copy availation may be bit of the image	ite has atterable for film eliographica ges in the re ly change the elow.	ing. Featu Ily unique, production	res of this owhich may nor which	copy whice alter any may	h			lu: a é exemp bibliog reprod	té pos plaire ( graphi duite, a méti	ssible de qui son ique, qu ou qui	e s. pro it peut-ê ui peuve peuven	meilleur curer. L itre uniq ent modi et exiger de filmaç	es dét jues du ifier ui une m	ails de 1 point ne imag 1 odifica	cet de vue je ation		
1	ured covers, verture de co						Į			red pag de coul							
1 1	rs damaged, verture endo								_	damage endom	ed/ magées						
) 1	rs restored a verture resta	-	-					- 3	•			r lamina u pellicu					
1 1	r title missii tre de couve	-	lue				[		_			ained or hetées o					
1 1	ured maps/ es géographi	ques en coi	ıleur				[		_	detache détaché							
1 1	ured ink (i.e e de couleui						[			through Darence							
1 1	ured plates a ches et/ou il						[				int varie le de l'i	es/ mpressio	n		•		
1 / 1	d with othe avec d'autr	•	nts					//		•	oaginatio ontinue	on/					
✓ along La re	t binding ma i interior ma liure serrée rsion le long	argin/ peut causer	de l'ombr	e ou de la				(	Comp		n (des) i	ndex n from:/	,				
withi	c leaves add n the text. omitted fro	Whenever p		• • •	ar			<del></del>	Title p	page of	·	provient: Traison	•				
lors c mais,	Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.							Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison									
,	/								Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison								
1 <b>7</b> / 1	tional comn mentaires su		ires: Som	e page	s are	cut	off	•									
	This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/ Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.																
10X		14X		18X			22X			;	26X	7		30 X			
	12X		16X		20X				24X			287			32)		

i

;

÷

i,

B.

# Harvest Song

#### BY DART VAIRTHORNE.

LATOH out, laugh out, ye orchard lands, With all your ripened store; Such bounteous measure nature yields— What could heart sak for more?

With earth's broad lap abrim with food, The azure skies above, The heavens whisper: "Earth is good;" Earth answers: "Heaven is love."

The winds that wander from the West, O'er fields afar or near, Find plenty nowhere manifest In richer stores than here.

The golden rick, the bursting bin, Of rich and ripened grain,
Bespeak the wealth which all may win
In industry's domain.

The corn-fields set in grand array
Of solid rank and row,
Are streams of wealth which set this way, And soon shall overflow.

Laugh out, laugh out, ye ripened fields, With e'er increasing mirth; The joy your bounteous measure yields Shall bless the whole round earth.

#### WILD-GRASS OUTTERS OF THE ALPS.

#### BY JENNIE WHITE.

If the friends in our picture were not already "Isbeled," you might mistake them perhaps for a picnic party or a new sort of "tobogganers"; but in fact they are not shood for pleasure at all—though they do mem to be having a pretty good time—but me hard at work making their living. "Wild-grass cutters," our artist calls

them, and we might quite as appropriately all them "haymakers," though the inignia of their occupation—the pitchfork—is absent, and they haul their "crop" a runners instead of on wheels. You see, is runners instead of on wheels. You see, hymaking in that great mountain system a central Europe, known to us as the Alps, which in several particulars from the methods we are accustomed to use.

Perhaps you know that in those great sentains only about one-fourth of the tentory between base and summit—the wer portion—is adapted to cultivation; while above this district is a vast depende if wild postureland and forest, and beyond dais to the snow-crowned summit is a rocky,

is; barred waste.

The people living in the lower mountain alone make their living, principally, by resing attle, therep, and goats and by the products of their dairies; and I think you will agree with me that they afford a good liestration of that much-talked-of "division as labour" system, for, while the men of labour" system, for, while the men take care of the flocks and herds, the women attend to all the work of field, gar-

in, and dairy!
But they illustrate the principle in still But they illustrate the principle in still section way. While the summer season lasts, of course there is plenty of pasture for the cattle, but when winter comes they meet all be fed, and provision must be said accordingly, so while one-half of the populace remains at home taking care of its animals, farms and dairies, the other last go up to the pasturelands above and set the wild grass that grows so abundantly than, bring it down the mountain, and

tore it away for use during the winter; and in this work too the women and child-

ren have a part. Are you wondering why they use sleds in hauling? Well, if you will remember that the descent is often very steep and over slippery mountain-paths where it would be impossible to use wheels, prob-ably you will conclude that that mode of transportation is very practical andsensible; the only way, indeed, unless they carried it on their backs.

process begins with the laying on of leaf after leaf of gold in the proportion of two per cent. Afterward each bar is wrapped in paper and well heated in charcoal fire. in paper and well heated in charcoal fire. A sort of vise stands ready, and in it bar after bar as it comes from the fire is fixed and thoroughly burnished. All traces of its silver original has now disappeared, and the bar is ready for conversion into wire. This is accomplished by drawing it from one hundred to one hundred and lifty time through ever-diminishing holes in steel through ever-diminishing holes in steel

WILD GRASS CUTTERS OF THE ALPS.

