

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

[No. 47.

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

The tiger is the fiercest of all animals. He will not hesitate to attack as huge a beast as the elephant, and sometimes successfully. The hunter in our picture is evidently in a very precarious predicament. The enraged tiger has broken the "howdah," or hunting box, on the elephant's back and unless the Hindoo elephant driver can divert his attention from the hunter it will go pretty hard with the latter. The elephant seems to be very terrified and is racing and trumpeting "for all he is worth."

HOW OUR ANCESTORS ATE.

A THOUSAND years ago, when the dinner was ready to be served, the first thing brought into the great hall was the table. Movable trestles were brought, on which were placed boards, and all were carried away again at the close of the meal. Upon this was laid the table-cloth, which in some of the old pictures is represented as having a handsome embroidered border. There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says: "I feed people with many kinds of food. First, I am a quadruped and adorned with handsome clothing; then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also."

The food of the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread. This is hinted in the fact that a domestic was called a "loaf-cater," and the lady of the house was the "loaf-giver." The bread was baked in round, flat cakes, which the superstition of the cook marked with a cross to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter, and cheese were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the scorns of the oak forests, which then covered a large part of England, supported numerous droves of swine.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but, unfortunately, deep drinkers. The drinking-horns were at first literally horns, and so must be immediately emptied when filled.

Later, when the primitive horn had been replaced by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, for it had a flaring top while tapering toward the base, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draught.

Each guest was furnished with a spoon; while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them when nature had given man ten fingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended. Roasted meat was served on the spit and on which it was cooked, and the guest cut off or tore off a piece to eat himself. Boiled meat was laid on the slices of bread, or later, on thick slices of bread called "trenchers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to carve the meat on, thus preserving the table cloth from the knife. At first the trencher was eaten or thrown to the dogs, but at a later date it was put into a basket and given to the poor.

During the latter part of the Middle Ages the most conspicuous object on the table was the salt-celler. This was generally of silver in the form of a ship. It was placed in the centre of the long table, at which the whole household gathered, my lord and lady, their family and guests being at one end, and their retainers and servants at the other. So one's position in

fusion may be gained from the provision made by King Henry III. for his household at Christmas, 1254. This included "thirty one oxen, one hundred pigs, three hundred and fifty six fowls, twenty nine hares, fifty nine rabbits, nine pheasants, fifty six partridges, sixty eight woodcock, thirty nine plovers and three thousands eggs."

WHO KNEW BEST?

ANOTHER some things Florence was sure she knew better than her mother, although she was but ten years old. One was about her new spring coat and hat. Florence wanted to wear them at once, but her mother said that she must wait for some time yet. This made her quite cross, but her mother did not allow her to wear her new clothes any sooner for that.

One bright, sunny morning her mother was in bed with a headache, and Florence had to get ready for school by herself. She went to the closet for her old coat and winter hood, and there on the nail was the new coat, and on the shelf lay the hat all ready to be put on.

"I do believe I will wear it to-day," she said to herself. "I am sure mamma would let me, it is so bright and warm." But she was really not at all sure. She would not have put on the new coat and hat and gone so quietly down stairs for fear Mary, the nurse, would see her, if she had been.

When she arrived at school, all the little girls came about her to admire her new clothes, and she felt very proud.

At recess the children were playing in the yard. The ground was damp and muddy, for it had rained all the day before. Florence was having a fine game of tag, quite forgetting her new coat. Suddenly, as she was running, her foot caught, and down she fell in the very muddiest part of the yard! The others ran to help her, and laughed merrily when they saw the plight she was in. But Florence did not laugh, she was much nearer crying! The front of her pretty light coat was black with mud, and her hat was bent out of shape. While the older ones were brushing off the mud and trying to console her, the bell rang and they had to go in to school. Florence was able to pay very little attention to her lessons, and received a number of bad marks, the first she had had that week. To make matters worse, when she came out of school, the rain was pouring down, and she had no umbrella. With her old coat and hood on, she would have liked the fun of running home in the rain. Now it was anything but funny, particularly as her mother opened the door when she came home, and saw her condition.

"You may go up stairs," said her mother, "and wait till I come."

The waiting was dreadful. Mary came and took her coat and hat away, but did not speak to her. At last her mother came, and Florence would have preferred any punishment to her mother's way of talking, it made her feel so small and so ashamed.

