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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

CROSSING A RIVER IN JAPAN.

The above picture shows a strange scene in Japan, a very remarkable way of crossing the river. Observe the boat is really two small boats, side by side, with a little platform across on which the passengers sit while seven stalwart fellows in the water are towing the boat. It seems to be a great waste of energy. A couple of these men with a pair of oars would get along as well, but human labour is very cheap in Japan.

will come out, one by one, from their hiding places.

However, there are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat.

Now isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand. Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping

they were brought into the warm air they came to life, and hopped about as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree, fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were sixty rings in the trunk. As a tree adds a ring every year, the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other

proach that question, not in an academic or a pedantic or a collegiate spirit, but as a man who feels that there is here a monstrous evil which needs a bold and a courageous hand to deal with it and to quell it. I know there are those who say it is no use attempting to deal with the fringes of society—it is no use attempting to deal with society as a whole—you must mend the individual, you must rely upon the vigor and earnestness of individual character. I quite agree. I know that men



CROSSING A RIVER IN JAPAN.

LONG SLEEP OF SOME CREATURES.

ALL animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night; so do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take very long sleeps. When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, bats, flies, and spiders do this. If they were only to sleep for the night, the blood would keep moving in their veins, and they would breathe. But in this winter sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the springtime. The warm sun will wake them up again. They

places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food; for it would not be used if they did.

The bat does not need to do this; for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake, yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he awakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter. But with some animals it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years! When

toad! How many things are sleeping in the winter? Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it.

A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION.

"I AM not a total abstainer. I am not here on any false pretence; but no man with his eyes open, and with a heart in his breast could fail to see that no condition of popular well-being approaches the drink question in its bearing upon that well-being. Intemperance casts a black shadow over so many homes, and fills so many hearts with misery and despair, that I, for one, am prepared to ap-

fect laws and institutions quite as much as laws and institutions affect men; but there is a relation between them; and what we want in legislation of this kind is to give the individual a chance that, in great towns, thousands and hundreds of thousands, from their cradle to the grave, never possess. That has been the text of the sermon. Give every individual that is born into our community the best chance that you possibly can. Give him free and easy education; give him, when he grows up, the education of responsibility, participation in the government of his town, or his village, or his county, and his country and remove from the earlier steps of his path in life the causes of temptation, of evil, and of wrong.

The Temperance Girl.

BY H. M. NOYES.

A JOLLY temp'rance girl am I,
With honest heart and true;
Striving to do, with all my might,
Whate'er I find to do.

No wine or brandy e'er I'll put
In pudding, sauce, or pie;
Ah, no, indeed! that's 'gainst my rule,
For a temp'rance girl am I.

No whiskey pickles will I taste,
Nor set before a guest;
But in the temp'rance cause I'll work,
And do my very best!

No brandy peaches or home-made wine
Shall on my table find a place;
Tho' the Queen should with me dine,
I would not thus our cause disgrace.

For am I not a temp'rance girl,
Pledged honest heart and hand?
Yes! I'll fight for right with all my might!
For God and home and native land.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

A TALK ABOUT HEAVEN.

II.

WHENCE came this innumerable multitude of the redeemed which St. John saw in a holy vision? "These are they," said the elder, "which came out of great tribulation," up from the sorrows of time, up from the shadows of earth into the joys of eternity, into the light of God. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Blessed words! how full of consolation to the world-weary and the sorrowing, to the hearts that ache with anguish, to the eyes that fail with wakefulness and tears. Soon, if they seek a meanness for that holy place, they may join that white-robed multitude on high. Then their last sigh shall be heaved, the last tear shall have fallen, the last sorrow shall have passed forever more away. They, too, may wear the fadeless crown and sing the everlasting song, and wave the palm of victory over death and the grave at last.

How came these redeemed ones to this holy, happy place? They "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They had no fitness by nature for those holy joys, any more than any of us. They were the children of wrath even as others—of like passions with ourselves. They were impure and unholy till they were cleansed by the blood of Christ.

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;

They wrestled hard as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

I asked them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribed their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

And some we know are with that blessed throng. Some with whom we have sung the praises of God on earth now sing his praise before the throne. Some whose feet have walked with ours life's weary ways, now walk the golden streets on high. They faded away before our eyes, racked with pain, wasted by disease, conquered by death. But now they are alive forever more. The tie that binds our souls to theirs becomes the stronger as death smites at it in vain. They are not lost, but only gone before.

