

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
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- 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
- 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.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

- 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

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

[No. 43.]

Bedtime.

Three little girls are weary—
Weary of books and play;
Sad is the world and dreary—
Slowly the time slips away.
Six little feet are aching,
Bowed is each little head;
Yet they are up and shaking,
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two,
Then when they on their clatter,
Silly comes quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops each
head—
Three little maids are
dozing,
Though they're not
ready for bed.

That is their method
ever—
Night after night they
protest,
Claiming they're sleepy
never,
Never in need of rest;
Nodding and almost
dreaming,
Drowsily each little
head,
Still is forever scheming
Merely to keep out of
bed.

The opening of "The Merchant of Venice," "In scotch, I know not why I am so sad," does not immediately catch a boy's attention and arouse his interest as does, "There was heard the sharp report of a pistol," or the "Once upon a time," of the detective and love stories. However, when "The Merchant of Venice" is read and digested, the boy has learned, and with pleasure, too, the lesson of obedience, the justice of the laws of Venice, the typical Jewish character, besides having read an ideal romance.

By suggesting the story of the caskets

CROSSING THE STEPPES.

In the southern portion of the Russian empire, extending from the River Pruth, without a break to the Volga and the Caspian Sea, stretch vast plains of sterile aspect and unbroken monotony, called the Steppes. Covering a very great area, they are so bare as to be called absolutely treeless; the only vegetation they support being a low, straggling shrub, of which we see a very good example in the left corner of the picture. For a great part of the year the Steppes present an unbroken expanse of

of extreme hunger, will not hesitate to attack a lonely traveller—where the proportion will probably be fifty to one. The picture is a typical scene of the Steppes; with the dull and threatening sky, the scanty vegetation, and the village in the background, while in the foreground a sleigh, with the peculiar mode of harnessing the horses, setting out, with a vigorous driver, for some far-distant village and possibly to meet his worst enemy. May he have a prosperous and safe journey.

A GENEROUS HORSE.

The horse is generally rated as one of the most intelligent of animals, and a pretty incident that was witnessed by a number of persons yesterday shows that generosity also enters into his character.

Two fine-looking horses hitched to single buggies were hitched to the curb opposite the Chestnut Street entrance to the Merchants' Exchange. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired. The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give the horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

This horse was contentedly munching his oats when his attention was attracted by the actions of the other horse. The other horse was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner. The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely and replied with a neigh, which must have been in horse language an invitation to the other fellow to help himself. Evidently he accepted it as such, for he moved along in the direction of the bag as far as his hitching strap would permit. But the strap was not long enough and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short.

The other horse noticed and seemed to appreciate this difficulty. Fortunately there was some lee-way to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose, until the other horse was able to reach it. Then, after a friendly nose-rub of salutation the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.—St. Louis Republic.

THE SHIELD OF SALVATION.

"Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation."—2 Sam. 22. 36.

This beautiful little text teaches us a very precious truth. It shows us that the salvation which the Lord Jesus came to bring is not only salvation at last—just escaping hell—but that it is salvation now, and salvation in everything.

Salvation does not only mean victory at last, but it is like a broad, shining shield, given to us in the midst of the battle, coming between us and the poisoned arrows and sharp sword-thrusts of the enemy. It is a shield not only to keep us from death, but to keep us from being hurt and wounded. It is the shield which the Captain has given us to use now, as well as the crown which he will give when the warfare is ended.

How are you to use this shield? What does it really mean for you? It means, that if you have come to the Lord Jesus to be saved, he does not say he will save you, but that you are saved—that he saves you now.

And this is how you are to use it: Believe it, and be sure of it, because you have his word for it; and then, when a temptation comes, tell the enemy that he has nothing to do with you, for you are saved; that you belong to Jesus, and not to him. Look up and say: "Jesus saves me!"

Will he fall for you? Did he ever let any find themselves deceived and mistaken who looked up in faith and confidence to him, trusting in his great salvation? Never! And never will you find this shield of his salvation fail to cover you completely. Satan himself cannot touch you when you are behind this shield. Lift it up when you see him coming—even ever so far off—and you will be safe.

READING FOR BOYS.

BY A. F. CALDWELL.

A healthy literary taste is a growth. Such a taste not only grows by that on which it feeds, but it produces results of a similar kind. Feed a boy detective stories or silly love tales, and you give him a stimulant, agreeable for a time, but it is sure to leave a diseased intellect. A mind nourished with strong and vigorous food not only digests the same, and receives it into its life current, but it creates as well. Thus he has that which remains and ever affords material for the up-building of his intellectual organism.

