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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

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[No. 45]

MODERN JEWS. BY THE EDITOR.

NAPOLEON was once asked to give a proof of the truth of the Scriptures. The history of the Jews, he replied. That history is one of the most remarkable instances of fulfilled prophecy. The tale of their persecution by fire and faggot, by rack and dungeon, is one of the darkest pages in European story. Pillaged and plundered, scattered, branded and mutilated, smitten by every hand and execrated by every lip, they seemed to bear, in all its bitterness of woe, the terrible curse invoked by their fathers, "His blood—the blood of the Innocent One—be upon us and on our children." Trampled and beaten to the earth, decimated and slaughtered, they have yet, like the trodden grass, that ranker grows, increased and multiplied in spite of their persecution. Those "Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind," exiled from the home of their fathers, and harried from land to land, have verily eaten the unleavened bread and bitter herbs of bondage and drunken the waters of Marah. In many a foreign land they have sat beside strange streams and wept as they remembered Zion.

"Anathema Maranatha! was the cry that rang from town to town, from street to street; At every gate the accursed Mordecai Was mocked and jeered and spurned by Christian feet."

In the engraving we see a group of the Jews of Palestine—strangers in the land of their fathers—and aliens where they were once lords of the soil. They remind us of the words of the prophet: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down—yes, we wept as we remembered Zion." Many Jews come to Palestine from all parts of the world, that they may die there and lay their bones in its hallowed soil. Strange that they do not recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the true Messiah, of whom Moses and the prophets did write. Blindness in part is happened unto Israel, but the time is coming, in the providence of God, when the veil shall be taken away.



MODERN JEWS.

LESSONS FROM FLY PAPER.

THEN there is fly paper—the sort that catches flies and kills them by adhesion. Did you ever use it? You open the slowly parting folds, and spread its glimmering surface where the light would strike it right. You notice with pleasure how the deadly pitch has the enticing hue of sweetest golden syrup. Oh, artful imitator of the father of all mischief, who spreads the deceitful gay colours of sin so as to produce the most attractive effect!

The flies began to come very slowly at first, so slowly that you caught two or three and stuck them on to serve as stool pigeons. As the paper becomes more populous, appearance the insects come less coyly. You would see them hurrying to share the feast that many seemed enjoying. "Everybody does it." How regretfully and painfully some do it, and how glad they would be to stop doing it, that is not told. "Make room for me too," and down drops the eager fly to find, a little too late, that he has made a mistake. "Pitch! These fellows are eating pitch. I don't want pitch; I'll leave." But one foot was fast. He set his wings whirring to get free, and did not succeed. Then he understood that the flies that he saw buzzing so bravely were not doing it to signify their enjoyment. They were trying to get free.

He put another foot down to help his wings, and lo! two feet were fast. This was discouraging. He said: "I must be careful not to put down another foot," and as he said it another foot was caught. It was alarming. And the working of the wings grew very wearisome. He must rest. All his feet were caught. He leaned on one side to pull one of them free, and one of his wings touched the pitch.

The fly was doomed. As the fatal drowse came upon him he heard a humming voice in the air above cry: "Make room for me; I'm coming too."

"He can have my place and welcome." Yes, there is a good deal of suggestion in the smeared and dotted surface of a wall filled fly paper.

Save Your Pennies and Yourself.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER,
Superintendent of Narcotics, Penn., W. C. T. U.

SAVE your pennies, boys, you'll need them
In your business, by-and-bye;
You'll be glad the smoke's beneath you
When you climb life's ladder high.

Money grows; and, if you've got it,
Why, just plant it in a bank;
When you find how it increases
Friendly counsels you will thank.

With the mossy growth of interest
You can do some generous things;
And the good deeds will uplift you
Till your souls are touched with wings

Reach for naught that makes you poorer,
Shun the wily cigarette;
And tobacco's train that follows
You'll rejoice you never met.

There are highways broad to evil
Through the dim of drink and smoke,
But keep straight along the clear road—
Do not deem it brag or joke

To do aught that might defile you,
Count your gains of strength each day,
Knowing only in God's sunshine
You can make life's travel pay.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

CASTE.

