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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

[No. 49.]

SCENES IN JAPAN.

BY REV. S. P. ROSE, D. D.

II.

From a reference to the morals of the people of Japan the transition is natural and easy to a consideration of missionary toils and successes. This, however, may possibly be prefaced by a brief review of the native systems of Japanese religion.

Shintoism, as the reader will know, is the primitive religion of Japan. Its myths and legends all cluster around Ise, to whose honour shrines and temples are erected.

"This was a pastoral religion. The aboriginal hunters and tillers of the soil offered up the fruits of their toil to the unknown powers that controlled nature. Into this religion has become welded the doctrine of the divinity of the Mikado. Pure Shintoism is not idolatry. It was the worship of the invisible by a simple pastoral community. It had no code of morality, no literature expounding doctrines relating to pure life, and no teachings that can compare with the teachings of other great religions. But its great weakness is that, while it recognizes the fact that men should be good, it utterly neglects to tell them how to be good. It fails to give a single commandment or evolve a single principle of morality. If you believe the Mikado to be of divine descent and obey him, you can't fail to be a good Shintoist. It must always fall as a religion."

Shintoism is manifestly a religion of the past, and Christianity need fear little from its opposition. There is nothing to hope or dread from this primitive faith.

"BUDDHISM,"

writes Dr. Erastus Wentworth, "has accumulated a legendary history, a traditional lore that rivals that of the Jews, whose Talmuds bury Moses out of sight, and that of Rome, which has heaped mountains of creeds and rituals upon the simple words and worship of Jesus Christ." It has greatly changed from the days of its founder, Sakya Muni, "a young prince, handsome, strong, heroic, surrounded by pleasures, and tempted by the most brilliant worldly prospects." He becomes greatly affected by the view of the miseries of human life, "becomes

a changed man, forsakes his father's palace for a hermit's cell, practises and then teaches a rigid asceticism, and dies at eighty, after a long career, occupied partly with the instruction of a numerous band of disciples, and partly with ecstatic contemplation. He is deified at the moment of his death," and it is declared by his disciples that "he has entered the Nirvana, or extinction."

"The Buddhists are the champion monastery-builders of the world." Their love for nature, which is a characteristic idea of Buddhism, was prominently seen in the choice of sites for their monasteries. The central thought of their teaching, received from Sakya himself, is that of mercy. "Carrying this idea into practice, he formed a law to the effect that no creature animated with life should be killed. This, he thought, would prevent homicide and the needless slaying of dumb animals." The other great doctrine of Buddhism is the idea "that for man to live above the miseries of this life and to obtain an exemption from miseries hereafter, it was necessary for him to eliminate from his mind all thoughts and desires whatsoever, to make his mind a void and to keep it in that condition until utter mental abstraction had been attained." Hence annihilation is the heaven of Buddhism, existence is a curse, Nirvana perfect benediction.

But, as with the system of monastery

life afterward obtaining in the Roman Church and in Europe, no ultimate good for the nation grew out of the monasteries of Buddhism. The monks began, alas! to live unholy lives. The few who were goodly among them were unable to stem the tide of corruption, and so it has come to pass that Buddhism stands forth a confessed failure as a regenerating force in Japan. "The teachings of Sakya are a wild dream, an ingenious hypothesis of a sincere and noble soul blindly groping for some principle that should explain the mysteries of life and death."

Such were the religions of the people when Christianity came to the rescue of this wonderful empire.

THE SPANISH JESUITS

were the first Christian missionaries who went to Japan. They began their labours in 1549, and in half a century counted their nominal converts by the thousands. But the mischief-making propensity of this sect soon manifested itself. Through interfering with things temporal, intriguing and conspiracy, the Jesuits brought banishment on themselves and so aroused public indignation against Christianity that, in 1587, a decree for the extermination of all Christians was published, a decree which, a few years ago, was found by Protestant missionaries upon every public place in the empire.

With slight exceptions Japan remained a closed country to all the world from the end of the sixteenth century until the middle of the nineteenth. In 1853, two treaty-ports were opened to American trade, and in 1858 six treaty-ports became open to foreigners, to whom liberty to reside at these ports was given.

Under these conditions, Protestant Christianity began its labours in the "Flowery Kingdom." The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States sent its first missionary in 1859. In 1867 the number of missionaries increased and the people, beginning to distinguish between Romanism and Protestantism, gave more reverent attention to the truth. In 1873 the grand influx of all denominations occurred, new stations were formed, and a brighter day dawned for Japan.

It was in 1873 that our own church sent its first heralds to this distant field, the opening of which has been of such large blessing to the work at home.

No missionary field offers larger opportunities for faithful toil. Men and money will be needed in much more liberal supply than hitherto furnished, if, as a church, we are to do our work as we should; and failure to "go forward" in the Master's name is to merit the condemnation of God and the contempt of our fellows.

