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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

[No. 19.]

## STREET SCENE, BENARES.

A STREET scene in an Eastern city presents many points of contrast to one in the West. The fantastic oriental architecture, the dark faces and quaint costumes of the people, the strange languages that meet the ear, all make one feel that he is in another world. Yet there are on every side evidences of a civilization that was old before that of European began, and even the languages contain the roots from which many of the words of most European tongues have sprung. The thick mattings and awnings hung over the windows and doors are evidences of the heat of the climate. Amid such surroundings many of the noblest trophies of missionary labour have been won.

### "TIME TO QUIT."

It is a great thing for people who use strong drink to know just when to quit, and to possess and act upon this knowledge makes all the difference between safety and destruction. There are people who can take care of themselves, and there are people who have found out that they cannot take care of themselves, but there are comparatively few who know just how far they can go and be safe, and just when to turn about and take the opposite course.

A recent paper tells of a man who once received wholesome instruction concerning this matter. He was a professional gentleman, living in the city, who one morning stepped into a saloon to get his customary drink. After passing the ordinary salutations with three or four loafers who were hanging about the place, he went up to the bar and called for "a whiskey," which was handed to him. As he filled the glass and was raising it to his lips, a miserable, wretched, drunken tramp stepped up beside him and said:

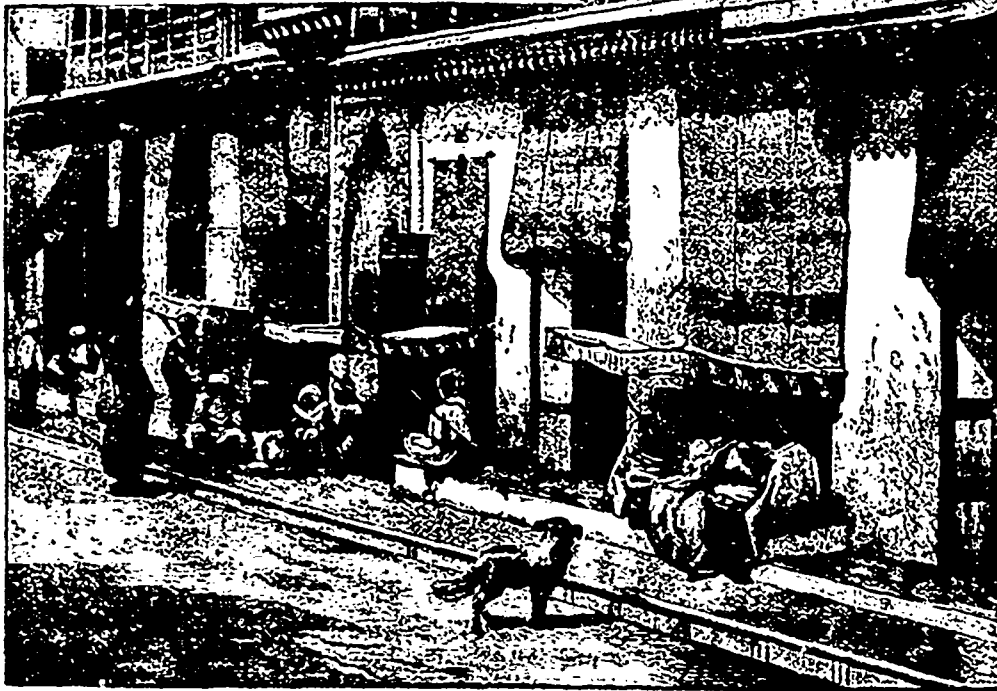
"Say, Squire, can't you give me a drink out of that bottle?" Not wishing to be annoyed by associates of that class, the gentleman roughly told him to go away and mind his own business. The tramp angrily replied that he need not be so cranky about the matter, for before he got to drinking he was just as respectable as he was, and wore as fine clothes as he did. "And what is more," said he, "I always know how to act the gentleman."

The gentleman stood a few moments eyeing the beggarly wretch from head to foot, noting with deep disgust his bloodshot eyes, his bloated face, his long unkempt hair, his filthy, ragged garments, and his mismatched boots, after which he said:

"Then it was drinking that made you an outcast from society and the miserable man that you are?"

"Yes," said the tramp.

"Then it is time for me to quit," said the gentleman, and pouring the glass of whiskey on the floor he turned and left the saloon, never to enter it again.



STREET SCENE, BENARES.

This lesson was enough for him, and such lessons are abundant everywhere. Through all the haunts of vice and dens of crime and infamy, as well as in the police courts, prisons, asylums, and almshouses, there are unnumbered examples of persons who might serve as warnings to people who are willing to be warned. Thousands and thousands who are to-day staggering down to dark, dishonoured graves, were intelligent, respectable, and honoured men before they were ensnared in the fatal coils of this deceptive and deadly vice. They were warned, they were cautioned, but they were self-confident

and heeded no admonitions, and so have gone on to their doom. Others are following them. When will they be warned? When will they learn to say, as they see the wreck and ruin wrought by intemperance upon others, "It is time for me to quit?" It is better yet never to begin.

## WHOLESOME WORDS FOR GIRLS.

COME here, Jenny, and sit down beside me, and let me give you a little talking to. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still, it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at it, and shake your skirts, and tell it to "shoo," as you would a hen; nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oyster cans and pieces of barrel staves at it. But I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast prepared, and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten up her dear old face!

Her face has more wrinkles than yours far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear to you to be more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face.

She will leave you one of these days. Those burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. There, there! Don't cry—she has not left you yet. She is down in the kitchen, stringing beans for dinner; and, if you feel so badly, you might go down and finish them, and let her change her dress and rest an hour before dinner. And after dinner take down her hair, and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and

fuss to make spit curls, as she used to do with yours; but give it a good brushing, and wind it up gently and tenderly, as though you enjoyed doing it for her. The young man down in the parlour can wait until you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience, you may explain to him that you feel under more obligation to your mother than you do to him.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

#### My Refuge.

"In the secret of Thy presence."—PSALM xxxi. 20.

