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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX,

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1900.

No. 38.

The Thoughts That Came In.
There were idle thoughts came in the door,
And warmed their little toes,
And did more mischief about the house
Than any one living knows.

They scratched the table, and broke the chairs,
And soiled the floor and wall;
For a motto was written above the door
"There's welcome here for all."

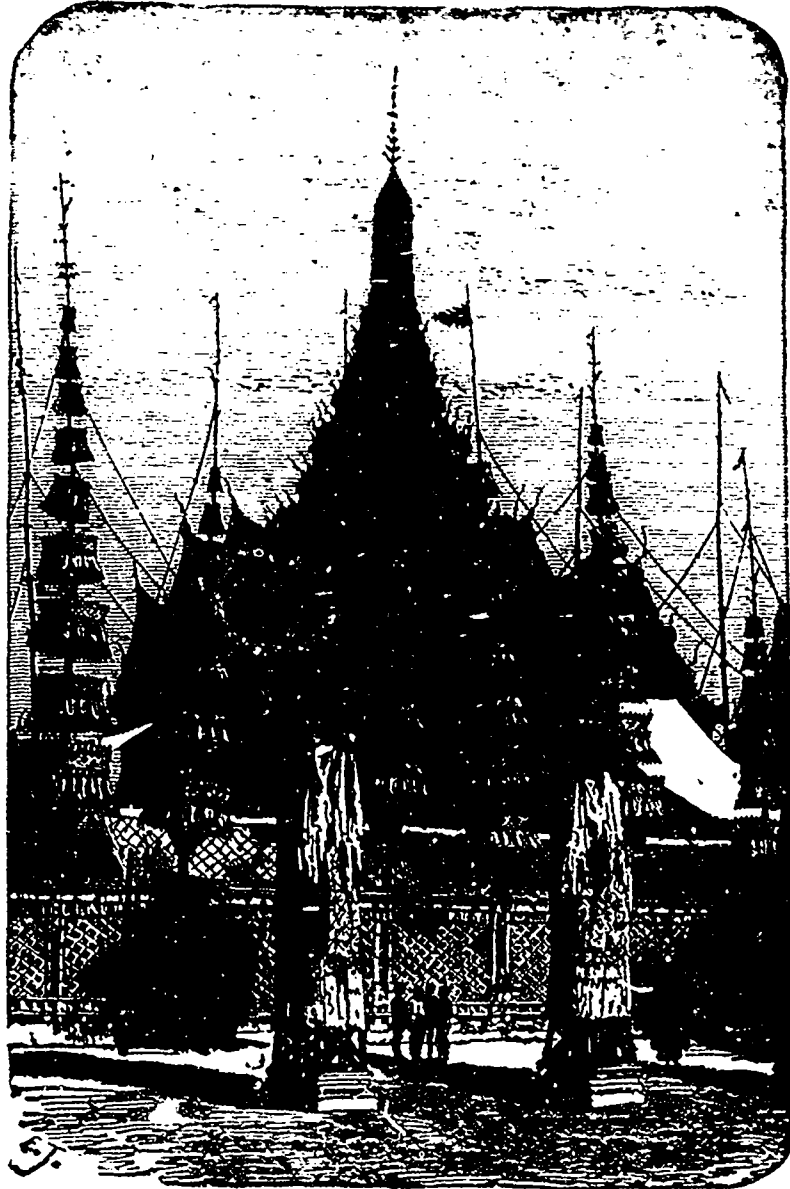
When the master saw the mischief done
He closed it with hope and fear;
And he wrote above, instead: "Let none
Save good thoughts enter here."

And the good little thoughts came troop-
ing in,
When he drove the others out;
They cleaned the walls, and they swept
the floor,
And sang as they moved about.

And last of all an angel came,
With wings and a shining face;
And above the door he wrote: "Here
love
Has found a dwelling place."

SIAM AND ITS PEOPLE.

Siam is situated in Southeast Asia, east of Burma, and has an area of about 250,000 square miles, and a population of about 6,000,000. The Siamese are Buddhists, and Buddhism is said to exist with greater purity in Siam than in any other country. The Buddhists believe that each Buddha, in passing through a series of transmigrations, has occupied in turn the forms of white animals of a certain class, particularly the swan, the stork, the white crow and sparrow, the dove, the monkey, and the elephant; all of which are peculiar to Siam. There is, however, much diversity in the views of ancient Buddhist writers on this subject. Only one thing is certain, that the forms of these creatures are reserved for the souls of the good and the great. Thus, almost all white animals (the cat is excepted) are held in the deepest reverence by the Siamese, because they were once superior human beings, and the white elephant in particular is supposed to be animated by the spirit of some king or hero, perhaps the incarnation of a future Buddha. White elephants are supposed to avert national calamity, and to bring peace and prosperity; therefore they are greatly desired.



PAGODA OF BANGKOK, SIAM.

And yet the so-called white elephant is not white, but of the colour of burnt coffee, yellowish brown, or brownish yellow; or perhaps a Bath brick (used for cleaning knives) is more nearly the shade of the lighter ones.

When one of these rare creatures is found he is attended with great state to Bangkok, escorted by nobles and met by the king himself. On arriving in the palace grounds a lofty title is given him, and numerous attendants detailed for his service. Everything associated with majesty and rank bears his image. The national standard is a white elephant on a crimson ground. The royal flags and seals, medals and monies, have on all sides the white elephant. It is the national emblem, as the cross is among Christians, or the crescent among Turks.