THE CASTLES OF JAPAN

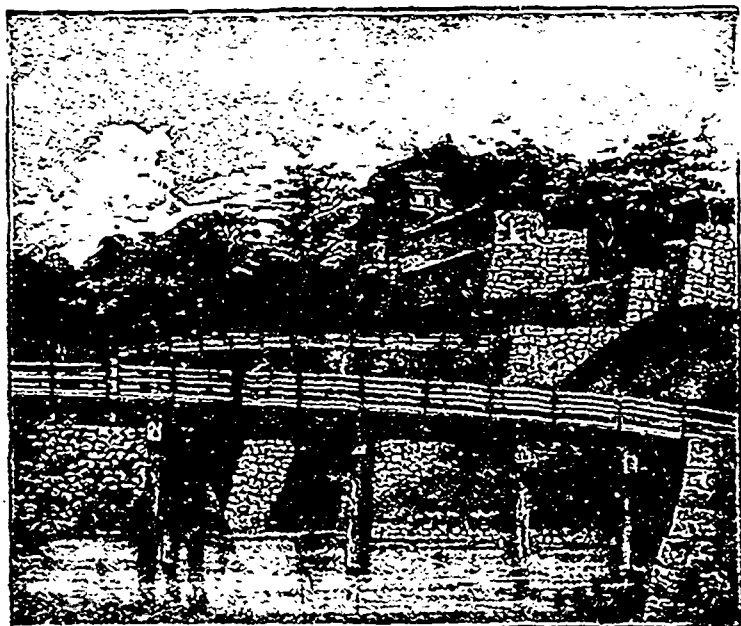
well deserve a visit. Writing under date of July 17, 1874, from Hiroasaki, of one of these castles, Mr. Maclay says:

"There is something very inspiring in the lively notes of the bugle that make the entire place vocal in the morning, at noon, and at sundown. It contains a garrison of about a thousand men. They are dressed in blue uniform trimmed with yellow, and are armed with Sayder and Sharpe rifles. These soldiers come from the provinces. They are small men, but very plucky and hardy. They are kept under excellent discipline. It is a rare thing to find one of them drunk."

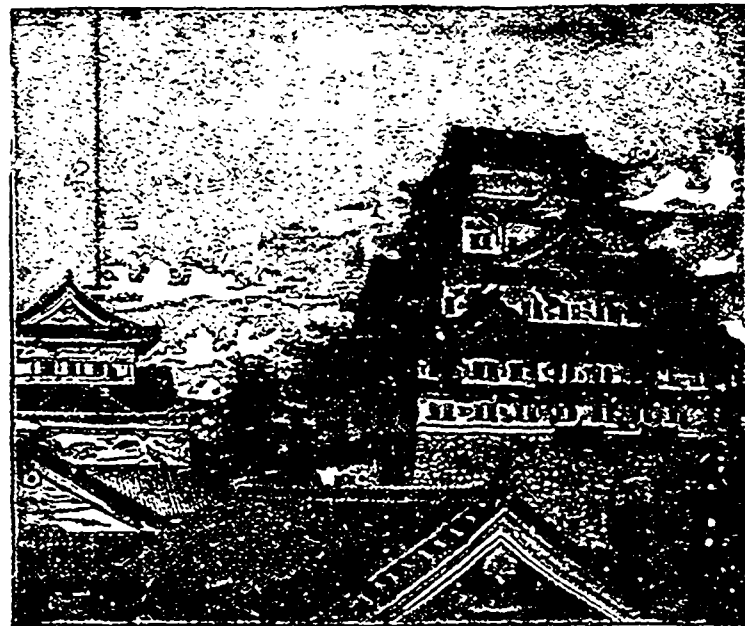
As there are about one hundred and fifty of these castles scattered throughout Japan, some hint as to their construction, which is always on the same general plan, may prove of interest. We quote from Mr. Maclay:



A QUIET CORNER IN A BUDDHIST CEMETERY.



THIRD MOAT OF THE TOKYO CASTLE.



THE CITADEL OF OWARI CASTLE.

The term 'castle' is misleading. For, unlike the flinty masses of masonry of Europe that delight to perch themselves upon lofty cliffs, these strongholds rarely present high walls to the sight, and are generally built upon undulating or level ground. The ideal plan is to arrange the moats or embankments so that a moderately rugged hill shall be near the centre, thus serving to increase the strength of the tenshu, or citadel. As a rule, you will find a triple system of circumvallation, one inside the other; the outermost one being from two to four miles in circumference, while the innermost one is reduced to a massive inclosure of a few hundred yards. The largest castle in Japan is at Tokyo. The perimeter of its outlying line of circumvallation exceeds ten miles—in fact, a part of the metropolis is built between the first and second systems. The next one in size is said to be at Shidzuoka.

THE TEMPLES OF JAPAN

are of great interest. During a summer vacation trip into the interior, our author visited the famous Yomel gate of the Nikko temples. It is thus graphically described:

"It has exhausted the art and ingenuity of the architect. It is a bewildering mass of tracery. For beauty of design and prodigality of decoration it is matchless. It is equally lovely whether glittering in the sunlight or shimmering in the moonbeams. The railing of its balcony is supported by dragon's heads. Just above the portal are two white dragons linked in terrific combat. Underneath you see groups of children playing. Beneath these are busts of Chinese sages in various philosophical attitudes, such as only Chinese philosophers can assume. The dragons, upholding the massive roof, with their flaming eyes and gaping crimson jaws, seem to be on the qui vive for evil spirits."