On your boys demanding food, allow them to go into the pantry, and nine out of ten will select tarts and preserves, while one may take, possibly, that which is more substantial.

Send the boys haphazard to a well-assorted library, and nine-tenths of them will return with the discouraging remark: "There's nothing there worth reading."

Now is the time when a bit of wise counsel will turn the tide of the boy's literary taste into a fortune of future thought. Make a careful selection of interesting, as well as instructive volumes of poetry and prose. Among them there may be "Ivanhoe," "Evangeline," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Tale of Two Cities,"—in fact, one can select volume after volume, the only trouble being in knowing where to stop.

To the majority of boys it would be causing them to commit literary suicide to place even these books before them and say: "Read!"

Every boy is fascinated by watching certain chemical changes, but put the raw materials into his hands, without any directions, and an explosion undoubtedly results. Why? Because he knows neither the nature nor the combinations of the chemicals.

and, by relating, in a few words, the powerful "trial scene," any boy of average literary taste would be led by a natural curiosity to know the book himself. By supplying him with a short list of "test questions" on the subject matter, he will read the drama in the light of investigation and criticism.

Other books may be read in the same way, and in a remarkably short space of time the boy has found the "open sesame" to the best of thought, and he fully realizes that "books are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages."—Epworth Herald.

snow-covered and hard-frozen wastes—as dismal and desolate a piece of country as can be found anywhere in Europe. These conditions naturally render travelling very difficult. It is all done in sleighs, drawn by three, and sometimes more, horses, and the distances covered in a single day are often incredible.

But distance and cold are by no means the traveller's worst enemies. Good warm furs and strong, swift horses render these comparatively harmless. The greatest danger takes the unwelcome form of large, roving packs of hungry wolves, which, though afraid to approach a settlement unless under the influence



CROSSING THE STEPPES, RUSSIA.

Accounted For.

I am not feeling well to-day,
But why I cannot see;
I had some ice cream 'cross the way,
And pancakes home for tea;

I also had some caramels,
And sugared almonds, too;
And when I met with Tommy Wells,
A stick of fine tolu.

But I was careful with each one—
Too much of none I ate,
It cannot be that penny bun,
And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had
Six cookies off before;
They've never left me feeling bad,
Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda water couldn't make
Me ill—'twas Billie's treat,
I sort of think this fearful ache
Comes wholly from the heat.

OUR PERIODICALS:

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

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.....	2 00	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 25	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 66 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60	0 60
5 copies and over.....	0 50	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 80	0 80
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 24	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter).....	0 07	0 07
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 20	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly.....	0 05½	0 05½
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 06	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 30, 1898.

SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW.

The blessings of church membership.—Psalm 133.

The devout Jew prized very greatly his fellowship in the household of saints, his belonging to the nation of Israel. This made him sometimes look down with a sort of contempt upon the Gentiles and made him very proud of being a Jew. Even when to be a Jew was to be persecuted, afflicted, tormented, despised of all nations, and trampled under foot, still the Jew in every land has been faithful to his name and to his race.

In this Psalm David sings of the joy of brethren dwelling together in unity. "For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore." Well may we thank God for the blessings of church membership—we who were not of the household of Israel, but were Gentiles whom God brought into that spiritual Israel which embraces all people in all lands. That Saviour whom the Jews rejected, and whom with wicked hands they crucified and slew, has become our Saviour and Lord, and through him we may obtain the pardon of our sins, and all the gladness and joy of his salvation.

THE BEST TEACHER FOR THE YOUNGEST.

It is wholly a mistake to suppose that any one who may be found willing to undertake the work will do for a primary-class teacher. Willingness is an important, but not the highest qualification. If there is any one class in the school that needs a higher order of gifts in its teacher than the rest, it is the primary class. The teacher needs to know what is to be taught, and how to teach; but needs, also, in the best sense, to understand child nature. The classes usually are, or ought to be, large. What is lacking in the size of the pupils is made up in numbers, and the restlessness

and difficulty of control are in the same proportion.

To keep from fifteen to seventy-five and upward of the little ones sufficiently quiet to allow time and opportunity for successful instruction, is a problem that many a teacher, with a heart of love and patience without limit, has not been able to solve satisfactorily. But the work must be done, and in proportion to the magnitude of the difficulties is the importance of securing the very best teachers.

Generally, the teacher should be a lady, though we have known a gentleman to succeed finely. And the lady should be either a mother, or possess the instincts of a motherly heart. Young girls are often found very successful, making up in tact, quickness of action, and tenderness of feeling, what is lacking in experience. To choose the teacher requires discrimination. The superintendent should survey his field, and when he has found the right person insist upon the work being accepted. If the person chosen be over firm in refusing, it may be doubted if the right one has been found.

