



# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1896.

No. 30.

## "I Wonder If Ever."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I wonder if ever the children  
Who were blessed by the Master of old  
Forgot he had made them his treasures,  
The dear little lambs of his fold?  
I wonder if, angry and wilful,  
They wandered afar and astray—  
The children whose feet had been guided  
So safe and so soon in the way?

One would think that the mothers at  
evening,  
Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,  
And low leaning down to the murmur  
Of sweet childish voices in prayer,  
Of bade the small pleaders to listen,  
If haply again they might hear  
The words of the gentle Redeemer  
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy  
That ever these children went wrong,  
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,  
Shut out from the feast and the song.  
To the days of gray hairs they remem-  
bered,  
I think, how the hands that were given  
Were laid on their heads when he  
uttered,  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven"

He has said it to you, little darling,  
Who spell it in God's Word to-day;  
You too may be sorry for sinning;  
You also believe and obey.  
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in  
heaven  
If one little child shall go wrong—  
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,  
Shut out from the feast and the song.

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## THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"What are you looking for, grand-  
father?" called Jesse, as he pattered up  
the outside stairs to the roof, where  
Reuben stood, scanning the sky in-  
tently.

"Come here, my son," he called.  
"Stand right here in front of me, and  
look just where I point. What do you  
see?"

The child peered anxiously into the  
blue depths lit up by the sunset.

"Oh, the new moon!" he cried.  
"Where did it come from?"

"Summer hath dropped her silver  
sickle there, that Night may go forth to  
harvest in her star-fields," answered the  
old man. Then seeing the look of in-  
quiry on the boy's face, hastened to add,  
"Nay, it is the censor that God's hand  
set swinging in the sky, to remind us  
to keep the incense of our praises ever  
rising heavenward. Even now a mes-  
senger may be running towards the  
Temple, to tell the Sanhedrin that it  
has appeared. Yea, other eyes have  
been sharper than mine, for see! Al-  
ready the beacon light has been kindled  
on the Mount of Olives!"

Jesse watched the great bonfire a few  
minutes, then ran to call his sister. By  
the time they were both on the roof, an-  
swering fires were blazing on the distant  
hillsides throughout all Judea, till the  
whole land was alight with the an-  
nouncement of the Feast of the New  
Moon.

"I wish it would be this way every  
night, don't you, Ruth?" said Jesse.  
"Are you not glad we are here?"

The old man looked down at the chil-  
dren with a pleased smile. "I'll show  
you something prettier than this, before  
long," he said. "Just wait till the  
Feast of Weeks, when the people all  
come to bring the first fruits of the  
harvest. I am glad your visit is in  
this time of the year, for you can see  
one festival after another."

The day the celebration of the Feast

of the town from which it came. A  
white ox, intended for a peace-offering,  
was driven first; its horns were gilded,  
and its body twined with olive wreaths.

Flocks of sheep and oxen for the sacri-  
fice, long strings of asses and camels  
bearing freewill gifts to the Temple,  
or old and helpless pilgrims that could  
not walk, came next.

There were wreaths of roses on the

for no one came empty-handed up this  
"Hill of the Lord."

As they drew near the gates, a number  
of white-robed priests from the Temple  
met them. Reuben lifted Jesse in his  
arms that he might have a better view.  
"Listen," he said. Joel climbed up on a  
large rock.

A joyful sound of flutes commenced,  
and a mighty chorus went up: "I was  
glad when they said unto me,  
let us go into the house of the  
Lord. Our feet shall stand  
within thy gates, O Jerusalem!"

Voice after voice took up the  
old psalm, and Reuben's deep  
tones joined with the others, as  
they chanted, "Peace be within  
thy walls, and prosperity within  
thy palaces!"

Following the singing pilgrims  
to the Temple, they saw the  
priests take the doves that were  
to be for a burnt-offering, and  
the first fruits that were to be  
laid on the altars.

Jesse held fast to his grand-  
father's hand as they passed  
through the outer courts of the  
Temple. He was half fright-  
ened by the din of voices, the  
stamping and bellowing and  
bleating of the animals as they  
were driven into the pens.

He had seen one sacrificial  
service; the great stream of  
blood pouring over the marble  
steps of the altar, and the smoke  
of the burnt offering were still  
in his mind. It made him look  
pitiably now at the gentle calves  
and the frightened lambs.  
He was glad to get away from  
them.

Soon after the time of this  
rejoicing was over, came ten  
solemn days that to Joel were  
full of interest and mystery.  
They were the days of prepara-  
tion for the Feast of the Atonement.  
Disputes between neigh-  
bours were settled, and sins con-  
fessed.