DOUBTLESS the greatest obstacle to the spread of Christianity among the people of India is caste, which for immemorial years has prevailed among them. The Brahman cannot associate with the soldier, nor with the trader or farmer, least of all with the Sudra, or servile caste, nor these with each other. To eat or sleep or come in personal contact with one of another caste is pollution.

We call these caste-bound people heathen. We believe that Christ came to break down the "middle wall of partition," not only between Jews and Gentiles, but between all men everywhere, and to make all men brothers, as they all stand on an equal footing before God. But how do our actions comport with our beliefs?

"Are you going to the Sewing Society at Mrs. Jones's?"

"No, I don't think I shall."

Why not? Mrs. Jones is a member of the same church, and evidently trying to live a Christian life. She is regular in her attendance at church, and contributes to its support; her life now is blameless. Can her Lord and ours forgive her and we refuse to condone her? How is this?

The minister's wife will go, of course. She can go everywhere. And why? Simply because she is a Christian woman and a humble follower of Him who received sinners and ate with them; who came to seek and save that which was lost. Pariahs,

Mrs. Doane can go, for "she is one of the old members, you know, and she goes everywhere." Her husband was one of the leading men in the church till he died.

We have "university settlements," so called, in some of our cities. Intelligent, educated, refined women live in these settlements, and cultivate contact, association, intimacy, with those around them. Why? Because they are Christian women, and they know, as we all know, that really to help others, to lift others, we must be in touch with them. The people around this settlement seeing how their new neighbours live, will be constrained to imitate them. Cleanliness in person and environment begins to appear; flowers are cultivated; manners become gentler; tones of voice are modified; taste for reading begins to show itself. The ministry of sacred song aids in the beneficent work.

No one for an instant supposes that these young women enjoy coming in contact with untidiness, vulgarity, ignorance, vice. It was "for the joy set before him Christ endured the cross; and for the joy of winning souls to him, the joy of following in his footsteps, these women thus live and labour.

As in India, so in this country, caste, in one or many of its Protean forms, stands directly in the way of the spread of the Gospel. "Stand off. I am holier than thou"—how many professing Christians act this, though they do not speak it!

The true follower of Christ can go everywhere and mingle with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest, without losing a particle of his dignity, his purity, his self-respect; nay, in all these he is an infinite gainer. The Master sees and knows it all.

NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.

We have received from Messrs. Hunt & Eaton, New York, the following new Sunday School Library books:

Amos True Love; a Story of the Last Generation. By Charles R. Parsons, author of "A Story of the Man with a White Hat." New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an American reprint of this capital little book, published by the Wesleyan Conference Office, London, previously reviewed in these pages. It is an admirable picture of English country life, of pronounced religious teaching, while the numerous graphic engravings present a wide range of quaint English characters.

Sybil's Repentance; or, A Dream of Good. By Mrs. M. F. Haycraft.

This is another reprint describing English rural life with its relations—such as English life often has—to far-off India and the very ends of the earth. We meet the squire, the tutor, and the different grades of English society. The interest revolves round "the missing will," and everything comes right in the closing chapter, in which "God gives quietness."

Daisy Downs; or, What the Sabbath-school Can Do. Price 50 cents.

This is a well-written story, for junior scholars, whose scene is laid on this side of the sea, and it shows the wonderful transforming power of the Sunday-school, and is illustrated by a number of engravings.

Jacob Winterton's Inheritance. By Emilia Searchfield.

With an interesting narrative of English country life is woven a series of Bible readings on the call of Abraham, as "Haran and barrenness," "Shechem and Moreh—resting and learning," "Mamre and Hebron—fatness and strength," "Blessed and Blessing—Lot rescued." The three thousand-year-old experiences of the Patriarch find their application in the busy strifes and struggles of modern life.

Christmas Times in the Crocus Family. By Robin Ranger.

This book reminds us that the children's holiday is drawing near. It is full of radiant Christmas atmosphere, and will furnish admirable Christmas reading for our young friends.

Kitty's Dream, and Other Stories. By Mrs. R. S. Robins.

Mrs. Robins is the authoress of over a score of popular stories in which she has proved her ability to write with acceptance for young readers. The present volume with its pretty pictures will not be a disappointment to her old admirers.



TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

"Little Seabird" is another story by the same authoress. It is a story of the English coast and is full of the breath of the sea. It is a sort of sequel to the last mentioned volume. It tells the interesting story of the rescue of a little Spanish girl from shipwreck and her conversion to the Protestant religion.

Aunt Maggie's Corner, by Grace Gaylord, is a well-printed little book for younger scholars.

The Young Pilgrim; a Story Illustrating the Pilgrim's Progress. By A. L. O. E.

This popular author, who for some years has devoted her life to mission work in India, exhibits in this story her well-known literary skill and deep religious feeling. It furnishes an admirable illustration of Bunyan's immortal allegory, which is a true type of the pilgrimage of every converted soul from the City of Destruction to the City of the Great King.

TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

ONE day, as I sat at my office-desk writing busily, I heard a knock at the door. "Come in," said I.

The door opened, and there stood a small boy, very ragged and rather dirty. "What do you want?" I asked sharply; for I was annoyed at the interruption.

"Please, sir," said the boy, "will you set me up?"

It was such a queer request that I laughed outright. "Set you up?" said I. "You are not a bowling-pin, are you? What in the world do you mean?"

"Please, sir, I want to be set up in business."

"Oh! you want me to give you some money."

"No, sir, I only want to borrow."

"And how much do you want?"

"Only twenty cents, sir."

"What kind of business will that set you up in?"

"The newspaper business, sir. I want to buy papers."

"And you promise to pay the money back?"

"Yes, sir."

There was something about the boy that pleased me. I handed him two dimes, and he went away. A friend who happened in, just as I was closing the transaction, expressed the opinion that I had been imposed upon. "You will never see that little rogue again," said he.

Day after day passed, and I began to think my friend was right. The boy had not come back. But, just as I had about given him up, he appeared, and repaid the money honestly. I was so pleased, that I

made him a present of the amount, and added a trifle to it.

Two years or more afterwards, I stopped one day at a street-corner to have my shoes cleaned. As I placed my foot on the block, the bootblack looked up in my face, and said, "I should like to shine your shoes for nothing, sir."

"Why so?" said I.

"Don't you remember, sir, how you set me up?"

Then I recognized my old acquaintance, though he had grown so that I should hardly have known him. He was thriving, he told me, in his new line of business, and had no occasion now to borrow any more money.

He had improved greatly in his looks and, what was better, he had been improving himself in many other ways. He had learned to read and write, and, being ready to turn his hand to any honest work, he was trying bravely to make his way in the world.

All this happened a good while ago. I kept watch of that boy, and took great pleasure in finding that my first impression of him was correct. Whatever he undertook to do he did it with a will, and he soon found a better employment than blacking shoes.

He is now a prosperous merchant, and, if I were to tell you his name, you would hardly believe that he ever could have been Tom the bootblack.

SET DOWN THAT GLASS.

There is death in it. It contains ardent spirits, and it will destroy you.

"One glass will not destroy me," you say.

So said the man whom you saw drunk on the floor. So said the wretch whom you saw on the gallows, for committing murder while intoxicated. And so you will say until you become like them.

Set down that glass. I speak not to the drunkard, for he will not mind me. I speak not to the man who already loves strong drink so much as to think it necessary for his comfort or his health. I speak to the man who is yet free.

Set down the glass. There is death in it. Will you drink it? What urges you to do it?

"I am my own master," say you? Then let not strong drink become your master. I beseech you to stop this boozing or you are undone.

Set down that glass. Taste it no more.

A Boy's Promise.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

When school was out, and down the street,
A noisy crowd came thronging,
The hue of health and gladness sweet
On every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision:
That not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the other;
But I shall keep my word, boys, still:
"I can't—I promised mother."

Al! who could doubt the future course,
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother.

AN EPWORTH WASHING BEE.

BY K. G. WALKER.