There are many idols in

Siam. Mrs. Leonowens, an English lady, who lived for six years in the palace at Bangkok, gives the following description of two of them:

"In Bangkok resides in gigantic state the wondrous 'sleeping idol.' This image

of Buddha is perhaps the largest idol in the world. It is a reclining figure, one hundred and seventy-five feet long and forty feet high, entirely covered with gold plate. The soles of this giant figure's feet are covered with carvings, inlaid with pearl and chased with gold. (The feet are five yards and more in length, and the toes each one yard.) On the nails of the toes are engraven Buddha's ten divine attributes: Pure, Unchangeable, Endowed with All Knowledge, Perfection, Knowing the Mystery of Creation, Without Sin, Unconquerable, Teacher of the Way to Bliss, Merciful, Adorable."

SUPERSTITIONS.

Dr. E. A. Sturgo, of Siam, gives the

following interesting account of some Siamese superstitions:

The natives dread the supernatural beings which they believe fill the air, and have power to cause all manner of diseases. Therefore, the Siamese usually wear some charm to protect themselves from these unwelcome visitors.

"A Siamese mother does not feel at all pleased when you admire her child and remark upon its healthiness and beauty. They often say of a fine baby that it is an ugly, skinny little thing, for fear lest the spirits might hear it praised and take it away.

"One of their ways of preventing the return of the departed is to cut a hole in the side of the house. The coffin containing the remains is passed out through this opening, which is afterwards closed. They believe the spirits are so stupid that, should they return and not find the opening by which they came out, they will be unable to enter the house.

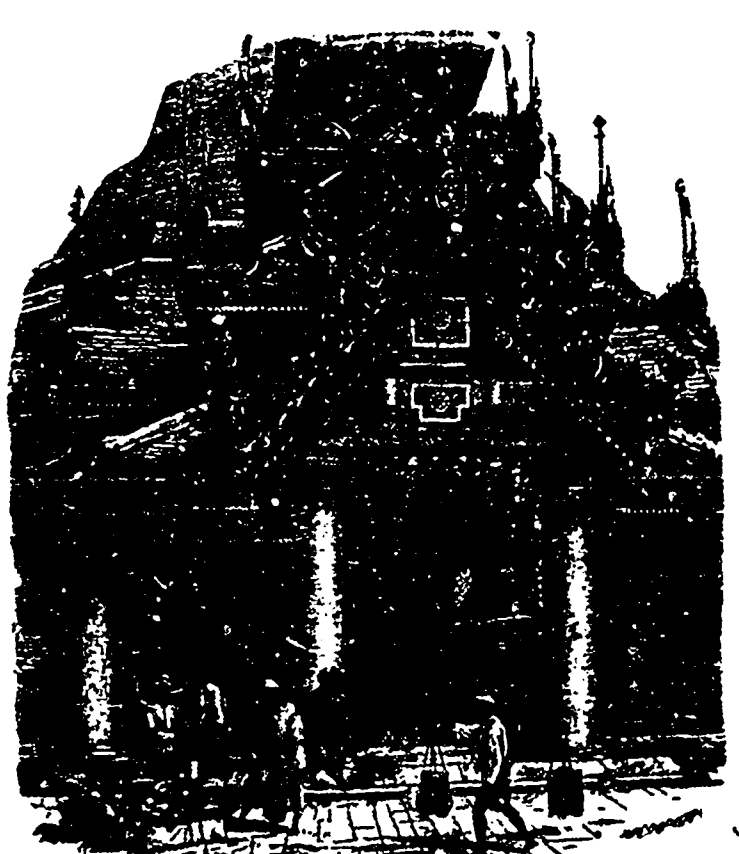
For the numerous diseases supposed to be caused by spirits, the Siamese have a large number of doctors who make a specialty of such cases. Sometimes the doctor may be seen standing by the sick bed brandishing huge knives and commanding the spirits, in loud and abusive language, to come out of the patient. For the accommodation of the spirits the natives make little houses resembling somewhat our bird-houses. These they place upon poles about five feet in height, and in them little offerings of fruit and flowers, and lighted incense sticks are set from time to time, to gain the favour of the spirits occupying their immediate neighbourhood. The water is also supposed to be the home of spirits, and when a person is drowned it is because of their anger. The natives are very slow in rendering assistance to a drowning person, fearing lest in doing so they may incur the enmity of these spirits, who, out of revenge, will visit upon them the punishment from which they rescue another.

"At certain seasons of the year offerings are made to the water spirits in a very singular way. Little rafts bearing lighted candles, food, and flowers, are placed upon the rivers and borne by the swift currents to the sea. Fishermen frequently make offerings at the large spirit shrines erected along the seashores before venturing upon the deep. The forests are also believed to be full of spirits, and there are certain places where the natives would be afraid to venture without first propitiating the genii of the place. Thus the minds of the na-



GREAT PAGODA COURT,

SIAM.



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE.



PIESES ENTERING TEMPLE, SIAM.

lives are all their lifetime subject to bondage, a bondage to puerile and yet distressing fears?

For centuries the Buddhist temples have been the schools of Siam, and the yellow-robed priests the teachers, and the schooling only fits the boys for a lazy, aimless existence.