In the secret of his presence how my soul delights to hide!  
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!

Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low;  
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of his wing  
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring,

And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet;  
If I tried, I could not utter what he says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell him all my doubts and griefs and fears;  
Oh, how patiently he listens, and my drooping soul he cheers!

Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What a false friend he would be

If he never, never told me of the sins which he must see!

Do you think that I could love him half so well or as I ought

If he did not tell me plainly of each sinful deed and thought?

No; he is very faithful, and that makes me trust him more;  
For I know that he does love me, though he wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?

Go and hide beneath his shadow: this shall then be your reward;

And when'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,

You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy

If you let dark clouds distress you and your inward peace destroy.

You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side;  
In the secret of his presence you may every moment hide.

#### THE HOUSE ON A HILL.

AFTER a long, long ride on a summer day, we came to a crest overlooking the handsome town of Westchester. On the summit was a log house, snug and neat, a corn patch on one side, a garden of common flowers on the other, the front overlooking the lovely sweep of the valley and the long descent of the turnpike. By the door, in the shadow of the house, sat a young coloured man in a home-made chair; he had a book in his hand, and at his feet lay a dog. He rose as we drew near.

"Here is a pail of water, sir, fresh from the spring. Will you have a drink, sir? Shall I water the horse? Maybe the lady would like a glass of milk?" We said we preferred the water.

"I never drink niffin else," he said; "but there is plenty of people ride by here and ask for ale and wine, or a punch, and says to me, 'Jerry, you could make your fortune, your everlastin' fortune, if you knew enough to keep some neat drinks.'"

"And what do you say to that, Jerry," we asked.

"Oh! I read them out of my book here, 'Woe to him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken

also.' That don't look much like everlastin' fortune, does it, sir? Looks more as if the man that made his neighbour drunken would have it said to him that he shall go away to everlastin' punishment, as my book reads. Every morning when I rises up I says to myself, 'Jerry, mind you have to give an account for whatever you do or say this day.'"

"And how do you come to be such a good temperance man, Jerry?"

"Oh! sir, I was brought up in a tavern. I have seen a man kill his neighbour, along of drink. I have seen a man maim his little child; I have seen a man strike his old mother; I have seen a man blow his brains out—all for drink. I have seen a house burned, a boat sunk, a stage overturned and people killed in it—all for drink. And, sir, in all my life I have never seen these 'everlastin' fortunes' they tell of, made out of drink, stay by families, father and son. It is evil made and quick go, and no blessing along with it."

"And what do you do for a living, Jerry?"

"Oh, I raise all I eat. I make my own clothes and shoes. I make kitchen chairs to sell, and I have regular places and times for going to work, and I lay by an honest penny for old age, and have a penny to give away. I never have seen real want, sir, where there wasn't rum at the bottom of it somewhere."

#### TWO KINDS OF SUNSHINE.

WINDOWS, WINTER, WORRY.

"OPEN the windows and let the warm air in."

"The warm air? I always thought we opened windows to let cool air in; then why do you say let warm air in?"

"We have had a season of damp weather, and the air indoors is chilly; so now that the sun is out bright again, we want the warm air to come into the house."

A dark, damp, close house reminds one of winter all the time, and how can one keep off worry under such conditions? Open windows, letting in the sun-warmed air, drive off premature winter and worry.

So it is spiritually. Our eyes are the windows to our mind or soul. Are there not times with us all when we see darkly? Are there not seasons of gloom when a coldness is within, and it seems to our souls that winter will never cease? How gladly then do we throw open the windows when the sun of peace, joy and light beams forth! How soon does his warming rays drive out winter, how soon all worry is forgotten, and the soul again sings songs of spring and praises its Maker! Windows, winter, worry, wrong, wrangling. With open windows winter, worry, wrong, wrangling cease. Open windows to let in God's light and love.

SUNSHINE, SPRING, SMILES.

When winter and its attendant worry are over we have sunshine, spring, and smiles. How kind is our Father above thus to order things! After the dreary, disagreeable winter, he cheers us with bright spring and her fair retinue. She comes with sunshine, smiles, songs, salutes. All nature rejoices, and all things are glad. Let us not call winter altogether dreary. Let us remember the bright, happy Thanksgiving-day, joyous Christmas, and beaming New Year. Then, too, we must not forget the fireside gatherings—the long winter evenings around the blazing fire. No time is happier than this, when the entire family, and perhaps some relatives or friends, are assembled around a cheerful fire on a winter's day or night.

What help to our faith, when we remember the old family Bible and the voice of him who read

from it in our childhood days, and the circle of little ones kneeling around the fire!

Spring's sunshine brings forth smiles of gladness; winter's sunshine warms up the soul, and produces gratitude to God for His wonderful love and kindness.

#### Signing the Farm Away.

FIX old farm for a hundred years

Kept in the family name;

Cornfields rich with golden ears

Oft as the harvest came;

Crowded barn and crowded bin,

And still 'loads kept coming in—

Rolling in for a hundred years;

And the fourth in the family line appears.

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill;

Cider—forty barrels, they say,

Sure in season to come from the mill,

To be tasted round Thanksgiving day!

And they drank as they worked and ate,

Winter and summer, early and late,

Counting it as a great mishap

To be found without "a barrel on tap."

But, while the seasons crept along,

And passions into habits grew,

Their appetites became as strong

As ever a drunkard knew.

And they laboured less, and they squandered more,

Chiefly for rum at the village store,

Till called by the sheriff, one bitter day,

To sign the homestead farm away.

The father, shattered and scented with rum;

The mother, sick, and pale and thin,

Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,

In debt for the bed she was lying in;

Oh! I saw the wrecked household around her stand—

And the justice lifted her trembling hand,

Helping her, as in her pain she lay,

To sign the homestead farm away.

Ah, how she wept, and the flood of tears

Swept down her temples bare!

