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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895.

[No. 39.]

Vol. XV.]

He Came.

The Spirit came in childhood,
And pleaded, "Let me in."
But ah! the door was bolted
And barred by childish sin!
The child said, "I'm too little;
There's time enough—to-day
I cannot open;" sadly
The Spirit went his way.

Again he came and pleaded,
In youth's bright, happy hour;
He called, but heard no answer;
For, fettered in sin's power,
The youth lay dreaming idly,
And crying, "Not to-day;
For I must have some pleasure."
Again he turned away.

Again he came in mercy,
In manhood's vigorous prime;
But still could find no welcome—
The merchant had "no time"
To spare for true repentance,
No time to praise and pray;
And thus repulsed and saddened,
The Spirit turned away.

Once more he called and waited—
The man was old and sad,
He scarcely heard the whisper,
His heart was seared and sad.
"Go leave me. When I need thee
I'll call for thee," he cried,
Then, sinking on his pillow—
Without a God—he died!
—Word and Work.

JOHN HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Do you see the name "Howard" in black letters behind the benevolent-looking gentleman pictured in the corner of the illustration on this page? Who was Howard? and what does this whole picture mean? That is just what I think you would like to know, and what I mean to try to tell you. In the title to this article I have called him "the philanthropist." The word philanthropist means "one who loves mankind," and surely few have deserved the name better than John Howard. He was born in England in 1726, and his father intended him for a grocer; but upon that gentleman's death, in 1742, young Howard found himself quite a rich man, left the grocer's shop, and went abroad for a year of travel. I cannot tell you in detail the events of this early part of his life—how he read and studied; how he married a landlady twenty-seven years older than himself, because she nursed him through a fit of sickness; how, after her death, he married again, and lived for eight or ten years quietly on his own estates; how he studied medicine and surgery a little, and dabbled in all sorts of investigations. However, all the time he was trying to do good. He built model cottages on his estates, and saw that the children had the privilege of attending good schools. After the great earthquake at Lisbon, Portugal, he started to go there to see if he could not do something for the sufferers. It was on this journey that something very important happened to him. The vessel in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer, and he and the other unfortunate prisoners were carried to Brest, where they were treated with great harshness and almost starved. I think this must have made him think a great deal about the people in prison all over the world; and after he and his friends were set free, and he was made high sheriff of Bedford, in his own county, he determined to look into the condition of the Bedford gaol (where John Bunyan wrote the

"Pilgrim's Progress," you remember)—to look into it with his own eyes. Perhaps this is the scene represented in the picture. Certain it is that he found a dreadful state of things there.

In those days people could be put in gaol for debt, and he found that debtors were in that Bedford gaol who ought to have been set free months and years before, but the gaoler would not let them go because they could not pay him so much money as he demanded. He found that nobody paid the gaoler to take care of the prisoners; so the poor prisoners were entirely at the mercy of the officers. Some

of them had gone mad from distress of mind, poor food, and long confinement. He was greatly shocked by all this, and went to the county judges to demand that a regular salary be paid to the gaoler. They said no such thing was done in any county. "I'll see whether it is or not," said this energetic and kind-hearted man; and he set out to visit every gaol and prison in England. He found, alas! that what the judges had said was only too true; and he saw such terrible distresses and abuses that he resolved to give all the rest of his life to the effort of improving prisons and making better the condition of prisoners. To do this he had to find out how prisons at that time were cared for all over the world. He went not only to Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, but to France, to Germany, to Holland, to Italy—even to Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Spain, and Portugal. What he saw in all these places—the damp, dark dungeons, the filth,

the idiocy, the despair, the insanity—you cannot even imagine; yet many of these he visited over and over again—all because he was a lover of his fellow-men. When in 1789 he started on what proved to be his last extended tour, he wrote to his friends: "I am not insensible to the dangers that must attend such a journey." (He was going at this time to make a special study of that dreadful disease, the plague.) "Should it please God to cut off my life, let not my conduct be imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire to

One morning in June Mrs. Danforth received a letter from her brother, who lived in a distant city, asking if it was convenient to have himself and his wife to spend a month with her. He was "tired out," he wrote, "and the doctor had ordered complete rest." He thought he could find it in the old home, to which he longed to come.

Mrs. Danforth was quite excited over this letter.

"We'll have to look around for a servant," she said to her daughter, "and it will be hard to find one."

"Why must we look for a servant?" questioned Elizabeth, in surprise.

"Your Uncle Roger is a millionaire, and his wife is a woman of fashion. They live elegantly. I was there once, years ago—they have a half-dozen or more servants. Roger hasn't been here for ten years. I wonder that he wants to come; still I'd like to see him very much and Frances too. But we'll have to fix things up, and, as I said, get a girl somewhere."

"Couldn't we just take Uncle Roger and Aunt Frances in like old friends instead of strangers? Just have things simple and natural as we do when we are alone?"

"Didn't I tell you that your uncle is a millionaire?"

"Yes, but we are not millionaires, and of course he would not expect that he would live here as he does at home. Let's be ourselves, mamma, and not put on airs."

Mrs. Danforth laughed, and with the laugh her fears and worries seemed to vanish.