Cholera is very common in Siam, and the most common practice is to wear a few strands of cotton yarn about the neck or waist to keep off the evil spirits which bring the disease. Little trays containing offerings to the spirits are also placed by the side of the street or in a stream of water.

The Presbyterians of the United States commenced mission work in Siam in 1847, and after twelve years baptized their first Siamese convert. Now they have 308 communicants and 413 pupils in schools, and a working force of seven ordained missionaries, two medical missionaries, four single lady missionaries, nine married lady missionaries, two native licentiate preachers, and thirty-three native teachers and helpers. The American Baptist Missionary Union have missions among the Chinese of Siam.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. 216 W. COATES, S. F. HERRIN, 217 S. T. Catherine St., Montreal, Wesleyan Book Rooms, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1900

CHINA AND ITS PEOPLE.

It is said that, if all the world's inhabitants were to march in procession, every third person would be Chinese. The extent and topography of the country are so varied that it difficult to describe them in general terms, but we are told by writ-



OFFERING TO THE PRIESTS, SIAM.

ers that there is scarcely a region of earth possessing soils of equal fertility. There is no desert, there is a sufficient rainfall and favourable degrees of heat and moisture for all vegetable production. Rice, a staple crop and raised all over the country, while all the cereals with which we are familiar are produced in abundance. The mountainous districts abound with trees of walnut, oak, camphor, ginseng, ebony and rosewood, and vast treasures of coal, iron, copper, lead and silver are known to be hidden in the hills and mountains, of whose value the Chinese have no conception. Marble, porphyry, lapis and granite, are produced from the quarries of South China, while precious jewels, as ruby, sapphire, topaz, garnet and opal, are found in the west. Consider the treasures which God has secreted in the bowels of the earth. Is it not as if he had said, Here are talents, use the powers I have given you to multiply them that everything which I have given me may show forth my power and forthright for my creature man, and by your toil produce according to your need. Chinese history dates back before Abraham. Their civilization is the oldest in the world, and their inventions, such as the compass, porcelain, gunpowder, paper and printing, precede those of modern Europe by several centuries.

The written language of China is the same everywhere, while the spoken language has many dialects. General education is unthought of, and the masses are kept in ignorance. The system of agriculture is rude in the extreme.

The Chinese are eminently a trading people, and their merchants are acute, methodical and sagacious. The province of Sz-chuen, the one chosen by our country as a mission field is said to be of such extent, population and wealth, as to be considered a fifth natural division of the empire. It is a great inland district, bounded by mountains, but in the main fertile, and its climate may be compared to the rolling prairies of Iowa.



APPROACHING THE KING, SIAM.

It is supplied by its own productions with all the necessities and some of the luxuries demanded by its population, and is generally regarded as one of the most favoured regions of the earth. The domestic and social life of the Chinese has many features in common with western nations. Respect and obedience to parents are enjoined and enforced. Family life is esteemed and cultured, though holiness exists.

The poor among the Chinese, like similar classes in our Christian lands, live under very unfavourable conditions—low houses, no ventilation, poor sewerage, etc., and prone diseases of various kinds, and generate morals. Gambling and opium smoking are universal. The drama is popular, but women are not allowed to appear on the stage. They are, as a people, indolent and selfish. The lower classes are professors of a kind of Buddhism, and the higher, of Confucianism or Taoism. The creed in which all agree is the worship of ancestors.—Out-look.

ANUNG PAL AND HIS NAIL.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

In Hindostan the people tell a queer snake story. They believe that this world is held up on the head of a snake, called Seshnaga. Near the city of Delhi, visitors may see an iron column, like a cylinder, twenty-two feet high. This cylinder is sunk into the ground to the depth of twenty-two feet more. Well, the story the people tell about the iron column is that a man named Anung Pal had once conquered all northern India, and he was then advised by a learned Brahman to order that a long iron nail should be made and be sunk deeply into the earth, so as to pierce the head of the snake on which the world rested. The Brahman told Anung Pal that, if he would do this, his children would always rule over India. So Anung Pal, being of course desirous that his children and grandchildren

should for ever be rulers, ordered that the great nail, which was the iron column, should be made. The Brahman, in his wisdom told Anung Pal, who to all this "nail" into the earth, so that the head of the serpent Seshnaga would be lit; though I should think the people must have thought the world to be very thin, they believed that were two feet of "nail" could go through the world and pierce the head of the serpent besides!

The "nail" was sunk in its place, and Anung Pal went away, and the years passed and Anung Pal continued to reign. But at last Anung Pal began to wonder about that nail. Had it really hit the serpent's head on the other side of the world, or not?

Anung Pal wondered so much about the nail that he had it drawn up from its place and looked at the point of the nail. And, oh, how greatly scared was Anung Pal then! How frightened his people were! For the point of the great nail was found to be coloured with blood, showing that the snake had really been driven at the right spot, and had hit the serpent's head!

The people hurried to put the nail back, hoping to drive it into the serpent's head again. But, like a snake of much common sense, the serpent Seshnaga, finding that the nail which had held him was gone, had moved his head out of the way! Alas, how sad a state of affairs was this!

Just then along came the Brahman who years before had advised Anung Pal to make that nail. How frightened his people were! "O rajah," cried the Brahman, "as nothing in the world could give this column the stability it has lost through thy impious curiosity, so in like manner could I have saved thee from thy dynasty's icy approaching ruin!"