No one omits a visit to

FUJIYAMA,

"the centre-piece of Japanese scenery. It is the first point of land that the approaching traveller sights as he comes bounding over the waves a hundred miles away." Mr. Maclay climbed to its summit, which he found to be a rugged country, "three miles in circumference," and "covered with lava hills, one of which was two hundred feet high at least."

We can hardly believe, much less understand, the rapidity and certainty with which alterations are being effected in the ideas and habits of the wonderful people to whom our attention has been prominently turned of late. Of one fact we may rest assured, that the salt which alone can save Japan from destruction is the salt of Christian example and doctrine.

THE QUIET HALF-HOUR.

BY J. R. MILLER.

General Gordon, whose name shines so brightly in the records of England's noble soldiers, was as loyal to Christ as he was to his country. Indeed, noble as he was as a soldier, he was nobler still as a Christian. Each morning, during his journey in the Soudan, there was one half-hour when there lay outside General Gordon's tent a handkerchief, and the whole camp knew the meaning of that small token, and most religiously was it respected by all, whatever their creed, colour, or business. No foot dared to enter the tent while the handkerchief lay there. No force of sentinels could better have guarded the tent door. No message, however pressing, was ever sent in; whatever it was, of life or death, it had to wait until the guardian sign was lifted and removed. Every one knew that God and Gordon were alone there together; that the servant prayed and communed, and that the Master heard and answered. Into the heart so opened, the presence and the life of God came down. Into the life so laid upon the altar, the strength of God was poured. No wonder that when that man came out of his tent the glory of God seemed to shine on his face and the fragrance of heaven to cling to his very garments, and that he had such sublime peace and such calm, majestic power.

We all need to get more of such half-hours into our lives: when God's very angels will pause in reverent silence at our doors, while within we commune with the blessed Trinity. Then we shall be strong for service, and our influence shall be hallowed by the very touch of Christ.

At the point where the Mississippi River flows out of Lake Itasca it is only ten feet wide and eighteen inches deep.

THE BOYS WE NEED.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in his way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

DECEMBER 12, 1897.

Jeremiah's hope in God's mercy.—Lam. 3. 22-36.

THE WEELING PROPHECY.

If grief is the occasion of tears, Jeremiah certainly had great cause for weeping, for all through his life his path was crowded with such trouble as seldom fell to the lot of man. You must remember, too, that he was only a youth of twelve years when called to the prophetic office, so that he could not have had much experience.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Verses 22-26. If he had become disheartened, and even turned aside from the path of duty, it would have been no marvel, for you know afflictions try men's souls. He knew that the Almighty was on his side, and therefore he was not afraid, hence he speaks the language of triumph and exults in God's goodness. Verses 24 and 25 are especially of the joyful kind. He is not afraid, because the Lord is his portion. Is the Lord your portion?

HIS EXPERIENCE.

Verse 27. Young men have to perform duties, and sometimes those duties are irksome and hard to perform. The yoke is irksome, the discipline is severe, the burden is heavy, but all this is for good. It is the way that heroes are made. Difficulties help to develop the whole man and fit him for the duties which he will have to perform. Jeremiah knew what he was saying when he gave utterance to those verses.

HIS PATIENCE.

Verses 28-30. His duty. He must not murmur when trials were his lot. Better for him to meditate and review the dealings of God with him. Afflictions produce patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope makes not ashamed. All things work together for good to them who love God.

He will experience many obstacles and what will try him severely, but let him be assured that if he walks by faith nothing shall harm him.

GOD'S KINDNESS.

Verses 31-36. How descriptive of God's goodness. What precious promises are here! If these verses were committed to memory by every Junior who should read these lines, they would be a source of consolation, and a grand preservative against despondency in the season of distress and sorrow. Jeremiah was describing very largely his own experience in this lesson, which should serve to encourage every young person to imitate his example.

WHAT ALLEN GAINED BY HIS LOSS.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"No, sonny; that half-dollar is bogus; let me have some of that small change instead," and Allen counted out the amount, saying as he handed it to the gentleman, "I am sure I did not know that half-dollar was not good."

"No, of course you didn't. Some unprincipled scamp has passed it on you," answered the gentleman. "But you can easily tell from its ring that it is not genuine," and taking it from the boy's hand he tapped it against some other coins in his purse, asking, "Don't you notice a difference?"

"Yes," admitted Allen, as he put the spurious coin back in his pocket, and resumed his cry of "Press, Dispatch, Chronicle," but much of the cheer in his voice had disappeared with the knowledge that he had been cheated out of his hard-earned savings; for, to the poor newsboy, even fifty cents seemed a large sum to lose.

A little later, as he was hurrying along, trying to make up for lost time, he was accosted by another newsboy, with, "Say, Allen, can you give me change for a dollar bill?" The old gentleman over there wants to catch the train, and I can't make the change.

"Yes," said Allen, always ready to accommodate his friends; but just as he was ready to hand out the change, an evil thought was suggested to him, and putting his hand in his pocket he handed out the bogus half-dollar, thinking Tom would give it to the gentleman and he would never hear of it again. Instead, Tom gave the customer the good half-dollar, and dropped the bad one into his own pocket-book, counting out small change to make up what was needed on the dollar.