## HOW GOLD THREAD IS MADE

THE silver is brought from the Bank of England in cakes weighing about one thousand ounces. To secure the necessary sand ounces. To secure the necessary is gree of tenacity a certain proportion of copper is added, and the alloyed metal, in the form of cylindrical bars, is next thoroughly heated. The hammering precess follows; and the bars, originally about two leet in length and two inches in diameter, but now half as long again and proportionately thinner, are in the next place filed and while direct their surfaces are again. bbod until their surfaces are even.
What we may call the second part of the

plates, and finally, when the capabilities of this metal have been exhausted, through apertures in diamonds, rubies, or supplieres. The delicate wire thus obtained must now be passed through the steel rollers of one of Herr Krupp's little "flattening mills." This brings us to the final process—the spinning of the flattened wire around silk to form the golden thread of commer These spinning machines are worked by mater, although two steam engines are to be found in the factory, for water power is considered to be more regular and even

There is a small home demand for the round wire for the adornment of epaulets, etc., but the bulk of the manufactured article etc., but the bulk of the manufacturestartice finds its way in the shape of a 'ky gold thread to India and the far East generally, where it is converted by skilled native labor into these gergeous cloths and tissues in which the heart of the Oriental delights. What a wonderful property does gold possess in its malleability! It is asserted that every ounce of the bars whose fortunes we have followed with no little interest, each containing only two per cent. of gold, will run to the length of from five hundred will run to the length of from live hundred to two thousand five hundred yards; and the amazing figure of five thousand yards is on record. This latter thread would be finer than human hair, but the extremo limit is not oven yet reached.—Chambers' Journal.

#### A MOTHER'S HEART.

## DY J. E. MILLER.

WE ought to watch closely the character

of the memories we leave in our homes.

One person has left this testimony:

"Many a night, as I remember lying quietly in the little upper chamber before sleep came on, there would be a gentle footstep on the stair, the deer would noise footstep on the stair, the dear would noise-lessly open and in a moment the well known form softly gliding through the darkness would appear at my bodside. First there would be a few pleasant in-quiries of affection, which gradually deep-ened show words of counsel. Then, kneeling, her head close to mine, her most carnest better and down to mine, her most carnest her nead close to mine, her most earnest hopes and desires would flow forth in prayer. Her team bespoke the earnestness of her desire. I seem to feel them yet where they sometimes fell on my face. The przycze often pased out of thought in slumbur, and came not to mind again for years, but they were not lost. I willingly believe they were an invaible bond with heaven that secretly preserved me while I moved carelessly amid numberless tempta tions, and walked the brink of crime." Is it not worth while for every mother to try to weave such memories into the early years of her children's lives?

#### THE DEPTH OF THE SEA.

REAR-admiral Belknap's survey of parts of the Pacific, preparatory to the laying of the proposed trans Pacific telegraph cable, indicates that extraordinary difficulties will be encountered. His soundings show difficultion the result of a trough or basin of enorments depth and extent along the east exist of Japan and the Kurils Islands and under the Kuro Siwo, or Japan or Black stream. The basin exceeds any similar depression yet found in any other regions of the great oceans. In a run of thirty miles after leaving the coast of Japan the water deep ened more than 1,800 fath was, and upon the next cast of the Lad the ware broke after 4,643 fath to had been run out with out the batton having been reached. Thermon for a specially constructed for deep as a sounding were wrecked by the units lented pressures. The depth of the lagist cast five miles and a quarter, the lagist east five miles and a quarter, the lagist water yet found is sufficient to be 1; we mountains as high as Japan's great Fusiyama, me on top of the other and then the summit of the highest would be usarly two-thirds of a raile under water. the Kuro Siwo, or Japan or Black streem.

#### Don't Despise the Children. BT W. A. KATON

1 S'r despise the little children! They are flowers bright and fair They are nowers origins and increase in the world's great gar len.
Then them then, with ten be are let the smashine of your kin bless And the showers of your love Rain upon them and prepare them for the blooming time above.

Don't despise the little children ! Do not caspine the little children to not call them uscless toys;
Many a noble, glorious spirit.
Dwells in little girls and toys;
Feach them, then, to follow after.
Noble deeds and glorious walls.
Do not check their childish laterater,
Do not hugh their hymns of praise

Don't despise the little children! Let them have their fill of joy For the greatest man amongst us Once was but a tiny loy.
Children will be men and women When we all have passed away;
They will have to fight lites battle, As we're fighting it to day!

Do not, then, despise the children They have souls as well as you! fielp to train them up for heaven;
"Its a glorious work to do He who came from heaven to save us Took the young one on his knee, And his bright example gave us, Saying, sweetly, "Follow me 1"

## **OUR PERIODICALS:**

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular,

thristian Guardian, weekly

Methodish Magasine, 104 pp., monthly, lilustrated 2 00
Methodist Magasine and Guardian together . 3 50
Me, arine, Guardian and Onward together . 3 50
Me, arine, Guardian and Onward together . 4 00
The Wedeyan, Halifax, weekly . 1 50
Sunday-Schood Hanner, \$2 pp. 8ro., monthly . 0 60
(hward, 8 pp. 4to., weekly, under 5 copies . 0 60
Souples and over . 0 60
Flessant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single ceptes . 0 20
Less than 30 copies . 0 25
Nunbaam, fornightly, less than 10 septes . 0 12
Hulphy Maya, loresightly, less than 10 ceptes . 0 12
Hisphy Maya, loresightly, less than 10 ceptes . 0 15
In copies and upwards . 0 12
Hisphy Maya, loresightly, less than 10 ceptes . 0 16
Quartery Review Service. Ry the year, 24c, a
cessan; 25 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a
cessan; 25c. per 100;

WILLIAM BRIGGR Methodist Rock and Publishing House, Toronto.