The last great day, the most  
solemn of all, was the only time  
in the whole year when the  
High Priest might draw aside  
the veil, and enter into the Holy  
of Holies.

With all his rich robes and  
jewels laid aside, clad only in  
simple white, with bare feet and  
covered head, he had to go four  
times into the awful Presence.  
Once to offer incense, once to  
pray, to sprinkle the blood of a  
goat towards the mercy-seat, and  
then to bring out the censor.

That was the day when two  
goats were taken; by casting  
lots one was chosen for a sacri-  
fice. On the other the High  
Priest laid the sins of the peo-  
ple, and it was driven out into  
the wilderness, to be dashed to  
pieces from some high cliff.

Tears came into Joel's eyes as  
he watched the scape-goat driven  
away into the dreary desert. He  
pityed the poor beast doomed to  
such a death because of his nation's  
sins.

Then came the closing ceremonies,  
when the great congregation bowed  
themselves three times to the ground,  
with the High Priest shouting solemnly,  
"Ye are clean! Ye are clean! Ye are  
clean!"

Joel was glad when the last rite was  
over, and the people started to their  
homes as gay now as they had been  
serious before.



JEWS CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF TABERNACLE.

of Weeks commenced, Reuben left his  
shop in charge of the attendants, and  
gave up his entire time to Joel and  
Jesse.

"We must not miss the processions,"  
he said. "We will go outside the gates  
a little way, and watch the people come  
in."

They did not have long to wait till  
the stream of people from the upper  
countries began to pour in; each com-  
pany carried a banner bearing the name

heads of the women and children; bands  
of lilies were tied around the sheaves of  
wheat. Piled high in the silver vessels  
of the rich, or peeping from the willow  
baskets of the poor, were the choicest  
fruits of the harvest.

Great bunches of grapes from whose  
purple globes the bloom had not been  
brushed, velvety nectarines, tempting  
pomegranates, mellow pears, juicy  
figs,—these offerings of fruit and  
flowers gleamed all down the long line.

"When are we going back to our other home?" asked Ruth, one day.

"Why, are you not happy here, little daughter?" said Abigail. "I thought you had forgotten all about this old place."

"I want my white pigeons," she said, with a quivering lip, as if she had suddenly remembered them.

Ruth had been shy at first about going to see her mother's friends; but Martha coaxed her in with honey cakes she baked for that express purpose.

After a while she began to fit in and out of the house as fearlessly as a brightly-winged butterfly.

One day her mother was sitting with the sisters in a shady corner of their court-yard, where a climbing honeysuckle made a cool sweet arbour.

"See what I have brought you, little one," he said. "It is to take the place of the pigeons you are always mourning for."

It was a snow-white lamb, around which he had twined a garland of many coloured flowers, and from whose neck hung the little silver bell she had heard.

At first the child was so delighted she could only bury her dimpled fingers in the soft fleece, and look at it in speechless wonder.

After that day Ruth followed Lazarus as the white lamb followed Ruth; and the sisters hardly knew which sounded sweeter in their quiet home.

Abigail spent many happy hours with her friends. One day as they sat in the honeysuckle arbour, busily sewing, Ruth and Jesse came running towards them.

"I see my father coming, and another man," cried the boy. "I'm going to meet them."

They all hastened to the door, just as the tired, dusty travellers reached it.

"Peace be to this house, and all who dwell therein," said the stranger, before Phineas could give his wife and friends a warmer greeting.

"We went first to your father's house, but, finding no one at home, came here," said Phineas.

"Come in!" insisted Martha. "You look sorely in need of rest and refreshment."

But they had a message to deliver before they could be persuaded to eat or wash.

"The Master is coming," said Phineas. "He has sent out seventy of his followers, to go by twos into every town, and herald his approach, and proclaim that the day of the Lord is at hand."

"At last, at last!" cried Mary, clasping her hands. "Oh, to think that I have lived to see this day of Israel's glory!"

"Tell us what the Master has been doing," urged Abigail, after the men had been refreshed by food and water.

First one and then the other told of miracles they had seen, and repeated what he had taught. Even the children crept close to listen, leaning against their father's knees.

"There has been much discussion about the kingdom that is to be formed. While we were in Peter's house in Capernaum, some of the disciples came quarrelling around him, to ask who should have the highest positions."

"What did he say?" asked Abigail, eagerly.

Phineas laid his hand on Ruth's soft curls. "He took a little child like this, and set it in our midst, and said that he who would be greatest in his kingdom, must become even like unto it!"

"Faith and love and purity on the throne of the Herods," cried Martha. "Ah, only Jehovah can bring such a thing as that to pass!"

"Are you going to stay at home now, father?" asked Jesse, anxiously.