She cried a great deal, and said she was very sorry. But that did not take the stain off the coat. She was obliged to wear it, however, stain and all, until it was outgrown, to teach her that wrong-doing has lasting effects. I am glad to say that it did teach her.

It is a manly act to forsake an error.



TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

regard to the salt was a test of rank—the gentle folks sitting "above the salt" and the yeomen below it. In the house of the great nobles dinner was served with much ceremony. At the hour a stately procession entered the hall. First came several musicians, followed by the steward bearing the rod of office, and then came a long line of servants carrying different dishes. Some idea of the variety and pro-

Many of our favourite dishes have descended to us from the Middle Ages. Macaroons have served as dessert since the days of Chaucer. Our favourite winter breakfast, griddle-cakes, has come down to us from the far away Britons of Wales, while boys have lunched on gingerbread and girls on pickles and jellies since the time of Edward II., more than five hundred years ago.—S. S. Claiborne.

My Mother at the Gate.

BY MRS. O. M. SMILEY.

[My mother promised, before she died, that, if permitted, she would wait for her children at the gate of heaven until all had entered in.]

Come beside the gate of heaven
My loved mother waits for me,
And my father sits beside her,
Whom he always loved to be
And the strong and mighty angel,
He who guards heaven's outer door,
Wonders much to see them sitting
At the gateway evermore.

And he says, in gentle chiding,
Tell me why you ever wait."
Then my mother says to me
"Child, do not, O Strong and Great I
We are waiting for the children,
Some of them are very late."
From afar we see them coming,
We must meet them at the gate."

So I journey toward that city,
And my heart is oft elate
As I think of crown and mansion
And my promised high estate.
But, ah, my joys of heaven,
Which I eagerly await,
Is the meeting with my father
And my mother at the gate

—Watertown, Mass.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Guardian, weekly	2 00
Methodist Guardian and Guardian together	3 50
Macazine, weekly	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Wesleyan School Journal, 62 pp. bro., monthly	0 20
Onward, 8 pp. 4to., weekly, under 6 copies	0 20
6 copies and over	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp. 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Herein Leaf, 100 copies per month	6 50
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c a dozen, 2c per 100, per quarter, 6c a dozen, 1c per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURDIA,
3 Huron Street, Wesleyan Book House,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITKROW, P.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

RUM AND ROMANISM.

It is bad enough for a Church claiming to be Christian to be indifferent respecting the suppression of the rum traffic, but for such a Church to truckle to, encourage, patronize and make money out of the traffic which besots, brutalizes, and ruins men, and pauperizes and breaks the hearts of women and children, is infamous. That the Roman Catholic Church is guilty of this enormous crime is clearly evidenced by the following, clipped from the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*.

"Is the Roman Church moral in its spirit and teachings? Of course it teaches many moral things, but if it permits and encourages immoral things then its influence is not helpful and saving to any great extent. The nun of Kenmare, who until a few years ago was a devout worker in the Roman Church, says that Rome could shut the saloons of America in a day if she would. If she can, and will not, then the blood of the curse traffic is on her skirts, and this alone should be enough to sink her to the bottomless pit. If she actually holds the gates of the dens of death open, she should, as a corporation, be sunk into the depths of a reurrectionless grave. The nun of Kenmare is good authority, and we accept as actually correct her statement. Rum and Romanism go together. Do they not? Sabbath, September 27th, Rome opened a

new church at Deer Park, a suburb of Cincinnati. It was a great day for Romanism, and faithfully illustrated its spirit, but not the spirit of sanctity, sobriety, or the true Sabbath. It was a day of festivity, joviality, hilarity, and drunkenness. Rome wanted more money, and she knew how to get it, regardless of moral consequences. A circus exhibition would have been a moral entertainment in comparison with the outside dedicatory ceremonies, for all of which Rome was responsible. Cane racks, shooting galleries, wheels of fortune, were simply the less harmful gateways to the inner debauchery. The brewers' faithful Catholics of course donated to the church thirty one kegs of beer, and it was all sold for the benefit of the church rather than for the benefit of the boozy consumers. While the church got all the beer profits, they also received one fourth of the receipts of the other entertainments. In all this there was nothing moral, there was almost everything immoral, but the stream of pollution flowed from Rome. Is Rome moral?"