W. COATES, S Houry Street,

a. F. Hrastu, Wesisyan Book Roon Halliax, N.R.

# Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rey. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

#### "FTRST!" A TALK-WITH BOYR

BY PROP. MENRY DRUMMOND, P.O.A.

"Seek we first the kingdom of God and his righteonnieus; and all shee things shall be added unto you."

П

# ARITHMETIC.

I ram, therefore, to the second head What was it? "Anthunetic." Are there Are there What was it? "Anthmetic." Are there only arithmetic words in this text? "Added," says one boy. Quite right, added. What other arithmetic word? "First." Yes first "first." "added." Now, don't you think you could not have anything better to seek "first" than the anything better to seek "first" than the things I have named—to do what is right to live at peace, and be always making those about the control of the contr about you happy I . You see at once why Chilet tells us to sick these things first Christ fells us to seek these things first because they are the best worth socking. Do you know anything better than these three things, anything happier, purer, nobler? I you do seek them first. But if you do not neek first the kingdom of God. I am not have this alternoon to tell you to be religious. You know that. I am not have

life once a seek, perhaps. They might just as well let it alone it is not worth norming the kingdom of tool unless runcel it tight. Suppose you take the belief out of this and hear it over the bow, and send a difficant height over the bow, and send that ship to see, will it over reast to other saids? Certainly not. It will drift about anyhow, Keep religion in its place, and it will take you wought through life, and straight to your Father in heaven when life is over. But if you do not want to put it to the least straight to your trained and the said to be a solution of the said to the said in its place you may just as well have nothing to do with it. Religiou out of its place in a haroan life so the most moverable thing in the world. There is nothing that requires so much to be kept in its place as religion, and its place is what? second third? "First the kingdom of God. Make it so that it will be main of typouto think about that the very first thing.

There was also all the god apprens ed to a gentle man who had a configurable. The gondennant if no had, social. One day this boy as a pen the top of a fear corey house with a souther of race fixing ap a toleraph, ware. The peak was all at no much to be kept in its place as religion,

tolegraph was The sock was all at do not be was all at do not be was giving law, and the net sail they were going away to me, and the boy was to mp of the only of the wite bines in to go back to the washing, who he was finded, with 's master's tests. Denot leave any of them lying about, whatever you do, said the foreman. The boy of the doubt and the foreman. challed up the pole and began to rip off the ends of the wire. It was a very cold writer night, and the dusk was gathering. He lest his hold and fell upon the slates, slid down and then over and over to the ground below. A clothes rope, stretched across the "green" on which he was just about to fall, caught him on the chest and brake his fall, but the shock was terrible, and he lay unconscious among some clothes upon the green. An old woman came out; upon the green. An old woman came out; seeing her rope broken and the clothes all soiled, the the hoy was drunk, shook him, scolded him, and went for a policeman. And the boy with the shaking came back to consciousness, rubbed his eyes, and got upon his feet. What do you think he did? He staggered, half hand, away up the stairs. He climbed the ladder. He got on to the roof of the house. He gathered up to the roof of the house. He gathered up the tools, put them into his basket, too them down, and when he got to the ground again, fainted dond away. Just then the policeman came, saw there was somothing periously wrong, and carried him away to the hospital, where he lay for some time. I am glad to say he got better. What was his first thought at that terrible moment? Il's duty. He was not thinking of himself; he we thinking about his master. First, the kingdom of God.

But there is another arithmetic word. What is it? "Added." There is not one

by here who does not know the difference between addition and subtraction. Now, that is a very important difference in religion, because—and it is a very strange thing very few people know the difference when they begin to talk about religion. They often tell boys that if they seek the kingdom of God, everything else is going to be subtracted from them. They tell between addition and subtraction. in. . be subtracted from them. They tell them that they are going to become gloomy, mescrable, and will less everything that mak saboy's lifeworth living that they will mak saboy's lifeworth living—that they was have so step basehall and story-books, and become little old men, and spend all their time in going to meetings and in singing hymns. Now, that is not true. Ohrist more said anything like that. Christ says in are to "seek first the kingdom of G.d.," and everything else worth having is to be added unto us. If there is anything I would like you to take away with you t be added uno us. If there is anything I would like you to take away with you this affernoon, it is these two arithmetic words—"liret" and "added." I do not ir can by added that if you become religious Here ou are going to become rich you are going to become rich. Here is a boy, who in sweeping out the shop to-mor-r w morning, finds sixpence lying among the orange waxes. Well, not dy has th orange baxes Well, nob dy has imposed it. He puts it in his pocket, and it begins to burn a hole there. By breakfast time he wishes that sixpency were in his master's pocket. And by and by he goes to his master. He says (to himself, and not to his master), "I was at the Boys' brigade yesterday, and I was told in seek

to tell you consent the key slom of God. I first that which was right." Then he says have come to tell you consent to kingdom to his master, "Please, sir, here is six-of God first. First. Not many people do pence that I found upon the floor." The that. They got a little religion into their master puts it in the till." What has the life once a week, perhaps. They might have got in his pocket? Nothing; but he pence that I found upon the floor." The master puts it in the till "What has the bay got in his pocket? Nothing; but he has got the kingdom of God in his heart. He has had up treasure in heaven, which is of infinitely more worth than sixpence. Now, that boy does not find a shilling on her explained. I have known that happen, but that is not what is meant by "adding." It does not mean that God is going to pay him as his sorm cain, for he pays in better him in his own coin, for he pays in better

