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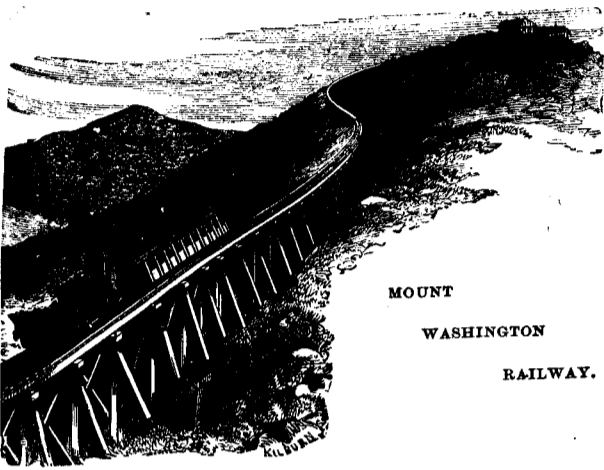
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

[No. 33.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

VOL. XVI.]



MOUNT
WASHINGTON
RAILWAY.

CLIMBING MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The ascent of Mount Washington, the monarch of the White Mountain range, is one of the notable events of a lifetime. This ascent can now be accomplished without the slightest fatigue. The most delicate invalid can now be carried swiftly and safely, where but a few years ago only the most vigorous tourist could with much fatigue and difficulty climb.

Mount Washington can, of course, be climbed by a nine mile walk from Crawford Notch, but most tourists in these degenerate times avail themselves of the facilities of the mountain railway, the first of the sort ever constructed.

It is nearly three miles long, and ascends 3,625 feet, starting from a point 2,668 feet above water-tide. The maximum grade is 1,980 feet to the mile, or a little more than one foot in three; while the average is very nearly one foot in four. Besides the usual rails, there is a centre rail of peculiar construction to receive the motive power. It consists of two bars of iron, with connecting cross-pieces at a distance of every four inches. A centre cog-wheel on the locomotive plays into this rail, and secures a sure and steady mode of ascent and descent.

The engine is not connected to the car, but simply pushes the car up the track. On the return it allows the car to follow it down at a low rate of speed. To protect the train from accident, a wrought-iron "dog" constantly plays into notches on the driving wheel, so that, if any part of the machinery gives way, the train is arrested where it is.

As you ascend the view widens and a broad vista of plain and mountain breaks upon the view. Gradually the trees of the temperate zone are left behind, and the shrubs and flora of Labrador and Greenland make their appearance. You can soon also see over the south wall, which so jealously limited your vision as you drove up the valley. Near the summit you have on the left of the track, the huge "Gulf of Mexico," an im-

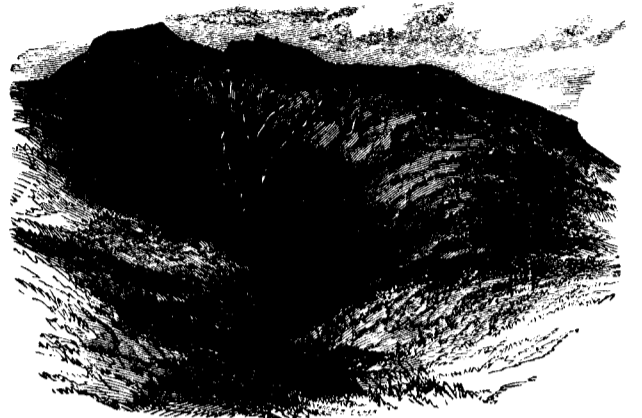
mense amphitheatre or ravine, down which you can look for an almost sheer descent of a thousand feet.

Many will think that the views during the ascent, which grow grander and grander as they rise, are more inspiring than the prospect from the peak above. The "Gulf of Mexico" gapes with more terror as the shadows from its walls, that measure more than a thousand feet, fall far into its base.

Since the completion of the railroad the summit has been occupied as a station of the Meteorological Department of the United States army, and observers have passed the entire winter there. The wind has sometimes assailed them with a velocity of one hundred miles per hour. The lowest point indicated by the thermometer, during the first year of observation, was -59° Fahrenheit. This extreme cold occurred at the same time with a high wind, which rendered it almost insupportable even indoors.

THE SUMMIT.

Let us ascend the last part of the steep cone, and stand upon the summit. What a magnificent and stupendous view! A horizon of nearly six hundred miles bounds the prospect! The mountain peaks stand on every side as sentinels over the furrowed valleys of New England! Far in the east Katahdin is driven like a wedge



THE "GULF OF MEXICO."

each little sheet of water was blanketed and tucked in beneath its own coverlet of cloud, to spend the night in undisturbed repose. Soon the Great Gulf, the deep ravines on either side, are filled with vapour, accumulating every moment. It seems as though one could walk across to Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison upon this broad platform of mist.

