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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

[No. 44

FELICITA AND HER SONS.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

MANY stories of saints and martyrs are purely legendary, but there is reason to believe the history of Felicita a true record.

In the reign of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, there was a great persecution of Christians. There was living at the time in Rome a widow who had seven sons. She was a woman of devoted piety, and her sons were trained in virtue and true Christian manliness. She spent her life in their instruction at home, or in works of charity among the poor and afflicted. Living so simply in that age of splendour, she might have passed her years in peace and died among her loved ones; but, unfortunately, she was very rich. There were in Rome those who shared in the spoil of the martyrs whom they accused, and soon they found out the piety and the wealth of this noble lady. She was cited before the tribunal of Publius, the Prefect of Rome, who first mildly, then sternly, bade her deny Christ Jesus and sacrifice to the false gods. She firmly refused. He said then: "If thou hast no pity for thyself, have it for thy sons, and tell them to yield to the law."

She replied that her sons would know how to choose between everlasting life and death. The Prefect summoned them to "abjure Christ on pain of torments and death."

The mother cried to them: "My sons, be strong in heart. Look up to heaven where Christ and his saints await you! Defy this tyrant boldly."

The angry Prefect had her smitten on the mouth, but she continued to exhort them to die rather than to yield.

Accordingly, one after another of the seven were tortured and put to death before her eyes; not one of them, from the oldest, who were men grown, to the tender stripling, flinching from suffering. The oldest, Januarius, was scourged to death. Felix and Phillip were beaten with clubs. Sylvanus was flung from a rock, while Alexander, Vitatis, and Martial had their heads cut off.

The mother saw it all. During their agonies she never ceased her comfort, encouragement, and prayer. When the seven were laid dead before her she lifted up her voice and blessed the Lord that she "had borne seven sons worthy to be saints in Paradise." Her hope was to be slain with them, but perceiving this, the Prefect imprisoned her for four months, thinking that a course of daily torture would subdue her spirit; but meekly and persistently she "kept the faith." At last she was dragged from prison, tortured unto death, then, some day, beheaded, others say flung into a caldron of boiling oil. The date is given in old chronicles as November 23, A.D. 173. There is a curious old fresco of Felicita and her sons (now in the Vatican), which was taken from the Catacombs. She stands praying for them, and the name of each son is written under his figure. It was during this same persecution of the Christians that Polycarp was slain in the East and Justin in the West.

There are Roman Catholic churches, both in Florence and Rome, dedicated to St. Felicitas, and Raphael, and also lesser painters, have painted representations of her martyrdom.

In the second book of Maccabees is a story of a Jewish mother with seven martyred sons, and pictures of these are often confused with pictures of Felicita and her sons. At this late day it is impossible to

separate legends from facts, but this we do know: that scores of noble women and brave men endured agonies untold for love of the Lord who redeemed them. Their names may be forgotten here, but they suffer no loss. They are forever with the Lord, and glorious is their reward.

PERSEVERANCE.

The following story is told of a manufac-



FELICITA AND HER SONS.

turing firm in Glasgow. Thirty years ago a barefoot, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner and asked for work as errand boy.

"There's a deal o' rinnin' to be duce," said Mr. Blank, jestingly, affecting a broad Scotch accent. "Your first qualification wud be a pair o' shoon."

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he saved enough to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning, and held out a package.

"I hae the shoon, sir," he said quietly. "Oh!" Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstances. "You want a

place? Not in those rags, my lad, you wud disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was roused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food for months in order to buy these clothes. The manufacturer now questioned the boy closely, and found to

take mine if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is now our chief foreman."

THE FIVE PEACHES.

This old story, translated from the German, is worth reading again and again.

A countryman, on returning from the city, took home with him five as fine peaches as one could desire to see. As his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with rosy cheeks, and soft plum like skin. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking

"How did you like the soft, rosy apples?"

"Very much, indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy. "It is a beautiful fruit—so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste. I have preserved a stone that I may cultivate a tree."

"Right and bravely done," said the father. "That speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming in young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine and thrown the stone away," said the youngest; "besides which, mother gave me half of hers. Oh! it tasted so sweet and melted in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father; "thou hast not been prudent. How ever it was very natural and child like, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my brother threw away, cracked it and eaten the kernel; it was as sweet as a nut to my taste; but my peach I have sold for so much money that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

"The parent shook his head reproachfully, saying

"Beware, my boy, of avarice: prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser."

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father, turning to his third son, who frankly replied:

"I have given my peach to the son of our neighbour, the sick George, who has the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on the bed, and have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud.

Edmund was still silent, and the mother kissed him with the tears of joy in her eyes.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

The most curious book in the world is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut into the leaf, and as the alternate leaves are of blue paper it is as easily read as the best print. Every character was made by hand. The book is entitled "The Passion of Christ." It was a curiosity as long ago as the year 1610. It now belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is kept in a museum in France.—Selected.

The more time we spend in criticizing others the less time we will have to ever come our own faults.