AFRICAN BOYS. THEIR PLAYS AND THEIR PLAYTHINGS.

The little black boys and girls in Africa have their romps and games just as you have, though of course very different. They have their games at ball, which consist of choosing sides, and the ball is thrown up, while the one sideway to keep it from the other as long as they can. Then they have pop-guns, something like those at home, only made of bark from a tree or of reeds; and they spin tops. They do not have dolls, for they have not often themselves as much cloth as would cover a doll if they knew how to make one. But they make little clay figures which are meant to look like cows, though the only parts of the figures like a cow are the great big hump on the back and the tapering horns. Little black boys and girls are really very good-tempered; they rarely fight, and if you give one of them a pinch of salt, no matter how many there may be, every one gets a little.

You think children are happy when they have nice, big, airy houses with lots of nice things in them. The little African only goes into his house if it rains or if he is going to bed; and if he is tall, then he must stoop to get in, and then, once in, it is all dark, unless there be a fire, which will likely smoke badly, as no houses have chimneys. The houses are just like so many bee-hives, and if you begin to build you will probably finish your house in two or three days at the most. A little blackie knows nothing of breakfast, lunch, dinner, or tea. His mother gives him a little basket of cooked maize made into a brose, and some beans or leaves boiled, which are eaten with the brose. This in the morning and at night is quite sufficient to feed any child.

When war comes on a peaceful village, and children are torn from their friends and their village, which they may never see again. They grow up as the slaves of those who capture them, and they in turn will, no doubt, do the same to other villages, and perhaps even to their own old home of years ago. All this is very sad because it is true; and the only way in which to stop the horror of war, with its bloodshed and cruelty, will be to tell these poor people of that God who is the friend of young and old, rich and poor, alike.

Just near us lives a poor woman whose nose, ears, lips, and hands have been cut off by the Awemba, who, when they carried others off, did not think her worth taking. Another poor man near us only three weeks ago suffered the same, though death mercifully ended his sufferings. One village five miles from here had thirty or forty women carried away by the Awemba, who came down on them while they were all happy in the joy of gathering in their harvest home. A poor little baby was found sleeping, all unconscious that its mother was already miles away, hurried by the cruel captors, her neck tightly pressed in a slave stick.

Neither you nor I can change the hearts of those cruel and blood-thirsty people, but we can pray to God to change them, and he, who knows their sorrows and sufferings, will hear and send relief to their distress.—*The Little Missionary*.

A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

BY REV. EVAN STONE.

ACT 1. Boy reading a modern, "published every day in the year" daily newspaper. Becomes familiar with the language of crime and criminals. The natural horror of crime is blunted. The "spicy" style of the reporter is whetting his appetite. No religious paper in the home.

ACT 2. Same boy reading an illustrated story paper. His imagination is fired by some made pictures of crime and criminals. He begins to long to "see the world for himself." Home life is growing too tame for him. His father "can't afford to take the Church paper."

ACT 3.—Same boy reading a five cent novel—"Spiderlegs, the Indian Scout." He learns that commission of crime is manly, courageous. Decency is dull, and honest work is slavery. The criminal is a hero. He wants to be a hero. There is no good books in the house.

ACT 4.—Midnight. Boy in bed but not asleep. He is poring over an obscene book smuggled into the house by stealth. He starts at every sound on the stairs. Look at him! The devil's servants have left foot-prints on his once fair face. His eye burns with a fierce fire, but he cannot look you in the face. His lips are discoloured with nicotine, his room smells of tobacco, and his breath of beer. "Good books," says his father, "cost too much."

ACT 5. The last. The scene is changed. No longer the quiet rural village, but a mining camp in the mountains. Instead of a Brussels carpet, the floor is covered with sward. Bottles instead of books, adorn the walls. A bear-eyed, half-clad, lumber-bodied thing, in form a man, but in fact a fiend, lies in one corner. Is it alive? Yes, if animal life is man-life; otherwise it is dead—dead to God, to home, to honour. Said we not well it was a tragedy of errors? There is a religious paper in that rural home now, but it's too late for him.

ABOUT BEES.

THERE are three kinds of bees in a hive family: a royal queen whom all the rest honour, caress, and submit to (they do really); the drones, or male bees, who are lazy fellows, who do not work and cannot even sting; and the "busy bees" we hear so much about—the workers—who gather the honey, build the cells, care for the young, fight for the protection of the home, and, in fact, serve the family in every way.