Should this phenomenon occur before sunset, as sometimes it does, the effect is indescribably beautiful and grand, as though bridges of burnished gold had been thrown across the deep chasms from mountain top to mountain top. At early dawn the traveller is aroused to witness the reverse of the picture which he saw the previous evening. The sun comes up from the sea, the great pyramid of shadow beginning in the west gradually contracts, the little cloud blankets rise from the lakes and float away in the upper air, and the sun, "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber," clothed in light, "rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." After such an experience, one can go down into the plain below, better and wiser for his visit among the clouds.

RUNAWAY BOB.

SOME years ago a young lady in a manufacturing town in England gathered by her personal efforts a class of poor, rough boys into the Sunday-school. Among them was one, the most wretched and unpromising, named Bob. The superintendent of the school told these boys to come to his house during the week and he would give each of them a new suit of clothes. They came, and Bob with them, and received the garments.

After a Sunday or two Bob failed to appear at school. The teacher sought him out, and found his new clothes in rags and dirt. She invited him back to school. He came and the superintendent gave him a second suit. After a Sunday or two Bob's place was again

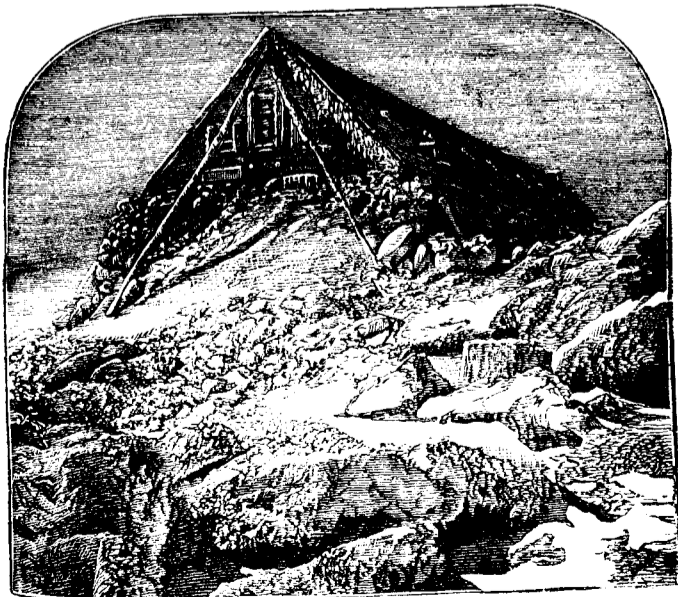


MOUNTS ADAMS AND MADISON, FROM GLEN PATH.

into the sky. Westward the eye roams almost to the Catskills; northward into Canada, far beyond the sources of the Connecticut; southward to the Saco. In a clear morning or evening, if there is a silvery gleam on the south-eastern horizon, it tells that the sun is shining on the sea off Portland. It is the map of New England printed before us in glowing poetry.

The old hotels, the "Tip-Top House" and the "Summit House," rough, uncouth structures, still remain to remind one of the slow advances of civilization a mile above the sea. At the New Mount Washington House the charge is \$6 per day, to correspond, we suppose, to the height of the mountain.

The sunset view is magnificent beyond description. The light is gradually softened during the afternoon, when the most exquisite views are obtained of all the surrounding country. As the sun slowly sinks in the west, the shadows of the mountains enlarge in proportions, and extend far and wide. The great pyramidal shadow of the summit travels along the eastern landscape, gradually darkening green fields, pleasant lakes, widening rivers, and the snug hamlets that line their shores, till, reaching the horizon, the apex actually seems to lift itself into the haze. The western mountains are glowing with golden light. The sun goes down in a blaze of glory. Then as the shadows deepen, the mists begin to collect on the surface of every lake, and pond, and brook, till it seems as though



THE TIP-TOP HOUSE—MOUNT WASHINGTON IN WINTER.



UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.

vacant. Once more his teacher found him and the second suit of clothes ragged and ruined.

The case seemed hopeless. She reported the matter to the superintendent, who asked her to try again, saying he could feel there was something good in Bob. He was promised a third suit of clothes if he would agree to attend Sunday-school regularly. Bob promised, received his third suit, and entered school once more, became interested, was converted, joined the church, became a teacher, and finally studied for the ministry.

That dirty, ragged, runaway Bob became Rev. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, giving the Gospel to the millions of that great empire.

The story encourages workers to be faithful in picking up the waifs and children of the slums, and persevering with the most unpromising child mortal.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

YOUNG INVENTORS.

Many cases are reported where mere children have made discoveries in their youthful diversions which have exerted a wonderful influence on important industries in their development. The children of a Dutch spectacle maker happened to be playing with some of their father's glasses in front of the shop door. Placing two of the glasses together they peeped through them and were exceedingly astonished to see the weather-cock of a neighbouring steeple brought, seemingly, within a short distance of their eyes. They were very naturally puzzled, and called their father to see the strange sight. He was no less surprised than the children had been. He conceived the idea that he might utilize this strange feature in the construction of a curious toy which would be productive of both wonder and amusement among his friends. He did so, and Galileo, hearing of this toy that was said to make distant things appear close at hand, saw at once what a help it would be to a study of the heavens. This was the first inception of his telescope.