Yet I remember once hearing of a boy who was juid in both ways. He was very, He lived in a foreign country and his mother said to him one day that he must go into the great city and start in business, and she took his cost and cut it open and sowed between the lining and tho contients golden dimers, which she has saved up for many years to start him in life. She tell him to take care of rolbers as he went across the desert, and as he was going out of the door she said. "I have only two words for you. 'Fear Cod, and never tell a lie.'" The boy started off, and toward evening he saw glittering in the distance the minarets of the great cit. Let between the cite soil. the great city, but between the city and hims. If he can a cloud of dust, it came nearer; presently he saw that it was a band of robbers. One of the robbers left tha rest and rode toward han, and said: "Boy, what have you got?" And the boy looked han straight in the face and said: "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my cost. And the robber laughed and wheele round his horse and went away back. He would not believe the boy. Presently another robber came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "Forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber said: "The boy is a fool," and whoeled his horse and rode away back. By and by the robber captain came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber dismounted and put his hand over the boy's breast, felt something round, counted one, two, three, four, five, till he counted out the forty golden coins. round his horse and went away back. Ho He looked the boy in the face, and said:
"Why did you tell me that?" The boy said: "Because of God and my mother." And the robber leaned on his spear and thought, and said: "Vait a moment." He mounted his horse, rode back to the rest of the robbers, and came back in about five minutes with his dress changed. This time he looked not like a robber, but like a merchant. He took the boy up on his horse and said: "My boy, I have long wanted to something for my God and for my mo aer, and I have this moment renounced my robber's life. I am also a merchant. I have a large business house in the city. I want you to come and live with me, to teach me about your God; and you will be rich, and your mother some day will come and live with us." And it all happened. By seeking first the kingdom happened. By seeking first the kingdom of God, all these things were added unto

Boys, banish forever from your minds the idea that religion is subtraction. It does not tell us to give things up, but rather gives us something so much better that they give themselves up. When you that they give themselves up. When you see a boy on the street whipping a top, you know, perhaps, that you could not make that boy happier than by giving him a top, a whip, and half an hour to whip it. But next birtiday, when ha looks back, he says, "What a goose I rose hat year to be delighted with a top you hat T want now is a lovelall nat. Then when he becomes an old man he does not are to the least for a baschall but, he wants rose, and a same fire. baseball bat, he wanterest, and a snug fireaide, and a newspaper overy day. He won-ders how he could ever have taken up his thoughts with baseball bats: and whipping tops. Naw, when a boy becomes a Christian, he grows out of the wil things one by one—that is to say, if they are really cyll—which he used to set his lieur upon (of course I do not most baseball bats, for hey are not evils); and so instead of tell ing people to give up things, we are safer to tell them to "Seek first the kingdom of God," and then they will get new things and better things, and the old things will drop off of themselves. This is what he meant by the "new heart." It means that God puts into us now thoughts and new wishes, and we become quite different hoys.

# NASEEF AND HIS MOTHER

HY SOPHIE & BRITH.

What kind of meeting a d you MANUA havo, Nettio?

Notice Oh, it was grand! I wish you had been there. A missionary spek, and told us about Nascof and his methor.

Manama—Suppose you tell no whe you heard, and then I will not lose it all. Who

was Nascof?

Nytrie—He was a little black cyc i boy aix years old who lived in the East He used to cry for "Backsheesh" when a

stranger appeared.

Maining—What is backsheesh? Mainma-

Nettin-It means money.

Mamma-So your little Nascef was

eggar? Nettie-Oh, no; he was not a real a: gar, for the missionary told us that con one asks for a present of money when they meet a traveller.

Mamma Who was Naseof's mother Nettie Her name was In Naseof, and she was a poor widow. She fell sick and could not work, and her brother-in last turned her out of the house because she wanted to lower papers of Levin. wanted to learn more of Jesus

wanted to learn more or cresus.

Mamma—What became of her?

Nettic—She didn't have anything but a loaf of bread and a water jar, and she and little Nascol wandered about from place to

place, like common beggars.

Mamma— And did no one help them?

Nettie—One Sunday they came to a village where the church was calling the people to service. JunN took ber little people to service. Im N took lier little son by the hand and I 'wed the women into the church, where you at down by the door. She was delighte' to hear the stery of Jesus once more. After the service one of the women, who saw that she looked so pale, asked about herself, and took them both home with her.

Mamma And what here

Mamma - And what became of them then Nettio - Im Nascel lived long enough to become a true Christian, no then died. She told Nascel that she wanted him to be come a Christian too, and when he grow to be a man to go back to their rillage and tell the people about Josus, who would forgive their sins, as she had forgiven their unkindness to her.

## SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS

In such cold regions as Greenland, Ice-land, and the mountains of Switzerland, snow is very plentiful; on the Alpa it is to be seen the whole year round. In some places dogs are trained to guide

In some places dogs are trained to guide travellers from one point to another through the deep snow. They are not large like the St. Bernard dogs, who are so bright and intelligent in finding travellers who have become lost on their way through the deep and blinding snow of the mountains but annall wolfish-looking dogs, with long charge have to keep them warm.

