

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
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.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages 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	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Harvest Song.

BY DAET FAIRTHORNE.

Laugh out, laugh out, ye orchard lands,
With all your ripened store;
Such bounteous measure nature yields—
What could heart ask 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 CUTTERS OF THE ALPS.

BY JENNIE WHITE.

If the friends in our picture were not already "labeled," you might mistake them perhaps for a picnic party or a new sort of "bobogyaners"; but in fact they are not abroad for pleasure at all—though they do seem to be having a pretty good time—but are hard at work making their living.

"Wild-grass cutters," our artist calls them, and we might quite as appropriately call them "haymakers," though the insignia of their occupation—the pitchfork—is absent, and they haul their "crop" on runners instead of on wheels. You see, haymaking in that great mountain system of central Europe, known to us as the Alps, varies in several particulars from the method we are accustomed to use.

Perhaps you know that in those great mountains only about one-fourth of the territory between base and summit—the lower portion—is adapted to cultivation; while above this district is a vast expanse of wild pastureland and forest, and beyond this to the snow-crowned summit is a rocky, icy, barred waste.

The people living in the lower mountain slopes make their living, principally, by raising cattle, sheep, and goats and by the products of their dairies; and I think you will agree with me that they afford a good illustration of that much-talked-of "division of labour" system, for, while the men take care of the flocks and herds, the women attend to all the work of field, garden, and dairy!

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

store it away for use during the winter; and in this work too the women and children 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, probably you will conclude that that mode of transportation is very practical and sensible; 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. 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 fifty times through ever-diminishing holes in steel

There is a small home demand for the round wire for the adornment of epaulets, etc., but the bulk of the manufactured article finds its way in the shape of "ky gold thread to India and the far East generally, where it is converted by skilled native labor into those gorgeous 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 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 extreme limit is not even yet reached.—*Chambers' Journal.*



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 degree 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 process follows; and the bars, originally about two feet in length and two inches in diameter, but now half as long again and proportionately thinner, are in the next place filed and rubbed 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 sapphires. 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 commerce. These spinning machines are worked by water, although two steam engines are to be found in the factory, for water power is considered to be more regular and even in its action.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

BY 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 door would noiselessly open and in a moment the well known form softly gliding through the darkness would appear at my bedside. First there would be a few pleasant inquiries of affection, which gradually deepened into words of counsel. Then, kneeling, her head close to mine, her most earnest hopes and desires would flow forth in prayer. Her tears bespoke the earnestness of her desire. I seem to feel them yet where they sometimes fell on my face. The prayers often passed out of thought in slumber, and came not to mind again for years, but they were not lost. I willingly believe they were an invisible bond with heaven that secretly preserved me while I moved carelessly amid numberless temptations, 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 the result of a trough or basin of enormous depth and extent along the east coast of Japan and the Kurile 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 deepened more than 1,800 fathoms, and upon the next cast of the lead the wire broke after 4,643 fathoms had been run out with out the bottom having been reached. Thermometers especially constructed for deep-sea soundings were wrecked by the unexpected pressures. The depth of the deepest cast five miles and a quarter, the deepest water yet found is sufficient to hold two mountains as high as Japan's great Fujiyama, one on top of the other, and then the summit of the highest would be nearly two-thirds of a mile under water.

Don't Despise the Children.

BY W. A. KATON

I don't despise the little children... They are flowers bright and fair...

Don't despise the little children! Do not call them useless toys...

Don't despise the little children! Let them have their fill of joy...

Do not, then, despise the children... They have souls as well as you!

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

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

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

O. W. COOPER, 3 Murray Street, Montreal. A. F. HICKEY, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

"FIRST!"

A TALK WITH BOY.

BY PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND, F.O.A.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you."

II

ARITHMETIC.

I FEAR, therefore, to the second head: What was it? "Arithmetic." Are there any arithmetic words in this text?

to tell you to seek the kingdom of God. I have come to tell you to seek the kingdom of God first. First. Not many people do that.

There was a boy in the city who appeared to a gentleman in a suit of gray. The gentleman had a pocket watch. One day this boy was on the top of a four-story house with a number of men fixing up a telegraph wire.

But there is another arithmetic word. What is it? "Added." There is not one boy here who does not know the difference between addition and subtraction.

first that which was right." Then he says to his master, "Please, sir, here is sixpence that I found upon the floor."