"No, my son. I must go on the morrow to carry my report to the Master, of the reception we have had in every town. But I will soon be back again to the Feast of Tabernacles."

"Carry with you our earnest prayer that the Master will abide with us when he comes again to Bethany," said Martha, as her guests departed.

The preparation for the Feast of the Tabernacles had begun. "I am going to take the children to the city with me to-day!" said Reuben, one morning.

Jesse was charmed with the great tent of green boughs.

"I wish I could have been one of the children that Moses led up out of Egypt," he said, with a sigh.

"Why, my son?" asked Reuben.

"So's I could have wandered around for forty years, living in a tent like this. How good it smells, and how pretty it is! I wish you and grandmother would live here all the time!"

The next day Phineas joined them. It was a happy family that gathered in the leafy booth for a week of out-door rejoicing in the cool autumn time.

"Where is the Master?" asked Abigail.

"I know not," answered her husband. "He sent us on before."

"Will he be here, I wonder?" she asked, and that question was on nearly every lip in Jerusalem.

"Will he be here?" asked the throngs of pilgrims who had heard of his miracles, and longed to see the man who could do such marvellous things.

"Will he be here?" whispered the scribes to the Pharisees. "Let him beware!"

"Will he be here?" muttered Caiaphas, the High Priest. "Then better one man should die, than that the whole community perish."

The sight that dazzled the eyes of the children that first evening of the week was like fairyland; a blaze of lanterns and torches lit up the whole city.

In the Court of the Women, in the Temple, all the golden lamps were lit, twinkling and burning like countless stars.

On the steps that separated this court from the next one, stood three thousand singers, the sons and daughters of the tribe of Levi. Two priests stood at the top of the steps, and as each gave the signal on a great silver trumpet, the burst of song that went up from the vast choir seemed to shake the very heavens.

In the midst of all the feasting and the gaities that followed, the long-expected Voice was heard in the arcades of the Temple.

The Child of Nazareth was once more in his Father's house about his Father's business.

On the last great day of the feast, Joel went up at daybreak, ready to follow the older members of the family as soon as the first trumpet-blast should sound.

In his right hand he carried a citron, as did all the others; in his left was a palm-branch, the emblem of joy. An immense multitude gathered at the spring of Siloam. Water was drawn in a golden pitcher, and carried back to be poured on the great altar, while the choir sang with its thousands of voices, and all the people shouted. Amen and Amen!

When the days had gone by in which the seventy bullocks had been sacrificed, and when the ceremonies were all over,

then the leaves were stripped from the green booths, and the people scattered to their homes.

Long afterward, Jesse remembered only the torch-light dances, the silver trumpets and the crowds, and the faint ringing of the fringe of bells on the priest's robes as he carried the fire on the golden shovel to burn the sweet-smelling incense.

Joel's memory rang often with two cries that had startled the people. One when the water was poured from the golden pitcher. It was the Master's voice: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me."

Reuben thought oftenest of the blind man to whom he had seen sight restored. But Lazarus was filled with anxiety and foreboding; through his office of scribe, he had come in close contact with the men who were plotting against his friend.

He had overheard a conversation between the Temple police, and some of the chief priests and Pharisees.

"Why did ye not take him, as ye were ordered?" they demanded angrily.

"We could not," was the response; "for never man spake like this man."

He had seen the mob searching for stones to throw at him. Though he had disappeared out of their midst unhurt, still Lazarus felt that some terrible disaster was hanging threateningly over the head of his beloved friend.

(To be continued.)

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1896.

RAMBLES AMONG THE STARS.

Last night there was a festival in heaven. The sky burned with a most mystic light. Orion, Lyra, and the mighty Seven flamed like the banners of some awful fight; The stars hung clustering like white ivy round The oriel window of the curtained sky.

So wrote an English poet many years ago, after looking up to the splendid skies that shine over us on a winter night. Orion is now flaming in the southeast; low down in the northwest is Lyra, early after twilight; and in the northeast the bright Seven Stars, in the Great Dipper, are rising.

toward the North Star. English boys sometimes call the Dipper stars Charles's Wagon, or Wain, the four stars being the wagon, and the handle of the Dipper serving for the three horses to the wagon. The new year evenings show a "festival" of brilliancy to all who have eyes to see.

Ralph's Opinion of Grandmothers: Grandmothers are very nice folks; They beat all the aunts in creation; They let a chap do as he likes, And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see at all What a poor fellow ever could do For apples and pennies and cakes Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea, And pies a whole row in the cellar; And they're apt, if they know it in time, To make chicken pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then, And makes a racketing noise, They only look over their spees, And say: "Ah, those boys will be boys!"