When the poor Geneva mechanic, Argand, invented his burner, after securing an adequate and controllable flow of air to the interior, making what he termed a "double current" burner, long endeavoured to devise some means by which the current supplied to the outer circumference of the flame could be strengthened and regulated, and his efforts might have been longer delayed had it not been for the thoughtless juvenile experiments of his little brother. One day, while Argand was busy in his

workroom and sitting before the burning lamp, the boy was amusing himself by placing a bottomless glass flask over different articles. Suddenly he placed it over the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long, circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. Argand was not the man to let such a suggestive occurrence escape him. Thus the idea of the lamp chimney was born, and in a short time perfected and patented.

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING."

In visiting one of the large city hospitals, the writer asked the superintendent of nurses what was the most remarkable incident that she remembered in her long hospital experience. The lady thought for some time, and then, with a perplexed smile, said: "We are so used to suffering that I cannot recall any special incident, such as you desire." She stopped, while her face became grave. Then it lighted up. "I can tell you what was the most touching and impressive thing that I ever saw in my hospital experience. I don't need to think very long for that."

As the writer begged her to relate the story, she began: "It took place several years ago. There was a terrible accident in the city where I was then nursing, and two lads were brought in fatally mangled. One of them died immediately on entering the hospital; the other was still conscious. Both of his legs had been crushed. A brief examination showed the only hope for the boy's life was to have them taken off immediately, but it was probable he would die under the operation. 'Tell me,' he said bravely, 'am I to live or die?' The house surgeon answered as tenderly as he could: 'We must hope for the best, but it is extremely doubtful.' As the lad heard his doom, his eyes grew large and then filled with tears. His mouth quivered pitifully, and in spite of himself the tears forced themselves down the smoke-grimed cheeks. He was only seventeen, but he showed the courage of a man. As we stood about him, ready to remove him to the operating room, he summoned up his fast-failing strength, and said: 'If I must die, I have a request to make. I want to do it for the sake of my dead mother. I promised her that I would. I have kept putting it off all this while.' We listened, wondering what the poor lad meant. With an effort he went on: 'I want to make a public confession of my faith in Christ. I want a minister. I want to profess myself a Christian before I die.' We all looked at each other; it was a situation new to our experience. What should we do? A nurse was despatched at once for a clergyman who lived near by. In the meanwhile we moved the boy upstairs to the operating room. There we laid him on the table. By this time the minister had arrived, hatless. The boy welcomed him with a beautiful smile. The clergyman took his poor hand. I had been holding it, and it was already growing cold. The house surgeons, the nurses, and others, who came in to witness his confession, stood reverently by. The boy began: 'I believe—he faltered, for he could hardly speak above a whisper, he was so weak. I could not help crying. The surgeon did not behave much better. Not a soul in the room will ever forget the sight, nor the words when the boy said: 'I believe in Jesus Christ—his Son—our Lord—and Saviour'— He stopped because he had not strength to say another word. Then the clergyman, seeing that the end was near, hastily put a small piece of bread in the lad's mouth, and a few drops of hospital wine to his lips; thus formally administering the sacrament and receiving the lad—from the operating table—into the company of those who profess the name of Christ. Summoning up all his strength, while the minister was praying, the boy said distinctly: 'I believe'— With these blessed words upon his lips he passed away. The surgeon put aside his knife and bowed his head. The Great Physician had taken the poor boy's case into his own hands. That, sir, was the most touching and beautiful thing that I have seen in my hospital experience of almost twenty years."—Selected.

"IS JIMMIE HERE?"

BY W. C. HAPLEY.

(Under the above heading a very pathetic story is copied from an exchange, illustrating the awful havoc made by gambling and strong drink. A man mortally wounded lay before the bar; some were drinking, others gambling. A physician had been called to administer to the dying man. Just then a little old woman, with white hair and thin shawl, called at the door of the saloon and asked, "Is Jimmie here?" "No! No! No!" said the bartender, "he is not here!" and urged her from the door. The physician followed her and saw her going into other dives. "Who is she?" he asked, "is she not in danger?" "No! No!" said a policeman, "they'll not hurt her; they've done their worst! She's the widow of a clergyman and had one son; three months ago he was killed in the very place where you've been, and brought home to his mother bloated with drink and covered with blood. She has known nothing since; she only remembers that he came to this house, and each day she calls and asks, 'Is Jimmie here?' They are afraid of her; they think she brings a curse. No! They'll not hurt her—they've done their worst!" said the policeman, nodding his head, as he moved off to watch another dive. I have penned off the little poem below, to impress more deeply the awful effects of gambling and strong drink. Let the girls and boys memorize it to recite in temperance work. It is a true story and will do good.)

Out on the streets 'mid the lamplights dim,

Peering deep down in the dives of sin;
Far from a home once bright with cheer,
She wanders and asks, "Is Jimmie here?"

You could see on her face, where smiles once played,

An untold grief its blight had laid,
And her locks—a mother's locks you know—

Are whiter than oven the driven snow.

Yes, grief had borne so down on her brain,

That she, alas, poor thing's insane!
And she wanders around where they sell beer,

And vacantly asks, "Is Jimmie here?"

But he who deals out death and rum,
When he hears that mother's voice is innum!