"Well," said she, "it will be an immense relief to follow your advice, my dear, for try as we might we could not live as Uncle Roger's folks do."

It was a lovely evening when they came. The scent of the sweet June roses filled the air with fragrance. Elizabeth and her mother met the guests at the gate, with smiles and words of welcome. Mrs. Danforth felt shocked at the change in her brother's face. He looked thin and worn—his step was feeble. But a glad light came into his weary eyes as he sat down in a big soft-cushioned rocking-chair on the shady piazza.

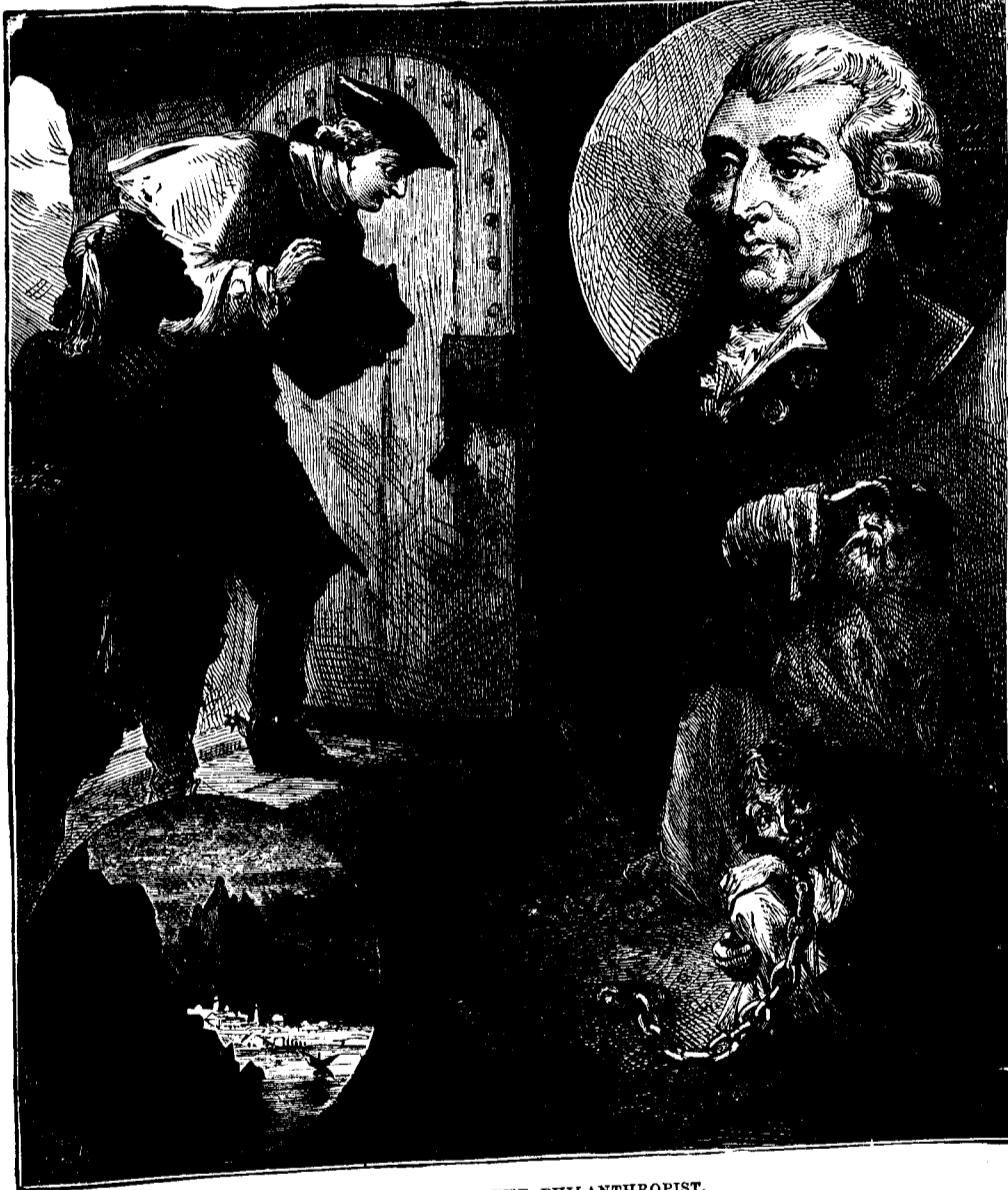
"How restful it is here!" he said, with a sigh of relief; "how restful!"

Very soon supper was served in the cool, bright dining-room. Just outside of the window a wild bird was singing a glad song. The breath of honeysuckles was wafted in. The table was spread neatly with simple snow-white linen, and laden with good substantial food—fresh biscuit and sweet butter, brown bread, cold sliced ham, poached eggs, sponge cake, and great luscious strawberries of their own growing, and a pitcher of cream. A bowl of old-fashioned roses was in the centre. Uncle Roger smiled as he looked around—he had not smiled in this way for years—he felt happy. There was no butler, no servant, they were alone, he and his wife, his sister and her daughter.

The truth was that the sweet, quiet home life just suited the weary man. Had there been a servant around, or an attempt at "style," it would have spoiled all.