It was a wretchedly hot day in August,
and the little town of Allendale lay blinking
in the sun, with scarce a tree to shade
house or street from his blazing rays.
Even in shady nooks life was a burden
such a day, and few there were in Allendale.
Mr. Allen's house, however, was a little
more pretentious than its fellows in
the way of creature comforts, and boasted
a most inviting porch, shaded by a great,
beautiful maple tree; and here Linda
Allen, in a cool gingham gown, was lazily
enjoying herself, swinging in a hammock.
"The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life"
had fallen carelessly at her feet—it was too
warm to read; her hands were clasped
behind her head, while her eyes were
dreamily fixed on the woodland sleeping in
the palpitating verge of the horizon.
Vistas of some delightful mountain region
fanned by delicious airs may have been
floating through her brain; but her
mother's voice brought her uncomfortably
back to the flat, sizzling, helpless little
town of Allendale.

"Linda dear, won't you please go down
to the store and ask papa if he will have
those blackberries in to-morrow?"

Linda's reluctant eyes wandered down
the hot, dusty road, and a wretched pucker
came into her forehead, and there was a
woeful protest in her voice, as she cried:
"Oh, mamma, I can't! It's so awfully
hot."

"I am very sorry, Linda, to ask you;
but Mary is tired and very busy; and you
have been taking it easy all day," was the
reply.

The reproach in her mother's eyes pierced
Linda's heart; and the thought instantly
flashed through her mind. He never
grumbled; his service was always willing,
loving; and she had promised to try to be
like him. A very far-off sort of disciple
she would be, she feared, if she kept on
this way.

"Oh, mamma, of course I'll go. Forgive
me for being so lazy and selfish!" with
eager repentance.

In a few minutes she was braving that
blinding sun and the dusty street. The
hot air seemed to blister her pretty face;
but she kept resolutely on, saying to her-
self, "Willing service! willing service!"
till she was smiling and serene.

As Linda passed the Widow Martin's
cottage on her return one of the widow's
half-dozen children was standing at the
gate, barefoot and dirty, crying.

"What is the matter, Lucy?" she in-
quired, kindly.

"Ma's awful sick, and we hain't had no
dinner," sobbed Lucy.

"I will go in and see your mother.
Perhaps I can do something for her," and
Linda opened the gate and followed the
child into the house.

Poor Mrs. Martin was very ill indeed.
Overcome with the heat, that day, she had
fallen beside her tub while washing, and
was now in a high fever. The children
were sitting around helpless and half-dazed,
except the oldest—a girl of eleven—who

was doing what she could for her sick
mother. Linda hardly knew what to do
herself, so she went after Miss Smart, the
old maid auntie of all the suffering and
old mawing in the village, and got her to go
over, and then sent their own doctor, who,
she was sure, could help the poor woman
if anyone could.

It was Epworth League night, and Linda
resolved to present the case at the meeting;
and see if they could not do something;
and surely there was call here for mercy
and help. Their League had been organized
run along somewhat lamely and uncertainly,
the devotional department being, in fact,
the only spoke in the wheel in working
order so far. The devotional meetings
had been well kept up in spite of the
weather; and so, as the stars shone down
through the soft summer twilight, eleven of
the Allendale Leaguers wended their way
to the little brown church.

Linda Allen was president of the League,
and after the customary song and prayer
she arose to tell the other Leaguers about
poor Mrs. Martin.

"Dear girls," began Linda, "I have
something very sad to tell you—"
"I'm here!" cried a voice, and then
Sam Norris, the only boy present, emerged
from a corner in the shadows.

Linda waited a moment for the inevitable
giggle to subside, and then gave the young
gentleman his proper recognition.

"Ladies and gentleman, I want to tell
you about poor Mrs. Martin. She is very
sick; nearly killed herself with that horrid
washing this awful weather, and you know
she has those six little children to support
by washing. I don't see what she is going
to do; and I think we ought to help her
some way. Just think, we've been an
Epworth League over three months and
haven't done a particle of mercy and help
work yet. Let us organize the department
to-night, and make poor Mrs. Martin our
care. I guess we can all go on the commit-
tee. I have a dollar I can give."

Linda was not very logical—a girl of
seventeen seldom is—but she was earnest
and sympathetic. Her fellow-Leaguers
crowded around her, eagerly asking details,
and in a few minutes a purse of several
dollars was made up for the sick woman.

"Money is sometimes a small part of
service," said Clara Daniels, a thoughtful
girl. "Mrs. Martin and the children must
be looked after while she is sick."

"Miss Smart is there," said Linda.