But the work is one from which any one may shrink; and if diffidence or lack of confidence is the only obstacle, proper encouragement may be expected to overcome it.

This department in the greater number of schools is insufficiently provided for. In every school a separate room should be placed at its disposal. No teacher, however skilled or laborious, can do satisfactory work in the same room with the other classes. The exercises must necessarily so far differ as to produce confusion. It is impossible to avoid the distraction of attention, both of the little children and the older ones.

And next to a separate room should be added, also, the best appliances that can be secured for helping forward the work. The picture-leaf cluster possesses great value, and every primary class should be provided with it. Increased attention should be given to this department as one of the most interesting and important parts of the school.—Bible Teacher.

INFLUENTIAL TRIFLES.

Every educator is a character-builder. This is emphatically so with a Sunday-school teacher, because his scholars understand that his desire to see them disciples of Christ is the reason of his being in the teacher's chair. Hence they naturally and reasonably expect to see in him an illustration of the character he wishes them to attain. This expectation moves them to note his words, acts, and tempers. His gentleness, patience, kindness, sympathy, fidelity to his duties, etc., command their admiration, win their confidence, and predispose them to accept the truth and verity of the religion he teaches. But if he be given to lightsome speeches, to much laughter, to gossip with neighbouring teachers, to pettishness, to sharp words, to impatience, or to angry words, their inward thoughts are unfavourable to him and prejudicial to their faith in the reality of religion, because they are quick to perceive their inconsistency with it. In the former case, the teacher puts elements of evil, in the latter, elements of good, into the characters of his pupils. He may question whether such trifles as his words, acts, and spirit can have such a weighty influence. Yet all history shows that they may and do, because in it we see that "trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building up of character."—Sunday-school Journal.

NEVERS FOR BOYS.

Never make fun of old age; no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard; but beer, wine, and whiskey will do you no good, and may wreck your life. Better be on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never make sport of one of those miserable creatures—a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks; but God alone knows the stress of the storms which drove them upon the breakers. Weep, rather than laugh.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to

hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Never hesitate to say no, when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage—the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in—if need be bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy, as well as a man, is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you do your own.

Never fancy you know more when fifteen years old than your father and mother have learned in all the years of their lives. Wisdom is not given to babes.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or elsewhere.

Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful thing. Be one.—The Independent.

GRAND SYMPATHY.

A little girl went to her Sabbath-school, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had done at school, and in her simplicity she said:

"Oh, dear mother, I am afraid I have done nothing; for you know there was Mary Curtis, whose brother was buried this week, and she cried so that I took her hands in mine, and kissed her, but it took all the lesson out of my head; and poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning quite perfect, and she was so happy that, although she got more marks than I did, I was quite glad, too."

"My dear," said her mother, "you have fulfilled the apostle's injunction; you have wept with those who wept, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced."

HONEST DOGS.

It is related by Prof. Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for him with great eagerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up, and kept it in its mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Anecdotes of this kind are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or which has belonged, to their owners. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity in our canine cousins. A farmer, having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to his master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds,

"Smoker" and Smoker's son, "Shark," a curiously suggestive instance of parental discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible, but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window, Mr. Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by his father, steal a cold tongue, and drag it to the door. "No sooner had he done so," says his master, "than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled over him, beat him, and took away the tongue," after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside and went to sleep.

FLOATING NEW TESTAMENT.

It was in the year 1859 that the first missionaries to Japan went out from America. Before that time, as far as could be ascertained, there was not one Japanese Christian; and though most of the people could read and write, until the year 1872 there was no open preaching, or teaching of God's Word. All over the empire, in the streets, and along the highways, were notices posted up, declaring that any person who accepted the religion of Jesus would be put to death.

One day, a Japanese gentleman of high rank, and also of much learning and education, was walking on the shores of the Bay of Jeddo. It was shortly after some English or American vessels (it is not known which) had left the port.

As he passed along, he noticed a small object floating on the water, and sent an attendant to bring it. When it was placed in his hands, he saw it was a book, and a book that he could not read. From some Dutch traders, he discovered that it was a New Testament in English, and that it was believed, by many persons, to be the word of the only true God. He learned also from them that it had been translated into Shanghai, and at once procured a copy. Then, at the court of his prince, he sat down with five or six companions to study its character. The work of the Lord Jesus touched him as nothing else had done. In his own words: "I had never seen, or heard, or read of, or dreamed of, or imagined such a person."