The days and weeks passed on, each and every one bringing health and strength to the world-weary man. All God's universe seemed to be at his disposal, and yet only in this quiet nook—the old home of childhood—he found rest and peace.

When he went back to the city with



JOHN HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

of them had gone mad from distress of mind, poor food, and long confinement. Howard was greatly shocked by all this, and went to the county judges to demand that a regular salary be paid to the gaoler. They said no such thing was done in any county. "I'll see whether it is or not," said this energetic and kind-hearted man; and he set out to visit every gaol and prison in England. He found, alas! that what the judges had said was only too true; and he saw such terrible distresses and abuses that he resolved to give all the rest of his life to the effort of improving prisons and making better the condition of prisoners. To do this he had to find out how prisons at that time were cared for all over the world. He went not only to Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, but to France, to Germany, to Holland, to Italy—even to Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Spain, and Portugal. What he saw in all these places—the damp, dark dungeons, the filth,

be made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life." Soon after reaching Russia he took the camp-fever from a patient he was attending, and died January 20, 1790. "Give me no monument," he said, "but lay me quietly in the earth." But though his body lies there in a Russian grave, a grateful country has erected a marble statue to his memory—which we saw last summer in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.—S. S. Gem.

"NO AIRS."

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

ELIZABETH DANFORTH lived with her widowed mother in a pretty, old-fashioned house in the suburbs of the village of Benton. They lived very quietly and plainly as suited their purses and tastes.

Aunt Frances, he sent a big cheque to his sister and another to his niece, the latter so big that it almost took her breath away. "It's only a little gift," he wrote. "I can never thank you enough for letting me stay a month in the dear old home where there are no airs. And I found Christ there, too. Found him through Elizabeth. God bless her!"

"Well," commented Mrs. Danforth, "I'm glad I listened to you, my dear."

"And I'm glad," said Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, "that we were just ourselves and didn't try to be any one else."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895.

PLOUGHED UNDER.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THAT old story of the Pilgrim Fathers in the terrible year when the ravages of deadly fever were added to all their hardships and warfare—when they dared not let the savage foes around them know how rapidly their ranks were thinning, and so were forced to bury their dead secretly and plough over their graves to hide them—is a pathetic page in history. Something reminded John Kent of it as he slowly followed the plough over the breaking ground. It seemed to him that in this world a good many precious things were ploughed over or under, and he eyed moodily the useful implement before him as it turned up the rich, dark earth. It was not at all the sort of work he wanted to be engaged in. He had planned something quite different, but his plans had come to nothing, he said to himself that day: they were dead, and there was nothing to be done but to plough over their graves and hide them as best he could.

He had never wanted to be a farmer, and all his tastes and inclinations lay in another direction. He had meant to be a physician, and his plans and studies—he had studied hard, too—had been with that end in view. He had thought his life-course lay straight before him when the letter came that called him home.

His father, so hale and hearty that no one had thought of his strength failing for many a year, had been suddenly stricken with paralysis. That changed everything. Some one must provide for the invalid, who might be helpless all his life, and for the dependent mother; some one must take charge of the old place.

"If I had only been a little farther along, I might have been able to do better for them in my own chosen work than in this that I never liked—that I am sure I shall hate if I have to give my life to it," John mused. It was hard, but he could see no way out of it.

"Turns up nice rich dirt, don't it?" said Uncle Sims as his oxen came around to where John had paused a minute to rest.

"Yes; but it turns under grass and

flowers and a good many bright things that might have liked to live," answered John rather bitterly. "The plough has to go on all the same."

"Well"—the keen eyes under the old straw hat turned a kindly look on the young fellow's troubled face: the old man knew the broken plans, and suspected what the words covered—"it does sort of seem so sometimes, but then we know what grows in the field after the ploughin' 'll be worth a deal more than what grewed before. And I'll tell you one thing sure, John: there ain't no mistake in the ploughin' Providence does; that's always to make way for something better that couldn't have grown without it. I s'pose, though, a body could insist on callin' the furrows nothin' but scars, and refuse to sow any seeds in 'em; then of course there'll be nothin' but a ruined field. But anybody that'll use the furrows to plant in will reap something better than all the plough turned under."

On went the oxen again, and John looked after his old friend with a smile and resolved to stop regrettings and watch his chance for sowing. It was wonderful how many opportunities there were when once he began to watch for them.

"John," said the old family doctor a week or two later, "I don't see why you should give up study because you have to look after things here. There are my books and my office, and you can be a great deal of help to me as well as to yourself in your spare hours; and you will have a good many of them, especially in winter."

So the study began again, more slowly in some ways, but more than compensating by the gain in others; and the seeds of patience, determination and faith grew, and brought so rich a harvest that long years afterward Dr. Kent, a successful physician, was wont to say to young aspirants who asked his counsel,

"One of the most valuable things that can be put into any young man's preparatory course is a year of obstacles, or something that will try his mettle, test his purpose and teach him reliance on a strength stronger than his own."

EARLY RISING.

BY CHARLES SHUPE.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.—*H. Mann.*

THERE is just as much truth as poetry in the old adage, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

The amount of sleep required by a healthy adult varies somewhat for different individuals, usually from six to eight hours. Seven hours are quite sufficient for most people.