"Life is only so short at the best: Let the children be happy to-day." Then they look for awhile at the sky And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on, Grandmothers sing hymns very low, To themselves, as they rock by the fire, About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think, Will find a hot tear in his eye, To know what will come at the last; For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray, For a boy needs their prayers every night; Some boys more than others, I s'pose; Such as I need a wonderful sight. —The Christian Advocate.

"THANK YOU" WITH THAT.

People generally are only glad when they have things given them, and that is quite different from being thankful. A poor converted African I have heard of would set an example to many in Christian lands. He had been very sick, but he came one day after his recovery to the missionary and laid down the sum of two pounds for the Lord.

"I want," he said, very earnestly, "to tell God 'Thank you' with that." He had expected his yams to turn out very poorly, he had been able to give them so little care, but God had taken care of them for him, and he had an excellent crop. It had yielded him fully two pounds more than he expected, and so he brought that as a thank-offering to the Lord. It was not a common thing to do, but it was a right thing. People would prosper more in riches of the soul, and in earthly riches, too, if they would oftener bring in their thank-offerings. —Children's Record.

WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.

Soon after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting silent in reverie, and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about, he replied: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing or at play, he was always at work." And the force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was always considered by those who knew him best to be superior in natural talent to his brother; yet the one rose to greatness, while the other lived and died in comparative obscurity. The lesson to all is, if you would succeed in life, be diligent; improve your time; work. "Seest thou a man," says Solomon, "diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before"—that is, shall not be ranked with—"mean men."

**A Summer Concert.**

King Summer gives a concert grand  
Within his palace green,  
Where all the fashion, rank and wealth  
Of woodland may be seen.

The hall is painted green and brown,  
The ceiling sapphire blue;  
The floor is laid with carpeting  
Of many a gorgeous hue.

Great artists true, and not a few,  
Came flocking at his call,  
And when the concert's over, 'twill  
Be followed by a ball.

Sweet Robin sings a carol gay,  
With many a 'shake and trill,  
While blackbird on his rustic pipe  
Exhibits wondrous skill.

Tom Frog has brought his big trombone,  
Phil Woodpecker his drum;  
And Linnets, Finches, tiny Tits,  
To swell the chorus come.

Jack Sparrow gaily struts about  
With modest Jenny Wren;  
Good Parson Rook hopes wedding fees,  
And caws a gruff Amen.

Queen Rose and Lily, Violet sweet,  
And modest Harebell blue,  
Pale Primrose, Daisy, Daffodil,  
Speedwell and Woodbine too.

A gay selection for the dance  
The rustling breezes play,  
Of waltzes, reels, and minuets,  
Quadrilles, and polkas gay.

King Summer sends you tickets all,  
Post-paid to every part:  
The court-dress needful is a smile,  
The price a merry heart.

And while all this is being done  
'Twould surely make one weep,  
To see that 'neath the rising sun  
Our boys in bed asleep!

Wake up! and hear the birdies sing!  
Come, join the concert grand;  
And praise the everlasting King  
Whose mercies fill the land.

**THE POWER OF SILENCE.**

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

Once when I was a boy of about twelve years of age, I received a lesson that will remain indelibly upon my memory as long as I live. It taught me the power of silence in conditions when great interests are involved.

My mother was a sweet-spirited, tender-hearted woman, who loved me as only such a mother can love, and in the great depths of that true love it was rather hard for me to go astray into forbidden paths. She had carefully taught me the principles of a true life, and had pointed out the ways in which sin and temptation lurked. She had such a marked way of convincing one of the right, that I could not err, and yet she was a very quiet woman, and spoke in a low, gentle voice, which always revealed love and sweetness even in my boyish ears. I loved my mother with all the ardour of my passionate nature, and I think I generally sought to walk in the path that she had proved to me was the right one. Thus the bright, glad years went on, and our home-life seemed like a little heaven, as I now look back upon it.

But there were a few idle, vicious boys in our neighbourhood, just as there are everywhere, who tried to lead me into sin, and so careful were they in their work that I did not at first mistrust their motive. My mother's home was about a mile out of the little village, where we attended church and Sunday-school, and in the summer time we often walked there, as we kept no horses after my father died.

The summer before my mother died her health was very poor, and as she was not able to attend church I went alone. These boys soon found out the fact, and very often I would meet them upon my way to town, or they would overtake me upon my return home, and

naturally we got into the habit of talking and exchanging our views upon many things. They did not make comment in any way about the Sunday-school, nor ridicule my mother's influence over me. They were too sly and artful for that, for had they done so I should have turned from them in disgust. They, however, tempted me to engage in playing cards, and I did not see their motive nor craftiness until I was ensnared.