And the father, already bowed with years,

Bowed lower with despair.

Drink! Drink! It had ripened into woe

For them and all they loved below,

And forced them, poor and old and gray,

To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, many scenes have I met in my life,

And many a call to pray;

But the saddest of all was the drunkard's wife

Signing the farm away!

Home, once richest in all the town,

Home, in that fatal cup poured down,

Worse than fire or flood's dismay—

Drunkard's signing the farm away!

#### A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

SOME time ago, a Cambridge lady, who was remarkable for her dignified bearing as for her personal beauty and grace, entered a crowded horse-car where there were a number of Harvard undergraduates, all of whom arose to offer her a seat. She accepted one with thanks. Presently the car stopped, when a poor woman with a baby in her arms, entered it. Not a seat was offered her. The lady waited a few moments, and then finding that her young admirers took no notice of the woman, she rose and asked the woman to take her seat. At once a dozen young men sprang up and again tendered their seats to her, but she persisted in standing, and had full opportunity of noticing the confusion of the young collegians. It was a quiet but effective rebuke. A statement of the affair soon got over the college, and no undergraduate could be found to admit that he was in the horse-car that evening.

"JAMES, how is it that my butcher's bills are so large, and I always have such bad dinners?" "Really, sir, I don't know; for I am sure that I never have anything nice in the kitchen that I don't send some of it up to the dining-room."

September.

BY J. O. WHITTIER.

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out,  
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;  
Once more with harvest-song and shout  
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.  
Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.  
O favours every year made now!  
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fulness shames our discontent.  
We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on:  
We murmur, but the corn ears fill:  
We choose the shadow; but the sun  
That casts it, shines behind us still.

FOUR GIRLS.

HOPE DARING.

It was the week before commencement at the Methodist college in the village of Layton. In Professor Gray's room the freshmen were taking their last examination in Latin. Outside the open window the breeze gently waved the green leaves, while a robin sang as if it was indeed "the one day of the year." Occasionally a paper was laid on the desk and a student smiled brightly at the kind old professor's query, "How went the battle?" or slowly and gravely left the room. The door opened and a tall, slender girl, with an earnest, frank face and wide-open gray eyes entered.

"Good afternoon, Miss Redmond. Examinations are over for you, are they not?"

"Yes, but I am sorry when I think this is my last term at Layton. Please may I speak to Nellie just a moment?"

"Certainly; she is by the south window."

With a pleasant smile and greeting to one and another, she crossed the room to the side of a girl clad in mourning.

"Have you nearly finished, dear?"

"I will be ready to go in ten minutes."

"Then I will wait for you in the library," and Barbara Redmond quietly left the room. Descending the stairs she entered the library where she had spent many happy hours, for she was a senior, and had learned to love Layton and its surroundings. The room was deserted, and sitting down at a little reading table, she allowed her mind to wander back over the four years she had spent at school. She did not hear Nellie open the door, but her voice brought her back from dreamland.

"Are you asleep? Come, let us go, for my head aches, and I am choking for a breath of air."

Nellie Smith was a blonde, fair and childish, but a keen observer would have said her chin and mouth told of a resolute will and great strength of mind.

Chatting merrily, the two girls proceeded up the street until they reached a pleasant house situated on the river bank. Passing up stairs, Barbara and Nellie entered the parlour they occupied in common with two other students. It was a cheery room, one window filled with plants, and the large round table covered with books and drawing materials.

Floy Munson sprang up from the piano as they opened the door. She graduated from the conservatory of music the next week. Floy was small, with a face in no ways remarkable save for the luminous black eyes. "Eyes full of music," as Nellie expressed it.

"I was wishing some of you would come, for I have no heart for music to-day. There is Madge coming up the street."

Plump, graceful little Madge Redmond, Barbara's cousin, was an art student, and came running up stairs crying, "Yes, it is done. The Rubicon is

passed. My picture is hung, and girls, I do almost believe I'll win the prize."

"What a state of mind that must be," laughed Floy, "of course you will win. I shall disown you if you do not."

"I am so tired," said Nellie, "do let's sit down and have a good talk. Oh, girls, how we shall miss these talks!"

"Don't talk about that now," commanded Barbara, as she brought a pillow and made Nellie lie down on the couch. "Floy, take this rocking-chair, and Madge, dear little butterfly, can you sit down quietly?"

For reply Madge brought a hassock and sat down at her cousin's feet, resting her head against Barbara's knee. A moment's silence fell upon the party, broken by Madge.

"Girls, what do you most desire the future to bring you? What do you expect your lives will be?"

"There's a vast difference in your two questions," answered Nellie. "What I desire is so different from what my life is to be, that I for one could not answer you in one breath."

"Take two, then," was Madge's saucy reply, "but it will be as good as having our fortunes told. So we will each tell our desires and expectations. Commence, some one."

"We are waiting for the originator of this scheme to begin," said Floy.

Madge made her as sweeping a bow as her lowly position would admit. "I lead in the presence of two seniors? I'm too modest. Barbara, you have helped me out of innumerable scrapes, just help me now; there's a darling."

Barbara laid her slender hand on the reddish-brown curls. "Of course I will, cousin. My immediate future you all know. Thanks to my dear doctor brother, a position as assistant in the Vernon school awaits me. What I most desire can be told in one brief sentence—to be a doctor. But all the dead and gone generations of Redmonds would protest if 'one of the ancestral name should step down from a lady's position,' as my father expresses it. Why should it be worse for me to practise medicine than to teach? My brother sympathizes with me, and will plead my case at home, so I will not despair. Now, Nellie."

"To leave Layton now, girls, at the close of my freshman year, is a greater trial than I can tell you. But Christmas Day, when papa lay dying, he called me to him and talked of mamma's poor health. He said Norah or I must remain with her. Norah is to be married in September, so my duty is plain"—there was a touch of tears in the low sweet voice. "She thinks we will go to Europe next year, and I shall devote my life to her. I never speak of the one thing I long to do, and may surprise you; but, dear friends, I wish I could be a missionary. I am not speaking without thinking, for I have dreamed of this for years. I would gladly give up my luxurious home and pleasant surroundings to carry the story of the Saviour's love to those who sit in darkness."