Allen did not feel comfortable over the disposition he had made of the worthless coin, but aside from the danger of being found out and losing the money, he did not give the subject a thought. That evening, however, he chanced to overhear some men talking about a young bank-clerk who had been arrested for passing counterfeit money. The amount, it seemed, was quite small—only ten dollars—but, as one man explained, the crime was as great as if it had been hundreds of dollars.

Allen listened and trembled as he heard the subject discussed. He was quick to understand the nature of the crime and the risk he had taken in giving the bogus half-dollar after he knew it was not genuine. He was already a criminal in the eye of the law, and if found out might be sent to prison. Thoroughly alarmed, he slipped out of the grocery, and with a hope that Tom might yet have the useless money in his possession, he did not slacken his pace until he had reached the little house where Tom's mother lived.

To his great joy the silver piece was found in Tom's pocket-book, just where he had put it, and it was to his interest as well as Allen's to accept the genuine one so eagerly offered in its place. Allen lost the fifty cents, of course, but the lesson he learned was worth many times that amount to him; although now grown to man's estate, he still keeps the spurious coin—a reminder of how near he came to counterfeiting his life.

AN UNKNOWN LAND.

The boys and girls who study geography will know what a mesa is. It is a high tableland. There is a mesa in Mexico which has interested people for number of years. No one knew what was on top, and some curious theories were developed. Some people thought that a race of cliff-dwellers would be found there. Others thought that valuable metals would be found on top, while others thought that probably there would be found remains of the old cliff-dwellers—household utensils, perhaps remnants of the clothing, the ornaments,

and furniture; things that would tell more about these long-time-ago people than has yet been found out.

This mesa is called Mesa Encantada. It is seven hundred feet high, and there is no way by which men may climb to the top. Scientists have been greatly interested in this mesa, because at its foot the bones of the eohippus, the animal that is older in the history of animals than the horse, have been found. Bits of pottery were also found that resembled the household utensils of lost peoples who used to live in Mexico hundreds of years ago. Legends and stories have been told over and over again about these strange peoples. Some men of science who are greatly interested in the history of this long-ago time, and who are able to tell from bits of pottery and fragments of stone how the peoples of those days lived and worked, about what they believed, the wars they fought, the battles they lost and won, wanted to go to the Mesa Encantada to see what it would tell of the people who had once lived on it. These learned men went to Mexico with lines and a mortar such as would be used in reaching a ship cast ashore. After pitching a camp about a mile away, they took all the appliances for reaching the top to the foot of the cliff. The first line fired by the mortar failed to reach the top. The second shot carried the line over the mesa at the narrowest part. After this the heavier ropes were drawn over the cliff by using the lighter lines, and a boatswain's chair was arranged to carry the explorer to the top. It took two days to do this. At last everything was ready, and the first man to step on top of this mesa in centuries got into the chair and was carried by the use of ropes over pulleys to the top. The man was pulled to the top by the use of a horse and a mule secured from a near-by farm, just as you have seen freight taken from the hold of a steamer at the docks. When the explorer reached the top he found a flat area of about seventeen acres, with nothing interesting, nothing to tell the story of any people who might have lived on the mesa when the world was young. He stayed several hours, and then returned to the plains by the same way he went up. Nothing was determined except that neither people nor wealth were on top of the Mesa Encantada.

THE BOYS AND THE LION.

Mr. James D. Carlisle, of Pittsburg, Pa., has received a letter from Rev. Edwin H. Richards, missionary of Inhambane South Africa, in which the writer gives a most interesting account of an adventure he, with several of his native boys, had while travelling in the desert lately. They had camped, tired and hungry, for the night, when "at nine o'clock a majestic roar at most uncomfortably short range, shook me right out of my umbrella, and shook the boys right out of their mosquito blankets, and our poor dog scrambled between my legs so quickly that I hardly knew whether it were not the beast in question. The rifle was hunted up, and a ball was projected in the near vicinity of the spot where the thunder came from. We would not have wounded his majesty's feelings, no, not for the lives of half of us, but if we had been able to have planted an explosive shell right in the centre of his intellectual works, or blown his teeth out and his claws off, we would have performed the feat. His lordship replied by gently lashing his sides with his tail, and soon made about half a circle around us, and got off another monologue on the subject of diet. My first thought on the matter, as soon as I could think at all, was that the Lord had answered our prayers wrong side round and bottom side up, and that the 'meat' was about to go the wrong way altogether.

"But the Lord is mindful of his own." He remembers his children. We did everything we could to entertain that wily beast. We kindled a fire, we sang hymns to him, we prayed for him to keep out of our nest, we shot guns over him, we waved torches at him, we shook the wash-dish at him, we danced for him, and left no means at our disposal untried in the way of pastime for him. He was apparently delighted with our 'show,' and did what he could towards reviving our depressed spirits. He walked round about us all night long, replying to our every effort with blood-curdling encores. But at the very first blush of day he apparently bethought himself of his wife and children, and hastily betook himself away, no doubt conjuring up some lame excuse for being out so late. I sincerely hope Mrs. Lady Lion was on the sharp lookout for him, and gave him a talking to at home."