If we would join that blessed company, we too, like them, must be cleansed from the guilt and pollution of sin by a loving trust in him who taketh away the sins of the world. If we would sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on high, we must learn to sing it here. If we would walk in white with Christ hereafter, we must walk in white with him on earth.

Nor may we forget the solemn thought that, for those who come not to Christ for the cleansing of their souls, there is another place and other company. There, too, is a great multitude, clad not in the robes of righteousness, but in the crimson livery of guilt. They wear no crowns of gold, but crowns of living fire, of burning memories, of stinging thoughts. Instead of the un fading joys of eternal life, theirs is the bitter doom of everlasting death. Let all who read these words avert that awful fate by hastening to the fount of cleansing, and wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. Let our conversation be in heaven, whence also we look for the coming of the Lord Jesus. Let our treasure and our hearts be there, and let us live in a constant preparation for an instant summons to its glorious yet solemn scenes. Let us strengthen our souls in all holy desires and purposes by the contemplation of its hallowed joys.

Off, in its hours of holy thought,
To the human soul is given
The power to pierce through the veil of
sense
To the blissful scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem the pearly gates,
And sweetly the harpings fall;
And the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.

Not long and dark will the passage be,
That leads to those realms of bliss,
But the "welcome" be heard in a brighter
world
Ere the "farewell" is hushed in this.

BOOK NOTICES.

By Sheer Pluck: *A Tale of the Ashantee War.* By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352, with eight full-page illustrations.

The history of the Dark Continent is one of the strangest in the records of the world. The seat of one of the world's earliest civilizations, it is also the scene of its last and most wide-spread barbarisms. It is also the scene of the most illustrious triumphs of the gospel of Christ and of missionary heroism. Additional interest is given to this book, for Canadian readers, from the fact that Sir Garnet Wolseley, commander of our own Canadian north-west expedition was a prominent figure in the Ashantee War and capture of Coomassie. Parts of the book, however, are of an extremely painful character from the vivid description of the siege of the Christian mission of Abeokuta, and the reckless valour and ruthless slaughter of the Dahoman amazons.

The Bravest of the Brave: With Peterborough in Spain. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352, with eight full-page illustrations.

The Duke of Wellington, Sir John Moore, Sir Charles Napier, and many other gallant British soldiers have given imperable interest in the minds of English readers to the Peninsula of Spain. The present narrative takes one further back,

to the days of the great Marlborough. Lord Peterborough, himself, was not a very lovely character. In the words of Mr. Henty: "He was one of the most striking instances in history of genius and talent thrown away. By the want of fixed principle, he quarreled in turn with every party and almost every individual with whom he came into contact. He was haughty and arrogant, hasty and imperious. He denied his God, quarreled with his king and rendered himself utterly obnoxious to every party in the state. The stern rule of such a soldier gave ample opportunity for the development of strength of character and, in the narrative of the humble hero of the story, virtue has its due reward."

St. George for England: A Tale of Cressy and Poitiers. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352, with eight full-page illustrations.

At no period in her history did England stand so high in the eyes of Europe as during the reign of the chivalrous King Edward III., and his still more chivalrous son, the Black Prince. Mr. Henty translates from the stirring pages of Froissart into modern English speech the thrilling tale of the battles Cressy and Poitiers, the capture of Calais and revolt of the Jaquerie—a sort of fourteenth century anticipation of the French Revolution. A graphic account is given of that strange plague the Black Death, which swept over a large part of Asia and Europe. "In no country," says Mr. Henty, "which the dread foe had invaded had less than two-thirds of the population been slain, in some nine-tenths had perished." In Germany 1,200,000 died in a single year. In England three Archbishops of Canterbury and an innumerable number of lesser rank were carried off by the pestilence in the same time. This story will give the boys and girls a more vivid conception of the England, and especially the France, of 600 years ago.

NEWMARKET JUNIOR LEAGUE.

We have about seventy members now, and our boys and girls are willing workers; they are saving their money just now for the purpose of supporting a cot in the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, next year. I think a great deal of this success is due to the interest taken in it by the parents, they have helped in every way they could. We meet on Sunday afternoon after Sunday school and have an average attendance of forty-three. Our officers are: Superintendent, Miss Keith; President, Ernest Hughes; Vice-Presidents, Howard Cane, Hiram Willson, Olive Miles, Annie McDonald; Secretary, Lottie Chubbie; Treasurer, Charlie Hughes. We have the honour of being the first junior society in North York, we hope to have others before long, and I pray God's blessing on the work here and elsewhere.