Floy sprang up and knelt by Nellie's side. "You darling! you shame me, for I have no such lofty purpose. You know my parents are not wealthy, and it has been a struggle for them to keep me here. So I shall commence at once to give lessons, and am to be organist in our home church. The one dream of my life is to study music under Italy's blue sky. Doubtless it will always be a dream. Music—that expresses it all, and I also hope to lighten the burdens of my dear parents."

Barbara, who was always leader, smiled approvingly upon Floy, then turned to her cousin.

Madge burst forth, "Girls, I shall have to marry."

"I thought Charlie's devotion would touch your heart," began Floy, teasingly.

"Don't talk nonsense," was Madge's abrupt reply. "Of course four beautiful talented maidens, like the present assembly, could not go through life unmated, and as none of you included a husband in your plans, I shall find one. I received a letter to-day from my uncle in Boston. He is rich, an old bachelor, and full of whims and queer fancies. He writes that my teacher gives such a good account of me he has concluded to help me. Thinks I should devote my life to art, and bids me come to Boston this fall and pursue my studies under a noted artist, and his home is open to receive me. I am grateful, but why did he not send me a few thousands and let me study where I please? I love art, and shall try to do something of which you may be proud, but I love money, or the things money can buy. I shall marry a rich husband. Not an old miser, but a Prince Charming, who can give me velvets and diamonds. Then, sweethearts, you shall have everything you want."

Barbara stooped and kissed her. "I am glad to hear of your uncle's kind offer. And I know you are too true to sell yourself for riches."

"There is the supper bell," said Floy. "Come, Madge, my generous darling, may I escort the Princess Charming to tea?"

That was ten years ago. Let us glance at them to-night, and see how well their present agrees with the pictures they drew that June night at Layton.

Barbara first. For two years she was an earnest, enthusiastic teacher; then she accepted the hand of a talented young Episcopal minister. Three bright boys play around her chair, and our would-be doctor is a happy wife and mother.

Nellie cared for her invalid mother for three years, sacrificing every wish to the will of her loved but exacting parent. Then death came, and Nellie was alone and very wealthy. She returned to Layton, finished her college course, and then, when her life's dream was about to become a reality, physicians pronounced her too delicate to brave a foreign climate. It was a disappointment, "but there is work here," she wrote Barbara, and straightway set herself to work. She lives at Layton. It is a bustling city now, and Nellie's home is a resting-place for the weary student, a home for the orphan child, while she is sister, mother, friend, to many of God's poor. A beautiful life—and she is quiet, gentle Nellie as of old.

"Music and to help my parents," was to be Floy's work. It was well done until, three years after leaving Layton, she was stricken down by a fever. She was buried on what was to have been her wedding day. Oh, we thought our hearts were breaking that glorious September day when we gathered around her coffin in the church of her childhood. Now we know it was best and she is safe, forever safe, while that dear voice chants the praises of heaven's King.

Madge is still Madge Redmond, and while the years have brought her repose of manners and wondrous beauty, in many respects she is unchanged. Wealth and social success are hers now, not by a fortunate marriage, but by her pictures. She has a lovely home at Boston, which she shares with a younger brother and sister whom she is educating.

So we leave them. Not leading just the lives they planned, but cheerily doing the work God gives them.

A CHRISTIAN woman said, when speaking of a path of service which was fraught with toil and trial: "I do not wish to leave this place until I have an honourable discharge."

**The Way that Jesus Grew.**

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man."

WE marked one summer's morn'g  
Their height upon the wall;  
First Grace, then little Alice,  
Next Hal, who stood so tall.  
"We've all grown," said Hal, proudly,  
His brown eyes bright and clear;  
"If we keep on, I wonder  
How tall we'll be next year."

Said little Alice gently—  
Her eyes were soft and blue—  
"I hope that we'll be growing  
The way that Jesus grew."  
It chanced at prayers that morning  
This verse was hers to say:  
"Jesus increased in wisdom  
And stature day by day,

With God and man in favour,  
Dear Lord, the lesson teach,  
Thy meekness of behaviour,  
The wisdom of thy speech;  
How as a child thou lived'st,  
Unselfish, gentle, true:  
Till all earth's little children  
Shall grow as Jesus grew.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

REMEMBER

THE

**S. S. AID COLLECTION**

ON

REVIEW SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 29TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday, in September, is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves

are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of Circuits and Superintendents of Schools will kindly see that—in every case—the collection is taken up.

It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday School Secretary, who shall, in turn, remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the Lay Treasurer of the fund.

The claims on this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Over four hundred new schools have been started in the last three years by means of this fund. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

A minister in New Brunswick writes: "The blessings derived from your valuable papers will not be fully known until we meet on the other shore."

A missionary in British Columbia writes: "I cannot begin to tell you how much good is being done by the Sunday-school papers you have sent us. Both young and old receive them gladly, and read them with much profit. They now find their way into nearly every Protestant home on this mission, which is over three hundred miles in length; and there are many families who would have no religious reading were it not for the grant from the Sunday-school Aid Fund."

Another missionary in British Columbia writes: "The Sunday-school papers come as weekly messengers of peace and love into many places where there is no regular religious service, and into many homes where Christ is not known. It is a great encouragement to those who wish to work for God in teaching the children the way of life, to receive a grant of papers."

Another missionary in Newfoundland writes: "Just now it is utterly impossible to get a collection. I took up a Connexional Fund collection in the church recently, and with about three hundred persons present, we received fourteen cents. The people generally are lacking the common necessities of life. It is semi-starvation with many; and raising money for any purpose is out of the question."