While the gamblers close their doors in fear,

To shut out these words, "Is Jimmie here?"

She cares not at all for the sleet or rain,
But wanders about these dives the same—

They dread her as some direful curse,
Too well they know they've done their worst!

Out on the hills was a happy home;
Sorrow to them had been unknown;

A wife, a husband, an only son,
In love, in peace, had all been one.

Each morning came with its sparkling dew;

The roses bloomed, and the lilies too;
And the birds flit on with golden wing,

But under them all was the serpent's sting!

Dear reader, wouldst thou have me tell
What horrors hang o'er each dark hell?

To picture off with brush or pain,
The curses caused by gambling men?

Alas! I could not paint it all!
Behold this coffin, shroud and pall!

Come see this blood! This murdered son!
Then, then, what these dens have done!

Go see the broken hearts to-night!
The ruined homes—their mildew-blight!

Go ask each young man cursed with rum
To tell you what these dens have done!

Out on the street 'mid the lamplights dim,

Peering deep down in the dives of sin;
Far from a home once bright with cheer,
She wanders and asks, "Is Jimmie here?"

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1896.

Jerusalem, where the Temple was built, and Christ was crucified.—1 Kings 6. 11-38; 8. 11; Luke 23. 33.

JERUSALEM.

The word means, "the habitation of peace." It was the metropolis of Palestine. It was at one time known by the name of Salem. When David became king, he made choice of Jerusalem, and named it the Royal City; hence, it was sometimes called "the city of David." It was, however, the most celebrated as being the place where the Temple was erected, and because of its magnificence and splendour, it became known as the Holy City.

THE TEMPLE.

This was the most magnificent place of worship which, up to this time, had ever been built for the worship of the God of heaven. David was desirous to build it, but having been "a man of war," and shed much blood, he was not permitted to build the Temple. David, however, made every preparation for the erection. He gave immense sums of money, and called upon all his officers to imitate his example, and thus set everything in order, so that Solomon, his son, might proceed with the erection as soon as he came to the throne. This act of David, in preparing for the building of the Temple, reflected the highest honour upon his character. He was not required to do all the preparatory work, which he thus took upon himself, but he thus showed his gratitude to God, for the mercies which he had received. David's example should inspire us with emulation. Do good at every opportunity. If you cannot, do all the good you would, do all that opportunity serves, and all that your means allow.

SOLOMON.

By divine authority, Solomon, the son of David, was permitted to build the Temple, hence it has been called Solomon's Temple. It occupied seven years in the erection. Everything was prepared at a distance, so that no sound of hammer was heard in connection with the building. The whole nation contributed towards the expense, and so liberal were they with their gifts that there was no need of any exhortation to induce them to contribute, so far from this, they had to be restrained from contributing. How those who have to raise funds for religious and benevolent purposes would rejoice if people were to contribute after this manner now.

WHERE CHRIST WAS CRUCIFIED.

This was the most important event in connection with Jerusalem. Who can describe its significance! For the most part, all other events connected with Jerusalem were local in their influence, or, at most, only typical in their nature, but this event takes in the whole world. "A world Christ suffered to redeem." Salvation was procured for all mankind. All the sacrifices that were presented in the Temple were typical of Jesus Christ, the great sacrifice. The victims slain were for the guilt of those who presented them, but they were not benefited thereby, only, as they looked forward through these to the victim who was to bleed on Calvary.

Every child of Adam may say,

"Behold for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are opened wide,
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified."

Jerusalem was a type of heaven, but our space is full.

"My dear sir," said the agent, "this is a remarkable clock. Not only is it beautifully finished, but it is a perfect timepiece. Why, this clock runs for eight days without winding." The German opened his eyes at this, and gazed with wonderment at the clock. "You say it run eight day vidout vinding?" he inquired of the agent. "Vell, dat is ein gut clock; but if it run eight day vidout vinding, den how long vill it run ven you do vind it?"

Two Little Old Ladies.

Two little old ladies—one grave, one gay—
In the selfsame cottage lived day by day.
One could not be happy, "because," she said,
"So many children were hungry for bread;"
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted or sowed or crooned a song;
She had "not time to be sad," she said,
"When hungry children were crying for bread;"
She baked and knitted and gave away,
And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies—one grave, one gay—
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?

—Parish and Home.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOW'S JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

They went back to their simple lives again,—those hardy fishermen, the busy carpenter, and the boy. Phineas was silent and grave. For him, hope still lay dead in that garden tomb near Golgotha; but Joel sang as he worked.

The appointed time was nearing when the Master was to meet them on the mountain. As often as he could, Joel stole away from the moody man at the work-bench, and went down to the beach for more cheerful companionship.

One morning, seeing a fishing-boat that he recognized, pulling in quickly to shore, he ran down to see what luck his friends had had during the night.

He held up his hands in astonishment at the great haul of fish the boat held.

"We have been with the Master," explained one of the men. "We toiled all night, and took nothing till we met him."

Joel listened eagerly while they told him of that meeting in the early dawn, and of the meal they ate together, while the sun came up over the Galilee, and the blue waves whispered their gladness to the beach, as they heard the Master's voice once more.