"That is splendid; but how in the world
is her washing to be done? You know she
washes for the Thompson house, and that
work must be done, or she may lose it.
And there is no one in the village we can
hire till she gets well."

Clara's remarks elicited a perfect chorus
of "Oh's!" and "Oh, dears!" and "Good
gracious!" and "That's so!" That wash-
ing was a block of stumbling.

"Why don't you girls make up a washing
bee and go down and do it?" Sam Norris
suddenly suggested.

"What!" screamed half a dozen girls at
once.

"Just what I said. Make up a washing
bee and go round and do the woman's
washing for her. You all know what an
apple bee is, I suppose," Sam explained.

Some of the girls looked doubtfully at
their small, soft hands; but they straight-
way settled down to a sober discussion of
Sam's plan. In a little while the programme
was made out. Six of the girls were to
take charge of the washing and ironing;
the other four were to take care of the
children and get the midday meal, while
Sam Norris was to split the wood and draw
water before he went to work.

This programme was carried out to the
letter. The Leaguers went down to Mrs.
Martin's house en masse Tuesday morning,
and did not yield their custody till the next
Saturday night. The result of their week's
work was better than they could have hoped
for. The washing and ironing were done
in excellent style; the children well cared
for, and all induced to try going to Sunday-
school; Mrs. Martin, freed from worry
and with good care, recovered rapidly; and
the townspeople, emulating the helpful
spirit of the girls, made up a purse of \$25.

Although the weather continued very
warm, the washing bee did not prove much
of a hardship to the girls, for sharing the
burden made it light. With merry chatter
and song the days spent in the great hot
kitchen flew swiftly by; and when the

week was over they all declared they had
had a "jolly time and were not a bit
tired."

"We will permanently organize our mercy
and help department and keep it in active
service," said Linda at the next Epworth
meeting.

"And I believe," she added, enthusias-
tically, "that loving our neighbour is better
than praying."

"My dear Linda, we must do both. But
I do not believe our praying helps us much
if it does not make us love our neighbour
both in deed and spirit," was Clara Daniels'
wise answer.

And all the Leaguers said "Amen."

**WHAT NERVE AND PLUCK
WILL DO.**

BY HOMER L. WARD.

"WHY, my boy, you can't do the work
I want done."

"Try me, sir, please."

"I can try you, but it stands to reason
that you are unfitted for such a task. You
don't seem to comprehend the nature of
the work."

"Oh, yes I do, sir. It is general lifting
and helping the porter in heavy work."

"That's it; you do understand it. Well,
if you want to try it, you can begin this
morning, although I shall expect to see you
give out in less than two days."

Mancel H—, a lad not weighing over
ninety pounds, accepted eagerly the situa-
tion, and went to work. Why had he
sought this position? Because it would
pay him three or four dollars a week more
than he was getting, and this would enable
him to take better care of his crippled
brother than he had been enabled to do
hitherto. This was one reason. But there
was another. Small of frame and apparently
weak in muscle, he had been perpetually
sneered at by those with whom he had
been working as "the runt," and he had
determined to show that he was capable of
great physical exertion.

Weeks went on, and Mancel satisfactorily
filled his position, and the head porter
reported quite favourably concerning him
to the proprietor of the establishment, Mr.
Killup. One day the latter called him into
the counting room, and said to him:
"Don't you get tired, my lad?"

"Oh, yes, sir, very, very tired," replied
Mancel, with that perfect frankness char-
acteristic of his nature. "But, sir, I sleep
so soundly that I feel rested again, and am
fresh and ready for the new day's tasks."

"But wouldn't you like some lighter
work?"

"Indeed, I would, sir, if I could get it,"
with utter frankness again spoke the lad,
colouring, however, at the implied pleading
there was in the reply.

"Well, young man, I discovered, by a
memorandum that you made the other day,
that you can write a good hand. I need an
entry-clerk, and, if you would like to, you
can take the place at the same wages you
are now getting, with a chance of increase
after awhile."

"I cannot tell how grateful I am to you,
sir, for your kindness."

"Never mind that," said the plain-
spoken merchant; "only do your duty,
and don't get ahead of your business, and
I will see that you are not neglected."