But I remember once hearing of a boy who was paid in both ways. He was very, very poor. 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.

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.

NASEEF AND HIS MOTHER.

BY SOPHIE A. SMITH.

MAMMA What kind of meeting did you have, Nettie?

Nettie—Oh, it was grand! I wish you had been there. A missionary came and told us about Naseef and his mother.

Mamma—Suppose you tell me what you heard, and then I will not lose it all. Who was Naseef?

Nettie—He was a little black-eyed boy six years old who lived in the East. He used to cry for "Backsheesh" when a stranger appeared.

Mamma—What is backsheesh? Nettie—It means money. Mamma—So your little Naseef was a beggar?

Nettie—Oh, no; he was not a real beggar, for the missionary told us that every one asks for a present of money when they meet a traveller.

Mamma—Who was Naseef's mother? Nettie—Her name was Im Naseef, and she was a poor widow. She fell sick and could not work, and her brother-in-law turned her out of the house because she wanted to learn more of Jesus.

Mamma—What became of her? Nettie—She didn't have anything but a loaf of bread and a water jar, and she and little Naseef 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. Im Naseef took her little son by the hand and followed the women into the church, where she sat down by the door.

Mamma—And what became of them then? Nettie—Im Naseef lived long enough to become a true Christian, and then died. She told Naseef that she wanted him to become a Christian too, and when he grew to be a man to go back to their village and tell the people about Jesus, who would forgive their sins, as she had forgiven their unkindness to her.

SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS.

In such cold regions as Greenland, Iceland, and the mountains of Switzerland, snow is very plentiful; on the Alps it is to be seen the whole year round.

Good Enough.

Dear boys, I want to give you
A motto safe and good;
"Twice make your lives successful
If you heed it as you should.
Obey it in the letter—
Don't say a thing is "good enough,"
Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons,
Or at your daily work,
Don't be a half-way dabbler—
Don't slip and slide and shirk,
I think it doesn't matter
What such talk is "trash" and "stuff"—
Till your task is perfect,
It is never "good enough."

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

If you sweep a store or stable,
Be 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;
And when you've done your very best,
Till then be "good enough."

So you'd better take my motto,
If you ever mean to work
To any station higher
Than a stable-boy or clerk.
It will make you independent,
It will make you no man's debtor;
Then never say "It's good enough"
Till it can be no better.

—Golden Days.

face, with the same tender, patient, even suffering look upon it, but with so divine a smile lightening it up, that the suffering itself seemed to be a gladness. He fancied, too, that he heard a very low and quiet voice, saying, but whether in his ear or in his heart he could not tell. "Sandy, I have taken care of little Gip for you, and 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. Shafto coming quietly down the narrow staircase, with a light in her hand. Her face was very white and sad, though there was no trace of tears in her eyes. Sandy could hear the loud heavy groans of Mrs. Shafto in the room overhead; but Johnny's 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 pitifully down upon little Gip. Then she stooped, and lifted her gently into her arms.

"Poor little heart!" she said, "poor dear little heart!" But here her voice failed her, and her silent tearlessness passed away. She sat down with Gip pressed 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 beside 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 sobs grew quieter, after a long spell of weeping, he ventured 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 all perhaps be as good as Johnny to you. I'm going to try and be like him, I am; and I'll teach little Gip everything as he's taught me. I promised 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 I can to be like him in everything else."

It was as much as Sandy's trembling lips could do to say all this; and Mrs. Shafto, after another burst of tears, drew his face down to hers, and kissed it silently. Then she undressed little Gip very tenderly, 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 Shafto's head lying on his pillow, silent, and still, yet with a smile about his lips; and here was little Gip's round and rosy face, with the eyelashes quivering as if she were just about to open her bright eyes, resting peacefully on his mother's pillow!

It was a trying time for Sandy until the body of his friend was buried out of sight. To see little Gip playing about Mrs. Shafto, whilst she was stitching John's shroud, was such a mingling of great pleasure and great pain to him, that he could scarcely bear it. To hear Gip's voice calling him from the dull graveyard, and to find her watching for him, and running to meet him, instead of John, with his pale face and slow tread upon his crutches, made the coming each evening a moment of tangled trouble and delight. But after the funeral was over, when the deaf and dumb and blind corpse had vanished from the house, by hole and little he grew accustomed to John's absence, and could take a pleasure in the merry presence of Gip, with her pretty tricks and funny little ways, which often won a smile into Mrs. Shafto's sad eyes. Mr. Shafto himself learned to play with Gip, after his own grave and solemn fashion, and even taught her to call him father. As for little Gip, she had altogether forgotten her drunken mother, and knew of no other parents than those who had adopted her.