"Oh, to think that he is in Galilee again!" exclaimed Joel. That thought added purpose and meaning to each new day. Every morning he woke with the feeling, "Maybe I shall see him before the sun goes down." Every night he went to sleep saying, "He is somewhere near! No telling how soon I may be with him!"

When the day came on which they were to go to the mountain, Joel was up very early in the morning. He bathed and dressed himself with the care of a priest about to enter the inner courts on some holy errand.

When he started to the mountain, Abigail noticed that he wore his finest headdress of white linen. His tunic was spotless, and, from the corners of his brown and white striped mantle, the blue fringes that the Law prescribed hung smooth as silk.

He did not wait for Phineas or any of his friends. Long before the time, he had climbed the rock path, and was sitting all alone in the deep shadowed stillness.

The snapping of a twig startled him; the falling of a leaf made him look up hopefully. Any minute the Master might come.

His heart beat so loud it seemed to him that the wood-birds overhead must surely hear it, and be frightened away.

Imagine that scene, you who can,—you who have just seen the earth close over your best-beloved; who have awakened in the lonely night, with that sudden sickening remembrance of loss; who have longed, with a longing like a constant ache, for the fice and the smile and the footstep that have slipped hopelessly beyond recall.

Think of what it would mean, if you knew now, beyond doubt, that all that you have loved and lost would be given back to you before the passing of another hour!

So Joel waited, restless, burning, all in a quiver of expectancy.

Steps began to wind around the base of the mountain. One familiar face after another came in sight, then strange ones, until, by-and-bye, five hundred people had gathered there, and were sitting in reverent, unbroken silence. The soft summer wind barely stirred the leaves; even the twitter of nestlings overhead was hushed.

After awhile, thrilled by some unseen influence, as a field of grain is swayed by the passing wind, they bowed their heads. The Master stood before them, his hands outspread in blessing.

Joel started forward with a wild desire to throw himself at his feet, and put his arms around them; but a majesty he had never seen before in that gentle face restrained him.

He listened to the voice as it rose and fell with all its old winning tenderness. As you would listen could the dead lips you love move again; as you would greedily snatch up every word, and hide it in your heart of hearts, so Joel listened.

O golden time, to be forever shrined upon the inmost altars of the memory! O happy day, white winged and fleeting! How often shalt thou, like a dove of peace, bear back thy olive branch of recollection, when these glad hearts who listen now are struggling in the flood so soon to come!

As the beloved voice went on, promising the Comforter that should come when he was gone, all the dread and pain of the coming separation seemed to be lost.

Boy though he was, Joel looked down the years of his life feeling it was only a fleeting shadow, compared with the eternal companionship just promised him.

He would make no moan; he would utter no complaint. but he would take up his life's little day, and bear it after the Master,—a cup of loving service,—into that upper kingdom where there was a place prepared for him.

It was all over so soon. They were left alone on the mountain-side again, with only the sunshine flickering through the leaves, and the wood-birds just beginning to trill to each other once more. But the warm air seemed to still throb with the last words he had spoken: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Phineas came down the mountain with his face all ashine, at last his eyes had been opened.

"He and the Father are one!" he exclaimed to the man walking beside him. "That voice is the same that spake from the midst of the burning bush, and from the summit of Sinai. All these years I have followed the Master, I believed him to be a perfect man and a great prophet! I believed him to be 'the rod out of the stem of Jesse,' who through Jehovah's hand was to redeem Israel, even as the rod in Aaron's hand smote the floods and made a pathway for our people."

"When I saw him put to death as a felon, all hope died within me, even today I came out here unbelieving. I could not think that I should see him. How blind we have been all these years! God with us in the flesh, and we did not know him!"

Joel walked on behind the two, sharing their feeling of exaltation. As they came down into the valley and entered Capernaum, the work-a-day sights and noises seemed to jar on their senses, in this uplifted mood.

A man standing in an open doorway accosted Phineas, and asked when he could commence work on the house he had talked to him about, building.

Phineas hesitated, and looked down at the ground, as if studying some difficult problem. In a few minutes he raised his eyes with a look of decision.

"I cannot build it for you at all," he answered.

"Not build it!" echoed the man. "I thought you were anxious for the job."

"So I was," answered the carpenter; "but when I asked for it, I had no belief that the Master could rise from the dead. Just now, on the mountain yonder, I

have been with him. His command is still ringing in my ears. 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!'

"Henceforth I shall give my life to him, even as he gave his to me. My days are now half spent, but every remaining one shall be used to proclaim, as far and wide as possible, that the risen Christ is the Son of God!"

The man was startled as he looked at Phineas, such a fire of love and purpose seemed to illuminate his earnest face that it was completely transformed.

"Even now," exclaimed Phineas, "will I commence my mission. You are the first one I have met, and I must tell to you this glad new gospel. He died for you! 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life! O my friend, if you could only believe that as I believe it!"

The man shrank back into the doorway, strangely moved by the passionate force of his earnestness.