When Whiskey Reigns No More.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

AIR—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

GET ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah!
When this our country shall be free,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The girls will sing, the boys will shout,
When alcohol is driven out,
And we'll all feel gay when whiskey is no more!

We're only children now, you know,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But temperance children always grow,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The girls will all be women then,
The boys, of course, will all be men,
And we'll all fight rum till rum shall be no more!

From Maine to California,
Hurrah! hurrah!
From Delaware to Canada!
Hurrah! hurrah!
The struggle now is going on,
And when the mighty victory's won,
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns no more!

It will not do to simply say,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But do your duty, then you may,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Assist the weak, yourself deny,
Stand by the right, and by-and-bye
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns no more!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

BY REV. RICHARD CORDLEY, EMPORIA,
KANSAS.

OUR lesson this week is about "Jesus and his disciples" (Mark 3. 6-19). They are down by beautiful little sea of Galilee, where Jesus loved to be so much. It was a somewhat quiet place, a little out of the way. But no place could be quiet for him. The people all about had heard of his wonderful works; how he had cured the sick; how he made the blind to see; how he made the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk. The news of this spread all over the country, and the sick and the suffering from everywhere came to him. They that had sick children, or sick friends, brought them to be cured. It must have been a wonderful sight. Here is a lame man, carried by his friends, and laid at Jesus' feet. Jesus speaks to him, and he leaps up, and goes away strong and well. Here comes a blind man who has never seen the light. Jesus touches his eyes, and the fields and the mountains, and the trees and the flowers, are all shown to him at once. Here comes a deaf man who has never heard a sound; and as he goes away,

he hears for the first time the dashing of the waters and the singing of the birds.

But the more he hears the more his fame spreads. Everyone that is cured goes home and tells about it, and all his neighbours come next day. Every day the crowd grows larger, and they come from farther around. They come from the great city of Jerusalem; from away up north among the mountains, and by the great sea; and from the other side of the river Jordan. They have found out that if they can only touch him they will be cured, and they crowd around him to touch him.

At last the crowd becomes so great that Jesus orders his disciples to get a boat and push out into the sea, so that he can have a little rest. He wants to be alone with them a little while, so that he can tell them what he wants to have them do. He had called them before, one by one, as he found them—one by his fish-boat, another in his office, and another under the fig-tree. But then he only told them to follow him; now he wants to tell what they are to do. So after they enter the boat, they sail along the shore till they come to a quiet place, and Jesus goes up into a mountain, and calls just those he wants—just the twelve he had called before.

These twelve are to be his apostles—"apostle" means "one sent." These twelve were sent by Christ to tell about the kingdom of God, and how to be saved. In this lesson it says they are to do three things. First, "they are to be with him," to see what he does, and to hear what he says. Then he wants to send them out to preach, to tell other people what they have seen and heard, and let them know about Jesus, and what he was going to do for them. Then they were to cast out devils and heal the sick. They were to do what Jesus himself had been doing, help everybody they could and tell everybody about this kingdom of God. They had been with Jesus and seen him work. They no doubt became very much interested in his work, and many times they wished they could help. It must have surprised them sometimes to see how many poor people there were who needed help. Every town they came to there were some poor creatures waiting for him, either to cleanse them of leprosy, or open their eyes, or unstop their ears; or there was some poor widow who wanted her child restored. And if he stopped a few days, even in a lonely place, the crowds of people who came to him from around soon made it necessary for him to hide himself away from them. The disciples had seen all this—how he was thronged and pressed, and how impossible it was for him to reach all that needed him, and all who were longing to have him help them. They must have felt anxious sometimes to go out and do the same as he was doing, and tell the good news and heal the sick.

Now they are to have the chance to go out and preach Jesus, and cast out devils. He is going to make them his ambassadors, and send them on before him. They are to go out and tell the people "Jesus is come," and "the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

But we do not read that they went out a great many times while Jesus was with them. Once or twice they went two and two, and came back and told him what they had found.

Most of the time Jesus kept these disciples with him, so that he could teach them and show them the way. They went with him on his journeys; they heard him preach in the synagogue and talk by the way-side; they saw him heal the sick and raise the dead; they saw him when he was arrested, and followed him a great way off, when he was crucified; and they saw him again after his resurrection, and heard his last words. Then when he was gone they became real apostles, and went everywhere telling the story of Jesus. They understood him now a great deal better than when he was with them. A great many things he said puzzled them before, but now it was all plain and clear. They knew now he came to save men from their sins, and they went everywhere telling about him. They became very bold, and were not afraid to preach Jesus among those who had crucified him. They were persecuted and put in prison, and driven away from home, but they kept right on

doing as Jesus had told them. And some of them wrote out the story of Jesus, just as they had seen it and heard it, and left it for us to read.

How glad we should have been to have Jesus call us up into that mountain, and appoint us to go out and tell his story. How glad we should be now, if he would come and put his hand on our head, and appoint us to go out and tell people he had come, and tell everybody that heaven was open, and God was waiting, and that they could every one of them come, and go into the kingdom, and be one of Christ's people. How glad we should be to have him select us out to do a work like this.

