the mansions Christ has gone to prepare for his children. What a terrible thing it would be to have the "pearly gate" closed against you, and to hear the awful words, "I never knew you!"

**A RULE THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS.**

Be kind, gentle, and true, and always do to others as you would have them do to you. Have you never noticed how much happier and beloved some children are than others? There are some people you always like to be with, because they are happy themselves and you share their spirit. There are others whom you always prefer to avoid. They seem to have no friends, and you know no person can be happy without friends. But you cannot expect to receive affection unless you also give it. Others are not likely to love you if you do not love them. If your companions do not love you it is most certainly your own fault. They cannot help loving you if you are kind and friendly. It is not beauty, it is not wealth that secures true friends. Your own heart must glow with kindness. For example, you go to school on a cold, winter morning, and find the stove surrounded with boys. One of them steps back, and says pleasantly, "Why, John, old fellow, you look cold; here, take my place." Will you not think more kindly of him? Begin to act upon this principle when a child, continue it through life, and you will never lack for friends. Which of your companions have the most friends? I'll venture they are the

ones that are kind-hearted and true. The Bible says, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." —*E. T. L.*

**A Child's Tear.**

"My home—yes, it's bright and clean, sir, And I'll tell how it came to pass; It wasn't my work or doing at all— It's all due to that little lass.

"I was going straight down to hell, sir, And all through the curse of the drink; How I treated poor Mary, my wife, sir, God knows I can't bear to think.

"I didn't know as I loved her Till the wild dark night she died, When I found her lying so cold and still, And that new-born child by her side.

"The little lass, she has grown, sir— Last June she was eight years old; And what she has been to me, sir, Can never on earth be told.

"When a kid, there was no one to mind her But a woman as lived next door; And she being given to drink, too, Let her fall one day on the floor.

"And ever since, the poor creatur' Has been lame with a crooked knee; So I'd often lift her up in my arms To take her about with me.

"For I really loved the poor mite, sir, And her sweet little eyes of blue Was as blue and as bright as her mother's wor, And they looked me through and through.

"One night I was off to the 'public'— I'd been drinking already—'twas late, And I took little May to carry her, But I couldn't walk quite straight.

"'Oh, daddy, don't go!' she whispered, But I quickened my drunken pace, And I said, 'Not another word, young un, Or I'll give you a slap in the face.'

"I was brutal, sir—I know it; But the devil was in me then, And when he gets hold of us with the drink We are only brutes—not men.

"And the little lass, she wor quiet, But I felt a hot tear fall; And it seemed to burn right into my hand, Though she wiped it off with her shawl.

"Straight into my soul it entered— It melted my hardened heart; So I said, 'I'll go home, lassie.' That night I made a new start.

"Now, every morning and evening, I kneel, and with heart sincere I bless my God for saving a soul By the touch of a little one's tear."

T. THOMSON'S SONNA.

**A PERSIAN FABLE.**

THE young folks of Persia, when they ask for a story—for young folks are alike the world over in their love for stories—sometimes hear the following fable. What do you think they are meant to learn from it!

A gourd wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old mayest thou be?" asked the new-comer. "About a hundred years," was the answer. "A hundred years, and no taller! Only look! I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years." "I know that well," replied the palm. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me as proud as thou art and as short-lived as thou wilt be."



**The Song of the Plough.**

Rouse the rough bull, lad,  
Over ridge and rut,  
Keen, lad, and clean, lad,  
Let the bright share cut,  
With a strong team, and steady,  
To work soon and late,  
And firm hands, and ready,  
To keep the furrow straight.

Up with weed and thorn, lad;  
Kill them from the root;  
Foes, lad, are those, lad,  
That choke the struggling shoot.  
That were rare matter  
For folk's jeers and scorn  
Should the sower scatter  
His seed among the thorns.

Break the hard crust, lad  
Sun and rain and dew  
Must glow, lad, and flow, lad,  
Must shine and filter through.  
Not a new shoot, lad,  
That feels the hard earth  
Will e'er strike a root, lad,  
But die in its birth

Hearts want the plough, lad;  
Every fault's a weed  
To turn up and burn up  
Ere we sow the seed;  
Down to deep places  
Score with God's might,  
Sow in prayer the graces,  
And they shall thrive right.

*Selected.*

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] **LESSON VI.** [Nov. 6.  
CONFESSING CHRIST.