SARAH KEITH,

Superintendent of Junior Work
for North York.

DESTROYED THROUGH TOBACCO.

An agent of an insurance company says: "One half of our losses comes from the spark of the pipe and cigar." One young man threw away his cigar in one of the cities and with it he threw away three millions of dollars worth of the property of others that blazed up from that spark.

Harper's splendid printing establishment years ago was destroyed by a plumber, who having lighted his pipe, threw the match away and it fell into a pot of camphene. The whole building was in flames. Five blocks went down. Two thousand employees thrown out of work and more than a million dollars worth of property destroyed. But I am speaking of higher values to-day. Better destroy a whole city of stores than destroy one man.

Oh my young friends, if you will excuse the idiom, I will say, stop before you begin. Here is a serfdom which has a shackle that it is almost impossible to break. Gigantic intellects that could overcome other bad habits, have been flung by this and kept down.

Some one was seeking to persuade a man from the habit. The reply was: "Ask me to do anything under the canopy of heaven but this."

"This I can't and won't give up though

it takes seven years off my life."—*Christian Harvester.*

Many persons have been burned to death by the fires occasioned by the use of tobacco. In a western hotel a man fell asleep while smoking. The fire from his cigar burned him to death and consumed an entire village of six hundred houses. Tobacco costs us annually about \$500,000,000. Probably in this country about forty thousand people die annually from the use of tobacco. Gen. Grant died of cancer in the throat caused by smoking. Better burn your house and lay your home in ashes than waste the same value on cigars and tobacco with which to pollute and destroy body and soul and lead others to ruin.

Many beg, lie and steal to obtain tobacco. This habit leads its victims into the worst company and into the worst places, bar rooms, brothels, gambling halls, etc. Tobacco is a powerful ally of the rum fiend. It produces ignorance, poverty, disease, suicide and drunkenness with all its resulting vice and infamy. Tramps, paupers, drunks and criminals usually use tobacco. This habit paralyzes the conscience and so chains the soul in its idolatrous slavery to tobacco idol. Multitudes will be forever destroyed through tobacco.

Is it not time that Christians renounce and denounce this loathsome form of intemperance, and that governments prohibit by law the whole tobacco business?

We are glad to learn that Germany, Switzerland, Vermont and New Jersey have commenced to legislate against the tobacco nuisance. Who will help to cast out this unclean devil?

WHITTIER AS A LETTER-WRITER.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

A HOMEY native wit pointed Whittier's familiar correspondence. Writing in 1849, while revising his volume for publication, he speaks of one of his poems as "that rascally old ballad 'Kathleen,' and adds that it "wants something, though it is already too long." He adds: "The weather this morning is cold enough for an Esquimaux purgatory—terrible. What did the old Pilgrims mean by coming here?"

With the years his friendship with his publisher became more intimate. In writing him he often indulged his humor for fun and banter: "Bachelor as I am, I congratulate thee on thy escape from single (miserable!) blessedness. It is the very wisest thing thee ever did. Were I authorat. I would see to it that every young man over twenty-five and every young woman over twenty was married without delay. Perhaps, on second thought, it might be well to keep one old maid and one old bachelor in each town, by way of warning, just as the Spartans did their drunken helots."

Discussing the question of some of his "bad rhymes," and what to do about them, he wrote once: "I heartily thank thee for thy suggestions. Let me have more of them. I had a hearty laugh at thy hint of the 'carnal bearing' of one of my lines. It is now simply 'carnal.' I might have made some other needful changes had I not been suffering with headache all day."

Occasionally the fire which burned in him would flame out, as when he writes in 1851: "So your Union-binders have really caught a 'nigger' at last! A very pretty and refreshing sight it must have been to Sabbath-going Christians yesterday—that chained court-house of yours. And Bunker Hill monument looking down upon all! But the matter is two sad for irony. God forgive the miserable politicians who gambled for office with dice loaded with human hearts!"

From time to time, also, we find him expressing his literary opinions, eagerly and simply as friend may talk with friend, and without aspiring to literary judgment. "Thoreau's 'Walden' is capital reading, but very wicked and heathenish. The practical moral of it seems to be that if a man is willing to sink himself into a wood-chuck, he can live as cheaply as that quadruped; but, after all, for me, I prefer walking on two legs."

It would be unjust to Whittier to quote this talk on paper as his final opinion upon Thoreau, for he afterwards read everything he wrote, and was a warm appreciator of his work.

The Modern Waterloo.

BY O. W. CASSON.