Sleep, Nature's sweet restorer, through whose agency the wear and tear of the day's activities is recuperated at night, the soothing balm to the weary, the best friend of frail humanity, without which we could not live as long as without food and drink, like many other blessings becomes a curse when abused.

Many persons, by the pernicious habit of over-indulgence in sleep, rob them-selves of those qualities of body, mind and soul which are essential to the highest development of their being, the excess beyond the requirements of nature inducing torpidity of the functions of the body; hence also dulness spiritual apathy, idleness, careless habits, etc.

Then, there is the waste of time to be considered. Said the great Franklin: "Dost thou love life? then squander not time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

Now, the loss of time to the individual who wastes, say, two hours out of every twenty-four in bed, the difference only between rising at five and seven, or six and eight would be 730 hours per year. In ten years 7,300 hours, or 730 days of ten hours each. In forty-one years this would make exactly a difference of eleven years, reckoning the day at ten hours.

That is, the early riser who would appropriate those two precious, early hours to his own benefit would have the advantage in forty-one years' time only considered, of eleven years over his more sleepy cotem. whose every day is two hours shorter in consequence.

We will not attempt to estimate the commercial value of so much time, as indeed the task would be a difficult one, seeing that the early hours are the most precious of the day, and being lost in broken slumber entail evils that cannot be estimated.

"Few," says Dr. Todd, "ever live to a great age, and fewer still ever become distinguished, who are not in the habit of early rising."

Wesley repeatedly ascribes his health and prolonged life to his practice of rising at four. At the age of seventy-eight he writes, "By the blessing of God I am just the same as when I ended my twenty-eighth year."

Bowes informs us that "Dr. Clark's Comment" were chiefly prepared very early in the morning. So Barnes' popular and useful commentary has also been the fruit of early morning hours.

Says Buffon, the great French naturalist, "Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my works." Buffon in earlier life, being too fond of sleep, promised his servant Joseph a crown for every morning that he would get him up at six. Joseph secured the daily crown.

International Bridge, Ont.

GOD'S LOVE AND CARE.

BY W. R. SMITH,

THE bright, full Lammas moon is casting a flood of soft, silvery light around me to-night, making the dark hours glorious with beauty. The glittering host of shining orbs in the celestial canopy above truly declares the glory of God as we behold their number and magnitude, and as I contemplate with wonder and awe the divine power of the great Creator, who has swung out into the realms of immensity, and directs and sustains these countless worlds of flashing light, I cannot help but exclaim with one of old, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" And yet, it is a blessed fact that the great Father of all is not forgetful of any of his creatures, or any part of his divine creation. From the smallest insect that creeps over the earth, whose span of life is pressed into a few brief hours, to the brightest archangel that stands before the eternal throne, with a life as lasting as eternity, a divine, fatherly care is over all to bless and sustain. No life is crushed out of the vilest worm, and no single sparrow falls to the ground, without an all-observing eye beholding it.

All that breathe the breath of life have their various needs provided for in nature by the loving Creator of all things. Not one is forgotten day or night; and through all the past centuries from the dawn of time down to the present, a divine watch-care has been exercised by an unwearied One. The hand that lights up the lamps of night in the dome of heaven with glowing brilliancy, is the same one that safely leads the Christian and cares for him as he journeys on across the hills and vales of life. The great Being who spoke, and yonder sun behind the distant horizon flashed forth its light and heat, is the same one who now sends the blessed Spirit to cheer the hearts of the children of men. The divine Father who has so richly provided for the material wants of all his creation is the same loving One who has so graciously brought salvation to this sinful world in the person of Jesus, the precious Redeemer. Think not that God, who has ever been so mindful of his creatures and their needs along the past ages, will fail a single soul that trusts him. I tell you nay; for his promise stands as sure as his eternal throne, that he will never forsake his faithful ones.

Truly God has been good to me, ten thousand times better than I have deserved; for I have often forgotten him, but he has never left me. And I rejoice that he has not, for to me it is a sweet token that I am divinely kept, and, though unseen, his blessed presence is a real and soul-satisfying one. And to-night I would kneel low at the cross of the blessed Christ, and return thanks of praise to God for all of his wonderful mercies bestowed on me in the past. As the days and years come and go I find the divine favours un-failing, and becoming more precious to

me; and often, like the happy old ex-slave, I wonder, if the joys that God gives us here on earth are so sweet and precious, what will they be on the evergreen shore in his own dear presence.

To-night I would place my hand in my heavenly Father's, knowing that he is fully able to lead and care for me the rest of my journey home. Yes, I expect to arrive safely there, and would like to meet in my Father's house above every soul that reads those lines, with the countless hosts of others who love God, from all the nations of earth. What a meeting that will be, praising God for all of his loving mercies and tender care over us during life's weary march through the wilderness of this world!

The Good Time Coming.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart thro' lighter;
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,
Foretold by seers, and sung in story;
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory;
They pass'd, nor saw the work they wrought,
Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom!
But the live lightning of their thought
And daring deeds, doth pulse earth's bosom.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming.

Freedom! the tyrants kill the braves,
Yet in our memories live the sleepers;
And, though doom'd millions feed the graves,
Dug by death's fierce, red-handed reapers,
The world shall not forever bow
To things which mock God's own endeavour;
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers shall wreath the sword forever.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming.