A missionary at Grand Manan writes: "Your superior publications have largely served in making our school one of the most interesting and successful on the island. I have no hesitancy in stating that, for the price, your Sunday-school papers are superior to any extant on this continent. The vast good you are thus doing will never be known till the resurrected nations shall stand before the Great Judge, and each man receive the reward justly due him."

Another missionary in Newfoundland writes: "Our work here is done in the midst of poverty and ignorance; but there are many hopeful signs. One of the most promising being the eagerness with which the people—both young and old—crave for pure literature. It has been my earnest desire to spread reading matter of the right sort, and your response to my appeal has gladdened my heart and strengthened my hands."

A LITTLE two year-old went to church for the first time; and the choir were in the high gallery with a clock on the front. "What did you see at church?" asked auntie, when he came home. "I saw some folks sing up on the clock shelf."



**THE FAIRY NETS OF THE SPIDER.**

JOHN BURROUGHS, in his "Autumn Tides," thus discourses about the spiders in the fall:—

"Looking athwart the fields under the sinking sun, the ground appears covered with a shining veil of gossamer. A fairy net, invisible at mid-day, rests upon the stubble and upon the spears of grass, covering acres in extent—the work of innumerable spiders. . . . At the same time stretching from the tops and branches of trees, or from the top of a stake in the fence, may be seen the cables of the flying spider—a fairy bridge from the visible to the invisible."

Another writer thus defends the spider:—

"Strange, as some people may think it, the spider is really a very useful creature. We owe to it the destruction of numerous insects that would inflict on us the most serious injury. . . . Even, as it is, and in spite of innumerable spiders, as well as birds, farmers sometimes lose largely by the damages inflicted on their crops by particular kinds of small insects. . . . The web of the common garden spider is a very beautiful structure, being composed of silken threads arranged like the spokes of a wheel, crossed at intervals by spiral filaments. . . . These silken threads are in reality composed of numerous threads twisted together in a kind of cable by the spinnerets of the spider."—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

**A COSTLY GLASS OF WINE.**

THE Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, King of France, was the inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man, physically and intellectually. One morning he invited in a few of his companions as he was about to leave Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he partook of wine.

Bidding his companions adieu, he entered his carriage; but for that glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage; but for that glass of wine he might have alighted upon his feet. His head struck the pavement; senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop, and there died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of \$100,000,000 and sent the whole family into exile.

Neither you nor the one whom your example leads astray may be a prince or the heir-apparent of an earthly crown; but you may both be heirs of immortal riches, and a crown that fadeth not away. See to it that your indulgence shall not deprive you or another of such an inheritance.—*Selected.*



"HOUSELESS, HOMELESS, MOTHERLESS."

**WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?**

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

THAT is the great question. And who can answer it? And of a hundred answers who can tell which is the right.

"I go to one man," you say, "and he directs me this way; I go to another, and he directs me back again. This man claims to speak with authority, and he talks of the priest and sacraments, of absolution and confession; whilst the other man claims an equal authority, and he talks of an honest life, and doing one's duty."

But, good friend, why go to any man? If I want the Lord to save me, what he says about it is everything, and not what anybody else may. Let us ask honestly, "What does the Word of God say?"

The Lord himself directs us thus: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so shall the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." Nothing can be more simple and explicit than that is. The people of Israel had begun to murmur against God. To reprove their sin, and to bring them to a sense of their dependence upon him, he sent a plague of serpents into their midst. Their bite was fatal, and much people died. They could find no cure amongst themselves. The

whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." No church can save us, no priest, no minister. Come to him, simply and heartily. The blessed Lord Jesus—he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

Another begins to object and argue about it: "Whatever difference can it make that a man looks at it? If he is bitten, he is bitten, and what his eyes happen to see cannot make any difference to him. If he is to die, he must; and if he is to get better, he will. How can looking at a brazen serpent have anything to do with his getting well?"

"Why, man," we should reply, "don't play the fool like that! If God has appointed this as the remedy, it shall not fail. He can make a look to cure us as easily as anything else. If that is the condition of being healed, look and live."

"Even so hath the Son of man been lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." And like the man of old, will somebody begin objecting to it,—“What a man is, that is everything—not what he believes. Believing can't make any difference.”

Hold—that is not so, to begin with. What a man believes makes all the difference. He who perished at the Alps the other day was a good climber, and a brave man, and of great strength. He believed that where he put his foot was solid

charmners could not charm them away, and the magicians were powerless with their enchantments. The priests, and their spells, and their music, and their signs could do nothing against them. Then the people cried to God.

And he directed Moses to make a serpent of brass, and set it up on a pole: and it came to pass that he who looked at the brazen serpent lived.

Now if that was the way God appointed, what folly it would have been for any man to begin arguing about it, or seeking any other way. Think of some dying man talking thus: "Oh, I really don't know what to do. Some say that I must go over the hill, and some say that I must go round the hill. Some say that I must take this gate, and some say that the other is the only right one. So I think I shall let them settle their difference before I set out."

How should we answer him? Almost angrily, I think. "Why, poor fool to talk so! You are dying, and your only chance is to get to the brazen serpent. Never mind whether it is over the hill, or round the hill, or through the hill for that matter. Never mind whether you go in at this gate or the other. The gate cannot save you. Get away to the brazen serpent, or you will surely die."

"Even so hath the Son of man been lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." No church can save us, no priest, no minister. Come to him, simply and heartily. The blessed Lord Jesus—he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

ground, when suddenly the little covering of snow gave way, and he was hurled down hundreds of feet into the dark chasm that was hidden below it. Out yonder on the rocks are the naked ribs of a wreck. The captain was a steady man, a good sailor, a master of navigation. He believed that this lighthouse was the next; and instead of entering the harbour, he ran upon the rocks, and all hands perished. Why, in a hundred things a day it makes all the difference what a man believes. You believed that it was the right way, but when you had gone a mile, you found it was wrong. The Lord has appointed the way,—what folly it is for anybody to talk against it.