O'er this fair land of ours
Stand two opposing powers,
Souls of mankind by each sought;
Forces of good and ill,
One to save, one to kill,
Thus the great battle is fought.

Drink's mighty forces stand,
Ravaging home and land,
Everything by it debased;
No evil worse than it,
No greater curse than it,
Canada by it disgraced.

Right in the front of it,
Bearing the brunt of it,
Stand the defenders of right;
Right in the midst of strife,
Careless of self and life,
Batting for God in God's might.

Christians stand calmly by,
Watching their brothers die,
Making no effort to save;
Waiting for fate to turn,
All active effort spurn,
While others sink into the grave.

Think of the harm it has,
Not of the charm it has,
Help us the battle to win;
Make no truce with the foe,
No licensed measure know,
Law cannot justify sin.

Then arise, age and youth,
Battle for God and truth,
Till the great struggle be done;
Trust in the power of God,
Tread in the path he trod,
Soon shall the battle be won.

—The Templar.

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER XX.

THOUGH I FALL YET SHALL I RISE.

WHEN the return of Stanhope became known, there was a general feeling among his towns-people that friendly faces should be turned toward him. The former respectability of the Stanhope family was recalled; the wife and children of Thomas had won universal sympathy and regard in their struggle for a maintenance; people began to remember rather the amiable and pleasant boy, Thomas, than the idle and drunken man, Thomas. The circumstances of Thomas' release from prison had become well known. Mercy would have heard of them had it not been that Patty's fever had kept the neighbours away, and Achilles, following his usual plan of "not stirring up things," had hidden the newspapers.

But now Patty was quite well, there was no more danger of infection; the news of Stanhope's return spread, and friends and neighbours came one by one, quietly, to give him a good word. As Friend Amos Lowell had been the first to respond to Stanhope's plea in behalf of his family, and the one to bid him good-bye when he left, so now he was the first to greet him. Friend Amos and Friend Sara came in their buggy, and made a friendly call. As they went away Friend Amos said: "Thomas, if thee needs a hundred or two, to set thyself up in any occupation, I will gladly lend to thee. It is a true proverb that Satan finds mischief for idle hands."

"I do not mean to be idle," said Thomas. "I have thought of going about as a nurse, but, on the whole, I believe I will try my fortune at brooms. I will begin small, and see if my venture prospers. Mercy and Letitia can furnish what money I need for a start. You have done better than lend me money, Friend Amos, you have been the helper of all my family."

Judge Harry Noble came to see Thomas. "That was the hardest day's work I ever did, Thomas," he said, "to sentence an old comrade. I wished then that I had never reached the bench."

"It was the best thing that ever happened to me," said Stanhope. "Nothing else would have cured me, and no other place would have been safe for me."

"That's a hard comment on our civilization," said the judge.

"So it is," said Stanhope; "the day will come when dram-selling will be as much out of fashion as dueling or assassination, and then the world will wonder that people could have permitted it, and called themselves civilized or enlightened. What is wanted is to put drinking itself—not merely what comes of drinking—in the code of offences against law."

"I don't know but it could properly head the long count of crimes," said Judge Noble.

So one after another came and gave a good word and a cordial hand-shake. Thomas Stanhope kept closely at his own home, except when he went to church. To be at home, to see the faces of his wife and children, to hear their voices, was joy enough.

Between the barn and the house, under a big apple-tree, they began to build a shop for making brooms. Achilles, Thomas, and Samuel worked upon it. Several of the neighbours came over and gave a day's work, so before long the shop was finished, and painted red with white door and window casings, a chimney and a fire-place, and Mercy straightway planted hop-vines to clamber over it.

Many of the neighbours agreed to plant broom-corn the next season; at present there was but little in the county, and Thomas could only make a beginning at his work; but when broom-making came to a stay for a time for want of material, Thomas went to the neighbours to pick fruit or husk corn, and then added to his broom-making the manufacture of corn-husk mats.

Samuel went to live with Friend Amos, and attend the High School in Ladbury, but often came home to spend Sunday. Letitia taught the mountain school, and Patience was one of her best pupils. It was the ambition of Patience to be "just like Letitia," and become a teacher. "Some day," she said to her sister, "after I go through the High School, and you are married, maybe I'll teach this school myself. I hope so."

"I may want it always for myself," said Letitia. "I may conclude never to get married."

"I think you will be dreadfully mean," said Patty, "not to marry Philip Terhune. Just think what long rides he takes to come out here and see you two or three times a week."