Fraternity! love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being!
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing.
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart
And love's own world with smiles more sunny.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

October 6, 1895.

HIS NAME HOLY.—Exodus 20. 7.

This commandment prohibits the improper use of the name of God. Profane swearing is taking God's name in vain. Swearing is the language of the bottomless pit, and from the manner in which many people act one might suppose that they had been educated in the regions of darkness. What awful consequences would follow if the swearer's prayer was answered? Such language does no good. Nobody thinks more highly of the swearer because of the oaths which he uses. Profane language never excites pleasant emotions; on the contrary, onlookers shudder and stand in awe as they hear the horrid imprecations which fall from the lips of the profane person. It never does any good to those who use such language, and above all it is offensive to God. The Almighty will not hold such persons guiltless. Guilt uncancelled will be sure to bring punishment. Upon the wicked—and all swearers are wicked persons—"He will rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup." Psalm 11. 6. The habit of swearing is easily acquired. Boys imagine that they become men when they can belch forth their horrid oaths. But they degrade themselves. Let all who have learned to swear ask forgiveness of God and forsake the company of the ungodly.

The Little Arm-Chair.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair:
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother gazing there
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dust of long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate;
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to mate;
And she sees the nod of the father's head,
But she sees the nod of the father's head,
So proud of his little son.
And she hears the word so often said:
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was here to scold, to kiss and to praise
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in her busy years,
When the great world caught the man
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

And now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent over a pencil and slate.
And she lives again the happy day,
The days of her young life's spring,
When the small arm chair stood just in the way,
The centre of everything.

—Harper's Bazaar.

**PROSPEROUS, RIGHTEOUS,
UPRIGHT & CO.**

By E. Donald McGregor.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHANGE had come over the firm of "Prosperous, Righteous, Upright & Co." I don't mean by this that the members of this respected firm suddenly became very good. Rather would I have you know that Tom, Jinks, and Pete, having at last stepped out upon the road to the Place, set their faces determinedly forward.

"We'll have to not be like we was," Tom said, as he opened the stall window, the day after Mr. Black's talk.

"We'll have to wash ourselves every mornin'," Jinks replied gravely.

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, 'cause the Chart says so," and opening the Bible Jinks hunted up a certain chapter and read: "Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh."

"Well, I never knowed that was there," Tom said in surprise. "You an' Pete an' Scraps go off to the big fountain now, an' scrub yourselves, an' I'll go after a while."

Poor Scraps vigorously protested, when Jinks proceeded to dip him into the basin of the fountain, but Jinks said firmly:

"No, Scraps, all the people in our business has to be clean, an' you know you're the Co.; so in you goes."

"You're all streaky," Tom exclaimed, when a few moments later he viewed the washed members of the Firm, "at least," he added, "all but Scraps is."

"You need soap, so you do," a rough Irish boy shouted at them, as he stopped to buy a cup of coffee and a bun.

"What's soap?" Pete asked curiously.

"Oh, it's a stuff as you buys at the grocer's, an' I tell you it makes the dirt fly," the boy replied.

"We must have some!" Tom said decidedly, and having carefully counted the cash in hand, he ran off, empowered by the Firm, to purchase a piece of soap.

"It's washed me off fine," he announced on his return, and Jinks and Pete agreed that he fairly shone.

A week or two after this, Tom discovered, he said, that the Chart ordered clean clothes as well.

"Let thy garments be always white," he read in astonishment to Jinks and Pete, adding mournfully, "We could never keep a-go'in' in white shirts."

"We could have 'em clean, though," Jinks said thoughtfully, as he looked at his dirty shirt-sleeves.

"I wonder if the Lord Jesus wouldn't let us off the white uns, if we kept 'em good an' clean?" Tom questioned seriously, and Pete suggested that they ask Mr. Black about it.

So that very same evening Mr. Black was closely questioned as to the necessity of wearing white shirts while travelling to the Place.

"Keep yourselves clean, clothes and all,"

he said, with a smile, "and I'm sure the dark shirts will be all right."

As a result of this conversation, Mrs. Andrews entered into a contract to wash and mend for the Firm. In return, her stoves were to be filled, the shop scrubbed once a week, and many little odd bits of work taken in hand by three pairs of willing hands. You will agree with me that this exchange of dirt for cleanliness was bound to make a change in the appearance of Prosperous, Righteous, Upright & Co., but will you see the inward change was as great as the outward?

It's harder to get at, but let me show you a bit.

After reading Luke 6, 38, the boys decided that a heaped-up glass of nuts was the only right kind to serve out to customers. The nut shelf was a new department, and it was most desirable that it should pay; nevertheless it was unanimously agreed to heap up the glasses, and thus follow the Chart.

"It makes just ten nuts more every time," Tom carefully calculated, and then he shook down the next tumbler, and piled them high, with fat, brown skinned chestnuts, and paler faced peanuts. "It's payin', anyhow," he announced a few months later, and Jinks said, "Well, so's everything. We've got a heap bigger business than Mr. S since ever thought on."

A man turning away just then said to a companion:

"And so they ought to have a big business. They're pleasant, and smart as crickets, and not a bit stingy, and their stuff is always first-class. I'll be bound they'll succeed if any one can."