And not long afterwards the empire of the Tatars was overthrown by the Chinghans. Anung Pal could not see his people. And there now Delhi stands the iron "nail" and the people tell this story about it.



LADY GOING TO MORNING PRAYERS, SIAM.

SIX PLUS FOUR.

BY MARK PEYTON.

It was one day in the early springtime when Mrs. Robin started out to take the air. All her work was done, and she was awaking from her long sleep. The green leaves were just out on the trees, the birds were flitting from branch to branch, and best of all, the sky was blue and crocuses and violets were blooming in the gardens.

As Mrs. Robin hopped along, she thought how happy everything seemed, until suddenly, quite near her, she heard her name called faintly and in such a sad, little way that she began to look round, and there on the soft grass under an old oak tree lay Mrs. Woodpecker, fairly gasping for breath.

"What, my dear Mrs. Woodpecker!" said Mrs. Robin, "what is the matter?" "Just this," she answered; "I came here to see my old friend, Oak Tree, and as I was going up the trunk, kind Oak warned me, good friend, I will take you with a bow and arrow in his hand. Before I could hide, the arrow struck me, and as I fell, I heard him say, 'Good shot!'"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" began Mrs. Robin. "Can't I help you?"

"No, dear Robin, but what will my little birdies do without me? There are six dear little eggs in the tree waiting for me."

Mrs. Robin thought of her own nest with its four blue eggs that Mr. Robin was at that minute watching, and then, looking at her dying friend, said, "Do not worry, good friend, I will take you with a bow and arrow in his hand. Before I could hide, the arrow struck me, and as I fell, I heard him say, 'Good shot!'"

"Oh! how can I thank—" but Mrs. Woodpecker lay dead, killed by a naughty bow and arrow for the fun of shooting an arrow. Mrs. Robin hurried away to send her mate for the six little speckled eggs. When the last one had been carefully placed in her nest with her own four, it was rather full. It was hard for her to



AN ANGUISH OF THE GUARD, SIAM.

sit on so many; but she managed it, and when one morning the six little peckers took their shells, she tended them like her own baby robins, and brought them up as good woodpeckers should be brought up.

A PLEASED PATIENT.

A physician residing in New Hope, New Jersey, has a favourite dog, which usually meets his master at the station. On a recent occasion, as the story goes, the doctor did not find him at the station. On reaching his house the doctor found the dog waiting for him on the porch, with another dog. As the doctor passed into the house his own dog remained outside, as well-bred dogs are taught to do. But the strange dog pushed in and overwhelmed the doctor with caresses. When he took a short rest the dog climbed with his breast upon the doctor's knee, and one paw affectionately upon his shoulder. This very demonstrative behaviour led to investigation, and upon examining the other paw a Becker's dog was detected in the flesh. It was of course extracted. It could not be said in this case that the doctor's fee was "no great shakes," for the vibrations of the tail of the patient, as the doctor showed the greatest wonder at, as he trotted out. It is not remarkable or uncommon that a dog should, when in pain, appeal for help. But that a physician's dog should bring his master a Becker's dog, certainly is a remarkable proof of animal sagacity.

AN HEROIC CAPTAIN.

Captain Becker, the skipper of a schooner that carries lumber on the Great Lakes, showed the greatest bravery last winter while at a wharf in Duluth.

The slip where the schooner lay was filled with broken ice, and a man named Barnes who was loading lumber on board Captain Becker's schooner, ventured too near the edge of the lumber piles. He was a heavy man, weighing over two hundred pounds, and the boards tipped under him, sending him down something like twenty-five feet into the icy waters of the slip. The man struck on one side, but immediately came to the surface and clutched in vain at the floating ice cakes for support. By the greatest effort he succeeded in keeping his head above water for a few moments.

Captain Becker had his overcoat on, but without a moment's hesitation, and without removing the heavy garment, he leaped down twenty feet between the icy walls of the boat and the face of the lumber pile. The daring man struck a projecting timber and was turned over. He alighted on his back, but was unharmed, and immediately took possession of the gigantic form of the drowning Barnes.

The latter was absolutely helpless by this time, and had assistance come a few seconds later it would have been his. With a few powerful strokes the life saver reached a piling in the face of the dock and assisted Barnes to get the latter's arms round it, where almost immediately they froze stiff in the wood. But men were, of course, promptly rescued.



EATING RICE, SIAM.

The Boy in the Moon.

BY EDITH BRIGAL.

What are you doing away down there?
 Say, little earth boy, do.
 I am just tired of being up here—
 I want to come down to you.
 My father, the man in the moon, says he,
 In a cycle of years or more,
 Will be able to give up his place to me
 As his father to him before.
 But I don't want to be the man in the
 moon—
 Don't want to "govern the tides"—
 I would rather come down and play
 games with you,
 Than anything else besides.
 But I can't, I know; I must wait and
 grow,
 Yet often I cry big tears,
 For I've been (is it queer?) the one little
 boy here
 For more than a thousand years.

What are you thinking about down there?
 Tell me, little boy, do.
 Ever of me? or am I too high?
 I am always thinking of you.
 And I watch you sailing asleep at night—
 I watch you till it seems
 That you and my father, and I and the
 moon,
 Are nothing at all but dreams.
 Then I watch you wake, and I watch you
 make
 Your way to the seaweed shore;
 And I know I'm the boy in the moon
 again
 And you—what you were before.
 But if when you look up you'd think of
 me,
 I wouldn't cry any more tears,
 But you only consider the man in the
 moon,
 And I've been here for years!