"I'm not twenty-one yet," said Letitia, "and it will be time enough to talk of marrying several years from now. I mean to lay up a nice little sum of money to help Samuel through college and through the theological school."

"Kill says that boys are much better off if they help themselves," said Patience; "he says it keeps them from being wasteful and trifling. Anyway, I heard Achilles tell father last night that before Uncle Barum died he told Achilles that he had for years planned to have you marry Philip, and that he did not want Achilles or any one to oppose it."

"Nonsense, child, don't repeat what you hear," said Letitia; "it is silly and not very honourable. Uncle Barum left me well provided, it seems; he left me Philip Terhune and the old coat! I wonder who is to wear the old coat, Philip or I?"

"Wasn't it funny," said Patty, "that Kill lost the coat the night he laid it over his horse before him, and some one found it, and sold it, and father bought it? It seems it is bound to come back to us."

"It is getting pretty shabby," said Letitia; "by next year I hope I can save up enough to buy father a new coat, and then I'll pack the old one away in camphor, as a memento of poor Uncle Barum."

The days flowed by quietly at the Stanhope cottage. Philip made his regular visits, Samuel came home for holidays, Letitia was a model teacher; Mercy, Thomas and Achilles worked like bees, first at one thing and then at another; and if Patty, by grace of all the rest, had a rather easier time of it than any of the other children had had, and more hair-ribbons and white aprons than had fallen to Letitia's share, no one was inclined to find fault, for Patty was the baby, the family darling, and such a delightful little girl.

"It all comes of her being loaned to me for two or three months," said Friend

Amos, when Patty's virtues were discussed.

"Most of the good that we have, comes in some measure from you; you encouraged us and showed us a way, and you put heart into father. I remember what a sickly, unsmiling kid Patty was when you carried her off," said Achilles.

"Good old Friend Amos," said Achilles, when he was gone; "he perhaps thought that we might have some crooked notions about his property; he heard Cousin Sacy Terhune make so many remarks about Uncle Barum's small possessions. She has not yet done wondering what Uncle Barum meant when he said to Letitia, 'You will find it if you look between—' When they tore down the cottage kitchen last week, she made sure the workmen would find a mint of money. But if they did, they kept it to themselves."

The second winter after Thomas Stanhope's return came. The broom business was thriving now. In the peace of home, the pure mountain air, the constant out-of-door activity, Thomas had lost the prison look, the trembling hands, the quivering lip, the restless eyes; he was robust and hale, though his hair was white and his shoulders were bowed.

It was the first of November. Philip Terhune had ridden over to take tea with Mercy and Letitia. Thomas came in from the shop with the old coat of Uncle Barum over his arm.

"See here, Letitia, your coat has come to trouble. It fell from the bench to the hearth, and I did not see it until I smelled it scorching. The lining on the skirt is badly burned."

"Dear me," said Mercy, "it must have a piece put on it; you are going to Ladbury with brooms to-morrow."

Letitia meant to give her father a new coat for a Christmas present. She did not wish to forestall the joy of Christmas. Better to mend the old coat lining to do for a few weeks. She took it up.

"I will rip out this burned skirt lining, and to-morrow morning perhaps mother can put a new piece in; you have a breadth of coarse, black alpaca that will do, mother."

Mercy was getting supper, and Letitia sat down to rip out the scorched lining. Philip was deeply interested in the affair, it seemed, for he thought that the lamp or the coat should be held for Letitia.

"Why, there's another lining in this coat, under the black one; a checked green flannel," said Letitia. "That was to make it warm, I fancy. The green one looks quite fresh and good." She ripped away vigorously. "Yes; this green lining is a full one, and the black one has just been put over it. Mother, I think if I rip out all the black lining a good green one will be left."

"Let us do it," said Philip, "I think this ripping is the most interesting work I ever found."

Letitia ripped away. "I think I'll leave in the double sleeve-lining," she said. "Mother can hem it down in the morning."

One side and the back of the black lining came out, leaving an apparently new coat, as far as the lining was concerned.

"Now for the other side!" cried Philip; "it will be a dreadful sell, Letitia, if we find that all worn out or burned out!"

"We can tell only by trying," said Letitia, as her scissors went snip, snip, snip, among the stitches. "Oh me! Philip! I believe you are right, here is a big patch, or something, on the breast. How queer! it is oil silk, double, sewed tight; a large piece, too."

"Let's have a look," said Philip. "Here goes for the black lining; that's not a mend, Letitia, it is a piece. How odd!"