"I must go up to Jerusalem," continued Phineas, "and wait till power is given us from on high, then I can more clearly see my way. I do not know whether I shall be directed to go into other lands, or to come back here to carry the news to my old neighbours. But it matters not which path is pointed out, the mission has been already given, —to tell the message to every creature my voice can reach."

"And you?" asked the man, pointing to the companion of Phineas.

"I, too, received the command," was the answer, "and I, too, am ready to go to the world's end, if need be."

"Surely there must be truth in what you say," muttered the man. Then his glance fell on Joel. "You, too?" he questioned.

"Nay, he is but a lad," answered Phineas, before Joel could find words to answer him. Come! we must hasten home."

Joel talked little during the next few days, and stole away often to think by himself, in the quiet little upper chamber on the roof.

Phineas was making his preparations to go back to Jerusalem; and he urged the boy to go back with him, and accept Simon's offer. Abigail, too, added her persuasions to his, and even old Rabbi Amos came down one day and sat for an hour under the fig-trees, painting in glowing colours the life that might be his for the choosing.

It was a very alluring prospect; it had been the dream of his life to travel in far countries. He pictured himself surrounded by wealth and culture; he would be able to do so much for his old friends. He could give back to Jesse and Ruth a hundred fold what had been bestowed on him; and the poor—how much he could help them, when he received a son's portion from the wealthy Simon! O the hearts he could make glad, all up and down the land!

The old day-dreams he used to delight in danced temptingly before him. As he stood idly beside the work-bench one afternoon, thinking of such a future, a soft step behind him made him turn. The hammer fell from his hand to the grass, as he saw the woman who came timidly to meet him.

"Why, Aunt Leah!" he cried. "What brought you here?"

He had not seen her since the night her Uncle Laban had driven him from home.

She drew aside her veil, and looked at him. "I heard you had been healed," she said, "and I have always wanted to come and see you, and tell you how glad I am; but my husband forbade it. Child!" she cried abruptly, "how much you look like your father! The likeness is startling!"

The discovery seemed to make her forget what she had come to say, and she stood and stared at him; then she remembered. "Rabbi Amos told me of the offer you have had from a rich merchant in Bethany, and I came down here, secretly, to beg you to accept it. In your father's name, I beg you!"

Joel looked perplexed. "I hardly know what to do," he said. "Every one advises me just as you do; but I feel that they are all wrong. Surely the Master meant me as well as Phineas

and the others, when he charged us to go and preach the gospel to every creature."

A sudden interest came into the woman's face; she took a step forward. "Joel, did you see him after he was risen?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh, I believe then that he is the Christ!" she cried. "I have thought all the time that it might be so, and the children are so sure of it."

"And Uncle Laban?" questioned Joel. She shook her head sadly. "He grows more bitterly opposed every day."

"Aunt Leah," he asked, coming back to the first question, "don't you think he must have meant me as well as those men?"

"Oh, hardly," she said, hesitatingly, "you are so young, and there are so many others to do it, it would surely be better for you to go to Bethany."

After she had gone home, he put away his tools, and, like one in a dream, started slowly towards the mountain.

The same summer stillness reigned on its shady slopes as when the five hundred had gathered there. He climbed up near the summit, and sat down on a high stone.

To the eastward the Galilee glittered like a sapphire in the sun; Capernaum seemed like a great ant-hill in commotion. No wonder he could not think among all those conflicting voices; he was glad he had come up where it was so still.

Phineas was going away in the morning. If Joel went also, maybe he would never look down on that scene again.

Then almost as if some living voice broke the stillness, he heard the words

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!" It was the echo of the words that had fallen from the Master's lips. Nothing once uttered by that voice can ever die; it lives on and on in the ever-widening circles of the centuries, as a ripple, once started, rings shoreward through the seas.

In that instant all the things he had been considering seemed so small and worthless. He had been planning to give Simon's gold and silver to the poor; but the Master had given them his life, himself! Could he do less?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me," something seemed to say to him. Yes, he could do it for the Master's sake, for the One who had healed him, for the One who had died for him.

Then and there, high up in the mountain's solitudes, he found the path he was to follow, and then he wondered how he could have thought for an instant of making any other choice. It was the path the Master's own feet had trod, and the boy who had followed, knew well what a weary way it led.

For his great love's sake, he gave up the old ambitions, the self-centred hopes, saying, in a low tone, as if he felt the beloved Presence very near, "Oh, I want to serve thee very truly! If I am too young now to go into all the world, let me be thy little cup-bearer here at home, to carry the story of thy life and love to those around me!"

The west was all alight with the glory of the sunset, somewhere beyond its burnished portals lay the City of the King. Joel turned from its dazzling depths to look downward into the valley. He had chosen persecution and sacrifice and suffering, he knew, but the light on his face was more than the halo of the summer sunset.

As he went down the mountain to his life of lowly service, a deep peace fell warm across his heart; for the promise went with him, a staff to bear him up through all his after life's long pilgrimage. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!"

THE END.