Did you never think that he has given us just this work to do? We can tell the same story Peter and John told, "of Jesus and his love." It is just as true and just as beautiful now as it was then, and it will help people just as much, and save them just as quickly. And Jesus is with us just as much now as he was with them. He has promised to be with every one that tries to do his work, clear down to the end of the world. We may all be his disciples, and he will give us all something to do for him.

LEISURE HOURS.

A BOY was employed in a lawyer's office and had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French, and at that desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper, and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil; he could not read it, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this and fully mastered all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the stairs waiting for her, and she asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, my lady."

"What! do you read Latin?"

"A little, my lady."

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister in Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on the log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed from a minister Goldsmith's "History of Greece." This good man became greatly interested in him, and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on a log, conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

Boys, use your leisure hours well.—
Selected.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

BY "GEBTRUDE GLYNDON."

"INJUNS, mamma!" cried little George Jones, rushing into the house, as if scared nearly to death.

Mrs. Jones looked outside, and sure enough there were two real Indians coming toward the house. She shut and locked the door immediately, and picked up the axe, with which to kill the red men, if they tried to force an entrance into the house; and George's sister blew the dinner-horn, which was the agreed signal of the approach of danger.

When Mr. Jones, who was in the corn-field at work, heard the sound of the horn, he picked up his rifle and ran as fast as he could to the house. Just as he got there, he saw the two Indians, one of them having a gun in his hand, and he at once brought his trusty rifle to his shoulder, took deliberate aim, and just as he was about to pull the trigger, the Indian with the gun threw up his hand, as a sign of peace, and made a motion for the white man not to fire.

Mr. Jones was a good man, and though the Piutes had been on the war-path for some time past in Arizona, he could not consent to kill one of them unless he was compelled to. So he lowered his gun, and demanded of the Indians what they wanted. They replied that they came in peace; that they had been unsuccessful in hunting game for several days, and that they were very hungry.

Mr. Jones knocked at his cabin-door, and asked to be admitted. When his wife had opened the door, he told the poor Indians to come in, and gave them something to eat and drink. Poor fellows! They ate as if they were nearly starved. When they had finished, they expressed their thanks as well as they could, and left.

Indians never forget a kindness. Some days after this, as little George was playing in the forest, he was suddenly surprised by a small band of roving red men and carried away south. The father and mother were nearly heart-broken at the loss of their little boy, and as some months went by without hearing anything of him, they began to give him up as having been killed.

One bright day in October there was a knock at Jones's cabin-door, and when it was opened there stood two Indians, and better than all, little George.

The father and mother were overjoyed, and after kissing and hugging their dear boy, they listened to his story. He told them that after his surprise and capture he was taken down nearly to the Mexican line, and how he wanted all the time to get home so bad. One night he was awakened by the hooting of an owl, and looking up he saw an Indian called Owl-hoot, who leaned over him and whispered in his ear, "Come, take home." George got up quietly, and following his guide to the outside of the encampment, they were met by Crow's-foot, another Indian, who had horses waiting for them, which they mounted, and in a few days were at the little boy's home. Owl-hoot and Crow's-foot were the very same poor, half-starved Indians who had been fed and treated with compassion in this same cabin before.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

SHE SAVED HER YOUNG.

A HERD of five thousand beeves were toiling over the lonely trail from New Mexico to Kansas, leaving behind them across the grassy plains and valleys a swath as bare as if it had been swept by the fiery breath of a simoom.

Suddenly the leader of the herd, a huge steer, darted back in terror, gave vent to a snort of warning, and moving to the right passed on. Those immediately in his rear turned to right or left, and their example was followed by each long-horned pilgrim as he reached the dreaded spot.

When the entire herd had passed a wide, trampled track lay behind, but near the middle of this dusty space stood a luxuriant island of grass three feet in diameter.

A herdsman rode up to the spot and dismounted, expecting to find a rattlesnake, a creature of which cattle as well as horses have an instinctive and well-founded dread. Instead of a serpent, however, the grass tuft contained only a harmless killdeer plover, covering her nest, while her wings were kept in constant and violent motion. Seen indistinctly through the grass, she had evidently been mistaken by the steer for a rattlesnake.

She did not take flight even at the cowboy, but valiantly pecked at his boot as he gently pushed her to one side to find that the nest contained four unfledged killdees.

THE HOT SAW.

"O FRANK! come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with the wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; and it makes me think of two boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them in to separate rooms."

Soldiers of the King.

1. His name whose voice has called us in the morning of our day,
We have joined the mighty army of the souls who watch and pray,
We will follow Christ, our Leader, however hard the way,
Young soldiers of the King.

CHORUS.

Shining, shining, shining there above us,
Cheering, cheering, cheering all who love us,
White gleams the snowy cross to prove us
True soldiers of the King.