The black flannel lining was pulled away, and there, smoothly and strongly sewed to the inter-lining, was a large doubled square of oiled silk. Letitia in great haste ripped away. Presently an edge of white paper appeared.

"Let's have that," said Philip, and he pulled it out. On it was written: "This belongs to my grand-niece, Letitia Stanhope, of Ladbury." And meanwhile Letitia had ripped off the square of oiled silk, and there, neatly and firmly tacked to the old coat, were clean, nice bills.

"Come here, come here!" cried Philip, "Letitia has found a fortune! I know what Uncle Barum meant to say: 'Letitia, you will find, if you look between the lining

of my old coat, some money, that I hid away for you. That was it. Well, you have your own, child. How much is it? You count, Achilles."

Letitia, pale and trembling with excitement, handed the bills to her brother. Achilles counted them calmly; he never allowed himself to be overwhelmed by good or by bad fortune. "Three thousand dollars!"

"Well, well, what a queer performance of Uncle Barum," said Samuel.

"Letitia, allow us all to congratulate you?" cried Philip.

"Won't Sacy Terhune be properly surprised," whispered Achilles to his mother a little later. "But as Letitia is to marry Philip, I reckon Mrs. Terhune will console herself; the money won't be out of the Terhune family, and now her curiosity as to what Uncle Barum wanted to say will be satisfied."

"I'm glad enough it was Philip helped to find it," said Mercy. "I see how it was: after Uncle Barum saw Letitia, he put no more money into bonds for Sacy, but laid it up in bills for Letitia. I don't know as it was quite fair."

"It is fair for one to do as he likes with his own," said Achilles. "Uncle Barum earned the money, and he had a right to use it as he pleased, if he threw it into the pond. He wanted one of your children to profit by it, and he was fond of Philip, and wanted to keep faith with the Terhunes. I think he was pretty shrewd."

"He always was queer," said Mercy. "Here's a letter on the floor," said the neat Patience, who was carefully picking up the burned black lining. "It is an old letter that has worked through some rip in the pocket. Why, it has never been unsealed!"

Her father took it from her hand. It was one of his own letters to Mercy, which Uncle Barum had sequestered, and lost between the linings of his coat, thus forgetting to burn it. Certainly Uncle Barum was becoming childish when he intercepted that correspondence, and wrote his letter to Thomas. It was by finding this letter that the family finally were able to explain Uncle Barum's part in the correspondence mystery, and understand what he had said the day he died, about something that he had written.

Philip Terhune spent that night at his father's. The next day Sacy came out to the cottage, for the first time since Thomas Stanhope came home. She was very pleasant, asked numerous questions, and said nothing unkind. She even congratulated Letitia, and said the money had come to a good owner. As she went away she kissed "Cousin Mercy," and kissed Letitia.

"I hope," she said, "that you will agree to be married next summer; you can't tell how anxious I am about Philip, living over there at the farm with only hired people, and Madge and I cannot stay with him very much. I shall be quite comfortable when you are out there."

After that Sacy Terhune kept up friendly relations with the Stanhopes, and no one could offend her or Madge more grievously than by referring to Thomas Stanhope's past.

In fact, by that summer twenty years after Judge Noble pronounced that sentence, the summer when Judge Noble's son married Patience Stanhope, people seemed to have forgotten that the man who had honourably lived and laboured among them for twelve years, had ever stood in the prisoner's box, or served out a ten years' sentence. When Achilles went to the State senate, and Samuel stood in the pulpit of his octogenarian pastor, no one thought of referring to the great shadows that had fallen on their father's past. But all about Ladbury, when any one wanted an instance in point, or an argument against the liquor traffic, it was only necessary to refer to Thomas Stanhope and his ten years' sentence.

THE END.

In a recent sermon, Dr. Lyman Abbott said: "I am very glad the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is fighting the temperance battle, but I do not think it is very creditable to its men that we leave it to be fought by the women. In the old legend St. George fought the battle for the deliverance of the woman; in modern life the woman fights the battle and St. George sits on the fence to see how it is going on."

OUR DRINK BILL.

This striking illustration is borrowed from *Onward*. It originally represented "John Bull's Drink Bill," but it fits Uncle Sam's just as well. And, indeed, it represents a fearful fact. The drink bill of the United States for 1891 was, in round numbers, the enormous sum of \$1,200,000,000, according to the calculation of the editor of *The Voice*. Another statistician, estimating the consumption of liquor at only \$850,000,000, sets down our tobacco bill as \$600,000,000, and says that we pay annually for bread, \$505,000,000; for meat, \$303,000,000; for iron and steel, \$290,000,000; for woolen goods, \$237,000,000; for sawed lumber, \$233,000,000; for cotton goods, \$210,000,000; for boots and shoes, \$196,000,000; for sugar and molasses, \$155,000,000.