About helping other boys, the Firm found a difficulty. They often tried to tell some of their street neighbours how good it was to have the Lord Jesus for a friend, and how splendid the Chart was, but generally they were only laughed at.

"They won't listen a bit," Pete said sadly.

"They don't believe in us," Tom said abruptly. "If we was to give 'em stuff to eat, I s'pose they'd know we was talkin' straight."

This last remark was the foundation-stone of a supper that the Firm gave one day to a dozen of their companions. When the boys had eaten buns and drunk coffee to their hearts' content, one of them said:

"What struck you fellers to do this?"

"The Chart tells us to do this way," Tom answered cheerily.

"Wall, if that's the kind of stuff as is in that there book, I rather guess we'd like to hear some out of it," was the reply to this statement.

And very often afterward, you might have seen a rough, but interested Bible-class gathered close round the stall of Prosperous, Righteous, Upright & Co.

Mr. Black kept a watchful eye upon the lads, and every evening they came as of old to his shop, and he taught them to write and spell and do simple arithmetic. "You want to be something," said he one night, as he opened a geography, and put it on the table before his pupils.

"How be something?" Tom asked curiously.

"Why, you want to go out in the world and fill a place; make up your minds what you're going to be, and be it," Mr. Black answered decidedly.

The three boys stared at him. Then Tom, after rubbing his hands together a few times, in a thoughtful fashion, said:

"Well, if that's the way you do it, I guess I'll be a shop-keeper."

"An' I'll be a doctor," Jinks said, "I mean an animal doctor, you know," he added gravely.

"An' I'll be a minister," Pete said shyly.

Mr. Black didn't smile - he only said, "To work then, and be what you think you ought to be."

When the evening's work was over he took a lamp, and turning toward a side door, said, "Come, boys, I have a surprise for you."

They followed him wondering out into a narrow hall, with a street entrance, then up a flight of stairs and into a large room. It was all seated with chairs, and there were tables and too. Pretty curtains at the windows, and bright pictures on the walls, made a really pleasant room.

"This is my school-church," Mr. Black said, "and I'm going to preach here every night to boys who have never heard of the Lord Jesus. - Will you help me?"

"Pete's the only one as is goin' to be a minister," Tom said cautiously.

"But I want you all to preach to-morrow night," Mr. Black replied smilingly.

"Oh, of course we an' Tom intends to talk 'bout the Lord Jesus, an' the way to the Place, whatever we does fer business," Jinks said emphatically, "only we ain't real ministers an' we can't preach."

"But you must really preach to-morrow night," Mr. Black said seriously. "I want a short sermon from each one of you."

The boys viewed this plan as decidedly a strange one, nevertheless they did preach.

CHAPTER IX.

THEIR heads were all rough and shaggy, and there were a good many dirty faces. The coats and things were ragged and faded, and scarcely any one looked as though they had ever had quite enough to eat. Still they were a happy crowd of boys. They joked and made merry among themselves, and you would scarcely have guessed that they had seen in their short lives, much of sorrow, and misery and sin. When Mr. Black stood up to speak, they were inclined to be rough and boisterous, but his firm, kindly words soon silenced them into a very orderly, attentive audience. He told them of his plan to teach them to read and write, and be men after the Lord Jesus our pattern. And then he introduced Tom, and Tom began to preach.

"I'll start at the beginnin'," he said, "an' tell you about Grannie, an' Primrose Court, an' how we found the way to the Place."

A good many of the ragged boys were inclined to make fun of the youthful preacher, but when they saw that Tom intended to tell his story in spite of everything, they became quieter, and very soon the room was quite silent.

Tom's sermon was interesting. He told them about the Chart, and the stall, and Mr. Black, and when he said earnestly, "I'm the Lord Jesus' boy now, an' I'm makin' straight for the Place," a big boy right at the back called out, "Why don't you ax us to go 'long?" and another said, "Yes, pard, we'd like to strike a place where no one's ever hungry."

"I do ax you to come," Tom said simply, and then it was Jinks' turn.

He began by describing the morning when he first saw Tom and Pete.

"I never reckoned then as we'd be pardners in a coffee-stall," he said, "but somehow we're stuck together, an' now we couldn't manage no other way."

Just at this point in the sermon, Scraps grew unusually restless, and Jinks had to pick him up and administer a stern reproof.

"He don't take to such a crowd of strange folk," he said, laughing; then running his hand down the rough hair of the little animal, he said fondly:

"I think a heap of this little beast."

"Where'd you get him?" several voices asked.

This gave Jinks a chance to tell the story of Scraps' rescue from the hands of his tormentors, and you may be sure that he told it well.

"No one can get into the Place who aint good to animals," he said decidedly.

"You don't mean cats an' birds, now?" an incredulous boy asked.

"Yes, I mean cats, an' birds, an' right down to flies, an' anythin' as can crawl," Jinks said warmly.

This statement made a real sensation in the audience, and several boys poked a little quiet fun at the speaker.

"The Lord Jesus won't have nothin' to do with you if you plagues his beasts," Jinks continued solemnly, and then he read his verse, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

Pete then stepped into the preacher's place. At first the poor wee laddie was quite frightened, but as he got into his story, the fear all ran away, and instead came a great earnestness. What was his story? Why, the story of Christ's life on earth, and he told it in a fashion that made his ragged audience cry.