Our foes are brave and mighty, and our strength is sometimes small;
Yet swift before our Leader's face must we flee or fall;
For all the shining hosts of God are waiting for his call,
True soldiers of the King.

CHORUS.

Rally, rally, rally round the banner,
Singing, singing, singing our hosanna,
Rally, rally, rally round the banner,
Young soldiers of the King.

Our march is forward ever, with weapons gleaming bright;
Our warfare is with sin and wrong; our watchword "For the Right,"
And above us, beckoning ever, the cross of snowy white,
Young soldiers of the King.

CHORUS.

Rally, rally, rally round the banner,
Singing, singing, singing our hosanna,
Rally, rally, rally round the banner,
Young soldiers of the King.

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER II.—CHRISTIE'S IMPORTANT CHARGE.

THE dismal lodging-house had a charm for little Christie now. Night after night he returned there, that he might hear his mother's tune. The landlady began to look upon him as one of her regular household. She sometimes gave him a crust of bread, for she noticed his hungry face each night, as he came to the large lodging-room to sleep.

And every night old Treffy played, and Christie crept upstairs to listen.

But one night, as he was kneeling at the attic door, the music suddenly ceased, and Christie heard a dull, heavy sound, as if something had fallen on the floor. He waited a minute, but all was quite still; so he cautiously lifted the latch and peeped into the room. There was only a dim light in the attic, for the fire was nearly out, and old Treffy had no candle. But the moonlight, streaming in at the window, showed Christie the form of the old man stretched on the ground, and his poor old barrel-organ laid beside him. Christie crept to his side, and took hold of his hand. It was deadly cold, and Christie thought he was dead. He was just going to call the landlady, when the old man moved, and in a trembling voice asked, "What's the matter, and who's there?"

"It's only me, Master Treffy," said Christie, "it's only me. I was listening to your organ, I was, and I heard you tumble, so I came in. Are you better, Master Treffy?"

The old man raised his head, and looked round. Christie helped him to get up, and took him to his little straw bed in the corner of the attic.

"Are you better, Master Treffy?" he asked again.

"Yes, yes," said the old man; "it's only the cold, boy; it's very chilly o' nights now, and I'm a poor, lone old man. Good-night."

And so the old man fell asleep, and Christie lay down by his side and slept also.

That was the beginning of a friendship between old Treffy and Christie. They were both alone in the world, both friendless and desolate, and it drew them to each other. Christie was a great comfort to Treffy. He went errands for him, he cleaned the old attic, and he carried the barrel-organ downstairs each morning when Treffy went on his rounds. And, in return, Treffy gave Christie a corner of the attic to sleep in, and let him sit over his tiny fire whilst he played his dear old organ. And whenever he came to "Home, sweet home," Christie thought of his mother, and of what she had said to him before she died.

"Where is 'Home, sweet home,' Master Treffy?" he asked one night.

Treffy looked round the wretched little attic, with its damp, weather-stained roof, and its rickety, rotten floor, and felt that he could not call it "Home, sweet home."

"It's not here, Christie," he said.

"No," said Christie, thoughtfully; "I expect it's a long way from here, Master Treffy."

"Yes," said the old man; "there must be something better somewhere."

"My mother used to talk about heaven," said Christie, doubtfully. "I wonder if that was the home she meant?"

But old Treffy knew very little of heaven; no one had ever told him of the home above. Yet he thought of Christie's words many times that day, as he dragged himself about wearily, with his old organ. He was failing very fast, poor old man; his legs were becoming feeble, and he was almost fainting when he reached the attic. The cold wind had chilled him through and through.

Christie was at home before him, and had lit the fire, and boiled the kettle, and put all ready for old Treffy's comfort. He wondered what was the matter with Treffy that night; he was so quiet and silent, and he never even asked for his old organ after tea, but went to bed as soon as possible.

And the next day he was too weak and feeble to go out; and Christie watched beside him, and got him all he wanted, as tenderly as a woman could have done.

And the next day it was the same, and the day after that, till the attic cupboard grew empty, and all poor old Treffy's pence were gone.

"What are we to do now, Christie?" he said, pitifully; "I can't go out to-day, my lad, can I?"

"No," said Christie, "you mustn't think of it, Master Treffy. Let me see, what can we do? Shall I take the organ out?"

Old Treffy did not answer; a great struggle was going on in his mind. Could he let any one but himself touch his dear old organ? It would be hard to see it go out, and have to stay behind—very hard indeed. But Christie was a careful lad; he would rather trust it with him than with anyone else; and he had come to his last piece of money. He must not sit still and starve. Yes, the organ must go; but it would be a great trial to him. He would be so lonely in the dark attic when Christie and the organ were both gone. What a long, tedious day it would be to him.

"Yes, Christie, you may take her to-morrow," he said at length; "but you must be very careful of her, my lad—very careful."

"All right, Master Treffy," said Christie, cheerily; "I'll bring her safe home, you see if I don't."