What does the queen do? Well, she almost never goes out of doors, but she lays all the eggs; so she is the mother of the whole community. What is a very odd thing, some of the eggs produce workers, some drones, and some young queens. The workers make different wax cells for the different eggs, and the queen always puts the right egg in the right cell. Sometimes she lays two hundred eggs a day. How does it happen, do you suppose, that among all the queen-bees in the world not one ever makes a mistake? Ah, as the little hymn says—

"Tis God who taught them all the way,
And gave them curious skill—
Who teaches children, when they pray,
To do his holy will."

You have all of you eaten sweet honey and seen the beautiful cells of wax in which the bees store it. Where do they get the honey? and where do they get the wax? "They get the honey out of the flowers," I hear you all answer at once; but I think if I wanted an answer to the second question I shall have to find it for myself. How many of you know that the busy bee has two stomachs, into the first of which he puts honey that it is going to keep and use, while into the other goes what it eats for its own support? Out of this first stomach the "nurses" (as the bees which take care of all the babies of the family are called) take honey and mix it with pollen, and feed it to the young bees shut up in their cell-nurseries. They gather this pollen from plants and bring it home in "pollen-baskets," which you may see on the hind legs of the busy bees—a kind of cavity surrounded by hairs which keep the pollen from falling out.

But we must not forget about the wax. Some of the working-bees, when they have

fed heartily on honey, hang themselves up in the hive, clinging to each other in a great cluster by the little hooks which you may see at the end of their hind feet. After hanging perfectly still for several hours, little pieces of wax appear under the scales, like white lines around their bodies. By and by one of the bees drops down and begins to drag the wax from his own body with his hind feet, and chew it up until it is soft enough to use in building the cells. Other workers come and help the wax producing bees, until enough wax is ready to begin to build. Is not that wonderful?

How do people know that it all happens just so? Because glass hives have been used, through which scientific men have watched these things happen over and over again.

Sometimes there are thousands of bees in a single hive, and if you listen near a full hive you will almost always hear a whirring hum. Do you know what is the cause of that? It gets to be very warm and close in the hive with its one little door, and bees as well as people, must have fresh air to breathe; so a certain number of them are apparently appointed to look after the ventilation while the rest are building, feeding the young, etc. They fasten themselves to a certain spot and then flap their tiny wings just as if they were flying. This stirs the air and makes a stream of it flow in from out of doors. Though the heat in a hive is often as high as one hundred and four degrees by the thermometer, it is said that the air there is always pure.

Now, I see that I shall have to wait till another time to tell you how the eggs turn into bees, what happens when the queen of the hive dies or goes off with a new swarm, how the drones are all murdered at last, and a great many other curious things.

"LEND A HAND."

When? Where? To-day, to-morrow, every-day just where you are.

You have heard of the girl who sat down and sighed the morning hours away, longing to be a missionary and help somebody, while her mother was loitering in the kitchen and looking after three little children at the same time. Perhaps your mother has servants in the kitchen, but you can lend her a hand all the same. You can find a place to help brother, or sister, or friend, and you can help every body in the house by your patient, kind, obliging spirit, "in honour preferring one another," self-forgetful, and mindful of others.

It seems a very little thing to "lend a hand" in these quiet home ways, but if you could see the record the angels make of such a day, you would see that it was a very great thing.

Boys, girls, watch eagerly your chance. Don't be cheated out of your happy privilege. It is a great, noble, blessed thing to be able to "help a little, no matter how little it may be.

WHAT JOHNNY THINKS.

WELL, sir, I'll tell you. I think it pays to think of the church and those things first, and of yours secondly.

I did use to do that way, but last fall mother said, one day, "Well, Johnny, how much are you going to give to help build our new church? You've got five dollars."

"Hugh!" says I, "that's all I have got. I want to get a pair of shoes with that five dollars."

Mother didn't say anything, but she went and got the Bible and read me that story about Elijah, you know, and the widow.

Well, I couldn't get that story out of my head. Every time I tried to get any show I'd hear that. "Make me a little cake first, and after that for thee." And the end of it was I gave the money to the church—I could not help it.