*Mat. 10. 32-33. Commit to mem. vs. 5; 59.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Whoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. *Mat. 10. 32.*

**OUTLINE.**

1. Our Confessing of Christ.
2. Christ's Confession of Us.

**TIME.**—28 A.D.

**PLACE.**—In Galilee.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Shall confess me* Shall acknowledge me as Messiah and Saviour. *Shall deny me*— Shall refuse to acknowledge my claim. *To deny peace* He is the Prince of peace, and through him peace shall come, but only after fierce conflict with sin. *Sword*—Christ's Gospel is aggressive, and must overthrow existing forms of unbelief and wickedness. *For I am come to set a man at variance*—Not as an actual purpose for the mere sake of making trouble; but that will be the natural result of my coming. *That taketh not his cross*—A figure borrowed from the familiar Roman punishment by which he was himself to die. *He that fineth his life*—He who preserves his earthly life, shall lose it—Shall lose his spiritual life, if the former was saved by unfaithfulness. *A prophet*—Any religious teacher. *One of these little ones*—Referring to his disciples. *Cup of cold water*—The very smallest act of Christian love.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That we determine our own destiny?
2. That religion demands self sacrifice?
3. That good deeds are never forgotten?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What did Jesus say in the GOLDEN TEXT about confessing him? "Whoever," etc. 2. What does Jesus require of those who would be his disciples? That they shall love him. 3. Who does Jesus say is not worthy of him? He that taketh not his cross. 4. What does Jesus say of the one who gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple? "He shall not lose his reward."

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The judgment.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

6. Does the death of Christ then prove both the justice and mercy of God? Yes; in a most wonderful way the cross shows us God's hatred of sin and love towards the sinner.

*Isaiah liii. 10; Psalm lxxxv. 10.*

A.D. 28.] **LESSON VII.** [Nov. 13.

**CHRIST'S WITNESS TO JOHN.**

*Mat. 11. 2-3. Commit to mem. vs. 2-6.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

He was a burning and a shining light. *John 5. 35.*

**OUTLINE.**

1. John's Question.
2. Christ's Answer.

**TIME.**—28 A.D.

**PLACE.** Capernaum. John the Baptist in prison at Castle Machærus.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*In the prison*—In the castle, or fortress, of Machærus, near the Dead Sea. It was a very strong fortification. *Two of his disciples*—Evidently Herod had given John such liberty in the castle as allowed his disciples still to wait upon him. *He that should come*—That is, the Messiah so long expected. *Do we look*—Shall we look. Evidently John himself had begun to doubt whether the One whom he had proclaimed was really the Messiah. *Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me*—A caution to John not to mistake the true nature of Christ's ministry and kingdom. *A reed shaken*—John is asserted not to be vain, and fickle, and easily swayed, despite his question of doubt. *Clothed in soft raiment*—A strong reminder of John's austere manner, and coarse garb, in contrast to the effeminacy of his enemies in Herod's court. *More than a prophet*—One who had actually seen the Messiah. *The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence*—A figurative allusion to the rapid entrance of men into the kingdom of heaven which characterized the age. *This is Elias*—Or, the Elijah, who was to come before the Messiah. See *Mal. 4. 5.*

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That the miracles of Jesus prove him divine?
2. That to be a messenger for Jesus is a great honour?
3. That to be a true Christian is the highest earthly dignity?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What question did John the Baptist send to Jesus? "Art thou he that should come?" 2. How did Jesus show John that he was the Saviour? By his wonderful works. 3. What did Jesus say of John? That he was the greatest of the prophets. 4. What did he say of John in the GOLDEN TEXT? "He was," etc. 5. Who is greater than John the Baptist? He that is least in the kingdom of heaven.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The Messiah.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

7. And what further lesson should we learn? Our infinite debt to the Redeemer himself, who in his love laid down his life for us.

*John x. 11.* The Good Shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.

**WHO STOLE THE EGGS?**

RATS and mice are not favourites with most people. Their thieving, mischievous habits have always made them unwelcome, and they have come to be classed with black beetles and other "nasty things," and set down as vermin. Their appearance in a house is usually the signal for the baiting and setting of traps, and pussy is ordered to watch for them night and day.

They are cunning little creatures, rats especially, and the following story seems to show that when they meet with a difficulty they can think and rack their brains as well as any little b. y over compound multiplication.

The head-master of a boys' school in Jersey kept some fine Dorking fowls,

whose eggs he used often to have for breakfast. Being very fond of them, he was very much annoyed when the supply began to run short, and finally ceased altogether. What could be the reason? Perhaps the gardener took them for himself? Or could it be the boys that had robbed the nests? No one knew, no one could tell. So a strict watch was set on the stables where the fowls were kept.

One day a small boy, whose turn it was to keep a look-out, noticed three old rats come out of the ground, peep about, and then, running to the nests, deliberately set to work to remove one of the eggs. Rat No. 1 rolled it to the edge of the nest and there gave it into the arms of rats No. 2 and No. 3, who very carefully lifted it down to the floor of the stable.

Once on the floor, the next thing was how to carry it over to the mouth of their hole. To push it along before them would probably have led to its getting cracked against the pebbles. So what do you think they did? Rat No. 1 turned over and lay on his back, while the other two rolled the egg up between his paws. No. 2 then took hold of him by the tail, and with the assistance of No. 3 dragged him and the egg over the stones safely to the hole. As soon as the three clever thieves had disappeared, the astonished little boy ran off to tell the master what he had seen. The latter would not believe it at first, but the rat-catcher was sent for, and soon the breakfast table was again furnished with new-laid eggs.

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