My Neighbour's Boy.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

He seems to be several boys in one,
So much is he constantly everywhere!
And the mischievous things that boy has done
No mind can remember, nor mouth declare.
He fills the whole of his share of space
With his strong, straight form, and his merry face.
He is very cowardly, very brave,
He is kind and cruel, is good and bad,
A brute and a hero! Who will save
The best, from the worst, of my neighbour's lad?
The mean and the noble strive to-day—
Which of the powers will have its way?
The world is needing his strength and skill,
He will make hearts happy or make them ache,
What power is in him, for good or ill!
Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?
Will he rise, and draw others up with him,
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?
But what is my neighbour's boy to me
More than a nuisance? My neighbour's boy,
Though I have some fears for what he may be,
Is a source of solicitude, hope and joy,
And a constant pleasure. Because I pray
That the best that is in him will rule some day.
He passes me by with a smile and a nod,
He knows I have hopes of him—guesses, too,
That I whisper his name when I ask of God
That men may be righteous, his will to do,
And I think that many would have more joy
If they loved and prayed for a neighbour's boy!

JUDGE ECKFORD'S JUDGMENT.

BY EUGENIA D. BIGHAM.

His youngest child—a boy—was Judge Eckford's "Judgment."
Herty Eckford was fully sixteen years old before he had any idea that he was said to be a judgment sent on his father. He found it out in the following manner: He and a crowd of his companions had been running in and out among the cotton-bales on the long platform of the freight depot one night expecting to see the nine o'clock express come in. Herty finally became tired and escaped from the crowd. He threw himself flat on his back between two piles of cotton-bales and clasped his hands under his head. He had rested thus for some minutes when two gentlemen came sauntering up the platform and leaned against the cotton. "Yes," said one of them, "that boy Herty is a judgment sent on old man Eckford."
Herty's sense of hearing at once became alert. The same voice continued: "Judge Eckford has carried things with a high hand in his day, and does it yet; but his proud independence will find a fitting recompense in his son Herty."
"What's the matter with the boy?" asked a second voice.
"Matter enough," replied number one. "He walks the streets at night; he smokes more cigarettes than any other boy in town; he uses profane language, and he has no kind of class stand at school. He is simply going to the bad as fast as he can, and Judge Eckford will find out some day what he has done for me and mine. He will find out when his boy is where mine is. He gave my boy a sentence that disgraces him forever; but he'll suffer himself. He prides himself on being a just judge; just let him wait, he will have justice some day."
The words had been spoken in hard, bitter tones, and the last few sentences had revealed the identity of the speaker to Herty. He remained perfectly quiet until the men moved away, when he got up and went home. The express was already overdue, and he had lost his wish to see it anyhow. His step in the hall at home was the signal of joy to a placid-faced lady who came at once to meet him.
"Why, son," she said, "I am so glad you are home earlier to-night. Come in and talk to me awhile."
"Can't possibly, mother," he said. "I got a scolding at school to-day, and I'm going to study harder than usual now. Friday night we'll have a regular old-time confab. Good-night!"
He kissed her, then bounded up the steps, three at a time, she watching him and laughing.
Safe in his own room, he sat down and began writing rapidly. He wrote:

"Herty Eckford, sixteen years old. He smokes cigarettes to excess, runs the streets at night; he swears, and he is a nobody at school. Because his father is brave enough to sentence the sons of rich men justly, as they should be sentenced, the rich men backbite him, and call his own bad son his curse while they wait to gloat over the calamity ahead of him. But this same Herty Eckford has just seen himself as others see him, as he really is, and the sight has shocked him. One year from this night he will record a different non-picture of himself—if he should be living, of course. And Mr. Willdon will deserve a great deal of the credit!" "Herty Eckford."
"At home, October 20th, 1890."
He read the words, folded the paper, put it in an envelope, which he sealed, wrote on it the word "Private" and his own name, and then placed it in a lock box in the bottom of his trunk.
Without a moment's delay he took up a book and began studying, writing an exercise with much care, and feeling pleased at the result.
Some days after that Judge Eckford and his wife sat talking. The lady said: "I do not understand the change in Herty, but it is such a delight to me that I shall not care if I never understand it. I do not remember when he was last away from home at night, and he is studying so well."
"Something woke him up, I guess," said the judge. "I gave him a kind of lecture not long ago; perhaps it did the young man some good."
The weeks passed by and though Herty had to use every atom of determination of which he was capable, he continued to forsake his old habits and to form new ones. At the close of a month his school report was marked, "Class stand third," and a little memorandum book showed that his expenditure for cigarettes was cut off.
It did not prove hard to keep off the streets at night; he broke that evil habit immediately. But to quit the use of profane language was very, very difficult, and it cost him the most watchful care before he saw even a slight betterment. By nature and by home training Herty was polite, and he had a breezy, cordial manner of greeting people that won him many a good opinion. Often on his way to and from school he passed a certain sad-faced man, but always with a cheery greeting. This greeting never met with more than a scowling response, and as time wore on and Herty's general improvement was the talk of the town, he met the scowl without the response. It seemed to make no manner of difference to the boy, and he went on his way bright and alert. Little did the rich man think that his own cutting words had been the magic helps toward the change in Herty. The boy noticed the sadness in the face of the crushed father as he had never noticed it before, and it aroused his generous pity, and added a kindly ring to his voice in his daily greeting. But he felt more determined than ever to win the gentleman's respect and to force him to take back the words he had spoken at the freight depot. The time came when Herty was no more reckoned among the set of boys who had once been his familiar spirits. By degrees he won second class stand, and every one felt confident that he meant to press on until "Rex" was written across the back of his school reports.
Mr. Willdon, his father's rich enemy, soon began to cut at the boy in public, though in a covert manner. All the people of the town understood this, however, as did Herty, and so no harm came of it. "He did me a big favour once; I won't forget that," the boy would say to himself. "I mean to make him see that I am a good judgment, if any. Dear old dad! To think how I was preparing to reward him for all his life of uprightness!"
Almost a year passed, and the day really came when old Judge Eckford's eyes lit up with pleasure at seeing the word "Rex" on his son's report, and Mrs. Eckford could not restrain her words of joy. Herty began to think of the time when Mr. Willdon would be compelled to see his steady improvement; but he did not know how near the time actually was.
Mr. Willdon was quite a famous huntsman, and he often spent a day in the fields with his dog and his gun. He left home at dawn one morning to see a tenant on a distant farm, and he carried his gun as usual. He found shooting such fine success that he decided to hunt until after the dinner hour, at any rate, as such a course would still leave time for the visit to the farm. At noon he hitched his horse in a grassy opening near the road, intending to go afoot over a promising-looking field. But in mounting a rail fence near the road his foot slipped, his gun fell as he tried to steady himself, and both loads were dis-

charged, one wounding him severely. He fell to the ground and lay there groaning, unable to raise himself to a sitting posture. His two dogs hurried back, scrambled over the rails and stood by him, their eyes having an expression very like sympathy as they waited, dumb, anxious.
Quite an hour later the suffering man heard buggy wheels rolling over the hard road, and his restive horse gave a glad whinny. Then a voice exclaimed: "Mr. Willdon's horse, I do declare! Whoa, Charley!"
The wounded man could see no one; but he felt vaguely conscious that he knew the voice and that it affected him unpleasantly. Nevertheless, he tried to call, his effort ending in repeated groans. A moment or two later footsteps came crashing over the dry twigs, and Herty Eckford's lithe form appeared.
The two dogs sat on their haunches, close to their master, thumping their tails on the ground and looking at Herty with almost human welcome as he advanced, though it is somewhat remarkable that neither of them left his post.
"Why, Mr. Willdon, what is the matter?" asked Herty, dropping on one knee by the prostrate man.
"Go away! Let me alone; I want no favour from an Eckford," said Mr. Willdon.
"But I can't leave you, and I won't," said Herty. "You have lost a great deal of blood, and it would not do for me to leave you even to get some one else to come."
Then, with the utmost care, and yet with haste, he bared the wound and with knotted handkerchiefs tried to stay the loss of blood, using his tie and Mr. Willdon's as bandages, that gentleman unable to resist the determined youth.
Herty hastily decided to bring his buggy to the fence, knowing that he could not possibly carry Mr. Willdon even the short distance to the road. Saying this, he went off and was only a few minutes in finding a place sufficiently open to allow the passage of the buggy.
Herty was a boy of stout muscle; but it seemed to him that he would be compelled to fall when he tried to get Mr. Willdon into the buggy. The gentleman could help himself but little, and he kept wasting his strength telling Herty to go away and let him alone. At last, however, he was in the buggy occupying the entire seat in as comfortable a position as was possible under the circumstances.
"Now, Mr. Willdon, said Herty, "I am going to kneel on the back of the buggy to drive. I have your gun, and I will tie your horse to the back of the buggy. I will drive slowly, so as not to jar your wound. You be as patient as you can, and I will have you at home pretty soon. It is only two miles."
He took his position and very carefully drove to the road, secured the waiting horse and started back to the city, the dogs walking mournfully by the buggy.
A week from that day Mr. Willdon made his first inquiry about the boy.
"How's your young Eckford?" he asked, suddenly, of his physician.
Doctor Balfour knew the state of affairs, and he grasped his opportunity. "Oh, Herty's all right," he said, briskly. "He doesn't seem to care a fig that he is not all that money the day he brought you home; nor does his father. Judge Eckford told him that he did exactly right to stand by you, and that if he had failed to bring you home promptly he would have felt like disowning him."
"Lost what money? How?" asked Mr. Willdon.
"Well, you see, the judge had business at Stanton involving some four or five hundred dollars," the doctor explained, looking at the patient as if happy to expiate. "He was sending Herty over on a rapid drive to wind up the business, as he himself was too sick to go. The boy knew that he had been delayed to the last possible moment, hoping that the judge could go. But when he found you, and saw how dangerously you were hurt, he decided that life is worth more than money, and so brought you back to the city, not a moment too soon, either. He's a fine young fellow, Herty is!"
It is not easy for hatred to die. All the rest of that day, then the next day, Mr. Willdon lay on his bed thinking, thinking; but the third day he sent for Herty, and the boy went at once. It does not matter to us what they said just at first; it is enough to know that peace was made—peace so perfect that a little later on Judge Eckford himself sat by Mr. Willdon's bed, in pleasant, good-will conversation, his former enemy now his friend. Yet it does come to us to know that just as Herty left Mr. Willdon's room, he said: "Mr. Willdon, I have a paper here in my note-book that I want to leave with you until I come again. It will show you what a good