During many months, this study of the Bible continued. At length, hearing that a teacher had come to Nagasaki, a long way off, an interpreter was sent to him with questions, and explanations were returned; but uninfluenced by the living voice of any foreigner or Christian, that Japanese councillor and two of his friends were brought to believe in him of whom the Scriptures testify. They were baptized by a missionary, and, as far as is known, were the very first Japanese converts. "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."—Young Reaper.

My Sparrows.

I am very fond of sparrows,
And they're fond of me;
They're ever bright and cheery,
And pert, and full of glee.
They never seem to trouble,
Though all is dark around,
They chirp in storm and sunshine,
And when snow is on the ground.
When trees are bare in winter,
And bitter cold benumbs,
They gather round my window,
And ask me for some crumbs.

For countless generations,
The sparrow has been known;
They built around God's temple,
And near to David's throne;
And the blessed One has spoken
Of sparrows kindly words,
How our heavenly Father careth
For these joyous little birds.
They have taken full possession
Of my roof and eaves all round,
And build and hatch their young ones
In the freehold they have found.

They chirp at early daylight,
And cheer the morning's dawn,
And chatter in the ivy,
And hop upon the lawn;
And in damp and foggy weather,
When I'm apt to mope and sigh,
As merry as young crickets,
"Cheer up, cheer up!" they cry.

So I am very fond of sparrows,
About my homestead door,
Waiting till the cloth is shaken,
And begging still for more.
They cannot sing like thrushes,
But in buoyant spirits rife,
They are always brisk and cheerful
And they stay with you for life.

There are plenty of saints living who have not been canonized yet.



The Birds' Farewell.

Under the maple boughs
Out in the wood,
See merry song-birds,
Seeking for food;
Some wearing black coats,
Some wearing brown,
Made out of feathers,
All padded with down.

Hopping and chirping
Together in glee,
They talk of the nests
They will build in the tree
When winter is over
And comes the warm spring.
Dear little song-birds,
Flutter and sing!

A GOOD REFERENCE

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known merchant who had advertised for a boy. But he was doubtful of his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no references to present.

"I'm afraid I shall stand a poor chance," he thought despondently. "However, I'll try and appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed man of business glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well; but there had been others here quite as cleanly. Another glance, however, showed even the fingernails irreproachable.

"Ah, that looks like thoroughness," thought the merchant.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment. "Can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name. "Very good, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last! John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said, slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder; and, as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's face.

"I haven't any references," he repeated, with hesitation; "but here's a letter from mother I have just received. Would you mind reading it, sir?"

The merchant took it. It was a short letter:

"My Dear John: I want to remind you that, wherever you find work, you must consider that work your own.

Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go. You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be

as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm!" said the merchant, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him ten years, and now occupies a very responsible position.

"Is it a fact that you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, it is, I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer, heartily.

And John always says the best references he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.—The Family Friend.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 30.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM FORETOLD.

Isa. 11. 1-10. Memory verses, 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—Isa. 11. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Coming King, v. 1-5.
2. His Holy Kingdom, v. 6-10.

Time.—It is impossible to tell how many years Isaiah had been known as a prophet when he uttered the words of our lesson. We date the coronation of Hezekiah king of Judah about 726 B.C. (some say 724). Hoshea, the last king of the Ten Tribes, was taken captive about 723 B.C. The great invasion of Palestine by King Sargon is usually dated 711 B.C.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Messiah's kingdom foretold.—Isa. 11. 1-10.
Tu. Without end.—Isa. 9. 1-7.
W. The deliverer.—Isa. 42. 1-12.
Th. Spirit of the Lord.—Isa. 61. 1-6.
F. King of glory.—Psalm 24.
S. A peaceful kingdom.—Isa. 35.
Su. A spiritual kingdom.—John 18. 33-40.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Coming King, v. 1-5.
What King is here meant?
Of whom was the King to be a descendant?
To what is he compared?
Whose Spirit was to rest on him?
How is this Spirit described?
When was this prophecy fulfilled?
See Isa. 61. 1; Luke 4. 16-21.
What effect would the Spirit have on the King?
What would he not do?
How would he judge?
How would he punish wickedness?
With what would he be girded?
2. His Holy Kingdom, v. 6-10.
What promise of peace is here given?
What further promise in verse 7?
What is said of a child and a venomous beast?
Why would no harm come to any?
What would the root (or son) of Jesse be to the Jews?
What other people would seek him?
What is said of the rest he would give?

What beautiful promise is given in verse 9?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The lowly origin of Christ?
2. That Christ brings peace on earth?
3. That Christ is a Saviour for all?