I had a passion for games of any kind, and I became completely fascinated by the cards. At first I only stopped and played a game under the shadow of some tree, and would hurry home to make up for the time I had spent in this evil way. It was my first downward slip, and the first thing that I did which I kept from my mother's knowledge. There had always been, until this, the utmost confidence between my mother and myself. I knew that I was doing wrong, and walking in one of the paths I had been taught was dangerous. Besides, I had profaned and desecrated God's holy day, which my mother revered so much. But that strange fascination that always clings to cards had bound me, and I was helpless. It became stronger and stronger, until I often went no farther than the old maple tree and played cards until it was time to return home. If mother asked me about the Sunday-school I always reported the last one that I attended. I think that she at the last was forced to think that there was something wrong, although she never tried to "pick me," as the boys once asked if she had done. One Sunday quite late in autumn, I started for the Sunday-school as usual, and was met by the boys at the tree, which stood a little distance from the road, but yet hidden from the view of people passing along it.

I had intended to go to Sunday-school that day, but the "one game" was followed by another and another, until it was long after the time that I should have gone. The hour passed swiftly by, and we became so much excited in our games that we took no note of time. While in the midst of our "last game," as we had said it should be, we became conscious of another presence than "our four," and looking up, I beheld my mother standing close to us, with her large eyes fixed upon me.

The cards fell from my hand, and I was powerless to move. The other boys gathered them up and went away in silence. Mother did not speak, and I can never forget the grieved, startled expression that rested upon her face. It seemed to me that I lived an age in the few moments that she stood there. It was in the time of falling leaves, and I remember of seeing them drift slowly down between her and me. I finally bowed my head to hide the flush that I felt was burning upon my face.

Mother turned abruptly about at last and walked feebly to our home a half-mile away. I looked up at the sun, and I saw by its position in the sky that it was late in the afternoon. This explained why my mother had come. She had become alarmed at my long absence, and started out to meet me. Of course she could not fail to hear our voices from the road, as we were too excited to speak in an undertone. I sprang up and followed my mother home, and in the autumnal twilight I knelt by her side, and with my hot, flushed face pillowed in her lap, promised her I would never touch a card again.

She smiled in her old, sweet, loving way, but made no answer. If she had upbraided me I could have borne my shame better, but that strange silence only tortured me. At last, however, she placed her hand upon my head and I felt that I was forgiven.

Mother grew worse all the autumn and winter, but the sweet smile remained. Her pale face seemed at times lit up with a light that was not of earth, and then I understood that my sweet mother was going from me.

Oh, how I wept and clung to her, but I could not keep her. When the spring flowers burst out into bloom, her pure spirit left the frail body of clay and was happy in the bosom of God.

Before she went, however, she placed her wasted hand upon my head and left me in the watch-care of God. Once she

prayed, "Suffer not my boy to be led again into temptation."

I knew what she meant by that, and that was the only reference she ever made to my sin. I never touched a card again.

I am a man now, and often feel the power of temptation coming over me; but if I have a thought of yielding the power of that strange silence comes back and I am saved. Thank God for a mother's influence and dying prayer.—*Epworth Herald.*

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.**

**PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.**

AUGUST 2, 1896.

Mount Sinai.—Exodus 19 and 20.

**THE PLACE.**

A mountain in Arabia, some 260 miles from Cairo. Sometimes the mountain was called Horeb. It is a place of celebrity, because of the fact that the law containing the ten commandments was given by God to Moses for the people, from this mountain.

It was an eventful period in the history of the Israelites when they came here on their way to their Promised Land.

**THE COMMANDMENTS.**

The solemn circumstances under which they were given were such that they should have made a lasting impression upon the minds of the people. There were thunderings and lightnings, in the midst of which the mountain was full of smoke, and the voice of God was heard, as he proclaimed his covenant unto the people. Had they kept their part of the covenant, what a people they might have been. God never violates his promises, but often men violate theirs. Strange that a people who had seen so much of God's goodness, should act as they did. But what of ourselves, where are the vows we have often made to God?

**THE GOSPEL COMMANDS.**

There are two, but these two embrace all the ten which were given on Sinai. These commandments are binding upon us as much as they were upon the Jews. Love comprises all these commandments. The first part is love to God, and expresses our duty to the Divine Being, who is the author of our existence. The second part refers to our duty to mankind, and are found in the verses 7-17 of Exodus 20. All the members of the Junior Leagues should commit these commandments to memory, and understand them as well as they know the names of their dearest friends.

**SYSTEMATIC GIVING IN THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.**

Systematic giving should be taught to the girls and boys in such a way that they will feel it a privilege rather than a sacrifice to give the Lord his own. Who can estimate the result of several thousand children forming this habit—the result, both in the rich development of their natures, and in the material prosperity of the church?