These does are very strong and swit, and when harnessed in pairs, from tour warm, are eight, they will draw a well-filled sleigh with their misster upon it, and rapidly

six or eight, they will draw a well-filled sleigh with their master upon it, and rapidly travel miles at a time. He holds the reins tight and guides the dogs by his voice, or a long whip or lash anapped in the direction he would have the leaders turn. We must now tell you something amusing of the Icelanders. They are a infelligent and religious set of people. They have places of worship, and in some instances travel many miles in the cold to reach them. Well bundled up in furs, the whole family goes—baby and all. And what do you think they do with their babies during the service? Bury them just out-side the church door. They make a hole is the close show, place their babies in it, cover them all up warm, leaving out only their heads, well wrapped up is deep fur cause of hoods. Then they set their faithful dogs or guard.

A funny way, mit not of disposing of them? The snow is like a soft leather cushion to them, and the playful dogs keep them wide awake and happy until they are taken out of them should drop off them if the snow and the halful dogs of a clear day, will their heads wall protected above the snow and the faithful dogs to watch, over them.

The snow and the faithful dogs to watch, over them.

The snow and the faithful dogs to watch, over them.

Good Enough.

Daca boys, I want to give you A motto safe and good; I'w ii make your lives successful if you head it as you should. it in the letter Hon't say a thing is "good enough,"
Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons,
on at your daily work,
but the a half-way dabbler—
ton't slip and slide and shirk,
a. I think it doesn't matter
hat such talk is "trush" and "stuff"—
it is never "good enough."

your work is in the school-room, If your work is in the school-room, tinke every lesson tell;
No matter what you mean to be, Build your foundation well, kery knotty point and problem that you bravely master now Will increase your skill to labour With the peu or with the plough.

If you sweep a store or stable,
the sure you go behind
Every box and bale and counter.
It will pay, you'll always find,
To be careful, patient, thorough,
Though the work be hard and rough; I when you've done your very best, I will then be "good enough."

So you'd better take my motte, If you ever mean to work
To any station higher
Than a stable-be yor clerk.
It will make you independent,
It will make you in man's debtor;
Then never he we better. Till it can be no better.

. ---Golden Dazis.

# LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of " The Man Trup."

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISION.

LITTLE Gip's curly head was still rest-g very quietly on Johnny's pillow, and sa his friend andy's arm was stretched acro to touch Gip's soft hand; but now Mr. Mason lifted the child from the bed, and told him in a whispor to take her away. lle carried her downstairs into the dark and desolate kitchen below, where the gray sales of the dead are held no spark of light or heat. Could all that he had passed through that evening be really true? Was this indeed lost Cip whom he held so closely to his heart? Little Cip, for the held correled within heary heart. whom he had searched, with a heavy heart and a spirit bowed down by dread, through so many long months, and in so many misorable places? If it were true, why ras he not leaping and shouting for joy? What was it that made him sink down on. the solitary hearth, with no other light than the glummer of the gas, burning mong the funeral plumes in the shop-beyond the kitchen, and hide his face on fip's head, and break out into deep sorrow. is sobs. 1. Oh, if John Shafto could only have lived one day, longer,

"Gip's goin" across the groat sea to-crrow," muttered Gip, in a sleepy tone, a she nostled down confortably, on andy's lap. He know well that he was Sandy's lap. He knew well that no was sot about to lose her again in such a way;

Tobute gone? What but where was Johnny gone? What great see lands he crossed over? What grange country had he gone to, where some could follow him at his own choice and will? Sandy had learned by this time that the deep grave swallowed up no portion of the real life, and that it was nothing more than the poor shell of the body which ras buried out of sight. John Shafto himself badalready entered into somenew, unknown dwelling-place; and even whilst howas but seining over the threshold of it, whilste seining over the threshold of it, whilste he was lingering for a moment longer with his mother and Sandy, he b t caught a simpse-of-a-face, and, heart, the first, wood of a voice that he loved more than

Then, in the gloom, and dusk, there was before Sandy a kind, of vision of what Johnny's frient intust be—that Lord whom his hid loved so deeply. The face seemed to him to be something like John's

face, with the same tender, patient, even his place, that now he really wished to suffering look upon it, but with so divine a exert himself there seemed no room for smile lightening it up, that the suffering a smile lightening it up, that the suffering itself seemed to be a gladness. He fancied, too, that he heard a very low and qulet voice, saying, but whether in his ear or in his heart he could not tell, "Sandy, I have taken care of hade Gip for you, and given her back to you, now I will take

given her back to you, now I will take care of him till you see him again. Only love me." And Sandy whispered back into the gloom, "Lord, I will love you! Only make me as good as Johnny."

Perhaps he was sleeping then, or he must have fallen asleep directly afterwards on the hearth before the fireless grate, with Gip slumbering soundly in his arms; for after a long while he woke up suddenly, and saw Mrs. Shofte comme quietly fown and saw Mrs. Shofto coming quietly down the narrow staircase, with a light in her hand. Her face was very winto and ad, though there was no trace of tears in her oyes. Sandy could hear the loud heavy groam of M. Shafto in the room over-head; but Johnnya mother did not sob: and out for the whiteness of her cheeks. and the set, sorrowful line of her mouth, there was no sign of her grief. She came close to him and looked putfully down upon little Gip. Then she stooped, and lifted her

gently into her arms.