What do you suppose happened then? Well, sir, it snowed a steady stream of Thanksgivings, and I had more folks say "Yes" to me when I asked to share part than I ever did before in my life. And I had all the money I wanted! Shoes? Yes, sir, there they are! Ain't they good ones? —*The Little Pilgrim*.

How Cyrus laid the Cable.

BY JOHN G. SANE.

Oh, listen all unto my song; 'Tis no silly fable; 'Tis all about the mighty cord They call the Atlantic cable.
God Cyrus Field, he said, says he: 'I have a pretty notion How I can run a telegraph Across the Atlantic ocean.'
Then all the people laughed and said They'd like to see him do it, He might get half seas over, but He never could get through it.
To carry out his foolish plan He never would be able; He might as well go hang himself With his Atlantic cable.
But Cyrus was a valiant man, A fellow of decision; And heeded not their mocking words, Their laughter and derision.
Twice did his bravest efforts fail, And yet his mind was stable; He wasn't the man to break his heart Because he broke his cable.
"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried: "Three times!—you know the fable"— "I'll make it thirty," muttered he, "But I will lay the cable."
Once more they tried—hurrah! hurrah! What means this great commotion? The Lord he praised; the cable's laid Across the Atlantic ocean!
Loud ring the bells—for flashing through Six hundred leagues of water, Old Mother England's benison Salutes her eldest daughter.
O'er all the land the tidings speed, And soon in every nation They'll hear about the cable with Profoundest admiration!
Now long live Jamy and long live Vic, And long live gallant Cyrus; And may his courage, faith, and zeal With emulation live on.
And may we honour evermore The manly, bold, and stable, And tell our sons, to make them brave, How Cyrus laid the cable.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER IX.

THE YOUNG PREACHER.

My readers will not be surprised when I tell them that the time came when I was Henry Duncan's constant companion at Methodist services.
About twelve months after the events referred to in the last chapter he offered himself, and was received, as a member of the Methodist Church.
All the teaching was directed towards the conversion of the young. Week by week Henry pointed his boys to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," and urged upon them the Lord's own imperative requirement, "Ye must be born again."
It was when nearly a year had passed away after Henry's happy union with the Methodist Church, that one of the ministers asked him if he had ever felt any desire for impulse towards preaching the gospel. A warm flush overspread the young man's cheek, and his heart throbbled with quickened feeling.
The other verses are similarly annotated, but this example will serve to show how Henry used his hymn-book as a devotional companion to his Bible, and found therein its beautiful harmony.

day stand in "the holy place," and pray in the unsearchable riches of Christ.
After much thought, conversation, and prayer, Henry's spiritual guides and pastors deemed it was and right that he should make trial of his gifts in the pulpit.
How happy were those days, during which I was more than ever my friend and master's treasured companion.
Here are two verses of a hymn with the Scripture references as added by my owner's loving hand:—

"Ye virgin souls, arise, With all the dead awake! Unto salvation wile. Oil in our vessels take. Upstarting at the midnight cry, 'Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh!'
'He comes, he comes to call The nations to his bar, And raise to glory all Who fit for glory are. Made ready for your full reward, Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.'"

The other verses are similarly annotated, but this example will serve to show how Henry used his hymn-book as a devotional companion to his Bible, and found therein its beautiful harmony.
In due time, after diligent study and careful self-scrutiny, Henry Duncan offered himself for the Methodist ministry, and after examination by the district meeting, and the Conference Committee in July, was accepted, and became in the following September a student in one of the theological colleges.
My owner's departure became the occasion of separation between him and myself. Henry had been compelled to resign his Sunday-school class for more than a year before he left home, on account of his new public duties. Nevertheless, he retained a strong interest in the boys for whom he had so faithfully toiled and prayed.

with him, and urged him to choose life, and love. The youth was deeply affected, especially when his old teacher, taking the book, which has indeed been precious to me.
The tears were in the eyes of my poor owner as he took me from Henry's hand. I was loath to leave one with whom I had been so happily associated.
Henry was attended upon his departure from his native town, to enter upon a new and noble career, with the best wishes of all his true friends.
Emily Mayford, the daughter of Henry's employer, had been known to him from earliest school days. Always friends, there had grown up between them something more than ordinary acquaintance.
Yet he was still desirous that Emily should think well of him. And he would hardly have believed that her opinions and feelings could have been of so much importance to him.