Mis- Educa- Tea, Coffee, and Cocoa. Milk. Bread. Alcoholic Liquors.

000; for public education, \$85,000,000; and for Christian missions, \$5,500,000. These figures are only approximately correct, of course, yet they furnish abundant food for reflection, and for reflection that is not of the most pleasant character. And yet,—and yet,—it is within the power of the young Christians of this country, if they will yield themselves to the moving and power of the Holy Spirit, to turn this deplorable list utterly end for end, so that the larger sums shall go for Christian missions and education, and the smaller sum or sums, still more insignificant, shall go for alcohol and tobacco. What will you do about it?—*Golden Rule*.



Epworth League.

W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

OCTOBER 1, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

THE FRUITS OF FAITH.—Rom. 1. 8; Heb. 11; James 2. 18; Rom. 1. 11; 15. 29; Matt. 10. 42; 2 Cor. 4. 7-13; Matt. 5. 16.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

WHY SHOULD WE BE PROUD OF BEING CHRISTIANS?—Luke 22. 54-62; Rom. 1. 16.

HOW TO ORGANIZE JUNIOR LEAGUES.

II.

PRESENT the matter before the Senior League or Society, and appoint a committee, to co-operate with the pastor on Junior work; and let the committee select the best available person for Superintendent, and then, in conference with the one chosen, choose as many Assistant Superintendents as may be required. Then let the committee, in conjunction with the Superintendents, call together a few choice boys and girls who would be likely to join, and after singing and prayer, explain the object, plan and working of the Juniors, also the pledge, motto and badge. Give each one a copy of this Leaflet and a Pledge Card to be taken home for the information and consent of the parents. Arrange for a second meeting to which each one can invite another with a view to membership. At this meeting let the pledge-roll be signed by all whose parents have consented, Junior officers elected, and a report of organization sent by the Secretary to Dr. Withrow, Toronto; and in the Province of Ontario, also to the Superintendent of Junior Work, Rev. T. A. Moore, Niagara Falls. At the next meeting, the Constitution and By-laws should be carefully read and explained to the members and the committees appointed. Then the organization is complete.

If there be no Senior League or Society, bring the organization of a Junior before the Sunday-school Committee, and proceed in a similar way. Instead of selecting a few boys



Bread.



Alcoholic Liquors.

and girls as a nucleus, the pastor, having explained the purpose and working of the Junior League to the congregation and Sunday-school, may invite all the boys and girls within a certain age limit to meet for organization. The interest and co-operation of the parents should always be secured, and the signature of at least one of them obtained to the membership pledge. Large numbers ought not to be an object at first, and extra effort should not be put forth to secure members until the Society is in good running order. Strive to improve the quality rather than increase the quantity of the membership.

SHOULD THEY TAKE THE PLEDGE?

Yes, by all means, let every Junior be pledged. It lifts up a definite standard of duty that will be helpful to every boy and girl. There is nothing required by the pledge that is not easily understood and should not be done by all who wish to belong. The pledge is reasonable in form, possible in performance, and practical in results. Care, however, should be taken that the Pledge Cards be signed in the presence of the parents, who also will countersign; and that those who sign the Active Members' pledge are trying to be Christians. Diligent inquiry should be made at least monthly whether the members are faithfully observing the pledge. At the consecration service the President might ask, "Have all the members kept the pledge faithfully since last roll-call?" In response, all who have kept it will rise.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A. D. 58.] LESSON I. [Oct. 1.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

Rom. 1. 8-17.] [Memory verses, 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—Rom. 1. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Paul's Thankfulness, v. 8.
2. Paul's Desire, v. 9-13.
3. Paul's Message, v. 14-17.

PLACE.—Corinth.

CONNECTING LINKS.

This is a part of the same letter from which Lesson XII. of the last quarter was taken.

EXPLANATIONS.