OF WRITING TO ABSENT AND HOMESICK SCHOLARS.

That teacher who wins a warm place for himself in the affections of his class, secures "right of way" for his instructions to the consciences of its members. To win that place one must convince them that he cares about them, is in sympathy with their best interests. Among other innocent and judicious methods of doing this is the writing of letters to such of them as may happen to go from home for a time on long visits to relatives, on distant journeys, or, perchance, to a boarding-school for a term or two. To every youth, such going from home gives occasion to more or less of home-sickness. At such times, says Cowper:

"With what intense desire he wants his home."

And with what intense delight he then reads a letter from his friends at home, not excepting his Sunday-school teacher! Could he speak his feelings he would say, as the late Dr. J. B. Mozley did when from home in his boyish days: "I don't want to hear any news. It is not that I want; but there is something in a letter from home that would cheer me."

This confession of childish need may show a Sunday-school teacher a simple means of linking a pupil's heart to himself, and thereby giving him an influence by which he may persuade him to enlist in the army of Christ. A grand result this, from a simple and by no means costly effort.

HOW CYCLONES FORM.

Lieut. John M. Ellicott, U.S.N., contributes to the August St. Nicholas an article on "The Cradle of Cyclones." Lieut. Ellicott says:

"To get an idea of a cyclone's formation, imagine a large circular pan or tub with quite a large hole in the middle of its bottom. With this hole plugged, fill the vessel with water; then draw out the plug, and watch. There is first a rush of water from all directions toward the hole, and a turbulent effort to get through. Then the water surface above begins to sink and swirl, the particles gradually circling around and around, and rushing, ever faster, toward the centre. At last there is actually a hollow space through the centre, around which all the water in the tub is whirling, sluggishly near the rim, but with more and more violent rapidity towards the middle, till it rushes downward through the bottom. Now, if that water were air, you would be watching a little cyclone turned upside down, for the air rushes upward instead of downward.

In the cradle of cyclones during the summer months, when the land and the water grow hotter because of the longer days than nights, a layer of air, hot, light, and full of vapour, is for a time held down by denser air above it. Restless, expanding, tumultuous, it moves about like a beast at bay until a thinner

place in the air above is found. Then up it madly rushes and into the vacuum left behind the lower atmosphere hastens from all directions, pushing and twisting and pouring upward until it has fallen into a regular spinning around a common centre. The cyclone, once formed, rushes away from the tropics toward the pole, and begins its career of destruction, bruising, wrecking and sinking the luckless ships which happen to be in its path. More and more of the surrounding atmosphere is drawn into the swirl, until the storm often covers an area nearly a thousand miles in diameter. Sometimes it flings itself upon our Atlantic coast, and tears fiercely through forests, fields and cities. Then again it sweeps away across the broad ocean, and dashes itself upon the coasts of Europe. Once in a while it so adroitly avoids the land that we never know it has passed until ships come in torn and broken."

WYNDHAM'S DAUGHTER

A STORY OF TO-DAY

By Annie S. Swan.

Cloth, - - \$1.25 - - Postpaid.

Contents: Hannah Thrale's Invitation—Mrs. Wyndham Interferes—A Socialist Meeting—Mrs. Wyndham's Impressions of the Meeting—Philip Dane—In a Clerkenwell Flat—Daughter against Mother—A Talk With Hannah Thrale—What Mr. Wyndham Thought—Tom in the Background—A Little Dinner—Hopes and Fears—Another Disappointment—In Hyde Park—The Quarrel Under the Elm Tree—The Unexpected Guest—Behind the Veil—The Serpent's Tooth—The Next Morning—The Pain Speech of Hannah—The Reality—Under Currents—The Reality of Life—Past the Rubicon—An Unexpected Visitor—Not Welcome—Near the Unseen—It Must be Stopped—No Easy Task—Tom's Mother—"Come Home!"—The Unpalatable Truth—Clearing Up—What It Cost—Philip Dane's Farewell.

Sunday-School Outlines

—BEING—

Normal Studies

For Teachers' Meetings, Normal Classes, Normal Institutes, Young People's Societies, and Individual Students

By W. Bowman Tucker, M.A., Ph.D.

Price, Cloth, 35c. net postpaid.

Contents: Chapter I. The Principles of Sunday School Work. II. The Book. III. Bible Study. IV. The Home Class Department. V. Sunday-school Dynamics.

We have just issued this useful little work and believe it will be of immense service to our Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues. The attention of Normal Class teachers particularly is requested. Send for a copy and get it introduced into your school.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

O. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUESNIS, HALIFAX.



MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.—"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."