turn you did me once. I think it puts us about even, since you insist that I saved your life. As he spoke he found the paper and put it in the gentleman's outstretched hand. His words had excited Mr. Willdon's curiosity, and he did not wait for Herty to get out of the room, but began unfolding the paper.
Then he read the words Herty wrote on the first night we met him, and he also read something else written on the same sheet, but at a later date. Here it is:
"To-night, one year ago, Mr. Willdon showed me myself as I really was, for I heard him talk about me as I rested behind cotton-bales at the depot. This night I am not the boy I then was. Judge Eckford's 'Judgment' is now seventeen years old. He would scorn to smoke a cigarette or anything else, he has not used a profane word during the last four months; he has not been on the streets for fun at night during the entire year; he has been leader of his class at school for five months, and he means to advance in improvement all the time, becoming an honour to his father, never a trouble. I, the 'Judgment,' shall never cease to feel thankful to Mr. Willdon. I wish every boy, who is what I was, would see himself as others see him, and would face about."
"Herty Eckford."
"October 20th, 1891."
"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."
BY ANNA FRANCES BURNHAM.
"Will anybody have the goodness to tell me what is the chief end of this society?"
The suggestive form of words was too tempting. Bell answered it out of the catechism.
"To glorify ourselves, and enjoy it forever!"
A merry peal of laughter from the president broke the kind of shocked hush that fell on the infant missionary society at Bell's reckless speech, used as they were to all her speeches.
"Girls," she cried impulsively. "I believe Bell has just told the truth in her dreadful way, and we have either got to change our name and motto, or—change our actions."
They had not been exactly quarrelling, you know. Just talking rather hotly over the introduction or invasion of new members. In the beginning they had meant to have a nice little missionary society to do good and have a good time, which was all right if only they had not forgotten the first part of it. It was such a cosy little parlour, and when the sewing was done they had such a cosy little time, and any more would spoil it. So said Nan Ellsworth, who had been put down to table next the Ruggleses' second girl.
"It's horrid to have to sit close and get your sleeves crushed!"
"Wear fibre chamois!" flashed Bell.
"Everybody can't, and when they go away, they're the one that's crushed, and you're as much puffed up as ever in five minutes!"
Bell's language was obscure, but her parable wasn't. Nan turned red as she turned away, and Bell listened to what the others were saying.
"It sounded awful enough to say," said the president, twining an arm around Bell's waist as she came up, "but isn't it true that we have been 'glorifying ourselves' and 'enjoying ourselves' and forgetting our motto?"
"For Christ and the Church," repeated somebody softly.
"Olga belongs to the church," said Bell, thinking of Nan Ellsworth's neighbour at the supper table.
"I never thought!" said Dora Fanning, who had sat on the other side of Olga.
"Sh-h-h-h!" went round, as the door opened suddenly and Olga came back for her rubbers which she had forgotten.
"It has been so lovely!" said the Swedish girl, stopping timidly after she had stamped them on, and ought to have been going. "I not sit with such good ladies every day that do all things for Christ and the Church. All dis two week I say, 'Olga, be good, till once again you goes to sit with those Christ ladies!'"
"IT'S THERE ALL THE SAME."
"What are you doing there?" asked a passer-by of a lad holding to a string.
"Flying my kite," said the little boy.
"I can see no kite!" exclaimed the man.
"I know it, sir," answered the boy; "I can't see it, but it's there all the same, for I feel it pull."
If we hold on to God's promises an unseen power draws us heavenwards, and, although unseen, we know it

Willing Workers.

BY MRS. F. O. DE FOUNTAINE.

Work, boys, work, while still it is day,
Work, boys, work, 'tis better than play,
Work with a will and work with a
might

Fight with the foe by day and by night;
Vanquish him, banish him out of sight,
Dally not with him, "go for the right."

Fight, boys, fight, till the battle is won,
Fight, boys, fight, till you hear the
"well done."

Fight with the young, and fight with the
old,

Bring them all saved at last to the fold.
Vanquish him, banish him out of sight,
Dally not with him, "go for the right."

Shout, boys, shout, with your banners on
high;

Shout, boys, shout, till the news reach
the sky.

Shout it abroad o'er sea and o'er land,
God bless the work of the temperance
band.

Vanquish him, banish him out of sight,
Dally not with him, "go for the right."
—Union Signal.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 12.

PAUL'S LAST WORDS.

2 Tim. 4, 1-8, 16-18. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have fought a good fight, I have
finished my course, I have kept the
faith.—2 Tim. 4, 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Final Charge, v. 1-5.
2. The Finished Work, v. 6-8.
3. The Lord's Deliverance, v. 16-18.