But it was very disconcerting to Mr. Shafto, to be quite unable to find any work for which he was fit. He had so long allowed younger men to push him out of

his place, that now he really wished to exert himself there seemed no room for him in the bustling city. He had grown rusty through long indulgence in selfishness and indolence; and a hard fight would it be to thrust his way into the crowded ranks of busy men. 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 morning until late into the night, to earn food for her husband and little Gip.

(To be continued.)

"NO SALOONS UP THERE."

DEAD!
Dead in the fulness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty. And who loved him were glad!

His coffin rested on his draped piano, his banjo and his flute 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 sealed lips, 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, obliging 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 drunkenness; but their combined appetites they had given as an heirloom to Ned, and from infancy he saw wine offered to guests at the dinner parties, and when he had been "a perfect little gentleman," was given, by his father, one little sip.

He grew, and the taste grew; and when his 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 anthems of the church, now make her night hideous with his ribald songs. So all along the years, he was her idol, and her woe.

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 delirium he will die. But he will not. His fathers created the appetite they gave my poor boy. His disgrace is their sin, and my sin too. He can sit 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 will answer my daily, nightly prayers, and Eddie will die a humble penitent. It is just that I be forbidden to enjoy here the promised land, 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 ear 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 seraph's smile she whispered, "I—thank—thee—O Father!" and was gone.

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

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his home, and the oppressive silence 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 sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the long spree was over he could cry "Take that out of me out of my sight."

But—old book—the house he had seen his sainted mother coming morning, night, and often and day, and from which he had fled to her those suffering, dying days.

Then a friend of his mother took him to her home, and brought him back to sobriety, remorse and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly, and became active in

Christian work, and refused all the urging "to just step in and see your old friends," and we felt there was joy in heaven.

Then he was asked to bring his banjo and sing at an oyster supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink."

A wild spree was the result—his robe was soiled he doubtless it had ever been white—and he doubted, too, lost hope, lost faith in himself, and worse, lost faith in God.

Kind arms were thrown about him, and again he was placed upon his feet. Very humble, very weak, he tried to go 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," he said sadly.

"Forever, I hope," I said cheerily.

I shall try hard 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 very sick."

"Has liquor any 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 nurse told us he thought he would die, and constantly exclaimed, "My wasted life, my wasted life! God cannot forgive it." He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past, then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken away from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up self and grew calm in Christ.

One Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face, and "Mother!" on his lips, he passed beyond.

As I came out of the house one of his white associates, sober and sad, took off his hat, and asked, "Is it all over?"

Impressed with the meaning of those two words I bowed and answered back.

"All over?"

With a voice full of pathos he said.

"The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there!"

I walked on, repeating to myself "No saloons up there! They will be done in earth as it is in heaven!"

GULLIVER AND THE PIGMIES

Do you remember that little story of Gulliver? He was a giant they say. He lay down to sleep one day amidst the pigmies. They began biting their little throats around his fingers. He said, "This is fun, I can break that at any minute with this great muscle of mine. I can break a hempen rope, and can I not break a spider's web?"

The little pigmies tied another finger to his laugh. By-and-by they tied another and another, until both his hands were tied and fastened to the ground. He could have broken off then, for they were only gossamer twines—only spider's webs, that's all. But they bound another round his waist, another round his arm, another round that wrist and that arm, and one round his body, and so little by little they climbed 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 ahead."

By-and-by they got him tied down in every possible place. He tried to rise, but didn't rise. He didn't laugh any more, they all laughed that time. He did not look at them with a twinkling out of his eye, saying, "My muscle is big," but he looked as much as to say, "Whatever has been done to me?" There he was, tied fast and absolutely helpless!

Now, it is not one drink that kills a man, it is not two drinks that kill a man. There are only little threads; each one a thread, and you laugh to yourself, and say, "I can break off at any time, I can take care of myself; I am able to control this habit whenever I choose." But by-and-by, when you try to do it, you find that it is utterly and absolutely impossible. It cannot be done without the help of heaven, and it requires a large measure of that.