Many of our Junior boys, and some of the girls, regularly earn a little money which is "all their own." Right here, at the very beginning of their financial career, dear superintendents, is our opportunity. Let us enter the open door and seek to impress them with the blessedness of sharing with the Lord.

But there are Juniors who never earn money of their own, who are only permitted to spend a few pennies as father and mother please to give to them. Of this class there are many. Are they to be left out of this Bible plan of giving? By no means! Let the wise leader suggest ways and means of saving and earning money which will be their "very own." A little self-denial practiced in saving pennies which some kind (?) friend has given them for chewing gum or candy; errands done for neighbours; raising vegetables, flowers, plants, poultry, etc., for the Lord.

A penny given to each member of a Junior League with instructions from the

superintendent that it was to be invested for Jesus, brought back enough money to support a heathen child in a Christian school. Another Junior League which is composed largely of poor children earned \$10 by raising plants. Thoughtful readers can easily understand how these plants with their blossoms (God's smiles) served a double purpose in the all too barren lives of these little ones of God.

I greatly deplore the growing tendency on the part of leaders to enlist the girls and boys in fancy drills, sensational entertainments, and questionable socials. Children need fun and frolic; yes, plenty of it, and we should provide it pure and wholesome for them; but let us never deceive their innocent hearts and our own, by thinking that we are giving as "unto the Lord" when we raise money by any of the above methods.—*Nina C. Dorwin, in Epworth Herald.*

**MIKE AS A FIREMAN.**

Mike O'Hagan had never been a success. He had been discharged from the service of the teaming company for allowing his cart to be smashed by a West End car, and from the service of the West End for bumping into a carriage. Finally, however, he landed in the fire department, and all his friends expected that he was settled for life. He was not, however, for in less than a month he was again looking for a job. "How did it happen, Tim?" said Mike's friend Pat to Mike's brother Tim.

"O'll tell ye, me bhoy," replied the latter. "Shure, there came a foire, and Mike he went with the cart. An' when he got there there was a man on the top ov a blazin' builidin' schramin' for help. 'What'll I do at all?' says he. 'Hould on,' says Mike, an' he t'rows him a rope. 'Tie it round yer neck,' says he."

"And what did Mike do then?"  
"He pulled him down."—*Epworth Herald.*

**DEEDS OR WORDS?**

At a meeting in Japan, where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was, "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said: "It seems to me like this. One spring my mother got some flower-seeds, little, ugly black things, and planted them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbour coming in and seeing these flowers, said, 'Oh, how beautiful!' 'I must have some too. Won't you please give me some seed?' Now, if this neighbour had only just seen the flower-seeds she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed."

And so with Christianity; when we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say, "We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories." But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, "How beautiful are these lives! What makes them different from other lives?" When they hear that it is Jesus' teaching, then they say, "We must have it too!"

And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends.

Teacher—"Astronomy is a wonderful science, Harry. Men have learned through it not only how far off the stars are from the earth, but what they are made of." Harry—"It seems to me a great deal more wonderful how they found out their names."

One man in Chester, England, has been before the police justices 130 times for drunkenness or assaults; his father was up 35 times, one sister 67 and another 19. The cost of prosecuting the family and keeping it in prison has been over \$10,000.

**An Idyll of the Farm.**

Oh, there's joy in every sphere of life  
From the cottage unto throne,  
But the sweetest smiles of nature  
Beam upon the farm alone;  
And in memory I go back  
To the days of long ago,  
When the teamster shouted, "Haw, buck!  
Gee! g-glang and whoa!"

I see in the fallow field  
Those heroes of our land,  
With their strong and sturdy faces  
And with handspikes in their hand;  
With shoulders strong as Hercules,  
They feared no giant foe,  
As the teamster shouted, "Haw, buck!  
Gee! g-glang and whoa!"

The logging-bees are over,  
And the fallow lands are cleared,  
The face that then was young and fair  
Is silver'd o'er with beard;  
The handspike now holds not the place  
It did long years ago,  
When the teamster shouted, "Haw, buck!  
Gee! g-glang and whoa!"

On meadow land and orchard field  
There rests a glory 'round,  
Sweet as the memory of the dead  
That haunts some holy ground;  
And yet there's wanting to my heart  
Some joy of long ago,  
When the teamster shouted, "Haw, buck!  
Gee! g-glang and whoa!"

Demosthenes had silvery tongue,  
And Cicero knew Greek,  
The Gracchi brothers loved old Rome  
And always helped the weak;  
But there's not a Grecian hero,  
Nor Roman high or low,  
Whose heart spake braver patriot words  
Than "Gee! g-glang and whoa!"