Mancel strove on; and, quick in figures,
he was before many months promoted to
assistant book-keeper, and then to cashier.
Years passed, and he became one of the
managers, and eventually one of the pro-
prietors of the great mercantile establish-
ment which he had entered as assistant
porter.

Now, this isn't so strange a story in this
country, where merit and industry are
recognized and rewarded as in no other on
the face of the earth; but it is a true story,
and the hero of it occupies a high position
to-day under the government of the United
States. The obstacles he overcame, any
poor boy may overcome. The promotion
he gained, any worthy lad may gain. The
name he made, any young man of nerve and
principle and laudable ambition may make.
The road to success has always rough sec-
tions in it, but they are never too rough to
be surmounted by patient industry, un-
flinching determination, and ceaseless
energy.

DON'T BE STINGY.

We ought certainly to give money as
liberally to help such a work as the Tem-
perance cause as any other good work that
is being carried on; but we are afraid with
a good many people that this is not the
case.

There are grasping people in the world
that grudge giving a dollar to almost any
good cause. They seem to think that happi-
ness lies in getting hold of every cent
they can and keeping it with a dreadfully
tight grip. They are as likely to find happi-
ness in this way as a Scotchman once was
to catch fish. He had been out fishing
all day in a loch in Selkirkshire, and had
never had a bite. A shepherd had been
watching him all the time, and as he was
turning to go home in a very desponding
mood, the shepherd said—

"Ye'll no hae killed mony trout the
day?"

"No; I've had no sport at all—not a
nibble."

"I dare say no," replied the shepherd,
"for it's weel kent there was never a trout
in that loch since the beginning of crea-
tion."

A man who seeks happiness in mere
money, is fishing where there has been no
fish since the creation of the world.

"I've been a member of this church for
twenty years," said a man in a social meet-
ing, "and it has only cost me twenty-five
cents." The minister who was present
said to him, "The Lord have mercy on
your poor stingy soul!"

A man was once noted for his loud
"Amens" in prayer-meetings. He would
shout and respond at a great rate, and some-
times rather disturbed the quieter portion
of the worshippers. One evening he was un-
usually demonstrative. The leader of the
meeting requested a brother to try and stop
him. In a few moments the exclamations
all ceased.

"How did you succeed so quickly?"
asked the leader afterwards.

"Oh, I just asked him for a dollar for
foreign missions and that stopped him!"

**THE CIGARETTE AS A BOY-
KILLER.**

SOMEbody has facetiously dubbed the
cigarette the "white coffin nail." There is
a dreadful reality in the joke. The cigar-
ette is a boy-killer in dead earnest. Dr.
Leslie E. Keeley strongly condemns the
prevalent evil of cigarette smoking. He
says: "The cigarette habit has become so
prevalent in the last few years that in all
cities you are confronted by them in the
mouths of men and boys, ranging from the
bank clerk to the bootblack. Too much
cannot be said against this soul-sapping,
body-demoralizing abomination of the day.
The make-up and contents of the cigarette
generally found in the market and smoked
by all classes who "affect" them to-day is
that of unripe and of imperfectly prepared
tobacco. This tobacco is usually soaked in
nicotine, which is largely impregnated with
opium, stramonium and belladonna. The
wrapper of each cigarette is generally rice
paper, whitened with arsenic. It will
readily be seen, therefore, that the main
evil of cigarette smoking arises from car-
bonmonoxide, which is extremely poisonous
on account of its strong affinity for the hæ-
moglobin in the blood, which brings about
cardiac inhibition and heart-failure. Every
day the papers are filled with some story
of death by heart failure from the excessive
use of cigarettes; and sixteen States, by
legislative action, have prohibited their use
among boys for this reason. It is the duty
of every family physician to explain to those
over whose health he has supervision, the
evil consequences of the use of cigarettes,
and it ought to be the duty of the secular
and religious press to denounce their use at
every opportunity, as in every case they
bring about a desire for either opium or
alcoholic drinks.

A YOUNG man of twenty says he only
smokes about fifty cigars a week, that they
are "peculiarly gratifying" to him and that
they in no wise injure him. Yet he proves
to me that he is already injured when he
says that when he once abstained for two
months, at the request of his mother, he
was "seriously affected with insomnia,"
sleeplessness. Precisely so, it is the danger
point in the course of the opium war. It
is time this young man stops at any cost
of temporary discomfort.