The Second Epistle to Timothy was probably the last of Paul's writings. It is supposed to have been written about 66 or 67 A.D., and shortly before Paul's death. Timothy is first mentioned in Acts 16. His father was a Greek, and his mother a Jewess. Refer to Acts 17:14; 18:5; 19:22; 20:3, 4; Rom. 16:21. A touching sadness pervades this epistle, but it is still full of bright hope.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Paul's last words.—2 Tim. 4, 1-18.
Lu. Last words of Moses.—Deut. 31, 1-13.
W. Joshua's exhortation.—Josh. 23, 1-11.
Th. Holding fast the truth.—1 John 2, 18-25.
F. Looking for mercy.—Jude 17-25.
S. Looking upward.—Phil. 3, 13-21.
Su. The crown of life.—James 1, 1-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Final Charge, v. 1-5.
What charge did Paul make to Timothy?
Before whom is the charge made?
What kind of hearers would he have?
What additional charge is given?
Verse 5.
2. The Finished Work, v. 6-8.
For what was Paul ready?
What was at hand?
What does he say concerning his life course? Golden Text.
What was prepared for him?
To what others will it be given?
3. The Lord's Deliverance, v. 16-18.
What happened when Paul was arraigned before the emperor?
What was his prayer?
Who did not desert him?
For what did he believe his life had been spared?
From what peril was he at that time delivered?
From what greater peril did he trust the Lord to deliver him?
To what was he confident the Lord would preserve him.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where does this lesson teach—
1. The duties of the Christian teacher?
2. The reward of faithful obedience?
3. The faithfulness of God?

STRANGE RESULTS OF CHILDREN'S ANTICS.

The restless energy of childhood has not only afforded the grumblers an opportunity for indulging a querulous habit, but it has been productive of great good to the world at large. As has been remarked: there might, and probably would, have come a time when the genius of man would have invented the telescope, but it is certain that the time

came a little sooner as a result of the restless movements of children. Speaking of those particular young folks, who were the children of a Dutch spectacle-maker, it has been said:

It was not to be wondered at that the glasses their father used in his workshop should fall within reach of their investigating fingers. One day they carried them to the door of the shop, and amused themselves by viewing outside objects through their medium; and now came in the particular benefit to the world of the restlessness of childhood.

Looking through the glasses in the ordinary way soon became too tame for the children, and they proceeded to vary the performance. They put two glasses together, and eagerly peered through this new arrangement to see the effect upon the landscape. It was more startling than they had anticipated. The weathercock on the church-steeple had certainly undergone a change. It had suddenly advanced to meet them, and appeared within a short distance of their eyes.

Puzzled at this unlooked-for result of their experiment, the children called their father to see the strange sight, and were triumphant to find that his surprise was as great as their own.

But the old spectacle-maker was of a scientific turn of mind, and as he went back to his work his thoughts were busy with the strange result of the children's

A WOMANLY ACT.

It is by thoughtful, womanly little acts that the Princess of Wales—the "dear princess," as she is popularly called—has won her way to the hearts of the people; not alone the people who owe allegiance to the English crown, but those opposed to monarchical rule, have been touched by the domestic quality of the Princess' royal nature, and received a hint that has been helpful in performing the duties which belong to the reign in the quiet home kingdom.

The following little incident, which occurred on the day of the wedding of the Princess' youngest daughter, was not one to be included in the public mention of the royal marriage:

When the bride returned after her wedding to Marlborough House, her mother asked for her bouquet. That afternoon, when she had bidden her daughter farewell, and the guests had gone and left her alone, the Princess of Wales summoned a close carriage and drove to one of the great London hospitals to which she is a frequent visitor, and going to the children's ward, passed from bed to bed, giving a flower from the bride's bouquet to each child.

The poor babies, in their sickness and pain, knew of the great event which had interested all England that day, and it is easy to understand their delight when they were thus given a share in it.



YOUNG JAPS AT PLAY.

YOUNG JAPS AT PLAY.

Japan is the paradise of children. Japanese parents are exceedingly fond of their little folk and do everything in their power to make them happy. They invent toys and games of the most ingenious character and have no end of holidays and feasts. The Japanese are a very amiable and interesting people. Sir Edwin Arnold, who lived for some years in the country, fairly fell in love with them, and gave proof of his appreciation of their character by marrying a few weeks ago a Japanese wife.

The queer little bald-headed figures in our cut seem like little old men dancing about in their wooden shoes to the music of the drum and cymbals played by the boy with the quilted trousers. This is one of many new cuts that illustrate an article on old and new Japan in the forthcoming volume of our connexional monthly, The Methodist Magazine and Review.

It was stated at the Association of Social Scientists by a professional athlete, who indeed was a professional oarsman and a great coach, that boating, as an exercise, was not the thing at all for a student, it requiring little mental activity, the chief aim of student life. He said that, even though it seemed to discriminate against his own profession, a field game of ball, in his opinion, was preferable, inasmuch as it brought into play the intellectual faculties and required the use of judgment and experience.

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