"Poor little heart!" she paid, "poor dear little heart!" But here her voice failed her, and her silent tearlessness passed She ast down with Gup pressed away. She sat down with the present closely to her, and rocked herself to and fro, and cried out, with a passion of tears, "Oh! Johnny! Johnny! Oh! my last child!"

Sandy did not know how to comfort her, or what to say to her. He stood be-side her, and put his arm about her neck, as he had often seen John do, and drew her head to lean upon his shoulder. When

her head to lean upon his shoulder. When her sobs grew quieter, after a long spell of weeping, he rentured to speak at last.

"Mother," he said, thinking to himself that John Shafto would like him to call her mother, "me and little Gip between us ill perhaps be as good as Johnny to you. Is a going to try and be like him, I am; and I'll teach little Gip everything as he staught me. I premised him I'd work for you, and take care of you, when you are too old to work any longer. He used to say he were glad I were so strong; and not like him in that. But I'm going to do all

say he were glad I were so strong; and not like him in that. But I'm going to do all I can to be like him in everything else." It was as much as Sandy's trembling hips could do to say all this; and Mrs. Shatto, after another burst of tears, drew his face down to hers, and kussed it silently. Then sho undressed little Gup very tender has to wake her force her cound show. ly, not to wake her from her sound sleep, and Sandy carried a light upstairs for her when she went to lay the child softly in her own bed. The door into the other room was half open, and he could see John Shatto's head lying on his pillow, silent, and still, yot with a smile about his hips; and here was little Gip's round and rosy face, with the cyclashes quivering as if she were just about to open her bright eyes, resting peacefully on his mother's

It was a trying tune for Sandy until the It was a trying time for Sandy until the body of his friend was buried out of night. To see little Gip playing about Mrs. Shafto, whilst she was stitching John's shroud, was such a mingling of great pleasure, and great pais to him, that he could scarcely bear it. To hear Gip's voice calling him from the dull graveyard, and to high her watching, for him, and running to meet him, instead of John, with his pale face and slow tread upon his crutches, hade the coping each evening a crutches, made the coming each evening a cruinies, intate ind contain each evening amount of targled trouble and delight. But after the funeral was over, when the deal and dimb and bland corpse had vanished from the house, by little and little he grew accustomed to John's absence, and could take a pressurem the meny presence of Gip, with her pretty, tricks and futury little ways, which often, won a smile bite Mrs. Shafte's sad eyes. Mr. Shafte's fad eyes. Mr. Shafte's limself, learned to play with Gip, after his own grave and solemn fashion, and even laught her to call hun father. As for little Gip, she had attogether forgotten her drunken mother, and know of no other parents then these who had adopted her.

But it was very dislicationing to Mr. Share to be quite unable to find any work for which he was fit. He had no long allowed younger men to push him out of

him in the bustling city. He had grown rusty through long indulgence in selfish He had grown ness and indolence; and a hard fight would it be to thrust his way into the crowded ranks of busy mon. Sandy could not yet gain more than his own living; and it seemed as if Mrs. Shafto must continue to work hard from early in the norming until late into the night, to earn food for her husband and little Gip.

(To be continued.)

#### "NO SALOONS UP THERE."

Dead in the fulness of his manly strongth. the ripeness of his manly beauty. And we who leved him were glad!

His coffin rested on his draped piano, his banjo and his fluto beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold, white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his scaled hiss, of which wit and melody had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead.

Always courteous in manner, kind in word, codiging in act, everybody liked Ned, the handsome, brilliant Ned.

Three generations of ancestors, honourable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass as gentlemen, but never lowered themselves to desire the content of the second s glass as gentlemen, but nover movered themselves to drunkenness; but their conthemselves to drunkenness; but their combined appetites they had given as an heir-loom to Ned, and from infancy he saw wine offered to guests at the dinner parties, and when he had been "a perfect attle gentleman," was given, by his father, one little sin.

sip.

He grow, and the taste grew; and when father was taken, all restraint but a mother's love was taken.

As the only child of a praying mother, now the Church would hold him up, now the saloon would draw him down, now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the authems of the church, now make her night hideous with his ribald songs. So all along the years, he was her idel, and her

When her last sickness was upon her,

the mother said to a friend:
"They tell me when I am gone Eddie
will go down unchecked; that in some
wild spree or mad deliriam he will die. u will not. His fathers created the appetite they gave my poor loy. His dis-grace is their sui, and my sin too. He saw it on our table, tasted it in our ice creams. jellies and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear but for the sure faith that God has forgiven me and Fiddle will die a humble pentent. It is just that I be forbidden to enjoy here the promised hand, but I know whom I believe,

and my boy will be carried safely over."

As death drew nigh, every breath was a prayer for "Eddie," and as he chafed her death-cold hands, the pallid lips formed the words no car could catch, "Meet—me in —heaven.' And his voice, rich and full, responded, "I will, mother—I will!"

And as from her mountain height of faith and love she caught a sight of that "promised land," with a scraph's smile she whispered, "I—thank—thee—O Father!"

And his uncontrollable grief made one say to another. "His mother's death will be his salvation."