THE FOX'S THANKSGIVING EVE.

THE FOX'S THANKSGIVING EVE.

Mr. Fox knows well what is the proper Thanksgiving dinner. Every year Farmer Graham has killed one of his fine, plump geese for his wife to cook for their dinner and she has cut up a great yellow pumpkin and made such pies as would make your mouth water to see. Mrs. Graham, too, knows just how to cook a goose till it is nice and brown and juicy with plenty of rich goose gravy in the pan. But Mr. Fox and his family do not covet the delicious pies, mashed potatoes, apple sauce, nor Mrs. Graham's beautifully cooked goose either. There are a number of geese left in the farm-yard and Mr. Fox is determined to have one of them for Mrs. Fox to prepare for Thanksgiving dinner. So he spent his Thanksgiving Eve in Farmer Graham's barn-yard, causing fearful consternation amongst the turkeys and geese. He is having a fine chase for his prey but is sure to succeed in capturing it in the end. To-morrow he and his family in their home in the woods will enjoy their Thanksgiving dinner as much as any boy or girl in the wide world.



W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

NOVEMBER 19, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

CHRISTLIKENESS.—Eph. 5. 1; Matt. 22. 38; Rom. 7. 25; 12. 2; 1 John 2. 14; John 6. 63, 68; Acts 9. 36; Col. 3. 17.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

HOW AND WHERE SHOULD WE SHOW GENTLENESS?—Tit. 3. 1, 2; Eph. 4. 31, 32.

THE JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

ONE of the most interesting and vital features of League work is that which pertains to the care and culture of the children. For this special purpose the Junior Epworth League was established. Its scheme of work is a modification and adaptation of that of the Epworth League. Its chief officer is the superintendent, who is appointed by the pastor, and who is also a member of the Epworth League cabinet. The other officers are a president, four vice-presidents, a treasurer, and a secretary, who are elected by the Juniors from among their own number, and these, with the superintendent and pastor, constitute the Junior League cabinet. The membership is made up of boys and girls under fourteen years of age.

The "Junior Wheel" is the suggestion of Rev. N. J. Harkness, of the Rock River Conference, a most successful worker among the little men and women. Like the Senior one, it is divided into six sections. Each of these divisions has a key-word indicating something of its purpose.

The key-word of the first department is *heart*. It stands for the development of true heart life. The conversion of the children is the chief aim of every Junior superintendent. After there is evidence that the child has accepted the Saviour there should follow plain teaching in Christian doctrine and instruction in practical religious duties. The children are urged to take part in their own devotional meetings. They are encouraged to testify and lead in short, simple prayers. Besides, they are shown how to bring their young friends to the Master.

The key-word of Department Two is *hand*. The idea which it represents is that of helpfulness. Various kinds of mercy and help work are undertaken under the guidance of the intelligent superintendent, and the children are made very happy by the knowledge that they are putting life and joy into lives that have been full of darkness and sorrow.

Department Three has for its key-word *head*. This suggests thoughtfulness and study. Great interest is taken by the little people in the systematic study of the Bible as a book. Many of them can readily give the names of the different books, and the order in which they appear, as well as the name of the author and the circumstances under which the book was written. There are also drills in the history of our own Church, in the "ten points of doctrine" and Catechism. Literary meetings are held occasionally with great profit, the aim being to secure correct habits of thought and a taste for good literature.

Department Four is assigned to social work. The key-word is *feet*. The children are encouraged to seek out those of their companions who are not identified with the League or some similar society, and bring them in. In many ways they provide innocent and delightful recreation for each other and for their grown-up friends. The fifth and sixth departments embrace the usual duties of secretary and treasurer.

ABSTAIN FOR A WEEK TO TRY YOUR APPETITE.

A YOUNG man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong.

"Oh, there is no danger; it's a mere notion. I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there is no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter; "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other one. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear that I shall be, before I shall have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely, but I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again."

THE MAGIC OF A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father," The blacksmith's daughter said, As she took from her arms a kettle, And lifted the shining lid. "There's not a pie, nor a pudding, So—I will give you this—" And upon the toil-worn forehead She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron, And dined in a sunny mood. Wondering much at the savor Hid in his humble food. While all about him were visions Full of prophetic bliss, But he never thought of the magic In his little daughter's kiss!