But here is one dying whose case is very different. See him with his head hung down, and his eyes fixed on the desert sand, and in every feature the misery of despair. "It is not for me," he mutters, "it is not for me, I am too old. It could never heal me. My case is too far gone. Too late, too late!"

No, it was never too late for him who would look. If any man looked at the serpent he lived. Even so hath the Son of man been lifted up that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life. Whosoever believeth. Whoever you are, reader, whatever you are, there is the Lord's word to you. Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish. You can find nothing to shut you out. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am the chief. Jesus Christ is now able and willing to save you.

"But believing—what is that; and how am I to believe in him?"

Trust him as your Saviour, No words about faith help us much, I think. It springs up out of the heart when we look at what Jesus has done for us. Put the question to yourself, How can the Lord save me from the curse and penalty of my sin however much he loves me, and however great and mighty he may be? Love cannot forgive sin. The judge dare not acquit his friend who is guilty. You and I could not trust a love that should do so. Indeed it would not be love—unholy love is lust. Love cannot forgive sins:—nor can power. The king would outrage right and justice who gathers together his forces and rescues his favourite from prison, saying, "What is right or wrong to me? I am king, I will do as I like." God himself cannot so forgive sin. It is a breaking of the eternal law—a transgression of the eternal right. Love cannot pass it over; omnipotence cannot make light of it. But the father gave his only begotten Son to suffer our penalty. The Son of God lays down his life for us—the just for the unjust. He gathers upon himself the curse of our sins. They are not hushed up and hidden; but they are brought out, and in the face of men and angels and devils the claim of broken law is met and satisfied. And now he is able to save—able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him. Trusting in Jesus with all my heart and putting all my confidence in him, I am saved. He died for me—and believing in him, I shall not perish but have eternal life.

Cast yourself now upon the Lord Jesus Christ. Undone, unworthy, lost—cast yourself upon him as your friend who loves you, your Mighty Helper who can save you, your Redeemer who laid down his life for you. Seek him diligently and he will not let you wander in darkness. As of old, when the wise men came on through the night asking after him, there appeared the clear shining of his star to lead them, and it went before them till it stood over where Jesus was, so he shall guide your steps. His light shall lead you to himself. You shall find his love waiting to welcome you, and you shall



"I'm sorry to hear this about the school," said Mr. Worthington, with a grave face, "but you must not do it rashly, Haslam. It's quite natural for you to be anxious, but you could not bring little Phil here. When you are in better circumstances come and talk with me about it, and I'll make some inquiries about the school. We must say good-bye now."

"I'll light you down the stairs, ma'am," said Haslam, taking the candle in his hand, and going down the steep and crooked staircase before his visitors. He returned with a strange, bad smile, and a look of triumph on his face; but he said nothing, and Tom could not guess what he was thinking about.

Soon afterwards it was time for Phil to go back to school, and Haslam said he would walk up to Edwick Geen with him, as Tom was too wearied with his day's work, and he did not come in again until long after Tom had fallen into a heavy and refreshing slumber upon his hard bed.

The next week Haslam entered upon his new regular employment at Worthington's mill. His wages were good, and he was able to indulge himself more constantly in dainty things to eat and drink; but he had less liberty, and he was cut off from his night-rambles, wherever they might have been. Tom did not expect him to keep the pace long, but still he went on steadily from week to week, very much to Tom's surprise and satisfaction. There was, moreover, greater thought and reflection evidently at work in his mind. At night, after his supper was finished, he would sit still and think, with his head sunk upon his breast, and his eyelids closed; and now and then his lips would move, as if his thoughts were about to shape themselves into audible words.

There were other good signs of a change, which Tom saw with great thankfulness. He made friends with Nat Pendlebury, and would sometimes sit with him for an hour after the other hands had left the mill, fondling and playing with his dog, and talking about Alice and the little ones at home. Nat's guileless heart rejoiced greatly over Tom, and he began to feel sure that they had reached that place in the bill of Tom's life where it was set down, "Here Tom's father turned good."

Both Mr. Worthington and Bauner heard the good report of Haslam with much satisfaction, and the latter immediately proposed to Tom to set him on in his former mode of doing business, only with a better and smarter donkey-cart. The time was come when it was necessary that Tom should be relieved from the heavy weight of his basket, for, though he never complained of it, he felt his strength failing more and more every day; yet he hesitated a long while before he would accept Bauner's hearty offer, and it was only when he said he would rather the trial was made and failed, than not undertaken at all, that Tom at last consented. When Haslam took an interest in the new cart, and did a few carpentering jobs at it, to fit it up better for Tom's use; and once again the boy found himself driving in a business-like way from the market streets where his customers dwelt.

The long and bitter trial seemed past. His father had apparently entered fully upon a changed and reformed life, and he himself had been permitted to take up again the position which he had forfeited by his short-sighted sin. But it was not so now as in the former days. No more had the love of money-power to sway one thought of Tom's heart. He had set his affections firmly upon things above; and as the coins began to chink again in his money-bag, they had little music for him, except as they reminded him to thank the Father, from whom cometh every good gift and every per-

fect gift. But still Haslam was in no hurry to change his cheap lodgings for some more decent and more expensive. He was saving his money, he said, to make a thorough change, and to get a home good enough to bring little Phil to. Tom did not dread this as much as he had once done, and he was willing enough to give up his own earnings to increase the sum of his father's savings, which Haslam put by week after week in a strong box, cunningly concealed under the ceiling of their room; for, as he said, it would be of no use to deposit the money in the Savings Bank, when they would want it out so soon.

Tom and Alice began to look out for a little house not far from Pilgrim Street, which would do for the new home, and be near enough for Alice to run in sometimes and put everything tidy. It was just possible that a neighbouring house might be vacant in the course of a few weeks; but the tenants in Pilgrim Street were used to remain a long time, as it was a respectable and quiet little court through which there was no thoroughfare. Still there was a hope, and in the meantime they could do nothing better than wait patiently, and look out for any vacancy in the immediate neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

THE DO-WITHOUTS.