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cometery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his joins home, and the oppressive allence drove him out to walk. He passed a saloon, some of his old associates came and said kind words of sympathy. His soul-was dark and sail, and from the open door came light and

cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the long spree was over me code a croney "Take that old he k cut of my sight."
Historial bookles the force he had seen

his samuel mother tomog morning, night, and orien and osy, and from which he had read to her those suffering, dying days: Then a friend of his hother took him to

her home, and brought him lack to sober-ness, remorse and a horror of houself. Eag months he did nobly, and became active in

Christian work, and refused all the urrange

Christian work, and refused all the urang "to just step in and see your old friends," and we full there was joy in heaven.
Then he was saked to bring his banjo and sing at an oyster suppor at the most everywhile reduced to drink,"

A wold spree was the result of the result of the result.

was so mired be doubted in it but ever been white and a doubted, too less hope, white and act in timvelf, and were, lost faith m icel.

Kud arms were thrown about him, and again he was placed upon his foot. Very humble, very weak, he tried suco more to walk the heavenward path.

"I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day when I met him.

"I don't know how long it will last," hu

"I non't know now now, said sadly, said sadly, "Forever, I hope," I said cheerily.

I shall try burd to have it, but there will come an unguarded moment—but you know nothing about it!

Some two weeks after I met a physician.
"I have a case for you, ladies. Ned is

vory sick."

"Has liquor say thing to do with it?"

"No, not at all. He has pneumonia, but his old drinking has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him."

His overstold up he thought he would

His nume told us he thought he would die, and constantly exclaimed, "My wasted life, my wasted life." God cannot forgive it." He would four to die, and new to it." He would fear to die, and pray to live to redomn his past, then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken away from temptation. So were on a work, and then he gate up self and grew calm in

One Sunday he said his mother was in the reem and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face, and "Mother!" on his lips, he passed beyond. As I come out of the house one of his

whiless associates, soler and sad, took of his list, and asked, "In it all over?"

Impressed with the meaning of these two words. I laured and answered back.

"All over?"

With over?"

With a voice full of pathon he said. "The show follow is all right now. There are no saloons up there!"

I walked on, repeating to myself "No saloons up there." Thy will be done in earth as it is in hosven."

#### GULLIVER AND THE PIGMIES

Do you remember that little cory of Gulliver! He was a giant they say. He lay down to sleep one day annost the rittle threads around los angers. He said. This is fun, I can break that at any manute with this great sausele of mine. I can break a bempen rope, and can I not break a spider a weel.

apider's wood.

The little promes ried another finger, 'o laughed. Brand-bye they tend areather and another, until both his hands were 'nd and fastened to the ground. He could have broken off then, for they were only gossammer tunno—only spider a wells, that a all. But they bound another round has wasst, mostler round his arm, another waist, moster round his arm, another round that wrist and that arm, and one round his body, and so little by little they clumbed over his knees, over his breast, on his face, and then upon his nose. He was looking at them, and said. "My dear boys, I am bigger than you are, go shoad."

shoud."

By and bya they got him tied down a Harred to rue, but every possible place. He tried to rue, but didn't rise. He didn't hugh any more, they all laughed that time. He did not hook at them with a trinkle out of his oy, saying. My mosels is big," but he looked as much as to say, "Whatever has been done thems?" There he was, tied fast and tractic first allege.

alsolitiely helplies!
Now, it is not one drink that kills a man, now, it is not one drink that kills a man, it is not too drinks that kill a man. These are only little throuls; each one a thread, and, you laughts yourselves, and say. "I can break off at any time, I can take care of myselfs; I am able to control this habit whomever I choose." But by and bye, when you try to do it, you find that it is utterly and absolutely impossible. It mained be done without the help of beaver, and it requires a large measure of that.

Nor to enjoy life, but to employ life, ought to be our aim and aspiration,



BASTERN MOURNERS.

#### EASTERN MOURNEES.

THE people of the East have a very demonstrative way of expressing their grief Often a band of hired mourners are engaged for a funeral, and their outeries and lamentations are very distressing to hear The picture shows a scene in India, but the same custom prevailed in Palestine, and many allusions are made to it in Scripture. It will be a good plan to turn to them and read what is said about the

# LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS

A.D. 37.1

LESSON L

SAUL OF TARSUS CONVERTED. Acts 9, 1-20

Memory verses, 15-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. —John 3. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ changes the heart and life.

# HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Helps Over Hard Places.

Breathing out—His vital breath was threatening. High priest—Who, by Roman permission, had authority over foreign Jews in matters of religion. Of this way—Of Christ's way of religion and worship. As he journeyed—On horseback. It was nearly a week's journey. Damascus The oldest city in the world. It then contained 50,000 Jews. A light from heaven—It was midday. (Acts 28, 13) In this light he saw Jesus himself (Acts 9, 7; 22, 14). Kick against the pricks—The ox goads. Oven kicking against the goad hurt themselves and gained nothing. So Paul, in resisting the truth and disoboying conscience. Stood speechless—They had fallen at first (20, 14) and had risen up. Or it may mean simply "they remained speechless. Hearing a coice—i.e. the sound, but not un derstanding the words (22, 9). The words were in Hobrew. Three Lays without sight. He was blinded by the light. In these days he had his great conflict. Straight—Then the main street of lamascus, one hundred feet wide. Saul, before his conversion, was sincere, moral, religious. Conversion (1) made him more truly sincere; (2) filled his soul with lors to God and man, making him truly moral; (3) changed his feelings toward (Thrist; (4) brought the forgiveness of ein: (5) moral; (3) changed his feelings toward Christ; (4) brought the forgiveness of sin: (5) changed his life purpose.