An old coloured man that addressed a temperance meeting said: "When I sees a man goin' home wid a gallon of whiskey an' a ha'f pound of meat, dat's temperance lecture 'nuff for me, an' I sees it every day; I knows everything in his house is on de same scale—a gallon of misery to ebery ha'f pound of comfort."

God's Will.

I would not change it if I could,
It is so sweet to say,
"My loving Father 'counts my steps,'
And even 'sees my way.'"

He marks the path my feet shall tread,
This dearest heavenly friend;
With "thoughts of peace" he bringeth me
To "an expected end."

His promises my staff shall be
As girt with truth and love,
With gospel-sandaled feet I'll climb
Firmly to heights above.

The mists of earth may cloud my way,
Round me its tempests roar;
I know there's purer light above,
Clear shining evermore.

Sometime the summit I shall gain,
And faith's enraptured sight
Heavenly horizons there shall view
With wonder and delight.

There, pausing ere I gain my rest,
I shall look back and see
Life's rugged path, it was the best,
Because marked out by thee.

SPIDERS AT WORK.

Spiders are certainly very clever; their talent does not lie in one direction only, they are clever all round; they are ropemakers, silk manufacturers, spinners, weavers, tent-makers, potters, masons, raft manufacturers, navvies—witness their tunnels—diving bell makers; they hunt, they dive, they run along the water; they skate, they leap, and they are aeronauts. Among these last are the garden spider, the labyrinthine spider, the aeronautic spider, and the gossamer spider, and this is how their aeronautic exploits are achieved. When they want to cross a stream or a chasm, or to rise to some height, they first of all spin a little piece of rope and fasten it firmly to some object; they then cling to this strand with their feet, and, with their heads downward, raise the lower part of their bodies into the air, and as soon as they feel the lightest current of air, they throw off from their spinnerets a yard or two of silk; this being covered with viscid globules, is sure to adhere to some other object, and as soon as the spiders feel this is the case they tighten it and gather it up by gumming it together and then venture across their cable-bridge, spinning a second line as they go to strengthen the first. Sometimes they will suspend themselves from this bridge, and descend, spinning a rope on which to effect the downward journey as they go; at others they will throw out a quantity of gossamer, and as a current of air wafts this upward they mount aloft upon it.

The common house-spider, which always spins a horizontal web, and therefore could not trust to committing a floating thread to the wind, works on a different plan. She walks around to the opposite side from which she has fastened her first web, carrying it with her, and then draws it up and tightens it; and as the strength of the web depends upon this first cable, she, like all other spiders, crosses and recrosses this, and tests it by swinging her whole weight on it until she is quite satisfied as to its powers of endurance.

Another spider, often seen on windows on a summer's day, is the leaping spider; and if watched it will be seen to justify its name by taking short leaps, frequently alighting on a fly or gnat, which it has previously marked down as its prey. It will jump in any direction, because it is always suspended by one of its own silken ropes, which it spins as it leaps, and by it returns to its former place. This spider makes a silken nest among leaves or stones—an oval bag, open at both ends. It uses the nest as a place of retreat during the winter or in bad weather, when it is moulting, or tired

from its hunting expeditions, for it belongs to the group of hunting spiders, and makes no net or web, though occasionally it constructs a tent.—Sunday Magazine.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.—Prov. 18. 10.

LESSON HYMN.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim, falling down before thee,

would take Jerusalem? What king sent messengers to David?

3. From where did David propose to bring the ark? How did they convey it? Who was killed? Why? Where did it rest? How long did it remain there?

4. Who told David not to build a temple? What did God promise to David? Who was to build the temple?

5. Who told David of Jonathan's sin? What favours were given to Mephibosheth?

6. What kings fought against Israel? How did Joab arrange his army? Who won? Was there a second battle? What was the result?

7. When was this psalm written? Did David's conscience trouble him? How did he find pardon? When should we seek God?

8. How did Absalom steal the hearts of the people? Why did he ask leave to go to Hebron? For what did he send out spies? How many men went with him?

9. Where did David await news from the battle? What two messengers did David show his deep grief?

10. Why was David not permitted to build the temple? What charge did he give Solomon? Describe some of the things David had prepared.