Where are you going away down there?
 Eh? you little boy, you.
 If I fell down and if you came up
 Should we meet in the middle,
 we too?
 Or should we freeze in the air or stay?
 Or melt to a drop of rain?
 And never be able to find our way
 Back to our homes again?
 I should be glad, I think. Would you?
 Perhaps you'd turn to tears,
 And stay in the sky like me, up high,
 And—drip—for a thousand years?
 But good night, little boy, happy down
 there;
 Do you ever catch my tears?
 They've slid down the seams of the white
 moonbeams
 For over a thousand years.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUDGE VERSUS MINISTER.

"Oh, mother, I have disgraced you for ever!" cried Maurice, and sitting down by the side of his foster-mother, he burst into tears.

"Why, my boy, what is the matter?" said Phoebe in alarm. Maurice then told the whole story of his wrongs. "Oh, to think I have broken my pledge," he sobbed. "They will take away my silver badge."

Mrs. Dow was justly indignant at what had happened, but she soothed the boy's wounded feelings, assured him that he was not to blame, and that if he explained the matter to Mr. Strong, she was sure he would not be censured or deprived of his badge of honour.

"But I have not told you the worst," said Maurice. "I liked the taste of the stuff, and what if I should learn to love it?"

Phoebe turned pale at these words. Could it be possible that Maurice had inherited a love for liquor? Could she save him from its terrible power? How many times in her experience had she witnessed the unsuccessful struggle to overcome this curse. Brother, husband, and son, had been conquered. Must this young life be sacrificed to the dragon also?

"Maurice," said Mrs. Dow, solemnly, "you have this day learned a bitter lesson. Promise me that you will watch and pray, hour by hour, that you may not be led into temptation. You have a natural appetite for liquor, I fear. Remember, it takes only the smallest sip of alcohol to set in a blaze the unhallowed fire. Encourage this appetite, and very soon the strength of a Hercules shall not be able to conquer it. Knowing your weakness, struggle, fight, pray as for your life. You have already heard from my lips the sad story of those lives that were wrecked by the dragon, intemper-

ance. Be warned, my child, ere it is too late."

Maurice was much moved by her words, and promised, over and over again, to withstand the enemy, and to be on his guard daily.

"You can never do this in your own strength. Never forget this. Let us ask God, now, to keep you safe from the wiles of the tempter." And Phoebe prayed fervently for the child of her adoption, that he might come off conqueror through the grace given from on high.

This hour marked an era in the life of Maurice Dow. He realized his dependence upon God as never before, and with the simplicity of a little child he cast his burden on the Lord, and trusted him to care for his future. Maurice dated his Christian life from this time. He was not a great Christian, but a little Christian. With face set Zionward, and pilgrim staff in hand, he had commenced that journey which leads toward the sunrise.

In the meantime Judge Seabury was beginning to miss his Sabbath privileges, and was willing once more to guide the reins of church government. He had been forecasting the matter in his mind, and had come to the conclusion that Parson Strong must go. Mr. Felton cordially seconded the Judge's decision. Less than one-half the parish were members of the church, and as the yearly meeting was near at hand, the twain felt that this little matter could be adjusted without much trouble. Reuben Palmer was summoned to confer with him on this point.

"I take it you don't like Parson Strong," said the Judge, fixing his eyes on the man's face.

"Well, I don't know as he ever did me any harm," hesitated Reuben. He could not quite banish from his mind the kindness of Mr. Strong to his family when they were in trouble.

"I take it you don't like the parson," repeated the Judge, with emphasis.

"Yes—that is, no—I guess not," answered the poor victim.

"It is well that you do not. If you did, we should have to settle some little accounts of long standing. Now, Palmer, you take this circular and go about with it this very afternoon, at the Cove and down to the Row, and get as many to sign it as possible. See that you do your business thoroughly. I shall know it if you do not, and it will go hard with you. You couldn't raise that mortgage on your house if you sold everything you had."

"I know it," answered Reuben, humbly. "I will do exactly as you say." When he got outside the door he groaned aloud. "Oh, I hate myself for doing it! The minister's been good to me! Oh, if I only could be a man! But the Judge can turn me out of house and home, and wife's sick. Oh, dear!"

The cabinet-maker sallied forth on his mission with a crestfallen air. He found no lack of signatures. Deacon Chapman signed, the apothecary followed, the tavern-keeper was only too glad to add his signature, and Peter MacDuff laughed aloud with glee. A large number of fishermen, seeing that the Judge's name headed the list, put their names down. Reuben Palmer felt mean through and through. There was some goodness in his heart, and the minister had found it. Hoping secretly to turn the tide of events, he hailed Tom Kinmon, who was outside his cottage, calling the seams in his dory.

"I say, Kinmon, I'm doing a dirty job."

"That's no news. Yer always a-doin' them. What wickedness hes the Judge started now?"

"Oh, Tom, don't look so mad to me. I ain't on his side, only he bosses me around. It's about the minister. He's got to go!"

"Got to go?" roared Tom. "What d'yer mean, yer shark? Out with it, and mind yer chew yer words well, or I'll—" The clenched fist and scowling face of the old fisherman made the cabinet-maker's knees knock together with fear.