It is a band of girls, who are trying to help on a good cause by doing without, and they are finding it very sweet and blessed.

One of them read a story about some girls who were doing without for Jesus' sake, and the story told where to write for the badges and all about it. She told her three intimate friends, and they all liked the idea. They told their friends, and the result is a band of nine girls, who wear the simple little bronze badge bearing the monogram, "F. J. S."—"For Jesus' sake," and who promise only to "look for opportunities to do without for Jesus' sake."

They have met two or three times and told each other how lovely it all is, but we are not going to tell you what they said. We will only whisper this: that the candy man, and the fruit man, and the ribbon man have less money nowadays, and a cause dear to the heart of our blessed Lord, who gave all things for our sakes, has more!

These dear girls wrote to Lucy Rider Meyer, 114 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, for the badges, which cost only five cents each. They wear the badges, and tell their friends, when asked, what it all means. They are modest Christian girls, and so they do not parade them, but they show their colours, and speak when spoken to.

Oh, for the true spirit of self-denial to come into the heart of every one of the followers of Jesus!

A HOT POULTICE ON THE STOMACH.

MANY a person is suffering and almost dying from dyspepsia, who might be cured by following this simple direction: "Put nothing into your stomach that you would be afraid to put for a poultice on a raw sore."

In such a case a man would not need much spice, pepper, salt, peppersauce, mustard, whiskey, "benzine," or anything of that kind, but rather something simple, plain, bland, and well fitted to make the blood which sustains the human system.

Thousands of persons every day put into their stomachs messes which if they were placed on the outside would draw a blister in less than twenty-four hours. And after filling themselves with that kind of trash for thirty or forty years, they go around with their hands on their stomachs and

wonder what can be the matter. Nothing has ever hurt them; they have always eaten everything they wanted to; but by-and-by they find themselves unable to eat anything, and perhaps suffer untold agonies, and die, leaving behind a subject for the doctors to examine and see whether it was a cancer in the stomach, or what it was that ailed the patient.

A man who blisters the inside of his stomach every day for forty years, might reasonably expect a cancer there, and might fitly wonder that he had enough stomach left to hold a cancer.

Old-Fashioned Methodism.

BY M. V. MOORE.

I HAVE watched my papers closely, to keep up with the news;

I have read of different churches, their pulpits and their pews;

I read of decorations fine, read of the towering spire, And how artistic are the songs as rendered by the choir; A modern, new religion, too, most popular seems to be; But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

I read of heavy Brussels ailes, and velvet cushioned seats;

And how the white-gloved sexton smiles, and coming people meets;

Of Eucharist in silver too—of gold baptismal fonts— And several "tonny" practices the Saviour never counts; I find old customs laughed at much—they're "out of style," I see;

But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

The congregation singing, too—that now has got to go, As obsolete, old-timey, and as all too plain and slow—

The idea now an organ is, and ballet girls select— And a fellow in a scissor-tail to stand up and direct;

But give to me the dear old hymns when singing all was free,

And good old-fashioned Methodism—they're good enough for me.

I find camp-meetings scoffed at now, and ridiculed—as "straw"—

The thing now aimed at mostly is a preacher who can draw—

No penitents, but stylish folks who laugh and wh-applaud—

Not men with money, heart and hand, for heathen lands abroad;

The preacher now to be in vogue most eloquent must be; But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

The sermon, too, must not be long—say half an hour at most;

And when you join this modern church you've got to count the cost;

The poorer folk are only reached by mission men and tracts;

And what we need to save our souls the new religion lacks; It says to pride and righteous self, they need not bend the knee;

But good old fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

The dear old ways they now deride as stale or out of date;

The new religious mission seems to be to innovate; Old customs now have to got go—this seems to be the word;

The Gospel call *Repent or Die!* is seldom ever heard; Sensation much the people ask—the conscience must be free—

But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

They say don't talk to people's souls—don't touch the sinner's heart—

To preach to Taste and Reason is the new religion's art; The times, 'tis said, demand a change—old ways are dry and dead—

And so the new religion now just caters to the Head! I may be old—a foggy—crank—behind the age may be—

But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

"EVERYTHING has gone so smoothly to-day!" said a little girl; "all my lessons in school were perfect. I helped clear away the dinner things, I have learned my Bible verses, and I have 'most done my knitting; and it is because I feel willing-hearted to-day."



**The Hebrew Proverb.**

BY MIRIAM K. DAVIS.

SEE the swarthy toilers sweating under Egypt's burning skies - Not a moment for repining, not a breath to spare for sighs; Hope itself so long quiescent, they forget it has not fled; Faith so long reviled and taunted that it surely must be dead. Human strength can bear these burdens till they weight it to the ground, Human patience still endure! till deliverance is found; When the task ordained by Pharaoh heart and soul and sense benumbs, "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes."

Homely toil and sodden longings - what to us such lowly things? Shall the soul that strives for freedom o'er them droop her fluttering wings? Ave! for never work so lowly but of life it is a part; Never trials grow so petty but they fret the human heart As the winter follows summer, after labour cometh rest, And the Voice divine hath told us that the mourner shall be blest. Surely, though he needs no herald, clash of horns, or beat of drums, "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes."

Comfort ye, whose hearts impatient long for better things than than these; In the future waits deliverance that no mortal vision sees. Though the daily task oppress thee, others yet have laboured more; Thou canst bear, and strength not fail thee, what has been endured before. Something dear has still been left thee, as the drudging thousands see. Stars unclouded shine in promise of the nation yet to be; And, if all but faith should fail thee, thus the sage his wisdom sums: "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes."

**LESSON NOTES.**

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1066] LESSON XII. [Sept. 22

DEATH OF SAUL AND HIS SONS.

1 Sam. 31. 1-13. Memory verses, 4 & 6

GOLDEN TEXT.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil. Psalm 31. 16.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Saul's Death, v. 1-7.
- 2. Saul's Burial, v. 8-13.