11. How were David's enemies subdued? Did his fame have any influence

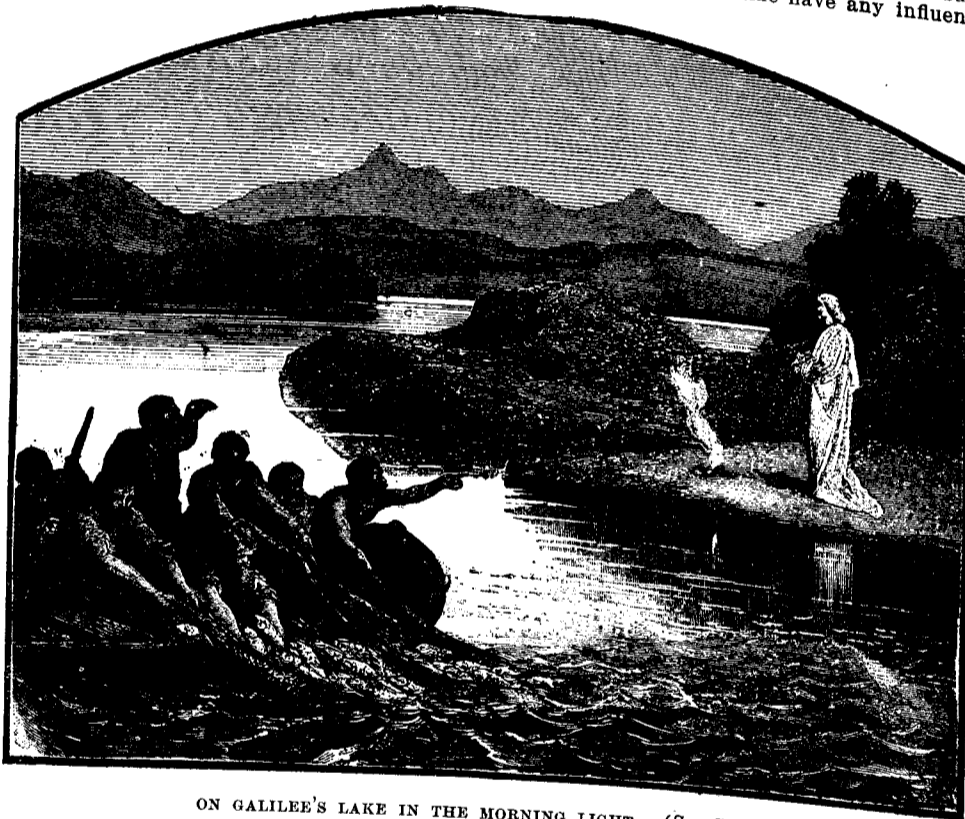
"It may be worth while to make his acquaintance," said the passenger. "He is your boss, the president of the road, and he'll take your head off."
The conductor gave a low whistle, and looked bold. However, he at once sought the president, and offered an apology.

"Personally, I care nothing about it," said Mr. Corning. "If you had been so rude to any one else, I would have discharged you on the spot." He continued: "You saw I was lame, and that I moved with great difficulty. The fact that you did not know who I was, does not alter the complexion of your act. I'll keep no one in my employ who is not civil to every one."

BABIES IN PASTURES GREEN.

A writer who has recently made a bicycle tour around the world told of a quaint and pretty sight he saw in an out-of-the-way part of China, where the people have many quaint customs: "I saw about twenty Chinese infants tethered to stakes on a patch of green sward, like so many goats or pet lambs. The length of each baby's tether was about ten feet, and the bamboo stakes were set far enough apart so that the babies wouldn't get all tangled up. Each baby had a sort of girdle, or kammer-bund around its waist, and the end of the tether string was tied to the back of this. Some of the Celestials were crawling about on all fours; others were taking their first lessons in the feat of standing upright, by steadying themselves against the stake they were tied to. What queer little Chinese mortals they all looked, to be sure, picketed out on the grass land like a lot of young calves whose mothers were away for the day! In this respect they did, indeed, resemble young calves; for I could see their mothers at work in a rice-field, a few hundred yards away. All the babies seemed quietly contented with their treatment. I stood and looked at them for several minutes, from pure amusement, at their unique position; but, although they regarded me with wide-eyed curiosity, I never heard a whimper from any of them."

A minister, making pastoral visits, met a boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir," was the reply. "I thought that it was more," said the minister. "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."



ON GALILEE'S LAKE IN THE MORNING LIGHT.—(See Story).

Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be,
Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

THE LESSONS OF THE QUARTER.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. D. K. of J.—The Lord reigneth; let—
2. D. K. over A. I.—David went on,—
3. T. A. B. to J.—O Lord of hosts—
4. G. P. to D.—In thee, O Lord, do—
5. David's K.—Be kindly—
6. David's V.—The Lord is my—
7. D. C. and F.—Create in me—
8. A. R.—Honour thy father—
9. A. D.—The Lord knoweth—
10. D. L. for G. H.—Blessed are they—
11. D. G. to G.—The Lord is my—
12. D. V.—There is a way—

QUESTIONS.

1. Where did God tell David to go? Who buried Saul? Who was Abner? Who was made king of Israel?
2. Where did the tribes gather? How long had David been king over Judah? What was promised to the man who

on those who knew him not? What part of this lesson does St. Paul quote? 12. Do foolish people learn from their mistakes? Why do wrong ways seem right? How may we prolong our lives?

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

A little girl who was playing with her dog, unintentionally hit him with her foot. She immediately said, "Please excuse me, Duke," with as much deference as if she had been making an apology to a person. "That is a lesson in politeness to us all," said a guest who was within hearing. Then he told this incident in the life of a high railroad official:

Erastus Corning many years ago was president of the Central Railroad. He was a lame man, and not very prepossessing in looks. He stood one day on the platform, and was about to step onto the cars. A conductor who did not know him, shouted:

"Come, hurry up, old man; don't be all day about it; the train can't wait."
The conductor went round to take up the tickets. A passenger said to him: "Do you know the gentleman you ordered on board?"
"No, and I don't want to know him."

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