"Ye virgin souls, arise, With all the dead awake! Unto salvation wile. Oil in our vessels take. Upstarting at the midnight cry, 'Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh!'
'He comes, he comes to call The nations to his bar, And raise to glory all Who fit for glory are. Made ready for your full reward, Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.'"

The words wounded Duncan to the quick, but he would not accept a challenge to disputation, and contented himself with saying, "I hope, Emily, you will come to have a better opinion of my Methodist friends by and by. Then I am sure you will respect my conscientious convictions, and know that it is no degradation but an honour to be a servant of the people of God."
Yet the words rankled long in the heart of Henry, as he turned away from the house where he had always been received as a son and brother, and it was only when the balm of faith and prayer had been applied that the pain was eased.
"Shall I for fear of feeble man The Spirit's course in me restrain? Or, undismayed, in deed or word, Be a true witness for my Lord?
'My life, my blood, I here present, If for thy truth they may be spent; Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord, Thy will be done, thy name adored.'"

CHILD LIFE IN SIAM.

When the Chinese young folks get into the morning, they do not go to school, but to the market.
The boys in Siam are very fond of playing games, and spend much of their time in this game.
In the month of March, though usually dry and hot, winds are blowing.
As the streets in Siam are almost all rivers and canals, the Siamese boys and girls early learn to row, and paddle their little boats almost as soon as they learn to swim.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

A few months ago we heard of a home where the son and daughter, a brilliant young man and an accomplished young lady, were always quarrelling.
A question arose. Might not that sister, bright, intelligent and handsome, whose society was sought by others, have exerted such an influence over her brother, as to save him?
And if this be true, is not that sister responsible in part for his downfall?
Second only to a mother's influence is that which may be exerted over her brother by a gentle and affectionate sister who interests herself, as a true sister should, in all that concerns her brother's happiness.—United Presbyterian.

LINCOLN AND THE KITTENS.

Yet will all love the memory of the great, gentle war President the more when you read this anecdote.
The day on which Grant's army began the final advance, the President sat at a small telegraph office at City Point, receiving telegrams and examining a pocket chart.
Three little kittens were rattling about the hut in which was the office.
The President of the nation whose fate was hanging in the scales picked up the kittens, placed them on the table, and said: "You poor little, miserable creatures, what brought you into this camp of warriors? Where is your mother?"
The mother was dead, answered the counsel in charge.
Then she can't grieve for them, said the President with a sigh, "as many a poor mother is grieving for the son who has fallen in battle. Ah, kittens, thank God you are here, and can't understand this terrible strife. There, now, go on, my little friends," he continued wiping the dirt from their eyes with his handkerchief; "that is all I can do for you. Colonel, get them some milk, and don't let them starve. There is too much starvation going on in this land, say now, mitigate it when you can."
The great President, even of such a crisis, could, as Antonio Carter said, find time to look at God's creatures, and be so benignant for their comfort.



SEEKING A SAVIOUR.

BY TRESSA R. ARNOLD.

JAMES and Arthur had been friends all their lives. They went to school together and had always shared in each other's joys and sorrows. They had often talked together of their plans for the future, of what they meant to do when grown up. They had promised to help each other and if they were ever separated they were to remember each other forever. As they grew older and began to see the real of life they saw there would be many difficulties to overcome and that they could not accomplish what they desired without great effort. They saw they would need much courage and wisdom. About this time James attended a meeting held for young people, and heard many things which helped him to see the only way to real success. God's Spirit began to move his heart; to show him his need of a Saviour, a counsellor, and leader. As the true light continued to shine James yielded to its direction. He humbly prayed for forgiveness of sins and for a new heart. Very soon he received pardon and peace and was made very happy in a Saviour's love. Then it was he felt safe and ready for the conflicts of life. He knew that very soon it would be necessary for him to provide for himself so he consecrated his whole life to God, believing that he would be directed in the right way. As soon as James entered into his new life he felt very anxious for Arthur to enjoy the same, so he sought him in his home. Arthur, in the meantime had been reading the experience of some boys, who were remarkable for their piety, and who were successful in their undertakings because the Lord was their leader, and he had been praying for a number of days that he might become a Christian. On hearing this, James suggested that they go away and pray together. And like the boys in our picture they earnestly engaged in prayer. The result was Arthur found the Saviour and rejoiced in his new life. No one who gives his heart to God in youth will ever regret it. We will have peace and true happiness and all the good things the Lord gives his children. Oh, that every child would hasten to give his heart to Jesus and live for Him.