"First"—Paul's letter to the Romans begins with a formal salutation, which runs through seven verses. This lesson (verses 8 to 17) is really a preface, and at its start the apostle breaks out in thanksgiving. "Through Jesus Christ"—Paul's "thanksgiving" he offers as a sacrifice through the great High Priest. "Spoken of throughout the whole world"—Nothing could well happen in Rome and not be heard of in the ends of the earth. The praise of these Roman Christians was, of course, sounded by Christian brethren. "I serve with my spirit"—Not like the bulk of

the Jews, with ritualistic practices. "Making request"—We should not wonder that our prayers are sometimes answered in a surprising way when we consider how this prayer of Paul was answered. "That I may impart unto you . . . that I may be comforted"—Paul longs for this visit to the world's capital that he may do men's souls good and be blessed while blessing others. "Oftentimes I purposed"—Compare Romans 15. 23 with Acts 19. 21. "Let hitherto"—Hindered up to date. "Among other Gentiles"—In the mass, the Roman Church was Gentile. "Am debtor"—Am under obligation. "The Greeks" stand here for all cultivated people; the "Barbarians" for rude rustics. "Revealed from faith to faith"—Probably this sentence means: God's righteousness is in the Gospel message revealed to be by faith for faith; that is, in order to be by faith received. "The just shall live by faith"—He alone that is justified by faith shall be saved.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Show where this lesson teaches that—

1. True Christians pray for each other.
2. True Christians impart spiritual gifts to each other.
3. True Christians feel themselves to be debtors to all who need them.
4. Faithfulness to God is to be founded on faith in God.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did Paul pray for his Christian friends in Rome? "Without ceasing, always."
2. Why did he so greatly long to see them? "To impart some spiritual gift."
3. What does he say about the Gospel of Christ? Golden Text: "I am not ashamed," etc.
4. What does he quote from an ancient prophet? "The just shall live by faith."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Universal redemption.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Is there then any special providence over men?

Yes; our Lord said: "Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they?"—Matt. 6. 26. And to his disciples he said: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."—Luke 12. 7.

WHICH WAY DO YOU LEAN?

"If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall lie."—Eccles. 11. 3.

The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will also fall as it leans; that is, we shall go after what we are inclined to—is not that so?—which makes it all in all to us what the bent of our mind is.

Twenty-years ago there were two boys in my Sabbath-school class, bright, lively fellows, who interested me very much, only one of them made me sometimes feel anxious. I often found him out evenings in company with young rowdies. When I asked him how it happened, he used to say he was only out on an errand; the boys spoke to him and he could not help their speaking, he was sure.

Perhaps that was so, still it made me uneasy. I once said to his mother: "Is not Willie out nights too much?" "Willie out nights! Oh no, Willie does not go out nights." Was I mistaken then?

The other boy, whose name was Arthur, I never met among the rowdies. His evenings, I am sure, were spent at home. I always found him studying his lessons, or reading with his sisters, or amusing himself at home.

That was twenty years ago. Both boys had begun to show which way they were leaning, and how their tastes inclined them. Twenty years will show it plainer.

The other day I heard of Willie. Somebody met him in Chicago.

"What is he?" I asked. "A good-for-nothing, certainly, if not worse," was the answer, "a shabby, idle, drinking fellow, whom nobody wants to employ."

"Oh, I am sorry to hear it—sorry but not surprised. I wonder where Arthur is!"

"Arthur! Why, didn't you know he has just been taken into partnership with that old firm he served his time with? They could not spare him, so they had to take him in."

"Good!" I said, "good! It is just what I should have expected. He leaned right as a boy."

The Boy with the Five Loaves.

BY LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

THAT time the Saviour spread his feast
For thousands on the mountain side,
One of the last and least
The abundant store supplied.

Haply the wonders to behold,
A boy, 'mid other boys he came,
A lamb of Jesus' fold,
Though now unknown to fame.

Well may I think how glowed his cheek;
How he looked down, half pride, half fear;
Far off he saw one speak
Of him in Jesus' ear.

"There is a lad, five loaves hath he,
And fishes twain; but what are they
Where hungry thousands be?"
Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,
The mighty Shepherd ranks his sheep
By tens and fifties, still
As clouds when breezes sleep.

But who can tell the trembling joy,
Who paint the grave, endearing look,
When from that favoured boy
The wondrous pledge he took?

Keep thou, dear child, thine early word;
Bring him thy best; who knows but he
For his eternal board
May take some gift of thee?

Even as he made that stripling's store,
Type of the feast by him decreed,
When angels might adore
And souls for ever feed.

A BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.

NEXT to the love of her husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, the devotion of her son to her. We have never known a boy to "turn out badly" who began by falling in love with his mother.

Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the poor and weary life. But the big boy who truly loves and honours his mother at her middle age is a genuine knight who will love his wife in the sear-leaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy to his mother.

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