There was no coat of armour,  
The boys in twilight days—  
They sang no classic music,  
But the old "Come all ye" lays;  
For armed with axe and handspike  
Each giant tree their foe,  
They rallied to the battle-cry  
Of "Gee! g-glang and whoa!"

And so they smote the forest down,  
And rolled the logs in heaps,  
And brought our country to the front  
In mighty strides and leaps;  
And left upon the altar,  
Of each home wherein you go,  
Some fragrance of the flowers that bloom  
Through "Gee! g-glang and whoa!"

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.**

**LESSON V.—AUGUST 2.**

**DAVID'S KINDNESS.**

2 Sam. 9. 1-13. Memory verse, 7.  
**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Be kindly affectioned one to another  
with brotherly love.—Rom. 12. 10.

Time.—About B.C. 1040.

Places.—Jerusalem and Lo-debar.

Connecting Links.—David's psalm of thanksgiving, his victories over the Philistines, the King of Zobah and the Syrians, his placing garrisons in Edom and dedicating the spoil to God (2 Sam. 8. 1-15).

**DAY BY DAY WORK.**

Monday.—Read the Lesson (2 Sam. 9. 1-13). Answer the Questions. Tell the story of the Lesson in your own words.

Tuesday.—Read of a noble friendship (1 Sam. 20. 11-17). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

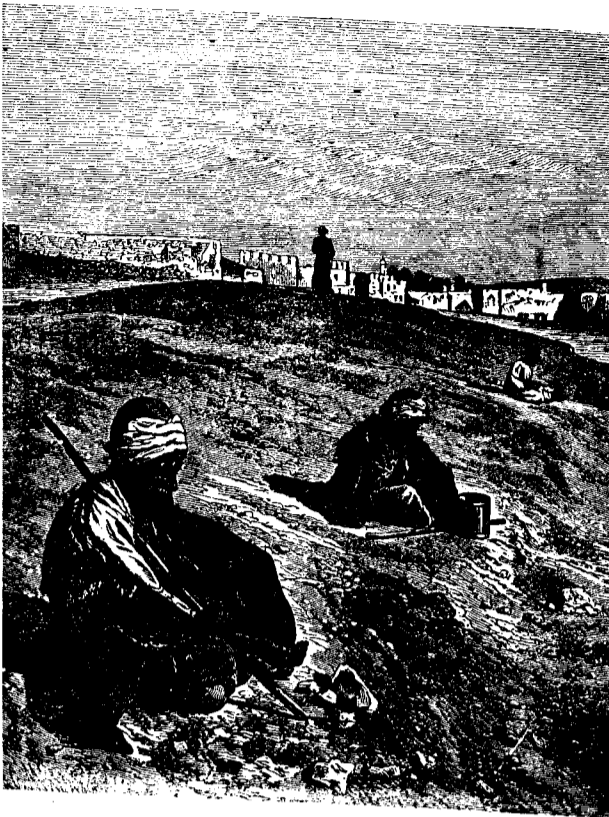
Wednesday.—Read a sorrowful parting (1 Sam. 20. 35-42). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read a glad welcome (2 Sam. 19. 24-30). Learn the Memory Verse.

Friday.—Read a few words about constancy in friendship (Prov. 27. 1-10).

Saturday.—Read a blessed memory (Job 29. 1-16). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the love of Christ (Eph. 3. 8-12).



BLIND MEN BY THE WAYSIDE BEGGING.

**QUESTIONS.**

I. Loyal Friendship, verses 1-5.  
1. How long was David King of Israel before he thought of his vow? How may we account for the delay? 2. What position did Ziba hold? 3. Tell how Mephibosheth's lameness was caused? 4. What is known of Machir? Where did Mephibosheth live? 5. What made David's kindness to him remarkable?

II. Royal Grace, verses 6-13.  
7. What was David's provision for him? 8. How did he show that he felt unworthy? 9. What arrangement was made for tilling the estate? 10. Why was the food mentioned in this verse necessary? 11. Was Ziba always true to his master and to his king? 12. How long did members of Saul's family survive in Israel? 13. What was Mephibosheth's after history?

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**  
Worldly greatness is short-lived. True piety will make us to love our enemies.