"Here's the paper, Tom. The Judge sent me around with it, and he's going to put the minister out next parish meeting. I told you, Tom, to see if you couldn't do nothing for the parson. I haunt nothing against the man, but you know the Judge has a hold on me, and I have to do what he says, whether I want to or not."

"Yer old sculpin'," said Tom, regarding the cabinet-maker with contempt. "Yer'd sign the death-warrant of yer best friend ter git yer carcass out of a tight place. Go ahead with yer dirty job. The parson ain't a-goin' eny more'n I be. We'll see which'll beat, the Judge or the parson. Out o' my sight now, or I'll pay you with coal tar, instid o' the bottom o' my dory."

While Tom sets about counteracting

the evil influence of the Judge, let us glance a moment at the minister. Arnold Strong was not blind to the commotion which his active temperance methods had created in Fairport. He had been past the Maypole many times of late, and had heard some of the rough fishermen using profane language and cursing "that teetotal parson who was trying to deprive them of sperrits."

Deacon Ray warned the minister against personal violence. "These rowdies are so full of malice that I am fearful they may lay hands on you some night. You had better go armed."

The minister's eyes flashed fire.

"Do you think they will dare attack me? Let them come! I am a minister, to be sure, but the right to defend my person is not deprived me as yet." With these words he drew himself to his full height and looked every inch a Hercules.

The deacon looked on admiringly. "I would that we could depend on all our church members at the approaching parish meeting," he said. "The fact is there are some weak-minded ones, whom the Judge and Felton have frightened, and made to feel that the church will surely go to pieces if you stay."

"The church ought to go to pieces that is not built on a total abstinence foundation," replied the minister. "But it won't go down. God will take care of his own work. All we have got to do is our duty. I can live on as little as any minister, and what the society loses by my temperance methods, I am willing to have deducted from my salary. As to leaving Fairport, I am not going to do it. I have come here to stay till my work is done, and it will not be done until every place where liquor can be obtained is shut up. They cannot drive me away. No council could justly send me away. The only charge which can be preferred against me is that I preach temperance within and without the church."

"I like your spirit, Mr. Strong," replied the deacon. "Keep up good courage. The tide must turn soon, and I am certain it will be in your favour."

(To be continued.)

ELMA'S GRADUATION.

BY ELEANOR ROOE.

It was a pathetic little figure that sat at the end of the long seat which held the Henderson high-school graduating class. Every time Miss Miles looked at the drooping shoulders of the pale-faced girl decked out in coarse muslin and cheap lace, so different from the filmy mulls and dainty trimmings of the other girls, her heart gave a quick throb of pity. She tried to forget her, and looked determinedly at her niece, Dorothy, who sat a few feet away, resplendent in her commencement finery, self-conscious and smiling, toying with her beribboned essay. But her thoughts and her gaze would come back to the end of the seat.

Presently, as bouquets and baskets of flowers began to be massed upon the table in front of the stage, to be in readiness for the graduates as they made their bows, she found herself wondering if the little hunchback had any friends to give her any. As if in answer to her unspoken query, she heard a voice behind her saying: "Now, if only we could 'a' got Elmie some flowers! All the other girls'll get 'em most prob'ly. But it ain't any use to think of it; we couldn't 'a' done it, could we, mother?" To which a voice replied in a whisper: "Now, father, don't you go to worryin' 'bout bouquets. Poor folks can't have everything; and when their girl can look as nice as ours—good as any of 'em—I think they ought to be satisfied. She ought to be satisfied; and she is. She was so pleased with that lace! Don't it look nice? I'm so glad I listened to you and got it!"

Miss Miles, glancing sideways, found, as she had expected, that it was the hunchback of whom they were talking. "That child shall have a bouquet," she said to herself. She arose and made her way out of the crowded hall to the nearest florist's.

"A bouquet, ma'am?" the clerk said. "No, we haven't one made up; everything in that line's gone to the high-school commencement. But here's a handsome basket of tea roses that's been ordered and not called for. I'll not take the risk of having it on my hands if you want it. Shall I do it up for you?"

Miss Miles nodded her assent. "I'll take it with me," she said, "and I'll take that bunch of jack roses, too, if you please."

The clerk wrapped up the purchases, and Miss Miles hurried back to the school, reaching it just as Elma rose to read her essay. She gave the flowers to an usher, and made her way as well as she could up the side of the hall. She

soon found herself again near Elma's father and mother. "That girl has genius," she said to herself, as the speaker's clear-cut utterance fell upon her ears. "I want to know more of her." She glanced at the old father. His face was radiant. "He will be pleased about the roses!" she thought.

When Elma had finished, one of the ushers advanced toward the stage with Miss Miles' gift. The donor could see the tears glisten in the girl's eyes as the beautiful basket of tea roses and the great crimson Jacqueminots were handed to her.

"Oh, I am so glad I took the trouble!" she thought. She glanced at Elma's father, who was putting on his glasses, tremblingly, as he gazed bewilderedly at the mass of blossoms in his daughter's arms. There was a tightness in her throat as he whispered excitedly to his wife: "See, mother! no one has got such handsome flowers as our Elmie—no one! The Lord does provide!"

Her eyes followed the father, mother and daughter as they made their way slowly down the aisle after the exercises. Later she found herself by their side, as they stood at the head of the stairs waiting for the throng to pass.