While she, with her kettle swinging Merrily trudged away, Stopping at sight of a squirrel, Catching some wild bird's lay. And I thought how many a shadow Of life, and pain we should miss, If always our frugal dinners Were seasoned with a kiss.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A.D. 61-63.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 19.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Eph. 4. 20-32.] [Memory verses, 30-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you.—Eph. 4. 32.

OUTLINE.

1. The Old Man, v. 20-22.
2. The New Man, v. 23-32.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Learned Christ"—Become acquainted with the divine character as revealed in Jesus. "Ye have heard him, and have been taught by him"—They had never seen him personally, but from his followers they had learned of his spirit. "The old man"—That is, unchanged human nature—the good and bad qualities that characterized them before their conversion. "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind"—All a man's faculties and powers must be thoroughly, universally renewed. "Put on the new man"—The new nature, "Which after God is created in righteousness"—God in the beginning had created man in his own image. He proposes now to make him anew in the same image. "Putting away lying"—All falsity and prevarication. "Be ye angry, and sin not"—That is, if you must be indignant against wrong never allow your indignation to become wicked wrath. "Neither give place to the devil"—Give him no scope. "Corrupt communication"—Insipid, impure words.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn that—

1. We should closely study our Lord's character?
2. With the change of our hearts we should change also our companions, our words, our moods, our characters?
3. It is not enough to cease to do wrong, we must begin active godliness?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Paul say our state by nature is? "Corrupt, according to deceitful lusts."
2. What does he tell us is our immediate need? "To be renewed in the spirit of our minds."
3. What relation have we to each other? "We are members one of another."
4. What does Paul tell us to avoid? "To give place to the devil."
5. What other charge does he give us? "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."
6. What is the Golden Text? "Be ye kind one to another," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Regeneration.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What lessons does this teach us?

The high honour put upon human nature, and the great virtue of humility.

Was not the Redeemer still further humbled?

He was "tempted of the devil" (Matt. 4. 1), though he was the Son of God, who could not sin.

LO, THE WORK OF POOR INDIANS!

BY O. H. S.

WHEN the North American Indian, driven to the far west from the shores of his ancestral home, where the white man discovered him four centuries ago, and there gave him the fire-water which has dampened the fringes of his wigwam and silenced the songs of his children, causing continued scenes of riot and bloodshed, carrying the poor Indian rapidly down to the drunkard's grave, destroying them as a nation; we say, when the Indian descendant, if he desires to glory in the downfall of his enemy, who has brought ruin and disgrace to his home and nation, when he sees what his fathers did toward the degradation of the nations of the earth in giving them "the weed that bewitches." When he sees the present degeneracy of Spain, Portugal and Turkey, and the great evil which other nations are feeling in the universal use and poisoning of the people by tobacco, bringing millions and millions of every class in life, the slum, dude, tramp, gentleman, peasant and president, to degradation and death, he can draw his proud form to its utmost height and look upon the scene before his vision with triumphal pleasure and say, "Lo, the work of poor Indian!"

OUR OWN Publications

During this summer our presses have been very busy, and among the books published are several that we can strongly recommend to our Sunday-schools.

Note the following:

Twenty Minutes Late. By Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy).	.70
Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Campfires. By Rev. E. R. Young. Splendidly illustrated.	1.25
Afloat for Eternity; or A Pilgrim's Progress for the Times. By Rev. J. A. Kennedy, B. A.	.60
Campaign Echoes. The Autobiography of Mrs. Letitia Youmans. With Portraits.	1.00
Stephen Mitchell's Journey. By Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy).	.70
A Merchant Prince. The Life of Hon. Senator John Macdonald. With Portraits and illustrations.	1.00
The Prince of India, or Why Constantinople Fell. By General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," etc., 2 volumes.	2.50

Besides these we have for schools a great number of splendid new books from the Religious Tract Society, and other great Publishing Houses. We will gladly send lists of these new books to any school. Librarians who feel that their library needs a few new books, or to be replaced by entirely new books, will do well to write for our catalogues and terms.

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