As he stood on the little platform, his cheeks flushed, his eyes bright, and a mass of short yellow curls falling round his forehead, more than one child said fervently:

"Aint he beautiful?"

The little preacher heeded them not. He seemed to have forgotten everything but the story he was to tell. Stretching out his hands, he said pleadingly:

"You're all black with sin: won't you let him wash you, an' fix you up so as you can belong to him?"

"Yes, tell us 'bout it!" voices all over the room replied.

"Oh, he's just lookin' right down now," Pete said; "ax him quick."

"Wash us, Lord Jesus - oh, do it quick, do it now." Voice after voice was heard in the audience, and boys who seldom cried wept out loud as they thought of their soiled hearts, and the wonderful love of Him who had promised to wash them and make them clean.

Mr. Black only said a few words. He felt that Pete's first sermon had reached many hearts, and he wanted them to go away remembering the pleading, earnest words.

"Come every night," he said heartily, and the boys went very quietly out to the street. Before the last one had left the room, a gentleman said:

"I saw the boys, and I wanted to see what good work was going on here."

He came slowly to the front, glancing at the pictured walls and the window hangings. Then suddenly he started forward. "Why surely I know those eyes—is it, can it be Arthur Black?"

"And can it be Harry Raycroft?"

Mr. Black grasped the stranger's hand and for a moment neither spoke.

It was Tom who really broke the silence. "Why, sir," he began excitedly, "it was you as gave me the Chart a year ago; don't you remember?"

Mr. Raycroft looked puzzled. "The Bible, sir, just 'fore you took a car one night."

"Sure enough, I do remember," and then Tom pulled out the Chart from his coat pocket, and everybody stood and looked surprised.

They talked too, you may be sure. First of all of the Chart, and the people whom it had helped into better and truer lives, and then the boys crept away to the little corner of the shop which Mr. Black had curtained off for them, and Tom dreamed that he was travelling to the Place with a great pile of Charts strapped on his back.

Mr. Black and Mr. Raycroft talked longer, and when they too went off to dreamland, they saw schools and colleges and coffee-stalls and boys, but I must not tell secrets.

The bells of the city are ringing midnight, and all the people of this story are fast asleep. Shall we tip-toe out and leave them?

Tell you first of the church-school! Why, it grew and flourished, and Mr. Black often said that he loved the work. Mr. Raycroft? bless you, he had been the minister of a church, not quite a mile from Mr. Black's, for years and years, so of course he was a near neighbour, and Mr. Black and the boys walked every Sunday to hear him preach.

And now I expect you are going to ask me about the merchant, and the doctor, and the minister.

Suppose I make you guess? If you wanted a merchant, a doctor, and a minister, what would you make them out of? What! you give it up?

Well, if I wanted a merchant, a doctor, and a minister, I could easily carve them, and have a few "Scraps" to spare, out of the Firm of "Prosperous, Righteous, Upright & Co."

THE END.

BUSY WORKERS.

BY M. K. H.

JAMES and Allen are cousins. James lives in the country on a farm and Allen in the city. Their friends used to say "If Allen were only more rugged, he and James would be the image of each other."

At the close of school last summer, Allen looked so pale and thin that his uncle said to his father and mother, "Let Allen spend his vacation with me this summer. I am sure that I can bring the roses to his cheeks. James is lonely and will be delighted to have him. It will do them both good to be together."

Allen added his plea to that of his uncle's, and so his father and mother went to the seaside without him.

At first it was very hard work for Allen to get up so early in the morning as his uncle's family did. He had always been accustomed to lying as late as he pleased, but James kept at him until finally he awoke and arose of his own accord, and when breakfast time came he was as hungry as he could be, something that he had not known for a long time.

He shared all James' work with him, and I will say right here that these cousins never disagreed. The only time they came near it was, when one or the other wanted to bear the greater part of whatever they were doing.

In a few weeks you could scarcely have told them apart, for Allen had grown so rosy and rugged. So greatly had his appetite increased that he could scarcely wait for meal time to come.

James and he were as busy as bees all day long. If any of my readers have ever been upon a farm, they will know how many things are to be done between sunrise and sunset.

Although they had work to do they still found time for many pleasant tramps through the woods, for fishing, and all the sports that boys love so well, and they enjoyed them all the more because they had earned them. It is true that

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,"

but it is also true that

"All play and no work makes him a mere toy."

God has given us something to do. What has he given you?

A Mother Song.

MOTHER, O mother! forever I cry for you,
Sing the old song I may never forget!
Even in slumber I murmur and sigh for
you,
Mother, O mother,
Sing low, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! the years are so lonely,
Filled with weariness, doubt and regret!
Can't you come back to me—for to-night
only,
Mother, my mother,
And sing "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! of old I had never
One wish denied me, nor trouble to fret!
Now—must I cry out all vainly forever—
Mother, sweet mother,
And sing "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! must longing and sorrow
Leave me in darkness with eyes ever wet,
And never the hope of a meeting to-morrow?
Answer me, mother,
And sing "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1427.] LESSON I. [Oct. 6.