"O father! how do you suppose it happened?" she heard Elma say. "To think that the lady who sent me the flowers was that lovely Miss Miles whom we've heard so much about! How do you suppose it happened?"

"Not 'happened,'" the old man said simply, placing his withered hand on the young girl's shining hair; "not 'happened.'" The Lord sends good things to the dutiful, affectionate child who honours her father and her mother, and who does the very best she can with the chances she's got. He has instruments and ways that we know little of."—The Children's Visitor.

A SPARROW ON THE WHEEL.

The English sparrow is the most bustling, fussy and intrusive bird in all the feathered tribe. He pokes his restless little head into everything he comes across, and the following story of him, which comes from Anderson, Indiana, is not at all incredible, since his staying power is equal to his curiosity:

A sparrow at Anderson flew into a knife and bar manufactory, and, getting too near a small wheel, was sucked in. The workmen noticed it go into the wheel, but knowing that the cylinder was revolving at a speed of one hundred and thirty revolutions a minute, took it for granted that the bird had been killed. When the factory shut down at noon, the men were astonished to hear a gentle chirp from the wheel, and, lo, there was the sparrow as well as ever. They found that the bird had clung to the strengthening rod of the wheel and was in a semi-dazed condition. They picked him up and put him on a table, and thence, after collecting his wits, the little bird flew to freedom. The wheel in which the bird rode made thirty-one thousand revolutions while he was upon it, and so the tiny feathered creature travelled seventy-three and eight-tenths miles in the embrace of a fly-wheel.

DO YOU BELONG?

He was only a little boy in a hurry to get to school. In the centre of the sidewalk lay a large stone, rolled to its position by some child in play, but thoughtlessly left directly in the path.

Many had passed and repassed, moving to one side or the other, some remarking on the carelessness which had left the stone in their way, but all too preoccupied to remove it.

He stooped and pushed the obstacle from the walk.

The minister who was watching from his study window smiled approvingly. "Another member of the 'S. A. C. S.,'" he said.

But the small boy hurried by without knowing that he had been enrolled as one of the "Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Sidewalks."

AN EMBLEM OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

Among the early Christians, who in many lands held their faith at the peril of their lives, the figure of a fish was a favourite emblem. It has been found carved on rings and seals, on tombstones and urns, on vases and other things. Little ornaments in the form of fishes were even worn round the neck as a kind of charm. This symbol was chosen because the Greek word for fish—ichthus—is made up of the first letters of the following Greek words. Iesus Christos Theou Ios Soter. Literally rendered, this is Jesus Christ, of God the Son, the Saviour.

Vote, Vote, Vote, the Boys are Marching.

Tune—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, etc.

There's a movement strong and grand,
Spreading over all the land,
Giving hope of peace and gladness to
the world;
'Tis a battle for the right,
And our boys are in the fight,
And our flag of Prohibition is unfurled

Vote, vote, vote, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, never yield,
We are ready for the fray,
And we'll surely win the day,
And will drive the leagues of liquor
from the field.

Shall our birthright be denied?
Shall we see our laws defied?
By a league of liquor dealers who de-
mand,
In the tone of bitter hate,
That within our nation great,
No law that checks their hellish trade
must stand?

No, the edict has gone forth,
From the west, the east, the north,
From the valleys to the highest moun-
tain domes;
With our fortunes and our lives,
We'll protect our sons and wives,
And defend the sacred altars of our
homes?

HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.

BY MRS. YOUMANS.

Visiting the Central Prison, some years ago, on the Sabbath, the chaplain asked me to teach a class whose teacher was absent. I tried to talk to them as a mother would to her boys, for I saw in each one of them some mother's son. I inquired if they would be willing to tell me what brought each of them there, assuring them that I did not wish to know the crime, but what they considered the cause of the crime. Seven out of the eight admitted that it was drink and nothing else. One of the eight said, "If they had not put me in here I would have been dead now, for I was drinking myself to death." Oh! what a testimony for a boy in his teens!

Addressing the school collectively at the close, I said: "Boys, do not think me unkind if I say I am glad you are in here, and that the walls are thick and the gates strong so that the liquor cannot get in to you and that you cannot get out to it. You are better protected than the young men who walk the streets of Toronto at liberty. You have in here what we will have some day, heaven helping us, a prohibitory law well enforced."

Visiting the city gaol the next day, I addressed the female prisoners. A large number were present. I inquired of the matron what she considered the cause of so many being there. She replied with indignation, "Drink, and nothing else;" and added: "Every one was a drunkard. Did you observe," she continued, "that the nearest buildings outside the walls are saloons? These girls get the liquor as soon as they get out, and some of them are back the next day."

If ever I was ashamed of my country, it was that day. Toronto, the city of Sabbath observance—the model city of the continent, with church spires pointing in every direction like angel fingers to lead us to the skies, and right under the shadows of these churches, these breathing-places of the pit that sink men in perdition.

We might not be astonished to find a saloon by the side of a Mohammedan mosque or Chinese temple, but you could not find it there, for both countries have for ages strictly prohibited the liquor traffic.