A GENTLEMAN, in speaking of the need of temperance literature being widely circulated, says: "I delivered a temperance lecture lately in a town in which, within a few years, forty-three young men have come to maturity. One is an abstainer, two drink moderately, and forty are drunkards."

A NORTHERN BOY IN CALIFORNIA.

BY MISS A. FRESTON.

"WHAT do you want here, boy?" said the keeper of a disreputable saloon in San Francisco, to a bright-faced lad, with a bundle suspended upon a stick that was thrown across his sturdy young shoulders.

"Why do you come in here and stare about without asking for anything to drink?"

"I am not thirsty, sir. I came in to see if perchance my father might be here."

"He is not thirsty!" laughed one of the men.

"As if people drank brandy only when they were thirsty. Ha! ha!"

"Who is your father, boy?"

"John Hopper, if you please, sir."

"Why did you think he was here?"

"Because he must be somewhere in California, sir; and I am looking every where for him. And," said the child, hesitatingly, "father never was a temperance man, even at home, so I thought I might find him in a saloon."

"Where is your home, boy?"

"In Massachusetts, if you please, sir, and mother is dead, now, and I have no home and no one left in the world but father, and mother said, almost the last thing, that I had better come to California and find father, and try to help him to be a good man, so that we all may meet in heaven. We have not been together much here on earth. Father went away, you see, when I was only two years old."

"How are you going to know him?" asked a queer-looking, weazened little man, sitting at the table, with a glass in his hand.

"I don't know, sir; only my mother has described him to me so often, and we have a picture of him, and I am praying so hard that I may find him, that I am sure I cannot make a mistake."

"Do you look like your father, child?" asked a man in a black suit, who sat upon a three-legged stool, leaning his elbows upon the table.

"No, sir. I am the picture of my mother."

"So you are my boy, so you are!" interrupted the man, springing to his feet. "Don't you see that I am your father! I know that you are my little Harry Steadman Hopper, and I have your picture and your mother's picture in my pocket." And the man produced them to prove his identity to his companions, who were all upon their feet protesting that the lad was honest, and that he should not be fooled by anybody.

"He is not fooling," said the boy; "he must be my father; there can be no doubt about it, and I am thankful." And dropping on his knees, he uttered a sobbing prayer of thanksgiving.

The men were all deeply touched, as they gravely shook hands with the father and son.

"It's a rich man that you are now," said the weakened Irishman.

"And the lad will help you to be a Christian," said the ranchman, removing his broad brimmed hat. "My mother was a Christian, but there has never been a chance for me."

"There is a chance for every one of you," said the boy, eagerly. "I know, because you all have so much kindness stowed away in your hearts, and were so quick to protect me when you thought I needed friends. If you let that kindness show toward every one, for Jesus' sake, you will be Christians all of you. Don't you see how easy it is?"

"I've heard heaps of sermons, but this is the best one I ever listened to. I am going to try to live up to it," said the ranchman.

"And so am I!" "And I!" echoed all the men.

"And Harry shall read the Bible for us and pray for us and teach us," said his father. So that was the way that one useful, successful missionary began his life work.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 46, 47] LESSON IX. [Nov. 27.

THE APOSTLES TURNING TO THE GENTILES.

Acts 13 44 52, 14 17.] [Mem. verses, 46 48.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles — Acts 13. 47.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Even while enemies oppose and slander, believers are full of courage and joy, grace and blessing.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Blaspheming—Speaking abusively, railing at the apostles. They told false stories about them. *Waxed*—Grew. *Bold*—It required great boldness to leave their friends, the Jews, and to teach the unpopular doctrine they did. *Judge yourselves unworthy*—Their actions declared it. God did not thrust them out of the kingdom, but they thrust themselves out. *The Lord commanded us*—The words following are found in Isa. 49. 16; so directly to Paul, Acts 9. 15; and to Peter, Acts 11. 16-18. *Coasts*—i.e., Borders. *Shook off*, etc.—See Matt. 10. 14. *Iconium*—Now Konieh, a city of Lycaonia, sixty miles south of Antioch of Pisidia. It now has twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants. *So spake*—With such zeal, truth, love, and power of the Holy Spirit. *Greeks*—Devout persons, who worshipped God with the Jews. *Gentiles*—The heathen. *Lord* . . . gave testimony—He bore witness that their teachings were divine, by doing wonders that only God could do. *An assault*—They attempted, but did not succeed. *Lystra*—A city forty miles south of Iconium. *Derbe*—Twenty miles from Lystra. Both in Lycaonia, of Asia Minor.