What a day that was in Christie's life! He was up with the lark, as people say, but there was no lark within many a mile of that dismal street. He was certainly up before the sparrows, and long before the men on the benches in the great lodging-room. He crept out cautiously into the court in the gray morning light, and kneeling by the common pump, he splashed the water upon his face and neck till they lost all feeling with the cold. Then he rubbed his hands till they were as red as cherries, and he was obliged to wrap them up in his ragged coat, that he might feel they still belonged to him. And then he stole upstairs again, and lifting the latch of the attic door very gently, lest old Treffy should awake, he combed his rough hair with a broken comb, and arranged his ragged garments to the best possible advantage.

Then Christie was ready; and he longed for the time when old Treffy would wake, and give him leave to go. The sparrows were chirping on the eaves now, and the sun was beginning to shine. There were noises in the house, too, and one by one the men in the great lodging-room shook themselves, and went out to their work and to their labour until the evening.

Christie watched them crossing the court, and his impatience to be off grew stronger. At length he touched old Treffy's hand very gently, and the old man said, in a bewildered voice, "What is it, Christie, boy; what is it?"

"It's morning, Master Treffy," said Christie; "shall you soon be awake?"

The old man turned over and sat up.

"Why, Christie, boy, how nice you look!" said Treffy, admiringly.

Christie drew himself up with considerable importance, and walked up and down the attic, that Treffy might further admire him.

"May I go now, Master Treffy?" he asked.

"Yes, Christie, boy, go if you like," said the old man; "but you'll be very careful of her, won't you, Christie?"

"Yes, Master Treffy," said the boy, "I'll be as careful as you are."

"And you'll not turn her round too fast, Christie," he went on.

"No, Master Treffy," said Christie; "I'll not turn her no faster than you do."

"And you mustn't stop and talk to boys in the street, Christie; they're very rude sometimes, are boys, and they always want the new tunes, Christie; but never you heed them. For tunes are getting old-fashioned, poor old thing; she's something like me. But you mustn't take no notice of the boys, Christie."

"No, Master Treffy," said Christie; "no more than you do."

"There's one tune they're very fond of," said old Treffy, meditatively; "I don't rightly know what it is; they call it 'Marchal Lazy' (Marseillaise) or something of that sort. I reckon it's called after some man in the wars, maybe."

"You don't know who he was?" asked Christie.

"No," said old Treffy. "I don't bother my head about it. I expect he was some lazy scoundrel who wouldn't do his duty, and so they made up a song to mock at him. But that's as it may be, Christie; I don't know, I'm sure. I expect he wasn't born when my organ was made; I expect not, Christie."

"Well, Master Treffy, I'm ready," said Christie, putting the organ strap over his neck; "good-bye."

And, with an air of great importance, Christie carefully descended the rickety stairs, and marched triumphantly across the court.

A few children who were there, gathered round him with admiring eyes, and escorted him down the street.

"Give us a tune, Christie; play away, Christie," they all cried out. But Christie shook his head resolutely, and marched on. He was not sorry when they grew tired of following him and turned back. Now he felt himself a man; and he went on in a most independent manner.

And then he began to play. What a moment that was for him!

He had often turned the handle of the barrel-organ in the lonely old attic, but that was a very different thing to playing it in the street. There had been no one to hear him there but old Treffy, who used to stand by anxiously, saying, "Turn her gently, Christie, turn her gently." But here there were crowds of people passing by, and sometimes someone stopped for a minute, and then how proud Christie felt! There was no barrel-organ like his, he felt sure. He did not care what the folks said about Marshal Lazy; he was not so good as poor Mary Ann, Christie felt sure; and as for "Home, sweet home," Christie almost broke down every time he played it. He did so love his mother, and he could not help thinking she was singing it still somewhere. He wondered very much where she was, and where "Home, sweet home" was. He must try to find out somehow.

And thus the day wore away, and Christie's patience was rewarded by quite a little store of pence. How proud he was to spend it on his way home in comforts for old Treffy, and how much he enjoyed giving the old man an account of his day's adventures.

Treffy gave Christie a warm welcome when he opened the attic door; but it would be hard to say whether he was more pleased to see Christie, or to see his dear old barrel-organ. He examined it most carefully and tenderly, but he could not discover that Christie had done any harm to it, and he praised him accordingly.

Then, whilst Christie was getting tea ready, Treffy played through all his four tunes, dwelling most affectionately and admiringly on "Home, sweet home."

(To be continued.)

GAMINS IN ROME.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Tribune says "at the street boys of Rome have all the curiosity, shrewdness, and impudence of street boys in general, together with some traits peculiar to themselves. They have a sharp eye for foreigners, and have developed no little skill in extracting coins from them. The Tribune's letter-writer says: I got into a dispute with a cabman because he demanded a tip in addition to his regular fare. While we were talking, a little fellow of six or seven years stepped up and said, in a paternal, assuring tone: "Sixty centimes is enough, sir. The rascal is very impudent. Don't give him any more."

In the same breath he asked me for a soldo for the service rendered. I handed him a coin, laughing at his grand airs; and he received it with a condescending gesture. Then as the driver reached for his whip the boy made off, saying, "I'll see you later."