Visiting the penitentiary at Kingston, the Warden—then the late Mr. John Creighton—courteously allowed me the privilege of interviewing any prisoner, male or female, that I chose to ask for. One convict, that had been frequently quoted by the liquor advocates as the worst man in the prison, and a temperance man, was brought up at my request. He was a life prisoner, convicted of murder. He seemed quite willing to answer my questions, assuring me it was drink and nothing else that led him the downward road. I inquired: "Did you drink because you liked the taste of the liquor?" He responded emphatically: "Not by any means! I would not have given a straw for a bottle of liquor to drink by myself; it was the jolly company in the bar-rooms—the treating and being treated."

Another convict in the same penitentiary anxiously inquired: "How long do you think it will be before Canada has a prohibitory law? I don't want to leave this place until the law is passed, for the temptations are more than I can resist. I would be sure to be back again."

Visiting the female ward of the Kingston city gaol, I found some thirty or forty prisoners. All, with one exception, admitted that drink brought them there. This one said she never was a drunkard. She sat there the image of despair, with an infant in her arms and another little helpless one clinging to her tattered dress. In choked utterances she said: "I never drank, but my husband was a drunkard. He deserted me, and I had to ask to be committed to save me from freezing and starving."

A TALK OF MOTHER NATURE'S.

One bright morning in autumn I was sitting in one of Mother Nature's big rooms. There was a soft, mossy carpet on the floor. Many lovely pictures could be seen on all the walls. What do you think they were? The faintest of perfume and the sweetest of music filled the air.

This big room was a beautiful wood, where many kinds of trees were to be found. The maples had put on their dresses of red and gold. The oaks wore rich browns and reds. The elms donned pretty brown dresses trimmed with dainty yellow. Mother Nature, busy and happy, was joyfully singing and chattering with her many children as she prepared them for bed and their long winter sleep and

all the summer, and now when Jack Frost comes we must die, because we have stored no food."

"Good-bye dears. I love you all, but cannot help those who have not helped themselves."—Normal Instructor.

QUEER CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

When a Chinaman takes his little boy to school, to introduce him to his teacher, it is done as follows, according to one missionary writer: When the Chinaman arrives at the school he is escorted to the reception room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks, "What is your honourable name?" "My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and a pipe are sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea." The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher, "What is your honourable name?" "My mean, insignificant name is Pott." "What is your honourable kingdom?" "The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America." This comes hard, but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"How many little stems have you sprouted?" This means, "How old are you?"



STATE PROCESSION OF THE EMPEROR OF SIAM.

rest. It seemed to me as I listened that she spoke thus:

"Little mosses, tiny grasses, and dainty flower-roots, cuddle yourselves carefully into the soft, brown earth and go to sleep. Soon the trees will send a covering of bright leaves to keep you warm. When Jack Frost comes, and you need warmer covering, he will send you a shining blanket of pure white. Dear little birdlings, sing me a sweet song and then away to the southland ere Jack Frost comes to harm you."

"Mamma Turtle and your little ones, where will you hide to keep from the cold? In a sheltered place at the root of a tree?"

"No, mother, dear, we will go into the sand at the bottom of the brook; there we will be nice and warm."

"Mr. Frog, will you go with the turtles?"

"We will rest in the mud of the pond."

"Here is one of my big, strong children, with a nice warm fur coat on. You, Mr. Bear, will not fear Jack Frost?"

"Oh, no; but there is no work for me to do, so I will find a nice hollow log, and, using it for a cradle, will sleep there all winter."

Here are the beautiful dragon-flies, the crickets, the mosquitoes, the gnats, the flies, the grasshoppers, and the katydids—all the tiny insects—what will you do?"

"Dear Mother Nature," said the grasshopper, "we have done nothing but play

"I have vainly spent thirty years."

"Is the honourable and great man of the household living?"

He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." These are the teacher's own children.

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business.

"Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping-room, and so forth. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave, saying, "I have tormented you exceedingly to-day;" to which the teacher responds, "Oh, no; I have dishonoured you." As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone; I am gone." Etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."

Make your "good morning" as cheery as the sun's.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XIV.—SEPTEMBER 30.
REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—James 1 22.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus walking on the sea.—Matt. 14. 22-33.
- Tu. Jesus the Bread of Life.—John 6. 22-40.
- W. Jesus and the children.—Matt. 18. 1-14.
- Th. The forgiving Spirit.—Matt. 18, 21-35.
- F. The man born blind.—John 9. 1-17.
- S. Jesus the Good Shepherd.—John 10. 1-16.
- Su. The Good Samaritan.—Luke 10. 25-37.

1. As in the last Quarter's Review, give the Title and Golden Text of each lesson.
2. Note the time of each lesson.
3. Note the place of each lesson. For the first and the last time in his life Jesus went out of Palestine. In which lesson is this journey recorded?
4. Note the miracles of the Quarter.
5. Note the parables of the Quarter.
6. What is the principal lesson which you have learned from the studies of the Quarter?

EARLY DICTIONARIES.

The first dictionary was compiled by Paout-she, a Chinaman, who lived about 1100 B.C. It contained about forty thousand characters, most of them hieroglyphics. The first Latin dictionary was compiled by Varro, who died 28 B.C. "Onomasticon," a collection of vocabularies in Greek, by Julius Pollux, was published about A.D. 77. The first Hebrew dictionary was compiled by John E. Avenar in 1621. Every state in Europe except England has had prepared under government authority a standard dictionary of its own language. The standard dictionaries of England have been prepared under the auspices of the universities.

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