**BLIND BEGGARS.**

Blindness is a sad affliction. Persons who are blind, and have no friends to take care of them, or means of their own to fall back upon, are compelled to depend upon the charity of others. Sometimes such persons have friends to lead them about to gather alms or do a little business. But frequently they stand or sit in some conspicuous place, all alone, day after day, to appeal to the sympathies of passers-by. A person sitting or standing in such a condition, even without uttering a word, is a strong appeal to Christian benevolence. A blind person is one of the most deserving objects of charity. The custom of the blind sitting by the wayside to ask alms is very ancient. The custom has obtained in all nations, from the earliest ages, and is still continued; and let our young readers consider that a copper given to a blind person is better invested than when spent in candy or some other for them. His loving heart was moved

by their appeal to exercise his infinite compassion. He did the best that he could for them. If they had been allowed to choose, it was the blessing which they would likely have desired. Jesus gave them their sight. It is not said that they were born blind, but it is very likely they were. The blessing that Christ bestowed opened before them an entirely new life. That is what the blessing of Christ will do for us, if we come to him earnestly, believingly, and beseechingly, as did the blind men by the wayside. It is stated that not less than one in every thousand of the world's population is blind. We frequently meet blind persons, and while we cannot do for them what Jesus did, we can so far imitate him, by allowing our benevolence to do for them the best possible thing.

**HOW AN APPLE TREE GROWS.**

I am very nearly sure that of all the apples you have eaten one time or another, you have never troubled yourself to ask how and why that particular apple grew. You take it quite as a matter of course that an apple tree should, in the fruit season, have apples on it, and if I were to tell you how hard the tree had to work for months and months, to bring those apples to perfection, you would hardly believe me, yet such is the case. First the struggle was for food, for if the tree did not get sufficient nourishment there would be neither blossom nor fruit. So its roots absorbed water, and minerals, and ammonia from the soil, and the leaves took in carbonic gas from the air. Then this food had to be changed into sap, and this sap passing upwards through the stem, met the carbonic acid gathered by the leaves and split up into carbon and oxygen, the first being kept, and the second being given back to the atmosphere. The added carbon converted the sap into starch, and then into sugar, which was circulated all through the tree, and being once more turned into starch, nourished every part. When the blossom time came special provision had to be made for it, and likewise for the fruit. From the time winter was over, until the apples were gathered, that tree, believe me, never rested for a moment. Busily the work went on, though hidden from sight. If the tree were to be as lazy as some boys and girls I know, never an apple would there be for your teeth to crunch.

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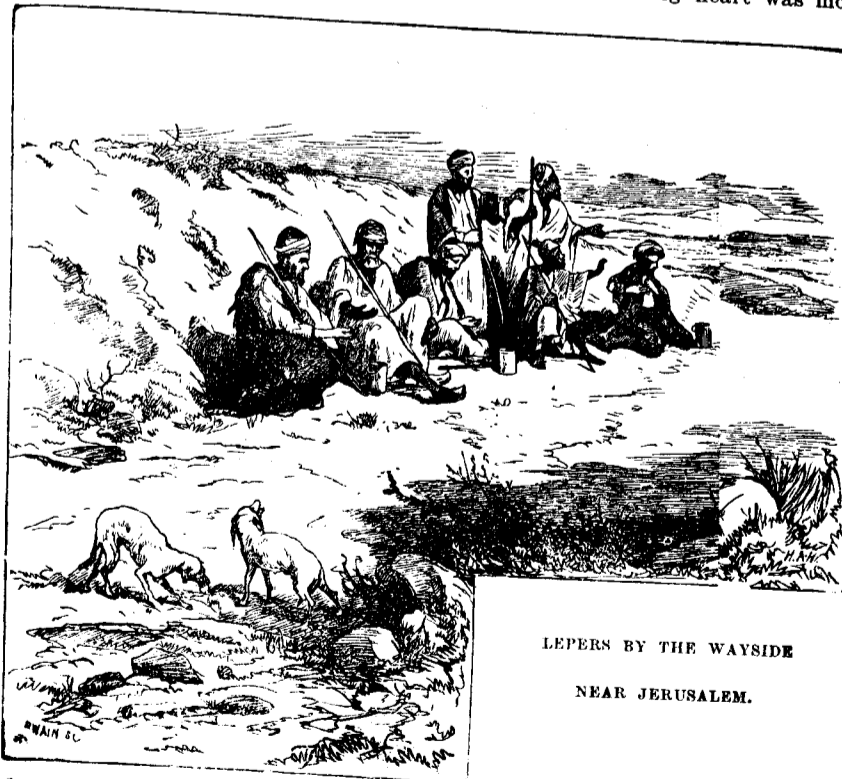
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LEPERS BY THE WAYSIDE  
NEAR JERUSALEM.

God cares for the fatherless and afflicted. For Christ's sake God raises us from poverty to noble rank and royal possessions. Lameness is no bar to sonship. The best loved saints may suffer from disabilities. If we are heirs of God, however obscure or poor, we will be owned and provided for by-and-bye.

ways, which are not only useless, but positively injurious. A trifle given to the blind is a thank-offering to God for the blessing of sight.

When Jesus was going from Jericho to Jerusalem, he found two blind men by the wayside begging, and he did not pass them by without doing something