I walked on, and presently another urchin was at my side.

"Yes, signor, you are quite right; this is the road to the Vatican. Give me a soldo."

I drove him off; but in a few minutes another came bounding up.

"My lord! my lord! you are losing your handkerchief!" That was another soldo.

Next a bootblack, hardly more than five years old, caught sight of the foreigner.

"Your boots, sir! your boots!" he shouted.

I tried to ignore him. He appealed to my self respect.

"But, my lord, such boots!" he exclaimed, as he trotted along at my side. "O Dio mio! What nasty boots! O Santo Madre di Dio! What boots! I really pity you, sir! Indeed, such boots! In *fato!* I am sorry for you!"

All this was uttered in a tone of profound moral conviction, as if he cherished for me the most disinterested feeling of regret and sympathy. But when the appeal failed, he dropped behind me a few steps and changed his tune.

"Just look at that American! One can always tell an American by his dirty boots!"

That was too much for me. Rather than bring disgrace upon my native land I gave the little imp the job he was after.

FLOWERS FOR THE KING.

WHO will raise flowers for the King?

"For the king!" asks one whose garden privileges may be squeezed down to the narrow little back-yard of a city home. "I have not room for so high an office."

It is not yard-room but heart-room that is needed for the bed whose delightful task it is to raise flowers for the great King. There will be homes in the country that with all the wealth of many acres have no room for this bed, while within the contracted premises of the city space may be found for the King's flowers.

Who will furnish heart-room? This bed is to carry the seed of patience, love, peace, honesty, temperance, and purity. What garlands for the adorning of the King's palace these blossoms will make!

"Ah," cries one, "I can cultivate some other bed, but can I raise flowers for the King? Bleached will be their petals and odourless their cups."

But is there not a heavenly Gardener who will come to our help? With Christ can be done that which is impossible with out him. Out of poor soil he will bring such sweet, rich flowers for the King.

Who will open the heart to Christ to-day? Do not put the thought aside. We would press it home as a personal duty. It is time to begin a new life of prayer and consecration. This day, this day, now!

O heavenly Gardener, come into all our hearts, possess them, till them, and let them bear, and bud, and blossom to the King's praise!

A BEAUTIFUL HEARTH-STONE PRAYER.

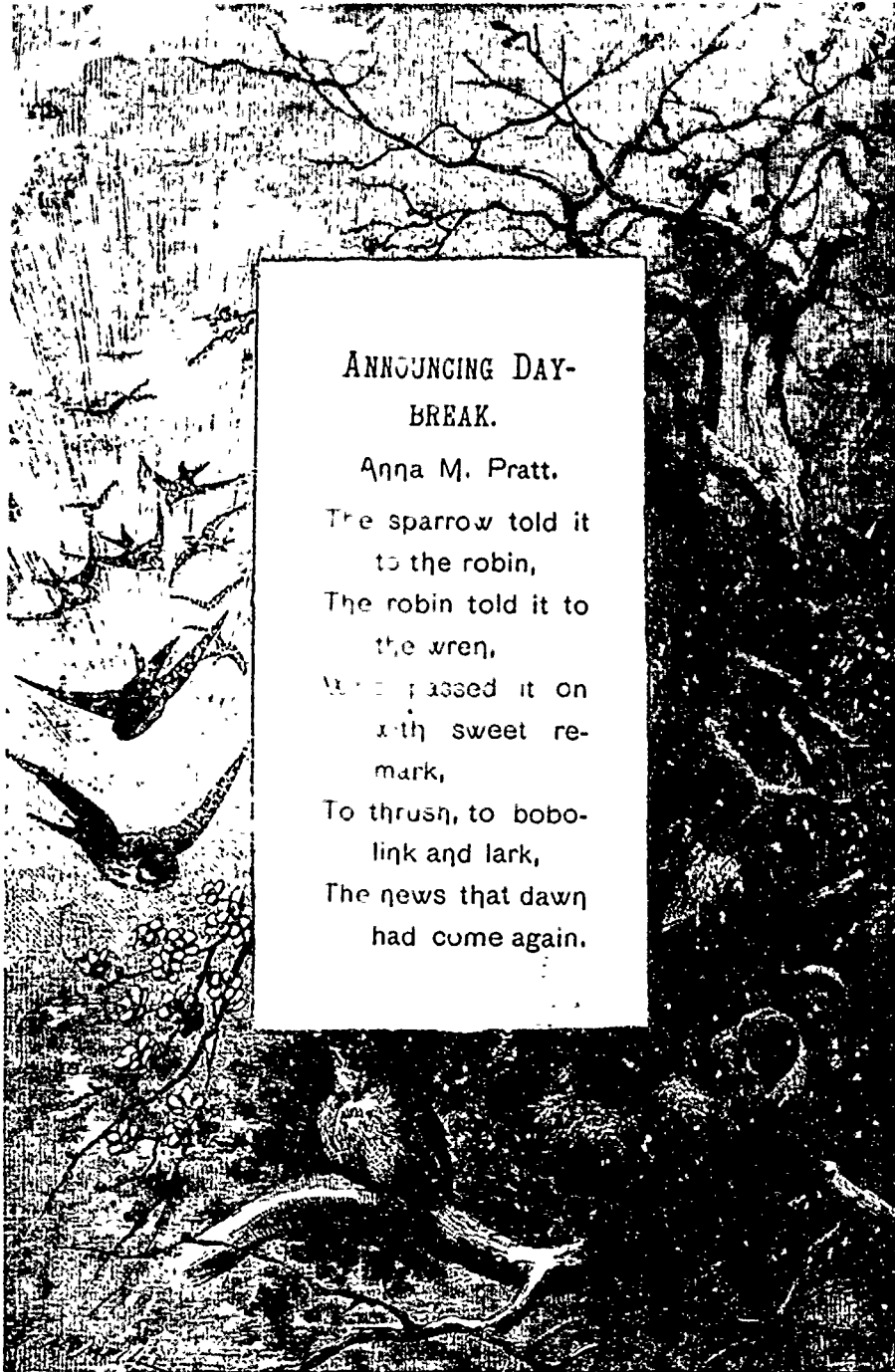
WE are indebted to our friend Col. James M. Ray, of Asheville, N.C., for this interesting communication:

From time immemorial almost, the "Now I lay me down to sleep" has been the children's prayer throughout the length and breadth of our good lands. My children not using it is probably a very rare exception. The reason why they do not I will explain. Our first little boy learned it, we also taught him that famous little speech "You'd scarce expect one of my age," etc. On one occasion, when quite sleepy, he knelt down and commenced:

"Now I lay me down to sleep— You'd scarce expect one of my age— I pray the Lord my soul to keep— To speak in public on the stage."

The little fellow had them mixed, and he never could after unmix them. The only alternative was to teach him a new prayer and different speech. As a prayer, I composed for him the following, and it has become the "hearth-stone prayer" of our family:

On bended knees I humbly bow,
And pray the Lord to bless me now;
To guide my little feet aright,
And to protect me day and night.
This little prayer I humbly make,
And ask it all for Jesus' sake. Amen.



ANNOUNCING DAY-BREAK.

Anna M. Pratt.

The sparrow told it
to the robin,
The robin told it to
the wren,
And passed it on
with sweet re-
mark,
To thrush, to bobo-
link and lark,
The news that dawn
had come again.

THE BIRDS' FAREWELL.

THE days have been getting cold and chilly. The sun sets with a yellow glow and the sky has a deep purple appearance, that the birds have learned to regard as indications of cold weather. The trees have put away their finery and look as solemn and grave as Quakers. Among the busy birds there has been much hurrying to and fro, chattering and twittering, and calling back and forth from one tree to another. The important season has arrived when they must make their long journey south—a trip which is as essential to a bird's existence as *Madam La Mode's* annual summer trip to the sea-side.

Occasionally a little bird ruffles its feathers (the bird method of shrugging the shoulders), and from its quick, noisy twitter it seems to say: "It is, indeed, time we were off to a happier climate. What is the use of singing without our audience, the flowers?" A sympathetic little bird, with an impatient hop, and a quick "Twitter, twit, twee," says, "That is true, and what are we to do in case of a heavy rain storm, when all our pretty umbrellas (the leaves), are gone? We will be quite unprotected." Hopping back to its former position, with its head thrown wistfully to one side, it adds, "For my part, I wanted to go long ago, but my mate is so very slow. I am afraid he will freeze to death some cold season."

Just then light snow-flakes began to fall. The birds looked at the snow with apparent dismay and flew together on one tree, where a lively discussion began. One finely shaped old robin, with a pretty reddish-yellow breast, spread out his wings and shook the snow off them; then with all the dignity of a new robin, said "To-morrow morn-

ing we must begin our journey and travel as many miles south as we possibly can, or some of us may starve, or freeze to death." At this a gay young robin—who had never seen snow before, and did not know that no more worms could be had when the snow came, and that it meant that even colder weather was coming—looked up disdainfully with his little twinkling, black eyes and began to flutter round the group, saying, "This cold only makes me feel like flying, and the 'snow,' as you call it, is very pretty, soft stuff. It looks like feathers, and I should like to hop in it. I, for my part, can't see why you all make such a fuss about it. I think this flying south every year is a useless waste of time. We will have to make new nests in the south, and others again when we come back. I don't believe I'll go. This climate just suits me!"

The wise old birds glanced with compassion on this conceited and ignorant young thing, and solemn old Father-Robin said, "The blissful ignorance of our young friend is quite amusing. We might let him learn by sad experience his folly, but I think that to-morrow morning he will be glad to go with his companions. I propose, in order to get warm before we go to sleep, that when we have sung our evening hymn we sing a hearty farewell to dear old Canada."