Not to enjoy life, but to employ life, ought to be our aim and aspiration.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISION.

LITTLE Gip's curly head was still resting very quietly on Johnny's pillow, and Sandy's arm was stretched across his friend to touch Gip's soft hand; but now Mr. Mason lifted the child from the bed, and told him in a whisper to take her away. He carried her downstairs into the dark and desolate kitchen below, where the gray ashes of the dead fire held no spark of light or heat. Could all that he had passed through that evening be really true? Was this indeed lost Gip whom he held so closely to his heart? little Gip, for whom he had searched, with a heavy heart and a spirit bowed down by dread, through so many long months, and in so many miserable places? If it were true, why was 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 glimmer of the gas, burning among the funeral plumes in the shop beyond the kitchen, and hid his face on Gip's head, and break out into deep sorrowful sobs? Oh, if John Shafto could only have lived one day longer!

"Gip's gone across the great sea-tor-borrow," muttered Gip, in a sleepy tone, as she nestled down comfortably on Sandy's lap. He knew well that he was not about to lose her again in such a way; but where was Johnny gone? What great secret had he crossed over? What strange country had he gone to, where none 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 dead life, and that it was nothing more than the poor shell of the body, which was buried out of sight. John Shafto himself had already entered into someone, unknown dwelling-place; and even whilst he was but stepping over the threshold of it, whilst he was lingering for a moment longer with his mother and Sandy, he had caught a glimpse of a face, and heard the first sound of a voice that he loved more than he loved theirs.

Then, in the gloom and dusk, there came before Sandy a kind of vision of what Johnny's friend must be—that Lord whom he had loved so deeply. The face seemed to him to be something like John's



EASTERN MOURNERS.



LADY DOLEFUL.

EASTERN MOURNERS.

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 outcries 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 custom.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who was Saul? "Saul, called also Paul, was a Jew, of the tribe of Benjamin. Born in Tarsus, educated at Jerusalem, and now thirty-five years old." 2. What was he now doing? "Persecuting the Christians." 3. What befell him on the way to Damascus? "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 from the holy One, and ye know all things.

The Discontented Seed.

Out 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,
Grooving 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 through,
The sun shone warm and the soft breeze blew.
And almost before he was aware
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 kissed 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 blossomed and held its balls
Full of downy seeds for "mother's calls?"
And as they are blown away they sing,
"Spring without us could never be spring!"

LADY DOLEFUL.

We 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 sick, or maybe 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 Tenyson 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 be held 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 appreciate 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 non-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.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS

A. D. 37.] **LESSON I.** [Oct. 2

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.

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 23. 13.) In this light he saw Jesus himself (Acts 9. 7; 22. 14). *Kick against the pricks*—The ox goads. Oxen kicking against the goad hurt themselves and gained nothing. So Paul, in resisting the truth and disobeying conscience. *Stood speechless*—They had fallen at first (26. 14) and had risen up. Or it may mean simply "they remained speechless." *Hearing a voice*—i. e. the sound, but not understanding the words (22. 9). The words were in Hebrew. *Three days without sight*—He was blinded by the light. In these days he had his great conflict. *Straight*—Then the main street of Damascus, one hundred feet wide. Saul, before his conversion, was sincere, moral, religious. Conversion (1) made him more truly sincere; (2) filled his soul with love to God and man, making him truly moral; (3) changed his feelings toward Christ; (4) brought the forgiveness of sin; (5) changed his life purpose.

Find in this lesson—

1. What great change Jesus can make in a person.
2. What to say when Jesus calls us.
3. Two examples of prompt obedience.
4. Two things we all need.

THE BRUSH BRIGADE

BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

Not long ago I heard a mother tell her boys that intimate and constant acquaintance with brushes went a great way toward 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 the song 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 went off in a vivacious procession to practice on their brushes. "Tramps went out, but gentlemen came back," said the clever 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 from her corner.

"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 serves us. Never 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 orphan.

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 manganese? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pattern? 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 tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit without bloom?

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

WE HAVE A NICE

Temperance Pledge Roll

WITH SPACES FOR 75 NAMES.

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. HURSTIS, HALIFAX.