THE TIME OF THE JUDGES.

Judg. 2. 1-12, 16. Memory verses, 11, 12, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord raised up judges, which delivered
them.—Judg. 2. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. A Faithful Rebuke, v. 1-5.
2. A Forgetful People, v. 6-12.
3. A Gracious God, v. 16.

TIME.—This lesson contains a general statement of the condition of Israel from the death of Joshua, B.C. 1427, during the period of the judges, about three hundred and thirty years.

PLACE.—The land of Israel; especially Shiloh, where, doubtless, the Israelites were assembled, and Bochim, which we suppose to have been a locality in Shiloh.

RULERS.—As yet the Hebrews had no definite government except that of the priesthood, and the power accorded to the "elders" of the tribes.

INTRODUCTORY.

The tribes soon took a very dangerous course; they made terms with their idolatrous enemies, and permitted them to reside in the land on payment of tribute. Intermarriage followed and led to community of religious worship. The two religions were in some sort incorporated, and if the first commandment of the law was not generally broken the second was.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The time of the judges.—Judg. 2. 1-10.
 Tu. The time of the judges.—Judg. 2. 11-17.
 W. A sad history.—Judg. 2. 18-23.
 Th. Command and warning.—Num. 33. 50-56
 F. Forsaking God.—Jer. 2. 4-13.
 S. Folly of disobedience.—Psalm 81. 8-16.
 Sa. Unfaithfulness.—Psalm 106. 34-45.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A Faithful Rebuke, v. 1-5.
 What visitor came to Bochim?
 What had he done for Israel?
 What had he promised to keep unbroken?
 What alliance had he forbidden?
 What duty had he enjoined?
 What did he say of Israel's conduct?
 What punishment would result from their disobedience?
 How were the people affected by this rebuke?
 What name did they give to the place?
 Why?
 What did they offer to the Lord?
 Of what are God's rebukes a proof?
 Rev. 3. 19.
2. A Forgetful People, v. 6-12.
 Where did the people go from Bochim?
 How long did they remain true to God?
 What was Joshua's ago at his death?
 Where was he buried?
 What is said of the next generation?
 What evil did Israel do before the Lord?
 Whom did they forsake? Whom follow?
 Name some of the gods whom they followed?
 Which commandment did they break?
 Repeat it.
 How did God punish them? Verses 14, 15.

3. A Gracious God, v. 16.

How did God show himself gracious?
(Golden Text.)

What was the source of power to the judges? Verse 18.

What happened when the judge died? Verse 19.

Why were not all the Canaanites driven out? Verses 21, 22.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. That God always keeps his promises?
2. That disobedience to God brings evil?
3. That God shows mercy to those who forget him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long did the Israelites serve God? While Joshua lived. 2. What did they do after Joshua and the elders died? They forgot God. 3. What other sin did they commit? They followed idols. 4. How did they suffer for this? They were oppressed by

possible to save her life. A narcotic was given to her, and she fell asleep.

Making after some hours, she asked for water. The nurse immediately called the doctor. In a minute he was beside the cot. He felt the pulse, ominously shook his head, gave some more instructions, and turned to go away. As he did so, the little creature turned half around. The dim light of a candle shone on the blackened face. The swollen lips pursed out, and, in a clear, sweet voice, the dying child began to sing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee." The doctor stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened ward leaned on their elbows and drank in the sweet melody.

The first verse completed, her strength began to fail, and with it her voice, and only the humming-like distant music of the air of the hymn could be heard. That ceased, she heaved a sigh, and all was

soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say, "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God! Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

O hearer, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Madame Sontag began her musical career, she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother, that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin, a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor, blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor, blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy.

But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still: Blind, immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, he comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music, he comes to plead for thy deliverance.—Talmage.



FLAMINGOES.

their enemies. 5. How did God still show them mercy? Golden Text: "The Lord," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The discipline of affliction.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Why was the sacrament of the Lord's Supper ordained?

For the continual remembrance of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby.

What is the outward part or sign in the Lord's Supper?

bread and wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received.

1 Corinthians 11. 23, 25. The Lord Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed took bread. . . . In like manner also the cup, after supper, saying. . . . This do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

A HAPPY ENDING.

A CHILD'S song in a hospital startled the nurses and patients. On the night before, an ambulance was called from Gouverneur Hospital to a house in Hester Street for a burned child. She had been sent by her parents to the cellar for firewood, and in descending the steps she stumbled and dropped the lamp, which exploded and set her clothing on fire. The surgeon wrapped the poor, cringed, writhing form of the child in what is known as a "prepared sheet," and told the driver to get to the hospital quickly. There all was done for her that science could do, but it was im-

possible to save her life. A narcotic was given to her, and she fell asleep. Making after some hours, she asked for water. The nurse immediately called the doctor. In a minute he was beside the cot. He felt the pulse, ominously shook his head, gave some more instructions, and turned to go away. As he did so, the little creature turned half around. The dim light of a candle shone on the blackened face. The swollen lips pursed out, and, in a clear, sweet voice, the dying child began to sing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee." The doctor stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened ward leaned on their elbows and drank in the sweet melody.

THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

SOME time ago, Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. O hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy

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