When their vesper song was ended the birds burst forth into a loud and noisy chorus. All twittered, chirped and sang till their little throats seemed ready to burst. Each sang its own song, so that in the confusion the little children who had come to the window, to see "what could be the matter with the birds," did not hear a word they said, and were grieved that the

birds were bidding them good-bye and making pretty speeches about our country and the kind children who had not disturbed their nests.

By and by it grew quite dark and the little birds became quiet. Soon all their heads were hidden under their wings and they were asleep. When the children looked out of their window next morning the birds were every one gone—even the silly little robin who liked the snow so much.

A TREMENDOUS RING.

THERE is a story going the rounds, of a countryman at a city hotel, who, meddling with the little electric knob in the bedroom to see what it was, rang the bell unknowingly and a servant appeared. "Why, how do you do?" he said, extending his hand to the astonished servant, whom he thought a visitor. "Sit right down; what can I do for you?" "Did you ring?" said the servant. "Ring? Why, no. Ring what? There ain't no bell here." Then the servant explained the bell-knob, and left. After he had gone, the man thought he would try that bell-knob again, just for fun. He gave it a pull, and just then a tremendous gong rang for dinner, and feeling sure he had created an awful catastrophe downstairs, he, in great alarm, bolted out into the street, expecting the police to be after him.

NOTHING BUT WATER ON THE TABLE.

THERE is a certain large boarding-school for boys in England, where we have seen sixty or seventy of them at their desks, and fine, merry, strong, clever lads they were. No intoxicating drinks whatever are placed on the table, and yet several brewers and wine merchants send their sons there for education. This proves that even dealers in strong drink do not regard it as essential to their intellectual activity and physical health. Well, one of the young gentlemen had a white swelling in his knee, and was sent home for medical treatment. When the family doctor arrived and examined the limb he evidently thought it a serious case, and said:

"What sort of a school are you at?"
"Oh! a jolly school."
"What kind of a master have you?"
"Oh! a jolly master."
"But what sort of a table does he keep?"
"Oh! a jolly table."
"Yes, yes; but what does he give you to drink?"
"Oh! the governor's a teetotaler; he puts nothing but water on the table."
"Then," said the doctor to the patient's anxious mother, "we can save his limb. Do not fear; he will soon get better." And he did so, and went back to his desk, his games, and his "jolly table"—not less jolly to him now that he knew water-drinking had been so good for him.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 27.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 11.]

THE TWELVE CHOSEN.

Mark 3. 6-19. Memory verses, 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have chosen you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit.—John 15, 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Christ's Enemies, v. 6.
2. Christ's Friends, v. 7-12.
3. Christ's Messengers, v. 13-19.

TIME.—A. D. 27. Soon after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Near the Sea of Galilee.

SCENE.—Heredin Galilee. Place in Judea.

EXPLANATIONS.

6. "Took counsel"—Formed a plan. "Do not destroy him"—They hated Jesus because they were wicked and he was good, and because he would not do their will.

7. "Withdrew"—For the time of his death had not yet come. "To the Sea"—The Sea of Galilee.

9. "A small ship"—A rowboat, not a sailing vessel. "Wait on him"—Should be at hand to carry him from place to place.

10. "To touch him"—Believing that by touching him they would be healed. "Plagues"—Diseases.

11. "Unclean spirits"—Wicked spirits which had entered into men and controlled their actions. "Thou art the Son of God"—The evil spirits knew that he was God, and bowed down before him.

12. "Straitly charged them"—Jesus did not wish a testimony that came from evil spirits.

13. "Into a mountain"—Where he prayed all night before calling his apostles (Luke 6, 12, 13). "Ordained"—Appointed, chose.

14. "Be with him"—To learn from him, and to be able to bear testimony to his life and works.

17. "Boanerges"—On account of their fiery earnestness in his service.

HOME READINGS.

M. The twelve chosen.—Mark 3. 6-19.

Tu. A night of prayer.—Luke 6. 12-19.

W. Chosen by Christ.—John 15. 13-19.

Th. Chosen to serve.—John 13. 12-20.

F. God's choice.—1 Cor. 1. 22-31.

S. A chosen people.—Deut. 7. 6-11.

Su. Fruit bearing.—John 15. 1-8.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What in this lesson are we taught as to—

1. The spirit of Christ's enemies?
2. The duty of Christ's friends?
3. The selection of Christ's messengers?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Christ call to be with him? "Twelve disciples." 2. What were the twelve disciples called? "Apostles, or those sent." 3. For what were they sent forth? "To preach his Gospel." 4. What power did he give them? "Power to work miracles." 5. Who were the three leading ones among them? "Peter, James, and John." 6. Which was the disciple that betrayed Jesus? "Judas Iscariot." 7. What did Jesus say to his disciples? Golden Text: "I have chosen," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The call to the ministry.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What are the Ten Commandments?

Law first written by the finger of God on two tables of stone, and given to Moses, but now recorded in the twentieth chapter of the book of Exodus.

A NEW CANADIAN BOOK.

Hill Crest

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