Find in this lesson—

1. For whom the Gospel was sent.
2. The two effects that followed.
3. The blessings that came upon those who believed.
4. The evil done by those who would not believe.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. How did many of the Jews treat the Gospel? "They rejected it, judging themselves unworthy of eternal life." 2. To whom did the apostles then turn? "To the Gentiles, for salvation was for all." 3. What did the Jews do? "They drove Paul and Barnabas out of the city." 4. What did the Gospel do for those who believed? "They were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." 5. Where did Paul go when driven from Antioch? "To Iconium, the chief city of Lycaonia." 6. How was he helped here? "By the opposition of men, and signs and wonders from God."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Repeat V., VI., and VII. of the Ten Commandments.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

In the memoirs of the veteran litterateur, S. C. Hall, recently published, the early chapters are devoted to sketches of the "good old times" in England as he knew them in his youth. The tinder box and the tallow candle were household gods; extinguishers for the use of the link-boys who lighted pedestrians home at night were fastened to the house railings; the oil lamps in the street only made the darkness visible, and such men as Scott were making public speeches against gas-lighting. The king's lieges travelled in mail-coaches, under the protection of armed guards, and a pace of four miles an hour was not considered slow. Envelopes were not. Postage cost anywhere from a shilling to half a

crown, but then every one begged frank or smuggled his letters by carriers and friends. Newspapers cost sevenpence each, but there was not much profit on them even at that price, since the tax on every paper was fourpence, with no deduction for copies unsold or returned, and the duty on advertisements was three shillings and sixpence each. The only use known for India rubber was the erasure of pencil marks; no one had yet been so visionary as to advertise for sale; elections were literally "fought out" by bands of hired roughs; slavery had but recently been abolished; prize-fighting was a national institution, and dog-fighting, cock-fighting and bull-baiting were not yet illegal pastimes. Passing Old Bailey in 1810 young Hall saw sixteen men and a woman hanging on the same gallows, and no wonder, for there were two hundred and twenty-three capital offences on the statute-book, and some ninety culprits were hanged annually, some in chains to feed the crows and fester slowly away. The pillory and the stocks were still in vogue; vagrant men and women were whipped "through the town" at the cart's tail, and the ducking stool for scolds had not gone out of fashion. Debtors rotted in prison, while criminals could buy every luxury except liberty. Men of all ranks swore, even in the presence of ladies, and intemperance was scarcely less prevalent than profanity. Smuggling was carried on on a gigantic scale, and gentlemen of rank and station thought it no degradation, much less a crime, to engage in it. The hatred of France was at its worst, and Mr. Hall's earliest lesson from his father was, "Be a good boy; love your mother and hate the French." Mr. Hall's brother was an officer in his father's regiment, wore the uniform and drew pay at eight, no discredit attaching to such an appointment, which was one of the colonel's perquisites, and the familiar story of the major "greetin' for his parritch in the nursery" is capped by one of a baby commissioned before its birth, and as it turned out a girl, given a boy's name to save the appointment. The press-gang roamed the streets at night, often under the command of boy midshipmen, to steal men for the navy, or even raided hamlets remote from the shore. Privateers swarmed the seas on enterprises not materially differing from piracy. Altogether, the civilization of the first quarter of the century left much to be desired.

175,000 Readers

of PLEASANT HOURS looking eagerly forward to Christmas, wondering what Santa Claus may bring to them, and thinking how they may contrive some gift to bring gladness to their friends.

175,000 Readers

of PLEASANT HOURS, if they but watch this corner of the paper, will find in each future issue lists of tempting Booklets, Christmas Cards, and Gift Books—just such as Santa Claus delights to carry.

175,000 Readers

of PLEASANT HOURS will straightway begin to save their pennies, and in due time send to us for their supplies of these beautiful Christmas gifts.

LOOK OUT FOR THE LISTS

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.
S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.