TIME. - 1066 B.C.

PLACE. - Mount Gilboa.

**EXPLANATIONS.** - *Archers* - Men who fought with bow and arrow. A very effective instrument of ancient warfare. *A sword, and fell upon it* - This was in ancient and classical times the favourite method of escaping death at the hand of the enemy. Roman and Greek literature contains many instances. *All his men* - Not every soldier of the army, but all his immediate household. *Other side of the valley* - That is, on the opposite side of the great plain of Jezreel. *On the other side Jordan* - That is, on the western side, opposite to Jabesh-gilead. The Philistines thus had at once possession of the whole north of Palestine.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where in this lesson are we taught -

- 1. That "the wages of sin is death?"
- 2. That the innocent often suffer with the guilty?
- 3. That good deeds will be remembered?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What caused the death of Saul? "Defeat by the Philistines." 2. Who else perished in the battle? "Three of his sons." 3. How much of the country was gained by

the Philistines by this battle? "All north-ern Palestine." 4. By whom was Saul's body buried? "By the men of Jabesh-gilead." 5. What prophecy was fulfilled by this battle? "That God hath rejected Saul?" 6. What great truth was thus emphasized afresh? "The face of the Lord is," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.** - God's hate for sin.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

44. What is meant by saying that God is gracious and merciful?

That he is full of compassion, slow to punish sin, and ready to forgive.

The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth. Exodus 34. 6.

**TEMPERANCE LESSON.**

B.C. 1066.] (Sept. 29

1 Sam. 25. 23-31, and 35-38.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess. Eph. 5. 18.

**OUTLINE.**

- 1. Selfishness, v. 23-31.
- 2. Drunkenness, v. 35-38.

TIME. - 1066 B.C.

PLACE. Carmel, a city of southern Judah.

**EXPLANATIONS.** - *Speak in thine audience* - That is, "Let me have an opportunity to speak with thee." *Trespases of thine handmaid* - She trespassed by coming, a woman, unbidden, to the presence of David, to change his purposes. *A man is risen to pursue*. Abigail means, "Saul is once more pursuing thee." *In the bundle of life* - The figure is taken from the custom of binding in bundles things that were valuable, to preserve them. *Fling out* - Throw away, as a stone is thrown from a sling, where it cannot be found. *Became as a stone* - Had a stroke of paralysis. *Smote Nabal* - Another and a severer stroke, which caused his death.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where in this lesson are we shown -

- 1. An example of self-debasement?
- 2. An example of courageous tact?
- 3. An example of self-conquest?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What caused the interview described in our lesson? "The wicked hostility of Nabal." 2. What service had David rendered to him? "Cared for his property in the wilderness." 3. What stopped David in his mission of vengeance? "The wisdom of Abigail." 4. While she was saving his life, what occupied Nabal at home? "A drunken feast in his house." 5. What was the effect of his fear and debauch? "He was stricken and died." 6. What lesson does his life teach? "Be not drunk," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.** - The sin of selfishness.

**ABOUT EARTHQUAKES.**

BY LEIGH NORVAL.

WHEN God gave the Ten Commandments from awful, red Sinai, "the whole mount quaked greatly." This is the first recorded earthquake, though many had gone before. The last will be when God's angel proclaims, "It is done," and there will follow "a great earthquake, such as was not seen since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great." A slight rocking of the solid ground, with peculiar swaying movement of a earthquake, awes. Suddenly and strangely it jars, and a strong house beats time to it like a pendulum, if the shock is severe.

Most of us can recall the rocking and the fright of 1886, when the city of Charleston, which was so prosperous and seemed so secure, had her houses sent reeling to the ground. It was dreadful even to read of the scenes

there. In one moment serene safety, the next a wild roar under ground of the advancing shock, and then the earthquake had seized the city in its terrible grasp. Imposing churches, handsome large stores, and fair homes shook and tottered, and crashed to pieces. Shrieks of agonized fright arose from people escaping for their lives, and wailings for the dead crushed under the fallen buildings lent a final horror to that night. The whole city deserted their homes and rushed into the open squares, and hundreds went down upon their knees imploring God's forgiveness and protection. All were deeply moved, but there were some who with sure and steadfast faith looked up to their heavenly Father, knowing he ruled even the earthquake before which man was so powerless. It is glorious to have an omnipotent Saviour for refuge in the hour of distress and peril. His tender love is ever about those who trust him; and earthquakes cannot harm the soul, whether they be earthquakes of sorrow or earthquakes which shake great cities to ruins.

The cause of earthquakes is not altogether understood. One supposition is that the cavities of the earth contain fiery melted rock, and if water finds its way to those cavities the steam produced presses for escape. It is also stated that where the earth's crust is thinnest there a shock is most apt to occur. There is a trembling which comes before the fierce violence of the most dreadful earthquakes, and which follows them. As the surface of the burning liquids under-ground cools, the steam is lessened, and sometimes causes a gentle quaking for several months.

In 1811 the earth rose and sank in waves at the town of New Madrid, on the Mississippi, and the place was nearly swallowed up. However, in our country, so blessed and prospered by our heavenly Father, there has been felt a mere hint of earthquakes. Twelve or thirteen, which destroy people and property, are said to occur yearly in the world. Since the Creation thirteen million human beings are supposed to have lost their lives from earthquakes; and in Italy, Portugal, South America, and the East Indies, thousands and thousands have been killed by them in one way or another in the last hundred years. The tremendous wave from the sea often sent in upon land by an earthquake drowns multitudes of people.

BE like children, who, no matter where they are, find something to entertain them. Imitate the bees, which extract honey from the flowers that even the thistle and the thorn-bush afford. The sunshine lends a glory to places unpleasant in themselves. So, by carrying the sunshine of a joyous, triumphant soul into the darkness that surrounds you, much of its gloom will be driven away.

**Cheap Pansy Books**

PAPER COVERS. ILLUSTRATED.

- Three People.
- The King's Daughters.
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