Kind in this lesson -

1. What great change Jesus can make in a What to say when Jesus calls us.

3. Two examples of prompt obedience.
4. Two things we all need.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who was Saul? "Saul, called also Paul, 1. Who was Saul? "Saul, called also Paul, was a Jew, of the tribe of Bonjamm. Born in larsus, educated at Jerusalem, and now thirty-five years old." 2. What was he now doing? "Persecuting the Christiana." 3. What befell him on the way to Damasous? "Jesus appeared to him at midday, in a great light." 4. What was the effect of this? "He was converted, and became a disciple of Jesus." 5. What three things followed? "He received his sight, he was filled with the Holy Ghost, and he was baptized."

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

Where is he spoken of as teaching us to understand the Scriptures?

John 16. 13, 14.—When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth. . . . He shall glorify me. for he shall take of mine, and shall declare it unto you.

1 Cor. 2. 14. - The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.

1 John 2 20 - And ye have an anointing [Oct. 2 from the holy One, and ye know all things.

## THE BRUSH BRIGADE

BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD

Nor long ago I heard a mother tell her boys that intimate and constant acquaintance with brushes went a great way toance with brushes went a great way to-ward making a gentleman. The remark struck me, and I asked how many brushes one needed to be familiar with. "Tell her, boys," said their mother; and the merry fellows shouted:

"One to brush our hair we need. And one to polish our boots, One to clean our nails, indeed, And one to dust our suits,
And one to give our hats a switching,
To make us all look very bewitching,
And that's thesong of the Brush Brigade."

"Willie always twists everything they have to remember into a jingle, and then they don't forget it," said the mother smiling as the brigade were their househor. mg as the brigade went on their brushes.

"Tramps went out, but gentlemen came back," said the clover little mother when they came in again, presenting each of the brush-improved four with an apple turn over for his lunch-box.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness, and dirt is an abomination," said grandmother

'It runs in the family," I heard one of the boys say as they put on their coats. "I guess grandma brought up her boys to brushes just as mother sorves us. Nover mind, all her boys are gentlemen clear through; and I s'pose we'll be the same if we stick to the brushes."

A LIFE without Christ is the life of an

# The Discontented Seed.

Our in the meadow all brown and bare. A tall tree waved in the soft spring air; And down at its foot there lay a seed, Grieving to think it was but a weed.

Up in the tree-top the bluebird sang; Over the meadow the sweet song rang; "Up, little seeds—come up little seeds! Every one of you springtime needs!"

"I'm only a very common weed," Said the discontented, silly seed. "I can't be one that's wanted above; So homely a thing no one can love."

But the rain came down and soaked him

The sun shone warm and the soft breeze blew. And almost before he was awar He shone a star in the meadow there.

And all the grasses were glad he came, And called him many a pretty name; Till one bright day a child came by, And saw the gleam of his golden eye.

And gaily laughing she knelt beside And kiased the blossom, and softly cried: "Precious and beautiful little thing, Spring without you would never be spring!"

Then surely the dandelion knew That a weed had grace and beauty too; And brightly blessomed and held its balls Full of downy seeds for "mother's calls?" And \*4 they are blown away they sing, "Spring without us could never be spring !"

## LOOK AND SEE.

How many schoolboys in all the land, a very thoughtful one inquires, can tell what kind of timber will bear the heaviest burden, or why you take white oak for one part of a wagon and ash for another, and what timber will last longest under water, and what out of the water? How many know sandstone from limestone, or iron from mangane e? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pat-tern? How many know which turns the faster, the top of the wheel or the bottom as the wagon moves along the ground? How many know how steel is made, or how a snake can climb a tree! How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow behind, and that the cow eats grass from her and the horse to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark on a never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit without bloom?

There is a power of comfort in know-ledge, but a boy is not going to get it unless he wants it bodly. And that is the trouble with most school boys. They do not want it. They are too busy, and have not get time. There is more hope of a dull boy who wants knowledge then of a genius who generally knows it all without study. These close observers are the world's



LADY DOLEFUL

#### LADY DOLEFUL.

Ws wonder what has happened to the" dog to make her look so doleful. She looks as if she had lost all her friends, doesn't she? Perhaps she is suck, or maybo she is only sulky, and if that is the case she must be a very naughty dog, and a very foolish one too, to make her face look so ugly.

# Special Columbus Number of "Onward."

The regular number of Onward for October 1st will be specially devoted to Columbus. It will contain a descriptive article by the Editor on his life and times, accompanied by several illustrations, poems by Tennyson and Lowell on his character, and an account of the pre-Columbian discoverers of America. The Minister of Education for Ontario has directed that a Columbian celebration beheld in all the public schools of the Province. Every Sunday-school scholar ought to have this special Columbian number of ONWARD to enable him to thoroughly ap-preciate and enjoy that celebration. Of this paper we shall print a large edition over what will be required to supply regular subscribers, and it will be furnished to note: subscribers or subscribers requiring additional copies at the rate of \$1.00 a hundred in any quantity of not less than ten copies. Let every scholar have a copy.

## WE HAVE A NICE

# Temperance Pledge Roll

WITH SPACES FOR 75 HAMES.

Printed on Paper, 25 Cents. Printed on Cardboard, 35 Cents.

The following is the form of Pledge: " We, the undersigned, do solemnly promise, by the help of God, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and profanity."

# HAS YOUR SCHOOL A PLEDGE ROLL!

## WILLIAM BRIGGS

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL

R. F. HUESTIS, HALIFIT